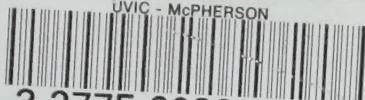
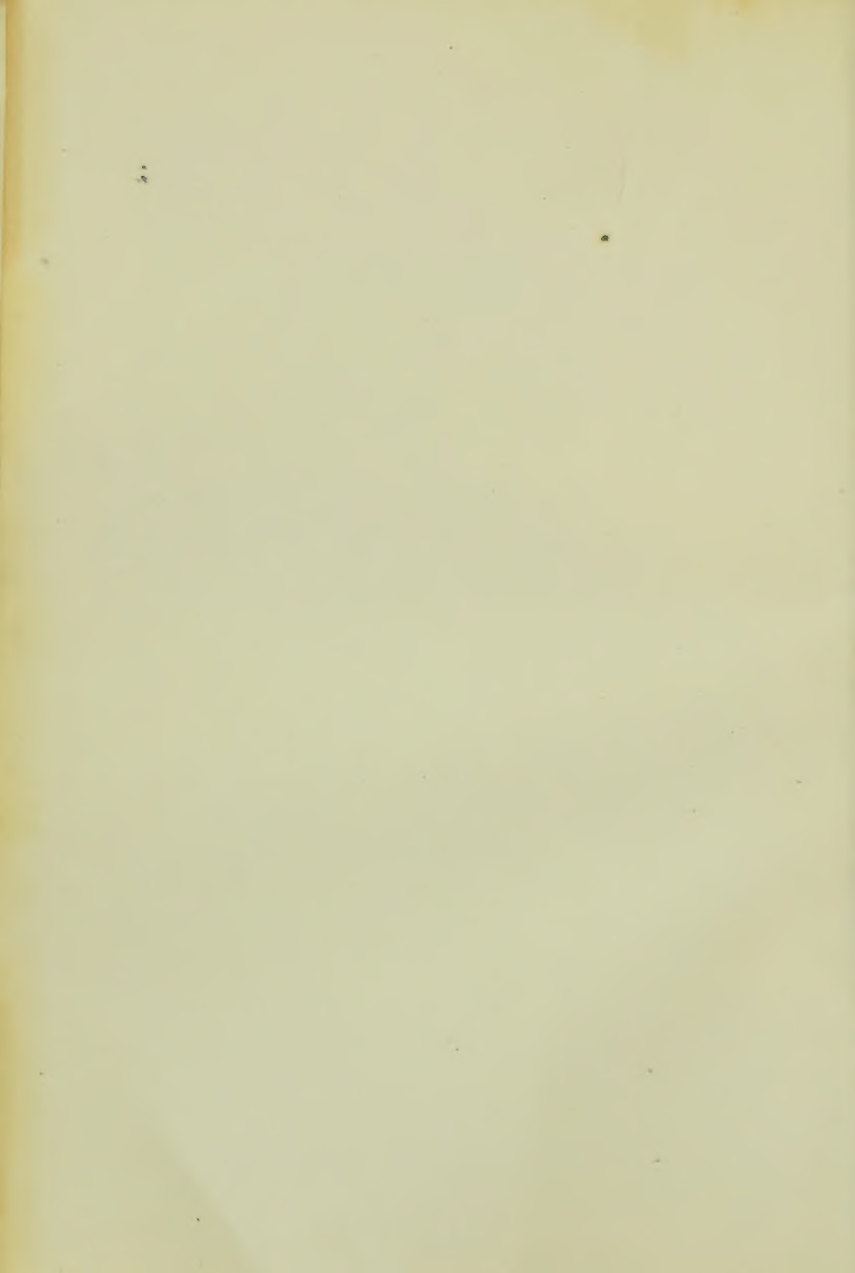
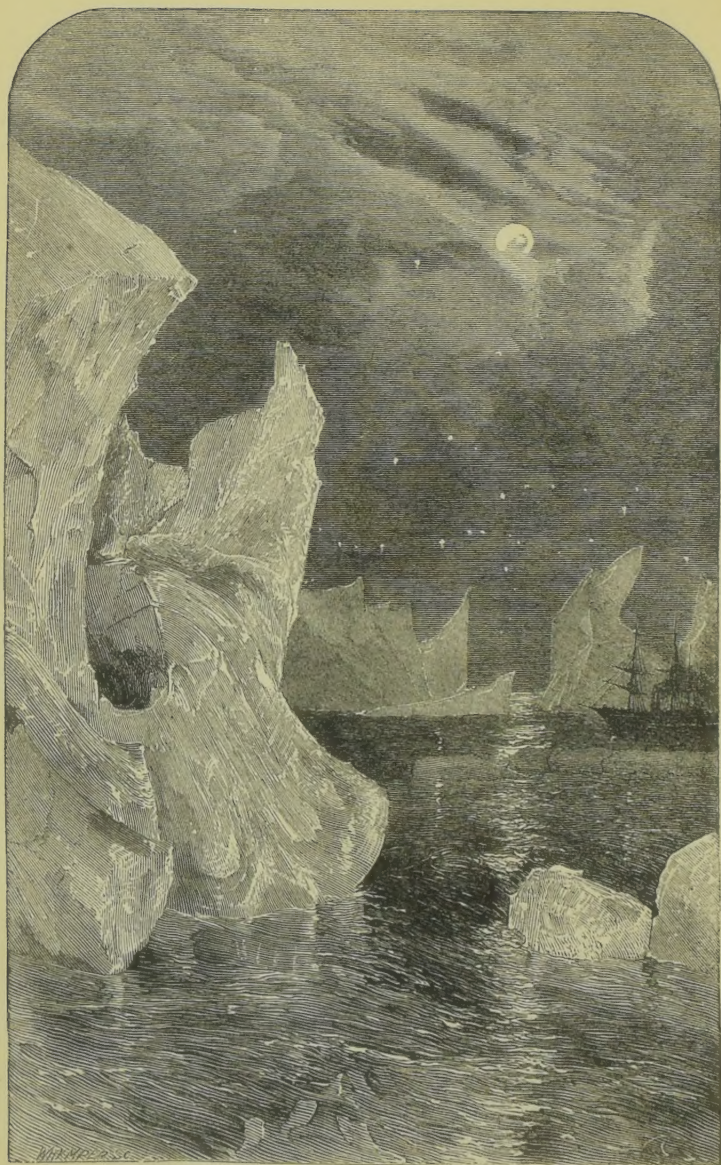


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VOL. IV.



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CONTENTS OF VOLUME IV.

	No.	Page.
WALLACE AND BRUCE.....	25	I
THE VILLAGE MAYOR.....	26	I
ANECDOTES OF ANTS.....	27	I
SHIPWRECK OF THE MEDUSA.....	28	I
HISTORY OF POLAND.....	29	I
ARCTIC EXPLORATIONS.....	30	I
FLORA MACDONALD.....	31	I
'IT'S ONLY A DROP'.....	31	17
SELECT POEMS FROM COWPER.....	32	I



ROBERT BRUCE AND WILLIAM WALLACE are two names intimately associated with one of the most heroic struggles for national independence which occurs in any history. From an exceedingly remote period, Scotland enjoyed the character of an unconquered country. Consisting for the greater part of mountains, and intersected by arms of the sea, it naturally presents considerable difficulties to the encroachments of a foreign enemy. Every successive attempt at invasion and conquest, therefore, was less or more fruitless. The Romans held possession of the more accessible part of it in the south for some time, and the same tract of country afterwards became a settlement of Anglo-Saxons. No foreign power was ever able to obtain an entire or permanent possession of the country. Even when England suffered a conquest from Norman intruders, Scotland was unmolested, and continued to enjoy its ancient freedom. In

the eleventh century, when regular history commences, the various tribes and people—Celts, Picts, and Scots—who had settled in the country were united in one monarchy; and from this time Scotland took its place in Europe as an independent kingdom. This consolidation of power was afterwards promoted by the absorption of an Anglo-Saxon district in the reign of Malcolm Canmore. After this, many Normans, invited by the Scottish kings, settled in the country, and the people in process of time acquired the language, the arts, and many of the customs of their English neighbours. Not satisfied with cultivating this friendly relationship, it was the misfortune of the English sovereigns to become afflicted with a fierce desire to conquer and hold Scotland in subjection, at a time when it was labouring under a severe domestic calamity, and least able to repel aggression. There now ensued between the two countries a protracted and disastrous war, in which every evil and every noble passion was evoked—on the one hand, a villainous thirst of ambition, which stopped at no means for its gratification; and on the other, a spirit of heroic independence, which would brook no such unjustifiable oppression. We propose to relate the story of this great war of independence, which, till the present day, is spoken of with much excusable pride by the Scottish people; and in doing so, we shall have occasion to expatiate on the deeds of the two heroes whose names have been mentioned—William Wallace, by whom the war was begun, and Robert Bruce, who brought it to a successful issue.

The wish to conquer and possess Scotland, and so subdue the entire island of Great Britain, had been a favourite project of the Anglo-Norman sovereigns ever since they had fixed themselves in England by the victory of Hastings (1066). A pretext was at length found for at least making the attempt. The kings of Scotland had family possessions in Northumberland, in virtue of which they enjoyed the rank of English earls, and so far they were vassals of the English monarchy. Henry II. was desirous that the acknowledgment of vassalage should extend to the whole of Scotland; but this he had no means of enforcing except by stratagem. In one of the warlike expeditions of the English into Northumberland in 1174, they had the address to take captive the Scottish king, William the Lion; and making the most of this lucky accident, they would not release the royal prisoner till he had given a formal acknowledgment of vassalage to England for his entire kingdom; and in the same deed of submission there was included an article implying the superiority of the English over the Scottish ecclesiastics. The thought of what had been done rankled in all Scottish hearts; and from that period the Scottish king and the Scottish clergy took every opportunity of resenting the indignity to which they had been forced to submit, and of declaring to the world that they did not consider the agreement binding.

Henry II., the author of this inglorious stratagem, died in 1189;

and Richard Cœur de Lion, his son, too generous to profit by his father's mean action, and perhaps also influenced by necessity, sold back to the Scottish king, for ten thousand marks, all the rights which Henry had extorted. By this tranquillising measure, matters between the two kingdoms were restored to precisely the footing on which they had been before the capture of William. Passing over various attempts which the successors of Richard made to renew their unjustifiable claim, we arrive at the year 1252, when Henry III. was king of England, and Alexander III., then but a boy of ten years of age, king of Scotland. Alexander had been betrothed in infancy to Henry's daughter, Margaret; and in that year he went to York, to have the marriage-ceremony performed. While in England, the crafty Henry tried to extort from him an acknowledgment of vassalage for the kingdom of Scotland; but the boy had been well instructed ere he left home, and his reply to his father-in-law's demand was, that in a 'matter of such consequence he could not decide without the advice of his parliament.' Eight years afterwards, when Margaret his queen, about to give birth to an heir, wished the event to take place at her father's court, and her husband accompanied her in her journey, the jealousy of the Scotch in this long-contested matter was shewn by their insisting on an agreement being made, that during the royal stay in England, no affairs of state should be discussed or transacted. But Alexander was a king after their own heart, worthy to be intrusted even singly with the high charge of defending his country's liberty. Nobly and manfully, while he reigned in Scotland, did he repel the claims and encroachments of his able and profound brother-in-law, Edward I., the successor of Henry. Alexander III. seems to have been one of the best and wisest kings that ever sat on the Scottish throne. He is known to this day as the good king Alexander. In his reign, Scotland rose to be a kingdom of some importance; foreign ships laden with costly commodities visited its shores; the din of the anvil was heard in the village streets; the shuttle of the weaver plied its busy labours; the cattle lowed on the hills; and plenty abounded in the land. It was also a period of profound tranquillity; and this happy condition of affairs was so exceedingly remarkable, that till this day it is referred to in all charters of the Scottish chancery as 'the time of peace.'

This national tranquillity and prosperity suddenly came to an end. The good king Alexander III., on the 16th of March 1286, was killed by a fall from his horse while hunting at Kinghorn, in Fife, and the intelligence of the event spread a foreboding gloom over the whole kingdom. The heir to the Scottish throne was Alexander's grand-daughter, Margaret, daughter of Eric of Norway, a child two years of age. Edward I. had resolved on the marriage of this little Norway maiden to his son Edward, as a peaceful means of carrying into effect the family project of incorporating the two kingdoms;

but in this he was disappointed. On the 1st of September 1290, the young queen died at the Orkney Islands, on her voyage from Norway. In her the royal line of William the Lion was extinct, and an empty throne was now to be contended for.

Competitors flocked in from every quarter. All over Scotland, there was a ransacking of genealogies; and whosoever could find that an intermarriage with the royal line had ever taken place in his family, came and claimed to be made king. Altogether, there were no fewer than eleven competitors. Out of these, the two who had the preferable title were Robert Bruce and John Baliol. Baliol was the grandson of the eldest daughter of David, Earl of Huntingdon, brother of William the Lion. Bruce was the son of the second daughter of the same David, Earl of Huntingdon. In the dispute between these two, therefore, an important principle of succession had to be settled. It had to be decided whether the grandson of an elder daughter, or the son of a younger, had the better title. This question has been settled now by precedents; but at that time it was perplexing to lawyers and legislators. For some reason, not distinctly stated in historical annals, the whole matter was referred to the arbitration of Edward I., who, to his everlasting dishonour, declared neither for Baliol nor Bruce, but for himself as sovereign, recognising Baliol, however, as his vassal-king; and accordingly he had that weak-minded man crowned at Scone, November 30, 1292.

The vassal monarchy of Baliol was everywhere in Scotland considered to be a mockery. Edward was observed to be the king, as far as power was concerned, for he filled the towns and forts with garrisons of English soldiers, and had received the allegiance of the Scottish nobles. Edward's design was clearly to incorporate Scotland with England. On the most insignificant pretexts, Baliol was made to trudge to the English court, there to appear as a chief retainer or vassal of the English crown. An appeal was opened in Scotch lawsuits to the English courts at Westminster. The Scotch nobles were occasionally required to repeat the humbling ceremony of taking the oath of fealty. Such ancient historical papers as fell into the hands of the English were made away with. English ecclesiastics were preferred to abbeys and other high offices in the Scotch church; and, in the end, the conqueror marked, by two very impressive pieces of ceremonial, that Scotland was now to be considered a mere province of England: the great seal of the kingdom was broken in pieces, the fragments being deposited in the English treasury; and the famous stone on which the kings of Scotland had been crowned for upwards of eight hundred years was carried away from Scone, and placed in Westminster Abbey.

These humiliating inflictions, which occurred between the years 1291 and 1297, stung the Scotch bitterly, and they only gave a temporary and grumbling submission. On this as on all other

WALLACE AND BRUCE.

occasions of aggression, the English were utterly regardless of the feelings of the people among whom they intruded themselves. Suffering under accumulated outrages, the Scotch at length made an attempt, with Baliol at their head, to drive out the English, and restore native usages; but it failed. The battle of Dunbar, fought in the spring of 1296, served still more to strengthen the power of Edward. Baliol was taken prisoner, and sent off to London; and thenceforth all the accessible parts of the country were placed under the government of English officials.

WALLACE.

It was in 1297, the period at which we are now arrived, that William Wallace burst into public view. This young and ardent patriot was born at Elderslie, near Paisley. His father was Sir Malcolm Wallace of Elderslie, and his mother was the daughter of Sir Hugh Crawford, sheriff of Ayr. Although descended from a Norman family, Wallace, like his father, was a true Scotchman. While he was a boy, his father and elder brother were killed fighting against the English intruders, and this sad event threw him entirely on the care of his mother, with whom he resided for a time in different parts of the country. As he advanced in years, he was committed to the charge of his uncle, a priest at Dunipace, in Stirlingshire, and from him he received the rudiments of a liberal education. From Dunipace he removed to Dundee, where, becoming morbidly alive to his family's and his country's wrongs, he slew one of the English garrison who had unceremoniously insulted him. He now retired into Ayrshire, and, according to the traditions of the country, scrupled not to encounter and punish any English soldiery who made themselves amenable to his irregular discipline. Of large stature and fair proportions, his strength now and afterwards is described as having been considerably beyond that of other men, while, though rash and incautious, his temper is said to have been exceedingly mild, and his disposition generous. Sympathising with the common people in their sufferings, and often succouring them in their necessities, he became endeared to them in an extraordinary degree; and, till the present day, no man in Scotland has ever ranked so high in popular esteem as 'Wallace Wight'—the name by which our hero has been fondly remembered by the peasantry.

While rendering himself notorious by his exploits throughout the shires of Ayr, Renfrew, and Lanark, Wallace does not appear to have signalised himself as a public champion till after the battle of Dunbar, when about twenty-six years of age. He now, in connection with a chosen band of patriots, equally reckless, led the life of a guerrilla chief in the recesses of Clydesdale, occasionally issuing forth and taking signal vengeance on the English garrisons

which incautiously exposed themselves to attack. Among the most noted of his associates in these hazardous operations were Sir Andrew Murray, Sir William Douglas, Robert Boyd, David Barclay of Towie, Hugh Dundas, Alexander Scrymgeour, and John Blair, a priest. A body of from ten to thirty always remaining together in the forest, the sound of Wallace's bugle could increase it on special occasions, by summoning recruits from the villages and hamlets round about. Thus he continued for several months, daily gaining new adherents, and extending the range of his operations, till at last there was not an English garrison in all that district in which stories were not told by the soldiers to each other of the formidable doings of the turbulent robber of Clydesdale. Many monuments remain in that district to the present day, such as upright stones, secret caves, and half-obliterated forts, to attest the traditionary accounts of these engagements with the English, as well as the many hairbreadth escapes of Wallace, when some extraordinary military errand led him to quit the forest without any followers.

Wallace was now become exceedingly formidable to the English intruders, whom it was his object to exterminate without mercy; and many Scottish nobles began to think that if matters continued to proceed as successfully, it would be safe for them ere long to forswear their allegiance to Edward. On the other hand, attempts seem to have been made by the English officials to tamper with Wallace through his mother's relations. But it is the proudest fact in the patriot's history, that never once during his whole life did he make a single acknowledgment of Edward's right to govern Scotland. While others went and came, took the vows when they were in extremity, and broke them when hope revived; while the Comyns and the Bruces and other great nobles were living in ignoble security at Edward's court, watching a safe opportunity of being patriotic; nay, while even the fair fame of Douglas himself was tarnished in the end, Wallace, hunted with sleuth-hounds through the woods, or hiding in the hollows of trees, never once did a false or mean thing, but lived and died, in the midst of slaves, a true Scottish freeman.

But, alas! what neither promises nor threats, nor hunger nor danger, could effect, a power greater than any of them took on hand. Wallace fell in love—an incident important enough in any man's life, but, as it appears to us, unusually so in that of Wallace. Going to the kirk of Lanark one day, Wallace saw Marion Bradfute, the orphan daughter of Sir Hugh Bradfute of Lamington. Father, mother, and brother dead, the orphan girl lived a retired life in Lanark, purchasing protection from insult by paying a sum of money to Hazelrig, the English governor, who, it is said, intended to marry her and her estate to his son. She was now eighteen, and an ancient minstrel gives this interesting description of her :

WALLACE AND BRUCE.

‘ All suffered she, and richt lowly her bare,
Amiable, so benign, and wise,
Courteous and sweet, full-filled of gentleness,
Well ruled of tongue ;’ &c.

For a time, Wallace struggled between love and duty—between Scotland and Marion Bradute. He endeavoured to reconcile both sentiments by marrying the gentle Marion. For some time after this event, which was kept a profound secret, his enterprises were confined to the neighbourhood of Lanark, and the English had a respite. But Wallace was to be restored to his country.

Returning home from one of his forays, our hero was recognised by some English soldiers, and attacked in the streets of Lanark. He was nearly being overpowered, when a well-known door opened, a hand beckoned him, and dashing in, he escaped into the woods behind. It was the house of Wallace’s wife, the heiress of Lamington. The secret was now divulged, and, by Hazelrig’s orders, the poor girl was hanged. All Lanark was horror-struck ; and intelligence of the event reaching the distracted husband, he returned with his party at night, slew the wretch Hazelrig, and drove the English from the town. Nothing now stood between Wallace and his duty to his country.

After this tragic circumstance, Wallace carried on his operations on a more extended scale. With a party greatly increased in numbers, he found himself strong enough to lay siege to some of the most important garrisoned towns. The most signal of these achievements was his taking of Glasgow, which was occupied by a strong body of soldiers under Anthony Bek, Bishop of Durham, and his extirpating a colony which Edward had planted in Argyleshire, under an Irish chief called M’Fadyan. These successes, followed up by a number of other sieges and engagements, made the final deliverance of the whole country appear possible.

One of Wallace’s most noted exploits about this time was the burning of what were called the Barns of Ayr. It appears that the English governor of Ayr had invited a large number of the Scottish nobility and gentry to meet him at these barns or buildings, for the purpose, as he said, of friendly conference on the affairs of Scotland. His design, however, was base and treacherous. It was his object to put the whole assembly of gentlemen to death, by causing soldiers in attendance to run nooses over their heads, and then hang them to the beams of the roof. Unsuspicious of any such plot, a large number came on the appointed day, and, as they were admitted into the house, nooses were thrown over their heads, and they were immediately drawn up to the beams overhead and hanged. Sir Reginald Crawford, sheriff of Ayrshire, and uncle to Wallace, was among the sufferers in this infamous tragedy. As soon as Wallace heard of this outrage on some of the best men in Scotland, he was

dreadfully enraged ; and collecting his men, proceeded to revenge his country on the contrivers and executioners of the crime. He proceeded very cautiously in this enterprise, his plan being to take the English unawares. One night, accordingly, when he learned that they had laid themselves down to sleep, after feasting and drinking, in the same large barns in which the Scottish gentlemen had been murdered, he led his men to the attack. A woman who knew the place, friendly to Wallace, obligingly marked the doors of the houses in which the English lay, and these outlets were immediately fastened with ropes. Thus secured, the doors were set on fire with burning straw. Roused from their slumbers by the noise and smell of the burning, the English endeavoured to escape ; but they were driven back into their burning houses, or put to death on the spot. Thus perished, either by fire or the sword, the principal perpetrators of an unjustifiable crime ; the deed still more spreading abroad the fame of Wallace's heroism.*

In addition to the few men of note who had gathered round him at the outset of his career, others of the Scottish nobles now joined him. Among these were the Stewart and his brother, Robert Wishart, Bishop of Glasgow, Alexander Lindsay, Sir Richard Lundin, and lastly, young Robert Bruce, afterwards King Robert, who, long fretting in his ignoble servitude at the court of Edward, had taken an opportunity of escaping, breaking the oath which he had sworn to the conqueror on the sword of Thomas à Becket. A revolt made so alarming by these accessions, Edward determined decisively to crush. Urged by his commands, Warrene, the governor, sent Sir Henry Percy and Sir Robert Clifford with a large force against the associated Scottish leaders. The latter were encamped near the town of Irvine, and, becoming alarmed for their safety, all, with the exception of Wallace and Sir Andrew Murray, gave up thoughts of fighting, and signed a treaty drawn up by the Bishop of Glasgow, submitting themselves, and expressing contrition for having 'risen in arms against our Lord Edward, and against his peace in his territories of Scotland and Galloway.' Wallace and Murray, indignant at this pusillanimity, retired into the north, there to wait a time for retrieving what had been lost by the cowardice of their associates. Before going northward, however, Wallace went straight to Glasgow, and, as a mark of his opinion of Wishart's conduct in drawing up the treaty, demolished his house, carrying off his horses and furniture.

Wallace was not idle while in the north, for we find him at Forfar, Brechin, Montrose, Dunnottar, and Aberdeen, beating the English

*This, like most other anecdotes of Wallace, is gathered from *The Adventures of Sir William Wallace*, a work written in verse from popular tradition about the year 1460, by a wandering poet usually called Blind Harry, and which has long been a favourite volume amongst the Scottish peasantry. It was the study of this book which had so great an effect in kindling the genius of Burns.

out of them all. He had come southward again, and was engaged in besieging Dundee, when he was informed that a powerful English army, with Warenne at its head, was marching northward. Leaving strict injunctions to the townsmen to continue the siege of the garrison of Dundee, he hastened southward, and encamped at Cambuskenneth, near Stirling Bridge. Warenne having been superseded in the governorship, wished to avoid an engagement till his successor, Brian Fitzallen, should arrive to take the responsibility. He therefore sent two friars to attempt a truce with Wallace; but they were sent back with a defiance, and the battle commenced. The military sagacity of Sir Richard Lundin, and Warenne's own prudence, were overborne by the zeal of the hot-headed Cressingham, who insisted on crossing the bridge, in order to fall directly upon the Scotch. The result was a total defeat of the English army. The Scotch rushed down upon them as they were crossing, slaughtered them in masses on the bridge, drove hundreds into the river, and made havoc of the fugitives. Cressingham was killed; and so obnoxious had this official made himself to the Scotch, that, animated by the barbarous feelings of the period, they made sword-belts of his skin. In this battle the Scotch lost but few men. The brave Sir Andrew Murray, however, a colleague worthy of Wallace, was mortally wounded. The remains of the English army fled in confusion to Berwick.

Not long after this battle, in the end of 1297 or the beginning of 1298, we find Wallace using the title of 'Guardian of Scotland in the name of King John, and by the consent of the Scottish nation.' The manner of his assuming such a title has been made a subject of debate, some insisting that it was regularly conferred at a meeting at which certain of the Scotch nobles were present; others, that no such meeting was held; and others, that Baliol had sent Wallace a private commission appointing him regent. However this might be, it was a regency in the sovereign's name, with the approbation of the nation; and although the title roused many invidious feelings among the Scottish nobility, Wallace used his power with great discretion, and never aimed at being anything more than a servant of the state. A person in his circumstances, animated by vulgar ambition, would have aimed at becoming king.

Wallace's regency did not last a year; but during this brief period he manifested his ability for governing with a judicious and strict hand. The only obstacle he had to encounter was the mean jealousy of certain Scottish nobles, who resented his assumption of power; though there was evidently no other person able to preserve order, or quell the enemies of the country. It may be remarked that, throughout the whole struggle for independence, comparatively few of the Scottish aristocracy afforded any assistance. Inclining either to the side of Edward, at whose court they looked for advancement, or holding coldly aloof, they left the main difficulties to be achieved

by men of inferior rank. Wallace, a man of the people, and of a sagacious mind, perceived that the feudal power of the barons was inconsistent with civil freedom, and he had the boldness to contrive a plan by which it should be relinquished, and the people at large be left their own masters, and at the disposal of the state. He did not remain sufficiently long in power to accomplish this design ; but during his short guardianship he adopted measures for encouraging foreign trade. A letter has lately been discovered in the archives of Hamburg, written at Haddington, 11th October 1297, by 'Andrew Murray and William Wallace, commanders of the army of the kingdom,' and addressed to the mayor and citizens of Lübeck and Hamburg. The purport of this interesting document is expressed in the request that 'the mayor and citizens will cause it to be made known among the merchants, that Scotland being now, by God's blessing, delivered out of the hands of the English, they may now have free access to all the Scottish ports with their goods and commodities.'

The period of national tranquillity was short. At the time of the battle of Stirling, Edward was in Flanders, and when he returned to England in the spring of 1298, he immediately turned his attention to Scotland. He first summoned the Scottish nobles to meet him at York ; and, when the fear of Wallace's vengeance prevented them from going thither, he collected an immense army, and marched northward at the head of it, to redeem the defeats of former commanders by his own military genius. The detention of the fleet, to which he trusted for provisions, and the mutinous conduct of his army, owing to the number of Welsh in it, involved Edward in such difficulties, that he had almost determined on a retreat into England, when he received intelligence that the Scotch were willing to risk a battle, and were drawn up near Falkirk. He immediately marched thither. Wallace, who commanded the Scotch infantry or spearmen, had drawn them up in four circular bodies. In the spaces between these bodies of spearmen were posted the archers, under Sir John Stewart. There were but a thousand horse, and these were in the rear, commanded by Comyn. The English infantry were drawn up in three divisions ; but Edward relied principally on his cavalry. A morass lay between the two armies. 'I have brought you to the ring,' said Wallace to his men, before the battle commenced, in jocular allusion to some now obsolete game ; 'hop gif ye can.' The fight was long and desperate. The Scottish spearmen stood like stone walls. But at length the impetus of the English cavalry, assisted by showers of stones and arrows from the infantry, thinned and broke them. A total defeat ensued, and an immense number was left dead or taken prisoners. The defeat is easily enough to be accounted for by the great superiority of the English in numbers, and especially in cavalry ; but tradition will not accept this explanation, and insists that the defeat was owing to

the refusal of the two aristocratic leaders to co-operate with Wallace, and to a positive act of treachery on Comyn's part during the battle. Sir John Stewart was among the killed. Wallace, with the remains of his infantry, retreated to Stirling, which he set on fire. Edward withdrew into England, leaving Scotland crushed for the meantime in military strength, but still unconquered.

Little was done in 1299. Wallace resigned the guardianship, which he could no longer hold except by force; and John Comyn the younger, the elder Bruce, and Lamberton, Bishop of St Andrews, were appointed his joint-successors. The real power was that of Comyn, a name exceedingly disliked in popular Scotch history. Wallace retired into private life, ready to resume military command on any emergency; but he had hardly any opportunity of doing so; for, owing to a difference with his nobility, Edward could not carry immediately into effect his design of invading Scotland. This year, however, Baliol, who had been a prisoner in London since 1296, was released, and sent to France. After this, he is not mentioned in history. It was not till 1303 that anything occurred to call Wallace again into active life. The reason of this is, that two or three years were occupied by a controversy between Edward and Pope Boniface VIII. respecting the sovereignty of Scotland, the pope claiming Scotland as a territory of the church, and Edward maintaining that it was his. This dispute gave Scotland a breathing-time, which, under an efficient government, might have been improved, so as permanently to secure her independence. During this period of tranquillity, Wallace visited France.

Edward's blow was only suspended. With a zeal and vigour more than sufficient to compensate for the loss of time, the English monarch, in 1303, recommenced the war. As most open to attack, the country round Edinburgh was invaded, and here several engagements took place between the troops of Edward and the Scottish chiefs. One of these was the battle of Roslin, fought by Comyn, the Guardian of Scotland, and Simon Frazer of Tweeddale, on the one side, and Segrave on the other. The English suffered a defeat on this occasion; but in other quarters they were more successful, and ravaged the country as far as Caithness. All that Wallace could do in such a strait was to attack marching-parties, and storm weakly garrisoned fortresses, as he did when he was a mere outlaw chief, winding his bugle through the forest of Clydesdale.

From Caithness to Galloway, Scotland was now in the possession of the English; the Highlands, however, presenting too many difficulties for attack. On the 9th of February 1304, the Comyn government gave in its resignation. A treaty was drawn up, in which the Scottish nobles stipulated for their lives, their liberties, and their estates, subject to such fines as Edward should see fit to impose upon them by way of punishment. From the benefits of this amnesty there were excepted by name the following eight persons: David Graham,

WALLACE AND BRUCE.

Alexander Lindsay, Sir John Soulis, the Stewart, Wishart, Bishop of Glasgow, Simon Frazer, Thomas Boys, and William Wallace. We have arranged the names in the order corresponding to the severity of the punishment to be inflicted on them. Graham and Lindsay were to leave Scotland for six months ; Soulis, the Stewart, and the Bishop of Glasgow, were to be banished for two years ; Frazer and Boys were to be banished for three years ; and during that time they were to reside neither in England nor France. 'As for William Wallace,' says the treaty, 'it is agreed that he shall render himself up at the will and mercy of our sovereign lord the king.'

As Wallace had no disposition to render himself up in accordance with this arrangement, means were adopted to capture him ; but, in spite of every attempt, he continued for several months to wander about, accompanied by a few of his outlaw followers. Tradition also mentions that at this time Wallace and young Robert Bruce were in secret communication with each other, and that Wallace was meditating a new insurrection against Edward, for the purpose of placing Bruce on the throne. In this last effort he was not doomed to be successful. On the 5th of August 1305, he was treacherously delivered up by Sir John Menteith to the English, by whom he was taken, under a strong guard, to London. The rest is soon told. Wallace was tried, on a charge of high treason, in Westminster Hall, and, as a matter of course, condemned. In a few days thereafter, this gallant and unfortunate patriot was ignominiously and cruelly put to death on a scaffold at Smithfield ; to the last protesting against the injustice of his sentence, and declaring that all he had done he would do over again, and more, for his beloved and much-abused country.

BRUCE.

The death of the noble-minded Wallace sent a pang through Scotland, and from that moment there was a still fiercer desire to shake the country free of its oppressor. Young Bruce, as we have seen, had already formed some resolutions on the subject, which this new atrocity did not by any means weaken. As the one patriot sinks, therefore, the other rises, and becomes prominent in the page of history. Bruce, like Wallace, was a descendant of a Norman settler in Scotland. His ancestor was Robert de Bruce, who received a grant of lands in Annandale from David I. in the early part of the twelfth century. The great-great-grandson of this first of the Scottish Bruces was the Robert Bruce who competed with Baliol for the crown, at which time he was considerably advanced in life. The son of this Robert the competitor, also called Robert, married the Countess of Carrick, and by her he had a large family ; his eldest son, likewise named Robert, being born on the 21st of March 1274. At the time of good King Alexander's death, in 1286, when the troubles of Scotland began, there were three generations of Bruces

alive—father, son, and grandson ; on the last of whom, as it will appear, fell the task of achieving his country's freedom.

Young Bruce spent his early years at Turnberry Castle, in Ayrshire, and at about the age of sixteen, on the death of his mother, he succeeded to the earldom of Carrick. Old Bruce the grandfather died in 1295 ; Bruce his son died in 1304 ; and young Bruce, Earl of Carrick, was now the sole representative of the House. The Earl of Carrick was upwards of thirty years of age before he assumed the character of a patriot. His father had lived chiefly in England, with little inclination to put forward any claims on the Scottish crown ; and, bred up with a wish to conciliate Edward's favour, he himself was inclined to remain a peaceful subject of England, and on one occasion took oaths of fealty to him. The heroism and the fate of Wallace at length stimulated him to view matters differently. His conduct for some years was marked by great prudence, if not dissimulation. He became desirous of attempting to free Scotland from English intrusion, provided it could be done with a good chance of success. The disappearance of Baliol in 1304, by opening up a prospect of gaining the crown, no doubt contributed to fix his wavering resolutions. Yet there was a rival to his aspirations after kingly honours : this was a personage usually known by the title of the Red Comyn, and against whom he had a grudge, on account of Comyn having perfidiously made known to Edward that Bruce was wavering in his allegiance. Happening to visit Dumfries, on the occasion of a meeting of a court of justice, at which many of the feudal chiefs attended, Bruce there met the Red Comyn in the church of the Minorite Friars (February 4, 1305-6). The result of such an interview in such an age of strife might almost be anticipated. Pacing backward and forward in the aisles of the church, conversing together on matters of import, these two fiery spirits came to high words, Bruce reproaching Comyn with his treachery. At last, when near the altar, something which Comyn said provoked Bruce so much that he drew his dagger and stabbed him. Comyn fell, the blood flowing from him on the pavement of the sanctuary. Shocked at his rash act, Bruce rushed out of the church, and his friends, Kirkpatrick of Closeburn, and Sir Christopher Seton, meeting him at the door, asked what he had done. He said : ' I doubt I have killed the Comyn.' ' Doubt ! ' cried Kirkpatrick ; ' I'll mak sicker ' (I will make sure) ; and running into the church, he finished the Comyn with one or two stabs. Seton at the same time killed an uncle of Comyn, who had rushed in to assist him. This deed of blood scandalised all religious feeling, and Bruce ever afterwards looked on it as the sin of his life ; not, however, the act of assassinating his rival—for in these days killing was recognised as a mode of action which it was quite legitimate to adopt—but because the assassination of Comyn had been effected in a church. This was considered a sacrilege only to be atoned for by a long life of toil, penitence, and

good deeds. Whatever were the feelings of Bruce afterwards, he now seems to have considered that, by the riddance of his rival, the time was come for throwing off his ill-disguised, and, as he styled it, compulsory allegiance to the king of England. Collecting his followers, therefore, he immediately took possession of the town of Dumfries. The English justiciaries shut themselves up in the place where they were holding their sittings; but Bruce threatening to set it on fire, they surrendered, and were suffered to leave the country in safety. Bruce then traversed the south of Scotland, seizing and fortifying towns, and expelling the English who happened to be in his path.

Although thus far successful, Bruce had yet the kingdom to win—no easy task with only a handful of adherents. Among these, besides his own brothers, were Lamberton, Bishop of St Andrews, Wishart, Bishop of Glasgow, David Murray, Bishop of Moray, the Abbot of Scone, Thomas Randolph or Randall, of Strathdon (Bruce's nephew), Christopher or Christall Seton (Bruce's brother-in-law), Malcolm, Earl of Lennox, John, Earl of Athole and Lord of Strathbogie, Gilbert Hay, Earl of Errol, young Sir James Douglas, and nine or ten other persons of consequence. But these were but a fraction of the Scottish aristocracy; and many of the rest were pledged on the English side. Nevertheless, Bruce and his party resolved on a bold and decided step. Spending about three weeks in riding hither and thither through the country, to rouse as strong a feeling as possible, they met at Scone on Friday the 27th of March 1306, and there Bruce was crowned king, a small circlet of gold having been made to serve in lieu of the old Scottish crown which Edward had carried away. Now, the honour of placing the crown on a new king's head belonged by ancient right to the family of Macduff, Earl of Fife. But the present representative of the family, Duncan, Earl of Fife, being on the English side, it appeared at first that this essential requisite in the ceremony could not be complied with. Hearing, however, that Bruce was to be crowned, Isabella, the sister of the earl, and wife of Comyn, Earl of Buchan, stole her husband's horses, and posted off to Scone, resolved that, in spite of brother and husband, Bruce should be crowned by a Macduff. As she did not reach Scone till after the 27th, the act of crowning was performed over again on the 29th, the thin gold circlet being placed on the brow of the new king by his fair adherent.

In the meantime, all was bustle and excitement in London. Edward was now an old man, scarcely able to bestride his war-horse; and that the great scheme of the annexation of Scotland, to which he had devoted so many years of his life, should now be in danger of failing at the last, was a grief and a canker to his aged spirit. There is no sorer affliction for an old man whose life has been spent in toil, enterprise, and energetic action, than to see his schemes failing, and all that he has struggled for cast out and rejected by the world, at a

time when he is beginning to feel that death is coming, and that he can do no more. The spirit of the warrior-king flickered up bravely under the disappointment, and he swore, in the hearing of his counselors and nobles, that he would take the field once more against Scotland, deal with Bruce as he had dealt with Wallace, and then turn his thoughts to holier subjects, and prepare to die in peace. Forthwith there was a going to and fro of messengers, a writing and sealing of dispatches, a buzz of eager anticipation among the young men, and a noise everywhere of steel clanging under the armourer's hammer. To meet the present emergency, and oppose Bruce at the outset, Aymer de Valance, Earl of Pembroke, hurried away northward with what force he could gather. To crush the spirit of the Scotch under a fear stronger than that of invasion, Edward wrote to the pope to procure an anathema against Bruce and his cause for the act of sacrilege committed in the church of the Minorite Friars at Dumfries. He levied a large army, 'and for the purpose of giving more éclat to his expedition, knighted his eldest son. Immediately after receiving that honour, the Prince of Wales went in procession to Westminster Abbey, ascended the high-altar, and knighted three hundred nobles, who were all apparelled in embroidered robes of gold. At the conclusion of this ceremony, two swans, adorned with trappings and bells of gold, were brought by minstrels, in nets of the same metal, with great pomp into the church, and the king took a solemn oath, by the God of heaven and by these swans, that he would march into Scotland, and never return till he had punished the rebels, and avenged the death of John Comyn.* Giving the command of the army to the Prince of Wales, and exacting an oath from him that he would not rest two nights in one place before reaching Scotland, Edward himself followed more leisurely with his queen. Poor old monarch! he never reached the land against which he had vowed vengeance. Becoming ill near Carlisle, he was detained there, and obliged to leave the management of the invasion to others.

At first, the Scotch suffered a considerable reverse of fortune. Having penetrated as far north as Perth, the English forces there surprised Bruce by a sudden attack. Many of the Scotch were killed, and others were made prisoners, and hanged. Among these was Sir Simon Frazer or Frizell, who was carried to London, and there ignominiously put to death, his head being set upon a spear on Westminster Bridge, near that of his co-patriot Wallace. This defeat was a heavy blow and great discouragement to Bruce, who, with his followers, retired into the north, a fugitive in the kingdom whose crown he had assumed. He halted for a time at Aberdeen, whither his wife, and the wives of all his noble adherents, had resorted to wait his arrival. From Aberdeen, the band of patriots, ladies and all, retreated to the mountain country inland, and

* Clarke's *Vestigia Anglicana*.

although pinched occasionally for food, held together during the summer of 1306.

In the course of Bruce's wanderings, he attempted to force his way into Lorn, a district of Argyleshire; but here he encountered the M'Dougals, a powerful family, then called Lords of Lorn, and friendly to the English; besides, John of Lorn, the chief of the M'Dougals, hated Bruce on account of his having slain his kinsman the Red Comyn. At the first encounter, Bruce was defeated; but he shewed amidst his misfortunes the greatness of his strength and courage. According to the lively account given by Sir Walter Scott of Bruce's movements after this defeat—'He directed his men to retreat through a narrow pass, and placing himself last of the party, he fought with and slew such of the enemy as attempted to press hard upon them. Three followers of M'Dougal, a father and two sons, all very strong men, when they saw Bruce thus protecting the retreat of his followers, made a vow that they would either kill this redoubted champion, or make him prisoner. The whole three rushed on the king at once. Bruce was on horseback, in the strait pass between a precipitous rock and a deep lake. He struck the first man who came up and seized his horse's rein such a blow with his sword as cut off his hand and freed the bridle. The man bled to death. The other brother had grasped Bruce in the meantime by the leg, and was attempting to throw him from horseback. The king, setting spurs to his horse, made the animal suddenly spring forward, so that the Highlander fell under the horse's feet; and as he was endeavouring to rise again, Bruce cleft his head in two with his sword. The father, seeing his two sons thus slain, flew desperately at the king, and grasped him by the mantle so close to his body that he had not room to wield his long sword. But with the heavy pommel of that weapon, or, as others say, with an iron hammer, which hung at his saddlebow, the king struck his third assailant so dreadful a blow that he dashed out his brains. Still, however, the Highlander kept his dying grasp on the king's mantle, so that, to be free of the dead body, Bruce was obliged to undo the brooch or clasp by which it was fastened, and leave that and the mantle itself behind him.' The brooch which fell thus into the possession of M'Dougal of Lorn, is still preserved in that ancient family, as a memorial that the celebrated Robert Bruce once narrowly escaped falling into the hands of their ancestor. Robert greatly resented this attack upon him; and when he was in happier circumstances, did not fail to take his revenge on M'Dougal, or, as he is usually called, John of Lorn.* On the ruins of the family rose the Campbells and other great clans.

* Of late years, the Brooch of Lorn has become an interesting object of antiquity, and been copied by Scottish jewellers as an article of sale. It is of great size, of silver, circular in form, and embellished with gems. For a complete account of it, we refer to *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, No. 375, first series.

After this defeat in Argyleshire, with the English pressing northward, the chieftain of Lorn dogging their footsteps, and the cold weather coming on, the wanderers found it impossible any longer to live, as they had been doing, among the hills, with their garments worn out, their shoes torn and patched, and with scarcely the means of procuring food. Bruce therefore divided his little band into two parties. One of these, under the command of Nigel Bruce, his youngest brother, was to convey the ladies to Kildrummie Castle, on the river Don, in Aberdeenshire, where, though in danger of being besieged, they would at all events be safer than if they remained where they were. When the party had gone away, taking with it all the horses, there remained with the king about two hundred men, uncertain whither they should go, or how they should pass the winter. To remain in Scotland seemed impossible; they therefore came to the resolution of crossing over to the north of Ireland, where they might possibly obtain assistance from the Earl of Ulster, or where at least they might remain through the winter, looking eagerly across the Channel, and watching for an opportunity of returning to renew the enterprise. Accordingly, they pushed their way across Argyleshire to Cantire, whence they passed over to Rathlin, a small island on the coast of Ulster, within sight of the Scottish shore. At first, the wild inhabitants shewed a disposition to question the right of two hundred strangers to come and quarter so unceremoniously in their island; but a little intercourse conciliated them; and through the winter of 1306-7, the fugitive king and his men made Rathlin their place of refuge.

In the spring of 1307, the fugitives began to think of revisiting their native land, where their mysterious disappearance had caused some sensation. Accordingly, Douglas and Boyd, with a few followers, went over to the Isle of Arran, and attacked the English: and ten days after, Bruce and the rest of the Scotch left Rathlin, and joined them. They were now near the Scottish mainland opposite Bruce's own district of Carrick and his castle of Turnberry; but before actually committing themselves by a landing in Ayrshire, it was resolved to send a spy, named Cuthbert, to learn the true state of affairs. If appearances were favourable, Cuthbert was to kindle a bonfire on Turnberry nook, the blaze of which, seen in the night-time from the coast of Arran, would be a signal for Bruce and his little band to embark in their boats and row across the Channel. After the messenger was gone, Bruce walked up and down the beach, his eyes in the direction of Turnberry nook, watching eagerly for the expected signal. All night he watched, and all next morning; and just as it was growing late in the day, he thought he saw the flickering of the bonfire. As it grew dark, all doubt was at an end; there was the bonfire blazing ruddily in the horizon; so with joyful hearts they began to busy themselves in getting ready the boats. Just as Bruce was stepping on board, a woman of the island, 'than

whom none in all the land had so much wit of things to come,' came and prophesied to him that ere long he would be king, and overcome all his enemies; but before that time he should have much to endure: in token of her own confidence in her prophecy, she gave him her two sons to be his followers. With the words of this wise woman in their ears, the brave band, increased now to three hundred men, shot out their galleys into the water, and steered through the darkness for the light on Turnberry nook.

After hard rowing, they drew near the Carrick shore, discerning through the gloom the dark figure of a man walking to and fro on the beach. It was Cuthbert come to tell them that there was no hope of effecting a rising in Carrick; that the bonfire on Turnberry nook had not been kindled by him; but that, seeing it blazing, he had come to warn them away. What were they to do? Remain in Scotland, now that they were in it, or re-embark and seek refuge for a year or two longer in the island of Rathlin? Thus they stood inquiring of each other with sinking hearts in the gray of the early morning, where the tide was rushing up among the sands. Out spoke Edward Bruce, the king's brother, a wild impetuous young man: 'I tell you, no peril, be it ever so great, shall drive me back to the sea again: by God's help, I am here, and here will I take my venture for better or worse.' This resolution recommended itself to the prudence of the rest; and now that they were in their native land once more, they made up their minds never to leave it again, but to wander through the country until they should all be cut off, or there should be a general rising against the English. They determined to make a beginning immediately; and hearing that there was a party of soldiers belonging to Percy, the English governor of the district, in the town of Turnberry, they attacked and routed it. Little, however, could be done in the Carrick district, where the inhabitants, though friendly to Bruce, were afraid openly to take his part. One lady, however, a relation of his own, came with a reinforcement of forty men.

Now for the first time Bruce learned what had taken place in Scotland during his absence. The news was melancholy enough. Shortly after the defeat of Bruce at Methven, Edward, then in the north of England, had issued, through the Earl of Pembroke, a proclamation to the effect 'that all the people of Scotland should search for and pursue every person who had been in arms against the English government, and who had not surrendered themselves to mercy; and should also apprehend, dead or alive, all who had been guilty of other crimes.' In consequence of this proclamation, and the efforts made to enforce it, many of Bruce's most eminent adherents, some of them the co-patriots of Wallace, fell into the hands of the English, and suffered death. Besides Sir Simon Frazer, to whose fate we have already referred, Sir Christopher Seton, Thomas Boys, Sir Simon Frazer's esquire, and one of

Wallace's friends, Sir Herbert de Morham, Sir Walter Logan, and several others, were sent to London, and there hanged and quartered. The fate of Lamberton, Bishop of St Andrews, Wishart, Bishop of Glasgow, and the Abbot of Scone, would probably have been the same, had they not been ecclesiastics. As it was, they were imprisoned, and Edward made every effort to induce the pope to depose them; in which, however, his Holiness did not gratify him. After all these culprits had been disposed of, there still remained the ladies and those of Bruce's adherents who were shut up in the castle of Kildrummie. The Earls of Lancaster and Hereford marched north to besiege the castle; but before they reached it, the queen, her daughter, the Countess of Buchan, who had put the crown on Bruce's head, and the rest of the ladies, fled to Ross-shire with an escort, and took refuge in the sanctuary of St Duthac, near Tain. Here, in violation of the religious usage of the times, they were seized; and being sent prisoners into England, they lived there in dignified captivity, until the victory of Bannockburn released them, seven or eight years afterwards. The punishment of the Countess of Buchan was more marked than that of the other lady-captives, inasmuch as the crime of crowning Bruce was peculiarly heinous. Her husband, the Earl of Buchan, one of the Comyn family, was urgent that she should be put to death; but Edward would not consent to so desirable a measure, and ordered her to be confined in a circular prison, constructed in the form of a cage, in the castle of Berwick, where she might be seen by the passers-by. The general impression handed down by tradition is, that the poor lady was hung out in a cage on the castle wall; and it is at least certain that she was immured in an ignominious manner within the fortress of Berwick. Nigel Bruce, the Earl of Athole, and the rest who remained in Kildrummie after the ladies were gone, defended the castle bravely for a time; but at last their magazine of provisions being set on fire by a traitor of the name of Osborne, they were obliged to surrender. Nigel Bruce, the youngest of the king's brothers, and of great comeliness, was carried to Berwick, and there beheaded; the Earl of Athole was sent to London—and hanged.

Such had been the miserable fate of the adherents Bruce had left in Scotland. Edward, ill and dying at Carlisle, and unable to reach the land the subjugation of which had been the most anxious thought of his life, felt it a pleasure to wreak his vengeance on so many of those who had thwarted him, before he left the world. Stretched in pain on his bed, he said to those around him that knowing that the Earl of Athole was hanged made the pain almost lightsome. His dying acts were all directed towards Scotland. He assigned estates in it to his favourite nobles, impressed on his son's mind the duty of punctually fulfilling the great design he was to bequeath to him, and summoning a parliament at Carlisle, he and all his nobles heard the dread sentence of the church's excommunication pronounced

against Bruce and his adherents by Peter d'Espagne, cardinal legate from the pope. Leaving the dying monarch at Carlisle, we return to the operations of the heroic Bruce.

The condition of Bruce after his disheartening defeat in Ayrshire was most afflicting, and was aggravated by the intelligence of the capture of his brothers Thomas and Alexander, and their execution at Carlisle. Still, he was not utterly deserted or deprived of friends; his brother Edward proceeded into Galloway, while Douglas went into Lanarkshire, to raise men in these quarters. Until assistance should be raised, he wandered about the wild hills of Carrick, constantly shifting from spot to spot, in order to escape the vigilant pursuit of his enemies. On one occasion, separated from the few men who had kept him company, he reached, about midnight, a poor hut, under whose thatched roof he might rest till morning. Throwing himself down on a heap of straw, he lay upon his back with his hands placed under his head, unable to sleep, but gazing vacantly upwards at the rafters of the hut, disfigured with cobwebs. From thoughts long and dreary about the hopelessness of the enterprise in which he was engaged, and the misfortunes he had already encountered, he was roused to feel a degree of interest in the efforts of a poor and industrious spider over his head. The object of the animal was to swing itself by its thread from one rafter to another; but in this attempt it repeatedly failed, each time vibrating back to the point where it had made the effort. Twelve times did the little creature try to reach the desired spot, and as many times was it unsuccessful. Not disheartened with its failure, it made the attempt once more, and lo! the rafter was gained. 'The thirteenth time,' said Bruce, springing to his feet. 'I accept it as a lesson not to despond under difficulties, and shall once more venture my life in the struggle for the independence of my beloved country.'

Rallying his drooping spirits, Bruce hastened to assemble such as were disposed to risk all for the sake of the cause he had at heart. With a courageous little army, he met the English under Pembroke at Loudon Hill (May 10, 1307), and gained the first of that series of victories which ultimately made Scotland a free kingdom. Pembroke's defeat roused the dying Edward at Carlisle, and, although unable to endure the fatigue of a journey, he mounted his war-horse, and made the attempt to reach Scotland, for the purpose of crushing the rebellion in person. Vain effort! Having reached, with extreme difficulty, Burgh-on-Sands, from which the blue hills of Scotland could be seen, he there sunk and died. It was his dying request that his bones should be carried at the head of the army into Scotland; but this injunction was not complied with. His son, Edward II., caused the body to be buried at Westminster, with this inscription on his tomb: 'Edward I., the Hammer of the Scotch.'

Edward II., to whom the duty of subjugating Scotland had been bequeathed, was of inferior abilities to his father, and failed to

inspire his followers with confidence or his enemies with fear. He proceeded into Scotland, in obedience to his father's injunction, but being disheartened with some reverses, he led his army back to England. Picking up courage, Bruce ventured now on bold measures, and, with a considerably augmented force, swept through the country as far as Inverness, rooting out garrisons of English, destroying castles, and skirmishing with parties sent out to keep him in check. While thus engaged, Edward Bruce, his brother, expelled the English from Galloway; and Douglas was roving about the hills of Tweeddale, doing good service. Here, at a house on Lyne Water, Douglas had the good-fortune to take prisoner Thomas Randolph, Bruce's nephew, who had latterly attached himself to the cause of the English usurper. Apparently ashamed of this recreancy, Randolph afterwards became one of his uncle's warmest adherents. Many other influential persons, who had hitherto kept aloof, now joined Bruce's standard. Argyleshire, the country of the Lords of Lorn, still holding out, he invaded it, took the castle of Dunstaffnage, and drove Lorn and his son refugees into England. The whole of Scotland might now be said to have been in Bruce's hands, except that several of the great towns were still in the possession of English garrisons, and that Edward II. was every now and then threatening an invasion. An invasion in the then weak state of Bruce's government might have proved fatal; but this danger was warded off, partly by Edward's own fickle and unsteady temper, partly by the disgust of his nobles at his unkingly conduct, and partly also by the earnest endeavours made during the years 1308 and 1309 by Philip, king of France, to bring about a peace between Scotland and England. A truce between the two countries was indeed agreed to; but it was broken almost as soon as made. In 1310, Edward II. conducted an invading army into Scotland; but, as on a former occasion, he retired again into England.

The years 1311, 1312, and 1313 were spent by Bruce in consolidating the power he had acquired; expelling garrisons, and acquiring the allegiance of some of the principal towns. The citizens of Aberdeen had already expelled the English garrison from that town. Forfar and several other important stations had been wrested out of the English keeping; and during the three years to which we are at present directing our attention, many other towns or castles were won either by Bruce in person or by his adherents. The principal of these were—the town of Perth, and the castles of Linlithgow, Buittle, Dumfries, Dalswinton, Roxburgh, Edinburgh, Rutherglen, and Dundee. The seizures of the castles of Linlithgow and Edinburgh deserve particular mention, from their romantic character. The castle of Linlithgow was taken by the stratagem of a poor peasant named William Binnock, who was in the way of conveying hay and other provender into the castle. Having agreed to deliver a load of hay at a particular day, Binnock placed eight men in his

cart, covered them well over with hay, and then walked by the side of the cart, a stout man going before driving. When the cart was within the posts of the gate, so that it could not be shut, Binnock gave the preconcerted signal by crying out : ' Call all ! call all ! ' and gave the porter a blow which split his skull ; while the man driving cut the rope by which the oxen were yoked to the cart, so as to leave it fixed in the gateway. The men then leaped out, and the castle was taken.

Edinburgh Castle, which occupies the top of a lofty and huge rock, precipitous on all sides but one, could not be taken without encountering very serious risks of destruction. Randolph engaged to gain possession of it by stratagem and personal activity. Guided by a person named Frank, who had once been in the garrison in the castle, and had become acquainted with the nature of the precipice, Randolph and a party of thirty men proceeded one dark night to scale the black and jagged sides of the rock. Up they climbed, slowly and painfully, with scathed knees and bleeding fingers, by a zigzag path, where a single false step would have caused them to be dashed to atoms, or the scraping of their arms against the rock would have discovered them to the watch above. The darkness of the night, however, favoured them, and at last they all reached a shelving part of the rock half-way up, where they could rest for a little. While crouching together here, they heard the sentries pacing above and challenging each other. Proceeding upward, they at length reached the wall, to which they applied a ladder they had contrived to bring along with them. Frank climbed up first, then Sir Andrew Gray, then Randolph himself. Seeing these three on the top of the wall, the others climbed up after them. The noise alarmed the sentries, who raised the cry of ' Treason ! Treason ! ' Some of them fled ; some of them were so terrified that they leaped over the wall ; the rest of the garrison mustered and fought, but were soon overpowered, leaving Randolph master of the castle.

These and similar exploits not only secured Bruce's possession of the country, but increased the number of his partisans, by causing many powerful Scotch gentlemen, who had hitherto taken the side of the English, to join him. In the year 1313, only a few vestiges of English intrusion remained, in the shape of an unreduced garrison here and there. Nor had Bruce's exertions been confined to Scotland itself. Imitating the conduct of Wallace after the battle of Stirling, he had made two several forays into the north of England, devastating and spoiling the country ; and he had also seized the Isle of Man. All this while, Edward II. was engaged in enjoying himself at his own court, or in quarrelling with his nobles ; sometimes resolving upon an expedition into Scotland, but never carrying it into effect. At last, after repeated complaints from the people of Cumberland, whose territories Bruce had ravaged, and from the small party of Scottish nobles who still adhered to the

English interest, Edward, on his return from a short visit to France in the end of 1313, began to make preparations in earnest, and an army greater than any that had ever followed his victorious father was ordered to be raised.

The immediate cause of this sudden preparation for a new invasion of Scotland was this : Edward Bruce, the king's brave and hot-headed brother, after subduing the garrisons of Rutherglen and Dundee, attacked that of Stirling. The English commander, Philip de Mowbray, offered to surrender the castle if not relieved before the 24th of June next year ; and this offer Edward Bruce thoughtlessly accepted, without his brother's knowledge. The effect of this treaty was to allow the English time to assemble an army, which of course they would do as soon as they heard of it, and to commit the fate of Scotland to the issue of a great general battle, such as it appeared most prudent in the meantime to avoid. It was impossible, however, for Bruce to retract the engagement which his brother had made, and he therefore began to busy himself with preparations to meet the English army, which he knew would be approaching Stirling before the appointed 24th of June. The first half of the year 1314 was spent by each kingdom in gathering all its strength for this great day. This was to be no chance engagement—no Scotch army falling on an English army unawares ; it was a deliberate battle, concerted months before it took place, and the full issues of which, in the case either of victory or defeat, must have all that time been present to the minds of both parties. Poor Scotland, thy chance is the hardest ! If England lose the day, it is but the loss of a kingdom which does not belong to her ; but if Scotland lose, she is enthralled for ever !

When the appointed day for this decisive battle drew near, Edward entered Scotland by way of Berwick and the Lothians, at the head of an army of 100,000 men, 40,000 of whom were cavalry. Bruce now caused his whole available forces to be summoned to meet at Torwood, near Stirling ; and when they were all assembled at the place appointed, they numbered no more than 30,000 fighting-men, and about 15,000 camp-followers. To make up for the inferiority of his army in point of numbers, Bruce chose his ground warily, on the face of a hill which gently slopes toward the Forth, near Stirling. What he feared most was the English cavalry. The locality where, from the nature of the ground, cavalry would have the greatest difficulty in acting, was a field called the New Park, having the town of Stirling, with woods between, on the left, and the small brook or burn of Bannock on the right. Here, therefore, he resolved to draw up and wait the approach of the English. Still more to improve the advantage which his choice of the ground gave him, he caused pits two or three feet deep to be dug in all those parts of the field to which the English horse could have access. These pits were covered neatly over with brushwood and turf, so that they might not be perceived by the English cavalry till the feet of the horses actually sunk down

into them. Besides these, pointed barbs of iron, called calthrops, were strewn over parts of the field, to lame the horses. Giving the command of the centre to Douglas, and Walter, the Steward of Scotland; of the right to his brother, Edward Bruce; and of the left to Randolph, Bruce himself commanded a reserve composed of picked men. During the battle, the band of camp-followers, boys, and baggage-carriers were to keep in the valley on the other side of a rising-ground, where they might be out of the way. All these arrangements having been made, the Scotch lay looking eagerly for the first appearance of armed men on the horizon; and on the morning of Sunday the 23d of June, the English army was seen approaching from the direction of Falkirk, where they had slept the evening before. Whether they should attack the Scotch immediately, or whether they should wait till to-morrow, was the question in the English army when they came to the field; and the latter alternative was at length resolved on. In the meantime, however, it would be a great advantage if they could throw a body of men into Stirling Castle to succour the garrison. Randolph, in command of the Scotch left, had received strict injunctions to be on the watch to frustrate any such attempt; but the attempt was nevertheless made; and had it not been for the vigilance of Bruce himself, it would have succeeded. Eight hundred horse, under Sir Robert Clifford, were stealing along toward the castle, and had almost gained it, when Bruce pointed them out to Randolph, saying rudely: 'There's a rose fallen from your chaplet, Randolph.' Off dashed Randolph to repair his fault, and drive the English horse back. Seeing him hard pressed and likely to be beaten, Douglas wished to go to his rescue. 'You shall not stir an inch,' said the king; 'let Randolph extricate himself as he may; I am not going to alter my order of battle for him.' 'By my troth, but with your leave, I must go,' said Douglas; 'I cannot stand by and see Randolph perish.' Bruce then giving his assent, Douglas flew to assist his friend. Before he could reach him, however, Randolph had turned the day, and was throwing the English into confusion; and Douglas seeing this, cried out: 'Halt! Let Randolph have all the glory himself;' and then stood to look on.

This attempt to throw a party into Stirling Castle was made by the advanced-guard of the English; but before the evening of the 23d, the whole army had come up and taken its position. Bruce was riding along in front of his army on a small Highland pony, with much good-humour, marshalling the men with a battle-axe in his hand. On his basinet he wore a small crown, distinguishing him from his knights. When the main body of the English came up, seeing the Scottish king riding along in this manner, and thinking to signalise himself by killing him, an English knight, Sir Harry de Bohun, armed at all points, set spurs to his horse, and with his spear couched, galloped against him. Bruce perceiving him approach,

instead of withdrawing among his own men, prepared for the encounter ; and reining in his pony, so as to cause the knight to miss him when he came on, he stood up in the stirrups, and dealt such a blow with his battle-axe, that the skull, down almost to the neck, was cleft through the helmet. This feat being seen by both armies, encouraged the one as much as it dispirited the other. Bruce, when reproached by his lords for exposing himself so unnecessarily, did nothing but grumble that he had broken the shaft of his battle-axe.

It was a sleepless night on both sides. The Scotch, as being the weaker, spent it in prayers and devotion ; the English, as being the stronger, in rioting and carousing. In the gray of the morning, the two armies stood looking at each other. The Abbot of Inchaffray, after celebrating mass, walked along barefoot, holding a crucifix, in front of the Scotch, who all knelt. Seeing this, the English cried out : ‘ They ask mercy.’ ‘ Yes,’ said Sir Ingram de Umfraville, a Scottish knight in the English army, ‘ but it is from Heaven.’ The same knight advised the king to feign a retreat, so as to draw the Scotch out of their well-chosen position ; but his advice was not taken. The signal was given, and the English van moved on to the attack.

‘ Now’s the day, and now’s the hour ;
See the front o’ battle lour ;
See approach proud Edward’s power—
Chains and slavery !’

Immovably firm, the Lion standard floating proudly on a rising-ground, fixed in a large earthenfast stone, which Scotchmen now go many miles to see, the Scottish battalions waited the onset. Edward Bruce’s wing was the first attacked ; but in a short time all the three bodies were engaged, and there were three battles going on together. Seeing his men severely galled by the English archers, Bruce detached a body of five hundred cavalry, under Sir Robert Keith, to ride in among these and disperse them, while he himself plunged into the fight with his reserve. The battle was now a hand-to-hand fight of 100,000 and 30,000 men. It was an agitating moment. Fortune turned in favour of the weaker party. The English having got into a state of confusion in the contest, they were seized with a panic fear, and their confusion was turned into a flight. It appears that the motley group of Scottish baggage-carriers and camp-followers, placed for safety behind the brow of the hill, became anxious to learn the fate of the battle, and crawled to the top of the eminence, whence they could look down on the field beneath. The moment they saw that their countrymen were gaining the day, they set up a prolonged shout, and waved their cloaks, which giving an impression to the English that there was a new army coming to the attack, they turned their backs and fled. Many crowded to the rocks near Stirling, and many were drowned in the Forth. Edward, led off the

field by the Earl of Pembroke, fled in the direction of Linlithgow, but being pursued by Douglas and sixty horsemen, he did not rest till he arrived at Dunbar, a distance of sixty miles from the field of battle, and there he took shipping for England.

Such was the famous battle of Bannockburn, fought on the 24th of June 1314. While the fame of the victory humbled the pride and arrogance of the English, and more particularly of Edward and his immediate advisers, it raised the Scotch from the depths of despair. It procured them not only glory, arms, and all the apparatus of war, but the release of many prisoners, and vast sums as ransom for captives taken in the battle. Stirling, according to agreement, was delivered up, and a few other places of strength were secured. The victory, in short, placed Scotland once more in the hands of the Scotch, and relieved the country from the military, who, for such a length of time, had occupied and tyrannised over it. Bruce was now at liberty to recognise the ancient institutions of the country, to consolidate the peace which had been achieved, and, with the assistance of his parliament, to appoint a successor to the crown.

While so employed, he was called away from the country by the condition of affairs in Ireland, with which, indeed, except on the score of humanity, he had no title to interfere. More successful in their attempts on Ireland than Scotland, the English had already fastened themselves on that unfortunate country, although almost constantly exposed to resistance from the native chiefs. Looking for sympathy towards Scotland, the Irish chiefs invited Robert Bruce to come to their assistance, and, like a true knight at the call of distress, he went across to Ireland along with his brother Edward, and such a force as they could collect (1315-16). Bruce himself could not remain long in the country, but left Edward to carry on the war. At first, he was successful, and the Irish looked forward to having him for king; but his brilliant career was suddenly cut short. He was slain in battle, October 5, 1318.

From this period the Scottish king devoted himself to the consolidation of his power, and the tranquillising of his long distracted country. Yet, amidst these cares, it appears that he considered it a measure of safe policy to carry war into England, for the purpose of weakening and annoying an enemy which he expected would return to vex the country. Perhaps, in carrying this project into effect, he was desirous of taking advantage of the internal disorders of the neighbouring kingdom. In that country, there had been treason, civil war, and famine. Edward II. was barbarously murdered by Mortimer, and Edward III., a youth, ascended the throne (1327). Being in a feeble state of health, and unable to mount his war-horse, Bruce intrusted the expedition against the English to the two most eminent men of their day, the good Lord James Douglas, and Thomas Randolph, Earl of Moray. These commanders accordingly proceeded with 20,000 men into Northumberland and Durham,

burning and slaying, and everywhere laying the unfortunate border country waste. Accustomed to endure fatigue, to live sparingly, and to move rapidly in their marches, the Scotch on this occasion proved more than a match for the heavy cavalry and less hardy infantry of England. Edward tried to bring the two forces into collision; but in vain. The Scotch avoided a regular battle, and only retired after having kept the English king and his army tramping backward and forward for weeks through morasses and across mountains, in a manner most amusing to the Scottish leaders.

This was the last of Bruce's warlike efforts. Both nations now desired a breathing-time, and the terms of peace were soon concluded (1328). By this treaty, Edward renounced all pretensions to the sovereignty of Scotland, and, by way of attaching its friendship, gave his sister Joanna to be wife to Robert Bruce's son David.

Having thus settled the affairs of his kingdom, and, as he thought, effected a peace with his neighbours, Robert the Bruce retired to Cardross, a pleasant residence on the north bank of the Clyde, there to die in tranquillity; for he was now broken by age, toil, and disease. The last moments of the pious monarch are affectingly described by Froissart:

“When King Robert of Scotland felt that his end drew near, he sent for those barons and lords of his realm in whose loyalty he had the greatest confidence, and affectionately enjoined them, on their fealty, that they should faithfully keep his kingdom for David, his son, promising to obey him, and place the crown upon his head when he attained the full age: after which, he beckoned that brave and gentle knight, Sir James Douglas, to come near, and thus addressed him in presence of the rest of his courtiers: “Sir James, my dear friend, few know better than yourself the great toil and suffering which, in my day, I have undergone for the maintenance of the rights of this kingdom; and when all went hardest against me, I made a vow, which it now deeply grieves me not to have accomplished: I then vowed to God that, if it were his sovereign pleasure to permit me to see an end of my wars, and to establish me in peace and security in the government of this realm, I would then proceed to the Holy Land, and carry on war against the enemies of my Lord and Saviour, to the best and utmost of my power. Never hath my heart ceased to bend earnestly to this purpose; but it hath pleased our Lord to deny me my wishes, for I have had my hands full in my days, and, at the last, you see me taken with this grievous sickness, so that I have nothing to do but to die. Since, therefore, this poor frail body cannot go thither and accomplish that which my heart hath so much desired, I have resolved to send my heart there, in place of my body, to fulfil my vow; and because, in my whole kingdom, I know not any knight more hardy than yourself, or more thoroughly furnished with all those knightly qualities requisite for

the accomplishment of this vow, it is my earnest request to thee, my beloved and tried friend, that, for the love you bear me, you will, instead of myself, undertake this voyage, and acquit my soul of its debt to my Saviour; for, believe me, I hold this opinion of your truth and nobleness, that whatever you once undertake, you will not rest till you successfully accomplish; and thus shall I die in peace, if you will do all that I shall enjoin you. It is my desire, then, that as soon as I am dead, you take the heart out of my body, and cause it to be embalmed, and spare not to take as much of my treasure as appears sufficient to defray the expenses of your journey, both for yourself and your companions; and that you carry my heart along with you, and deposit it in the holy sepulchre of our Lord, since this poor body cannot go thither. And I do moreover command, that in the course of your journey you keep up that royal state and maintenance, both for yourself and your companions, that into whatever lands or cities you may come, all may know you have in charge to bear beyond seas the heart of King Robert of Scotland." At these words, all who stood by began to weep; and when Sir James himself was able to reply, he said: "Ah, most gentle and noble king, a thousand times do I thank you for the great honour you have done me in permitting me to be the keeper and bearer of so great and precious a treasure. Most willingly, and, to the best of my power, most faithfully shall I obey your commands, although I do truly think myself little worthy to achieve so high an enterprise." "My dear friend," said the king, "I heartily thank you, provided you promise to do my bidding, on the word of a true and loyal knight." "Undoubtedly, my liege, I do promise so," replied Douglas, "by the faith which I owe to God, and to the order to which I belong." "Now, praise be to God," said the king, "I shall die in peace, since I am assured that the best and most valiant knight in my kingdom hath promised to achieve for me that which I myself never could accomplish:" and not long after, this noble monarch departed this life.* He died June 7, 1329, in the fifty-fifth year of his age. His dying injunctions were so far complied with. Douglas set out on this solemn expedition with the heart of the deceased sovereign in a silver casket; but, being killed in Spain fighting with the Moors, the casket never reached its destination, and was brought back to Scotland, and buried at Melrose. The body of the royal Bruce, after being embalmed, was buried in the Abbey Church of Dunfermline.*

* A knowledge of Bruce's life and character has been greatly promoted by the poem called *The Bruce*, a lengthy epic, by John Barbour, Archdeacon of Aberdeen, written about the year 1376. As a poetical production, it is greatly superior to the humble work of Blind Harry: many passages abound in dignified and pathetic sentiment; among others, the Apostrophe to Freedom, which has been frequently quoted. In the *Cyclopædia of English Literature*, specimens are presented of this ancient and interesting work.

BRUCE'S SUCCESSORS.

Robert Bruce, the greatest of the Scottish sovereigns, was succeeded by his son David, a boy, who was crowned in 1329, under the title of David II. The management of the kingdom was committed to Thomas Randolph, Earl of Moray, who reduced it to a state of greater security than it had enjoyed for some time. But his efforts to preserve order were soon interrupted. Scotland was exposed to a fresh invasion from the south. Considering this a favourable opportunity for pushing claims long dormant, Edward Baliol, the son of John Baliol, procured the assistance of a large body of English nobles, with their retainers, and made a descent on the coast of Scotland. Most unfortunately, at this juncture of affairs, the Earl of Moray died rather suddenly, the report being that he was poisoned, at Musselburgh (1331), and was succeeded as regent by Donald, Earl of Mar, a person of very inferior abilities. Having effected a landing in Fife, the English forces, led by Baliol, proceeded towards Perth; and coming up with the Scottish army, a fierce battle ensued at Dupplin, in which the Scotch were vanquished, with a loss of 3000 men. Overjoyed with his good-fortune, Baliol adjourned to the neighbouring Abbey of Scone, and was crowned king of Scotland, August 23, 1332. Although the power of David Bruce was grievously wounded by this blow, his adherents were far from being disheartened. The young king and his wife were sent to France, to be out of danger, and Sir Andrew Moray, nephew of Robert Bruce, was appointed regent in room of the Earl of Mar. There now ensued a series of contests between the two powers for thorough mastery of the kingdom, which tore Scotland in pieces; and for some years the country endured greater horrors than it had experienced in the reign of the renowned 'Hammer of the Scotch.' A victory achieved by Edward at Halidon Hill in 1333, was followed by the surrender of Berwick. Four years later, after numerous engagements, the English laid siege to the castle of Dunbar, a strong fortalice placed on some rocky heights overlooking the German ocean, and approachable by land only at one point. At the time, the castle was held by the Countess of March, whose lord had embraced the cause of David Bruce. The countess was the daughter of Randolph, Earl of Moray, and a high-spirited and courageous woman. From her complexion, she was usually known by the familiar title of Black Agnes. The castle, of which Agnes was now mistress, had been well fortified; and in her hands it held out bravely against Montague, Earl of Salisbury, with all the power he could direct against it. Cannon not having been yet invented, it was customary to attack forts of this kind with engines constructed to throw huge stones, and accordingly the English general employed this species of force to attack the castle. Agnes, confident of with-

standing such attempts, is said to have treated them with contempt. While the English engineers were throwing stones into the fort, she went about with her maidens, and, in sight of the enemy, wiped with a clean towel the spots where the masses of stone had fallen. Enraged at this apparent unconcern, the earl commanded his men to bring forward a large engine, called the sow. This was a strong shed, rolled on wheels, underneath which the walls could be safely undermined with pickaxes. When Black Agnes observed this movement, she leaned over the castle wall, and derisively addressed the earl in the following rhyme :

‘Beware, Montagow,
For farrow shall thy sow.’

On uttering this admonitory hint, she caused a huge fragment of rock to be hurled down on the back of the sow, which crushed it in pieces, killing the men beneath, and scattering all who were near it. ‘Said I not so? Behold the litter of English pigs!’ was the ready jibe of the brave commandress of the castle. The siege was ultimately abandoned, after being invested for nineteen weeks. Of Black Agnes, many other traditionary stories are related, and the following rhyme is still preserved in commemoration of her prowess :

‘She kept a stir in tower and trench,
That brawling boisterous Scottish wench;
Came I early, came I late,
I found Agnes at the gate.’

Having enjoyed a respite from active measures, in consequence of Edward being embroiled with France, the Scotch rallied under manifold disasters, took a number of castles which had been wrested from them, chased Edward Baliol out of the country, and, in 1341, recalled David Bruce and his consort. Encouraged by the apparently defenceless state of England, a Scottish army carried a retaliatory war into the enemy's kingdom. This proved a disastrous campaign. The Scotch suffered a severe defeat at Neville's Cross, near Durham, October 17, 1346, their king being taken prisoner, and led off to captivity in London. Again there were incursions of devastating armies into Scotland; but it would seem that about this time the English monarch became satisfied, that however much he could harass and impoverish Scotland, its conquest was hopeless. David was liberated on payment of a heavy ransom, after a captivity of eleven years; and he died at Edinburgh, February 22, 1371.

David died childless, and the crown, according to previous arrangement, went to Robert, son of Walter, the Lord High Steward of Scotland, and of Marjory, eldest daughter of Robert Bruce; and he ascended the throne under the title of Robert II. From the dignity of Steward, which had been held by his ancestors, Robert adopted a surname, and was the first of the royal line of Stewarts.

WALLACE AND BRUCE.

After this event, the English under Edward III., and his successor, Richard II., made several attacks on Scotland, but with various success. The effort at subjugation was nearly worn out; and finally, towards the close of the fourteenth century, it expired, the Scotch being left to govern their own country without further molestation.

CONCLUSION.

From the death of Alexander III. in 1286, Scotland may be said to have been kept in a state of almost constant war and civil distraction for a century. During this period of disorder, the country was greatly impoverished; its agriculture and trade were ruined, its people barbarised, and every tendency to social improvement checked. Many of its towns had been several times burned; and in certain districts, where cultivation had ceased, the people died in great numbers of famine and other miseries. Arts which had flourished previous to this unhappy period were, at its conclusion, lost, and some hundreds of years elapsed before they were generally recovered.* To add to this catalogue of misfortunes, the long defensive war carried on by Scotland against England led to a spirit of enmity between the two nations, which has vanished only in recent times. And all this, as has been seen, arose out of one of the most unjust and unprovoked acts of aggression recorded in history. Yet the struggle which has been described led to lasting benefits. In the present day, it would indeed be impossible to measure the value of the independence achieved by Wallace, Bruce, and their successors; for to it may be traced the peace and the prosperity which Scotland now enjoys. With the highest respect for the English character, we feel impressed with the conviction that it is ill suited for allaying the prejudices, or acquiring the friendship, of a conquered people. Straightforward and well meaning, it will accommodate itself in no respect to the character of the nation into which it is intruded. It has been shewn that Edward meditated the entire eradication of Scottish institutions, without the slightest regard to their value, or the veneration in which they were held, and of planting on their ruins the institutions of England. No one can doubt that if he had effected this design, the Scotch, till the present time, would have been giving an unwilling submission to what they considered a foreign power, and taking every means to thwart and overthrow it.

Such a misfortune, not only for Scotland but for England also, was fortunately averted. When the proper time arrived, the two

* Wheeled carriages were common in the rural parts of the country in the reign of Alexander III. After going completely out of use, they were reintroduced only in the course of the eighteenth century.

kingdoms were united on terms calculated to preserve the independence and self-respect of each, and to insure mutual assistance and good-will. Speaking of the accession of the House of Stewart to the proud sceptre of the Tudors, a preliminary to the union a century later, a historian (Tytler) observes : ' In this memorable consummation, it was perhaps not unallowable, certainly it was not unnatural, that the lesser kingdom, which now gave a monarch to the greater, should feel some emotions of national pride : for Scotland had defended her liberty against innumerable assaults ; had been reduced in the long struggle to the very verge of despair ; had been betrayed by more than one of her kings, and by multitudes of her nobles ; had been weakened by internal faction, distracted by fanatic rage ; but had never been overcome, because never deserted by a brave, though rude and simple people. Looking back to her still remoter annals, it could be said, with perfect historical truth, that this small kingdom had successfully resisted the Roman arms and the terrible invasions of the Danish sea-kings ; had maintained her freedom within her mountains during the ages of the Saxon Heptarchy, and stemmed the tide of Norman conquest ; had shaken off the chains attempted to be fixed upon her by the two great Plantagenets, the first and third Edwards, and at a later period by the tyranny of the Tudors ; and if now destined, in the legitimate course of royal succession, to lose her station as a separate and independent kingdom, she yielded neither to hostile force nor to fraud, but willingly consented to link her future destinies with those of her mighty neighbour : like a bride who, in the dawning prospect of a happy union, is contented to resign, but not to forget, the house and name of her fathers.'

The two countries, now inextricably associated, and enjoying the blessings of international tranquillity, where is the Englishman, as well as the Scotchman, who does not sympathise in the struggles of the heroic William Wallace and Robert the Bruce ?





THE VILLAGE MAYOR.

A STORY FROM THE GERMAN OF ZSCHOKKE.

I.

INTRODUCTION.

IAM, as you know, my young friends, the Surveyor of Woods and Forests, and in this capacity I was obliged, some years ago, to make a journey to Amsterdam respecting some timber with which we had supplied the Dutch for ship-building, and about the payment for which they made great difficulties. I succeeded beyond expectation in my mission, and was returning in high spirits to Germany, when an accident happened which led to the adventure I am about to relate to you. With my servant Kruz, I had been travelling day and night, when one evening we were overturned at a little distance from a small town, the name of which I have entirely forgotten. Kruz was thrown from the carriage-box; and I fell from my seat, and knocked against the postilion with such violence that he fell to the ground between the horses. The fore axle-tree of the chaise was broken, Kruz's arm was much hurt, and the postilion's nose cut. I suffered only from fright; and happily the horses did not attempt to run away. With much effort we reached the town; and I went immediately to the inn, and inquired for a wheelwright to repair my carriage. Both the landlord and postilion assured me that I must

THE VILLAGE MAYOR.

travel two miles farther, to Hard, where the best artisans of every kind resided. I was not much inclined to do this, particularly as Kruz was very ill. I examined his arm, and found that it was put out of joint. The doctor, for whom I had despatched a messenger, came, lamenting that the surgeon had died the preceding week, and that the arm could not be set.

‘You had better take your servant to Hard,’ said he; ‘there is a very clever surgeon there.’

‘What!—where is Hard?’ asked I impatiently.

‘A small village about two miles off.’

‘But how is it,’ said I, ‘that the surgeon and artisans live in a village instead of in the town?’

‘The mayor of Hard is a whimsical fellow; he manages everything there, and wishes to make the village into a large town. He is a millionaire, but very miserly. I know him well, but have nothing to do with him; for, between ourselves, he is an odd sort of character.’

‘Is there an inn at Hard?’

‘Certainly; and a better one than this. The mayor established a bath there many years ago, and it is much frequented; but the doctor at Hard is an ignoramus—a charlatan. The mayor took him there: he is an amiable man, but interferes in everything.’

I resolved to send my carriage and servant to Hard; and the next morning, having bound the broken parts of the carriage together with a rope, I placed Kruz inside, preferring, as it was a fine morning, to walk to Hard.

II.

THE VILLAGE OF HARD.

About a mile from the town the road suddenly became better. On both sides were rows of fruit-trees, the fields were rich with abundant crops, and there was scarcely a weed to be seen. The village lay before me. Instead of the houses being crowded together, as is usual in that part of the country, they were scattered about, each under shady trees, and surrounded by a garden. The church stood upon a hill in the centre of the village.

‘You live in a paradise,’ said I to an old peasant: ‘this is the most fruitful soil I have seen in this country.’

‘Thank God, our crops never fail,’ answered he.

‘How is it,’ said I, ‘that your village is so scattered about?’

‘It was burned down fifteen years ago, and the government obliged us to rebuild it as you see. There is nothing *very* disadvantageous in it. I have a long way to walk to church every Sunday; some have a greater distance. This is certainly unpleasant for old people and children, particularly in bad weather. But it was a

THE VILLAGE MAYOR.

frightful fire : only five farms, which happily lay at a little distance, were spared.'

'How did the fire originate?'

'I do not know. Some say the mayor did it on purpose ; but I do not quite believe that.'

'That would have been very shameful in the mayor.'

'Yes, indeed. He is a very strange man—that every one knows : he has played *me* tricks enough. He was first our schoolmaster ; and then the government ordered that he should be mayor, and we were obliged to have him so.'

'But he must be rich?'

'Yes ; a mighty rich man. He never spends a kreuzer, and lives more simply than a common day-labourer. His head is not quite right ; and when his silly fits are upon him, he throws money away on all sides : he will soon be ruined. He has no pleasure except in tyrannising over us with his money.'

As the old man said this he turned off into a footpath which led through the meadows. The landscape was so pleasing, that I sat down on a stone under a nut-tree, in order to rest and to enjoy the scenery. 'How happy might the people of this village be,' thought I ; 'but the government sends a man here who plays the king, and then all happiness is gone.' Just then an old woman came up the hill, and I stopped her, and inquired if there were an inn in the village, and where it was.

'In the street to the left of the church, sir. I am the landlady.'

'I am glad of it. Can you accommodate my carriage and servants for a few days?'

'My inn is not suited for gentlemen ; you must go to the great hotel. A broken carriage arrived there about half an hour ago ; perhaps it is yours.'

'I am sorry that you cannot lodge me. Where is the other hotel?'

'Do you see the little white house with the green window-shutters on the hill? That is the mayor's house, and the hotel is next to it.'

'Does the inn belong to the mayor?'

'No, and yes. Everything belongs, and still does not belong, to him. He had it built.'

'That is not advantageous to you.'

'Certainly not : the mayor does no good to any one. Since he came into the village my business has become very bad. God pardon him ; he has much to answer for at the last day. But I have enough to live on without depending on him.'

Whilst she was speaking I heard violent disputing in a peasant's house near. The old woman nodded her head, and said half aloud : 'Ah, so, so ; it serves Gretchen right !' Saying this she pointed to a path by which I might reach the hotel, and then left me. Just then a portly-looking personage, dressed in the blouse of a peasant,

THE VILLAGE MAYOR.

but clean and neat, came out of the house, followed by a weeping old woman and a young boy. The two latter took leave of the man; and as the boy shook hands with him, he said: 'You are quite right, Mr Mayor; I have warned my mother of it often enough.'

'Yes, yes,' answered the mayor, who appeared to be a man about forty years of age; 'but this once I will be indulgent.' The old woman assured him that he should in future be satisfied with her. The village despot turned and walked away.

He went along the same path which the old woman had told me led to the hotel. This induced me to leave my seat and follow him, for I much wished to be acquainted with a man of whom I had in the last two days heard so much. But then, again, I had heard nothing but complaints of him; and had even witnessed his harsh conduct towards others, and I hesitated to follow him. He walked very quickly, and I did not overtake him.

III.

THE MAYOR.

Presently I saw some peasants stop to speak to this strange man, and just as they left him I approached. He greeted me with politeness, and we talked of the weather and the crops. He answered all I asked in such well-chosen language, and at the same time so modestly, that I saw directly that he was a man of cultivated mind. He said that the soil was not better than that of the surrounding country, but that it was better tilled. I expressed my astonishment at that.

'Every owner dwells here in the middle of his own possessions,' said he, 'and therefore can easily inspect his labourers.'

'But,' said I, 'these beautiful meadows?'

'You have not perhaps noticed,' answered he, 'that all the meadows lie together, and that they are well watered. We have also good marl in the neighbourhood. In other places, as well as this, these things are to be had more or less; but people are often idle or ignorant. Nature is a good mother to all; but men do not always give themselves the trouble to understand her, but prefer following their own conceits.'

This remark was too philosophical for a village mayor or school-master. I stood still, and looked at his coarse gray frock and round black straw hat. There was something distinguished, I might almost say noble, in his face.

He looked at me for a moment with a searching look, and then said: 'Are you Mr Rödern?'

'I am!' exclaimed I, surprised, and looking at him more closely.

He took my hand, and laughingly said: 'You were formerly a slender young man—the delight of all the belles.'

THE VILLAGE MAYOR.

I tried to draw away my hand, for I thought that one of his strange fits, of which so many had spoken, was come over him ; but he held it fast, and continued : ‘ What a stout man you are grown ! What good genius led you to Hard ? ’ and he embraced me, adding : ‘ Welcome here !—Do you not know me ? ’

I was now really perplexed, and yet it struck me I had seen him before ; suddenly I remembered who it was. ‘ Engelbert ! ’ I exclaimed.

He answered in the affirmative, and the sound of his voice recalled to my mind my college life. I embraced him with emotion, forgetting all the evil I had heard of him.

He called to a little boy who was working in the next field, and said : ‘ Run to my wife, and tell her I have found an old friend, who will breakfast with me. Let her set the table under the lime-tree, with wine, fresh butter, white bread, and raspberry vinegar.’

I now related to him my history since I left college ; I told him what had brought me to Hard ; and we conversed long upon many of our college companions. ‘ And you,’ said I, ‘ what is your history ? ’

‘ And I,’ answered Engelbert smiling—‘ look at me. You see what I am—a countryman, and the mayor of the village in which I live.’

‘ How very remarkable ! ’ said I. ‘ How is it that you hide your noble talents in this unknown corner of the earth ? Was it your free choice ? ’

‘ My free choice.’

‘ Have you been long here ? ’

‘ Nineteen happy years.’

‘ Tell me all—everything,’ said I impatiently.

‘ Another time. I see my wife under the lime-tree. You will see my family all together. Come and breakfast with us.’

We followed the path up the hill, and presently came to the lime-tree, under whose shadow sat an amiable-looking young woman, about thirty years of age, very slender, with pretty features, and clad quite simply. A child, scarcely six months old, lay upon her knee ; another child sat at her feet, receiving some flowers from a red-cheeked, golden-haired boy of about four years of age. Two elder boys—the one seven, the other ten—were standing behind their mother, each with a book in his hand : they were dressed in coarse stuff, and were barefooted. The rest of the party wore linen dresses.

The mayor introduced me to his wife, over whose face spread, at my salutation, a beautiful blush ; he then knelt down before her, and very humbly and playfully asked her forgiveness for being so late at breakfast, pointing to me as his excuse. I soon became friendly with this charming family. The children seated themselves on the grass, round a wooden basin filled with fresh milk, which they ate with black bread. They placed before me white bread,

THE VILLAGE MAYOR.

fresh delicious butter, water, raspberry vinegar, and a flask of old Burgundy.

'See,' said Engelbert; 'I have not forgotten your old dislike to milk.'

All this appeared to me like a dream. The truly picturesque group before me—the unexpected meeting with Engelbert—the finding him living like a peasant among peasants—a man who, at the university, had been distinguished for his talents and for his knowledge—all this seemed too strange for reality. He was certainly odd in some things when at college, but his companions thought him only whimsical, like many other youths. Who could have imagined that he, whose talents qualified him for the most glorious, the most shining career, would have ended by being a village mayor and schoolmaster!

His Augusta (for so he called his wife) and his children loved him with inexpressible affection; and he fully returned their love. How could this man be so selfish, so unjust, so hard-hearted, as he had been represented to me? They said in the town that he was a millionaire. I doubted this; for I knew that his parents had been, during his early life, in only moderate circumstances; and the clothing and food of himself and his family were remarkably plain. I wished to examine this strange character more closely.

After breakfast we walked up the hill.

'I am sorry I have not sufficient room to lodge you under my straw roof,' said he; 'but in the hotel you will find everything convenient. I have established a bath there, which is much frequented; but as the bathing season does not commence until next month, you can have the best rooms in the hotel.'

IV.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

The wheelwright had already taken my carriage into his hands, and promised that it should be ready in ten or twelve days; but the mayor requested him to lay aside all other work until this was finished. The surgeon had set Kruz's arm; but it still remained much swollen, and there was no hope of removing him for another week. This involuntary delay was very welcome to me; for really Engelbert and his lovely family so pleased me, that I considered myself fully compensated for the accident which led me thither. I became more and more interested about this strange man, and was daily more convinced that few men were so happy as he. His house resembled that of any other peasant's, except that it stood in the midst of a well-kept vegetable and flower garden: within the house there was the greatest cleanliness and simplicity. Not only

THE VILLAGE MAYOR.

Engelbert, but even his wife and children, slept upon couches of leaves and moss: the linen was coarse, but dazzlingly white, and always clean: they used at meals either wooden plates, or else those made of the commonest earthenware: their usual drink was water, milk, or weak beer. I went in one day at dinner-time. My friend received me with smiles, and I joined in their repast. The food was good. We had first a nutritious soup, then delicate vegetables, baked beef, black bread, and small-beer. This was all; but it seemed to me that I had never enjoyed a dinner more. The amiable mother sitting opposite to me, surrounded by her five red-checked children, Engelbert joking merrily with them, the droll prattle and the beaming eyes of the little ones, the peace and content which reigned over all, made it seem to me a dinner in paradise.

The best apartment was used as justice-room and study. Here my friend, seated in his easy-chair, summarily dispensed justice, and settled disputes among his neighbours. This room contained the only luxuries which the family possessed. A writing-table stood at the window, there was a small but choice collection of books, maps both of the earth and of the heavens, an electrifying-machine, an air-pump, a galvanic and a magnetic apparatus, and various philosophical and geometrical instruments. The study might also be called the drawing-room of the establishment; for here stood madame's piano, and in an empty mineral cabinet lay her best apparel.

'This is charming,' said I; 'but this room will soon be too small for all your family, dear Engelbert. You must enlarge it.'

'Not for ten years,' he answered. 'The temple of our happiness is small, but the happiness therein is great. We have more than we want.'

'And are you really so very happy thus, Engelbert?'

'Look here,' said he, pointing to his wife and children: 'see what blooming faces! A noble soul animates these little creatures. Here is my kingdom—my all! Mine is a life of reality, and not of appearance, like that led by those in magnificent cities. I have enough for my bodily wants, and a sphere of action for my mind. I certainly live separated from European refinements; but see there,' added he, pointing to his books, 'I have the best, the immortal ones of mankind around me! Nature, the wonderful works of God, the promises of eternity, all belong to me. What more can I desire?'

I pressed his hand, and knew not how to answer him. I might have called him a dreamer, but I felt he was right in all he said. The further I became acquainted with him, the more I admired his unceasing industry. His business as mayor occupied much of his time; but beside this, he cultivated the meadows and fields round his house, although only so far as was necessary for his household wants; he read and wrote two or three hours every day, and instructed his two eldest children. These already knew a great deal, as they

THE VILLAGE MAYOR.

were well taught. They were acquainted with the scientific names and the properties of the trees, shrubs, herbs, and vegetables within their reach; they understood the geology of the mountains around them; they played with the philosophical instruments in the house, and had some knowledge of the stars and planets; even the little boy of seven years old told me that the sun was a more beautiful world than this; and though he could not yet understand the mountains of the moon, he enjoyed looking at them through the telescope. Augusta managed her household affairs, of which she was uncontrolled mistress, in the same spirit as her husband performed his business. She attended not only to the smallest trifle in the kitchen, but also to the fowls, the flax, the hemp, and the corn, and the various animals which belong to a farm.

‘But,’ asked I again, ‘what brought you to this place? You should have devoted your noble talents to the service of your country, instead of being only a village mayor in a foreign land.’

Early on the morning of the following Sunday, which he had promised to devote to me, he joined me in the garden of the hotel. My breakfast (a cup of strong coffee) was placed in a vine-covered arbour, from which was an extended and beautiful view of the surrounding country. Engelbert ordered milk and black bread to be brought there for him. ‘I will now tell you,’ said he, ‘what fate drove me hither. Augusta and the children will call us, and when they are ready, we will all take a walk; then we will go to church: the curé and other good friends dine with us; and in the afternoon the young people of the village give a concert. There is a ball in the evening, and you must dance with us. Now, hearken with reverence.

V.

THE SUPERFLUITIES OF LIFE.

‘I left the university half a year after you did. My guardian had ordered me to remain there another year; but I put thirty louis-d’ors in my pocket, and set forth on my travels. I journeyed through Germany and Switzerland, from the Alps to Paris; then through France to Provence, whence I went by sea to Naples, then to Rome, and home by Vienna. I brought back two louis-d’ors in my pocket. I travelled generally on foot, taking only bread and water, now and then wine, and sleeping in barns and stables.

‘I returned from my journey just as my friends were going to advertise me in the newspapers. My guardian was very angry; but I found that a visit to foreign countries did me more good than a year’s attendance at the professors’ lectures. I was examined, and obtained great credit for my knowledge; and I was placed, at first without salary, in a government office, in order to initiate me in

THE VILLAGE MAYOR.

business. I applied the next year for a place as justiciary; but received for answer that my capability was not doubted, but, being only three-and-twenty, I was too young. Very well, thought I, that fault will mend every day. The next year I applied for another situation. The president of the government answered: "You have some fortune; why do you not dress better? Why do you wear such coarse stuff—you cannot appear anywhere thus?" "The state, your Excellency," answered I, "requires honest service from me, and not fine clothes." The president was offended, and after giving me a slight bow, left me.

'There was at that time a quarrel between our court and a neighbouring one concerning the right of possession of some abbey lands. The law appeared to give the right to our opponents; but I had accidentally found in the land-office some deeds relating to the affair, and which would decide it in our favour. I wrote a defence of our claims, had it printed, together with these deeds, dedicated it to the king, and sent it to the minister. This paper brought me great honour. I received the order of Merit—namely, a yard of ribbon to hang at my button-hole; and, as I afterwards learned, the government intended to do great things for me. Unfortunately, I knew there was nothing to be got by the ribbon, and I sent it back, assuring the minister that I had not written from vanity or interestedness, but from love of justice. I could not have worn the ribbon without blushing. This was interpreted to my hurt by every one, but especially by the court. The president told me I was a fool, and quite out of favour: I must not now expect a situation. Just at this time happened the death of my guardian, who had hanged himself on my account, for I was now declared of age. He had spent not only his own property, but mine also. I was sorry for him. Had he told me what he had done, I should have pardoned him. All that belonged to him was sold, and nothing was left of my inheritance except eight thousand gulden' [not quite seven hundred pounds]. 'His little daughter was placed in the orphan asylum. I pitied her much. "That poor child has much more need of help than I," thought I; "for I am old, and can earn my bread." I placed my eight thousand gulden in safe hands for her use, desiring that the interest should be appropriated to her education, and that it should all be given to her whenever she should marry. I was determined that she should not remain in the asylum if I could prevent it.

'Now came the question—What shall I do myself? The state did not require my services. I had wished for advancement and employment—not so much to gain money, as to have a sphere of action. I wished to be *useful*; so much so, that I would have taken a place without salary, if people would have allowed me to live and dress after my own fashion. But I had been laughed at for this; so I shook the dust from my feet, and left my native country, hoping to be better appreciated elsewhere. I had property

THE VILLAGE MAYOR.

enough with me to be able to live a year in idleness—namely, above forty louis-d'ors. When I was a boy, and went to school, I read in a book a treatise entitled “The Superfluities of Life.” It was a very ingenious exposition of St Paul’s words : “Having food and raiment, let us therewith be content.” This made an extraordinary impression upon me. I had often wondered at the many superfluities which mankind make necessary to themselves, and for which they are content to become slaves. The fewer wants and wishes men have, the fewer cares and fears, the fewer vexations. He is the freest man who depends the least upon circumstances, conveniences, and customs. The treatise ended with these words : “Regard only what is substantial, and leave to fools the burdensome pleasure of attending to appearances.”

“I began as a schoolboy to follow this advice. I performed my duties, but denied myself all praise. I slept at night upon two chairs near my bed. I took neither tea nor coffee, neither beer nor wine—my drink was only water. I did not use the tenth part of my pocket-money for myself, but bought with it books and maps for the poorer scholars. I rejoiced when the time came for me to go to the university, for then I should be my own master. I lived simply. People thought that I was poor; but I had money in abundance—enough to help others. Those who were richer than I were loaded with debt. This simple mode of life displeased many in my native city. My friends wanted me to live better, but I was content with the cheapest food. My dress was clean, and in the fashion, but very coarse. This was called unbecoming. I did my duty to all, but I paid no court to my superiors. I wished to be *myself* worthy of honour, and not to obtain it through fine clothes, flattery, and outward show. I did not smoke; I never played at cards; and therefore every one thought me strange. I always acted in accordance with my opinions; was content with little; helped others with my superabundance; was always happy; and never ill. I wanted nothing but a sphere of action. This I had not, because I was not like other people. Miserable those who expect their happiness from others!

VI.

THE VILLAGE SCHOOLMASTER.

“I roamed about Germany for nearly three months, but did not succeed in finding any employment: everywhere there was a “but.” How foolish people are, thought I, to think ill of a man merely because he desires nothing but the opportunity of making his knowledge useful to others! I thought I should be doing the world and science a great service, if I went to London and offered to go on a voyage of discovery to Senegal; and if the English refused my offer,

THE VILLAGE MAYOR.

I resolved to go at my own expense. With this determination I bent my course to the north-west.

‘One evening I arrived very tired at the inn of a little town, and while I ate my frugal supper, I amused myself by reading the newspaper. There I found an advertisement for a schoolmaster in a distant village. The salary was fifty gulden a year’ [about four pounds English money], ‘a house and firing free, and the produce of three acres of land. This was just the situation for me. Schoolmaster!—what a weighty calling! Might I not be the means of reformation to a whole village—the saviour of thousands? Might I not open the way to their improvement in husbandry, in morality, and in religion? And the pay—it was certainly small, but enough for me. Could virtue ever be rewarded by money? The salaries given by the state are in proportion to the knowledge required. A village schoolmaster requires but little knowledge, and has but little work; therefore the pay is small: but a court chamberlain, a court fool, a public singer or dancer, has need of much talent; therefore either of these is paid more than all the schoolmasters in the country put together.

‘I applied for the situation; my certificates were examined; and I was believed to be a boisterous, runaway student. This I let pass. There was nothing said against my knowledge of arithmetic and singing; nevertheless, difficulties arose; and I could not blame the gentleman whose duty it was to choose a schoolmaster, for I knew quite well that it was not usual for a man who spoke six or seven languages to apply for so inferior a situation. I believe I should not have been chosen had any other candidate appeared than an old deaf tailor, who was of course rejected.

“Listen,” said the president of the school commission to me; “the place shall be yours if, after a year’s trial, we are satisfied with your conduct.” I then received the paper appointing me schoolmaster provisionally, and also a letter of introduction to Mr Pflock, the curé of Hard, who was ordered to introduce me in the village.

‘I was as happy as a king—if kings ever are happy—and I hastened to Hard. I found my abode a dilapidated hut, and dirty as a stable; every window half pasted up with paper, and my sitting-room very dark, and without a stove in it. The only stove was in the schoolroom, in which apartment sixty-five children assembled daily. The garden was full of rubbish, and the three acres of land were overgrown with weeds. The curé received me with an austere face; gave me some wholesome precepts; and introduced me on the following Sunday afternoon to his congregation, with many admonitions to the school children. This curé was a zealous and orthodox man, who thundered every Sunday with a powerful voice against all unbelievers. On week days and in common life, he troubled himself but little about the welfare of his flock, and was content if his kitchen were well attended to, and if he were invited to all marriage

THE VILLAGE MAYOR.

and baptismal feasts. The villagers were poor, and almost savage ; there was no lack of quarrelling, fighting, and lawsuits ; every peasant was deep in debt ; the soil was hardly cultivated ; and the cattle very miserably managed. The mayor was the richest person in the village, for he was also the landlord of the only inn ; and he who did not drink enough of beer was sure to be punished in some way or another. The external appearance of the village, the rows of miserable huts, the interiors of which were dirty and disgusting, the coarse manners of the peasants and their wives, the rudeness of the children, and their ragged dirty clothing—all told me that this was such a calling as I had desired ; that here I had the opportunity of doing good ; and I danced in my little room for joy till the whole house shook.

‘The school funds were, as may be supposed, very low, and I set about repairing the schoolhouse at my own cost. I had the windows mended, the rooms whitewashed, the floors cleaned, and the tables, benches, and doors well scoured. I bought linen for my bed, and had a mattress made of moss. I dug my garden, divided it into beds, planted vegetables, and sowed my three acres with corn. I kept a goat, which gave milk enough for my wants, and which grazed on the common during the day, and at night was lodged in the stable. I was soon quite comfortable in my new abode. Even the curé’s house was not so clean as mine. The people all wondered at my being so neat, and yet so poor ; and I wondered at their dirtiness and ignorance.

VII.

THE BEGINNING OF THE REFORMATION.

‘As soon as I had settled myself comfortably in my now pretty abode, I turned my attention to the school children. These were more like a herd of swine than like rational creatures. I began by accustoming them to shake hands with me when they entered the schoolroom ; and whoever came unwashed, was sent to the brook ; for I insisted upon their feet, as well as their hands and face, being clean, and also upon their hair being combed. They laughed at me ; but I begged the curé to stand by me, and I asked him to preach a sermon on the advantages of cleanliness. “That does not belong to religion, Mr Schoolmaster,” said he ; “go and attend to your business.” However, by dint of perseverance, I succeeded in my efforts.

‘The clothing was next to be attended to. The children were dressed in ragged garments : this I could not change, but I was determined that they should be clean ; and I promised a reward to those whose clothes were the cleanest at the end of the week. I

THE VILLAGE MAYOR.

distributed needles, pins, pocket-knives, scissors, and other trifles, which I bought wholesale at the yearly fair in the neighbouring town, and each received some reward for being tidy and clean. The curé and mayor, and in fact all the villagers, laughed at me; but I resolutely prosecuted my plans. We must first civilise the habits of men before we can succeed in educating them. With the help of these rewards I succeeded; and before a year passed, the children were cleaner than their parents. Then the elder people began to be ashamed, for their children's neatness was a reproach to them. When I went through the village, the young ones would leave their games in order to greet me. All loved me. They feared my censure, liked my gifts to them, and, above all, were pleased with the stories I related for their amusement.

All the village talked of my generosity; and certainly I had spent much more than my fifty gulden during my first year at Hard. Two of the poorest little children were clothed at my expense; and all this was thought by the people to be done by unnatural means. A schoolmaster in the country was generally the poorest amongst many poor: no man with any property would have become a schoolmaster.

My predecessors had received presents and money from the parents: I gave more away than all the parents put together. They knew not what to make of me. They said that I was a thief, who had come to live here upon stolen money. Meanwhile the curé gave the president the highest certificate of me, annexing some remarks on my presents to the scholars; but as to give is not forbidden in the ten commandments, nothing was said, and I was at last elected schoolmaster for life.

VIII.

PROGRESS OF THE REFORMATION.

Now that I was settled in office, my work became lighter to me. I divided my pupils into classes, and made the elder ones teachers to the younger; and thus all improved quickly. I bought yarn and knitting-needles for the little girls, taught them to knit, and gave them whatever they made for themselves. The parents were pleased with us; and I paid a poor woman in the village half my salary for instructing the girls in all kinds of female work. Before another year had passed, rags had disappeared from the schoolroom; though in some of the children the love of dirtiness, inherited from their parents, seemed unconquerable.

Meanwhile the young men rapidly improved. I read aloud to them, and related stories; and an hour spent in this way was the reward for all who had been diligent. It is incredible with what

curiosity they all pressed round me when, on a Sunday afternoon, I appointed them to meet me at my house, in the wood, or in the meadows: all quitted their games; and even those who had long ago left school, repaired thither. I gave them a moral enveloped in a story; and while they thought they were simply amusing themselves, I undermined their prejudices, wakened their moral feelings, and increased their knowledge of the world.

'The singing lessons did not cause less enjoyment. There were many of my pupils who had good voices. The singing-master in the next town assisted me, and they speedily improved. But I could do nothing with regard to the singing at church, for all the elders of the congregation delighted in singing as loud as possible. I begged the curé to tell his flock that it would be much more agreeable if they did not roar at church.

"What does that mean?" said he. "I allow every one to cry to God as loud as he likes: lukewarm singing makes lukewarm religion."

'He told the peasants and their wives of my *unchristian* request, and they sang louder than ever. I now felt that I must be more circumspect, for I saw plainly that I was not liked; and that the washing, sewing, knitting, and singing were looked upon as pernicious innovations; and that the curé and mayor fostered the dislike of the people—the former because I was not sufficiently submissive to his will; and the latter because I never spent a groschen at his inn, and because I amused the young men on a Sunday, instead of letting them drink at his alehouse. Perhaps I should have been even more disliked, had not the youths, maidens, and children shewn great affection for me; these hindered many from injuring me, and from them I received warning when anything was designed against me.

'A rumour was now spread by the women of Hard, which everywhere found credence, and which caused me to be feared by all. They said that I was a sorcerer, or something of that kind. When a cow gave blue milk, or when anything was stolen or lost, people came to me, and begged me to tell them, by means of the cards, who or what had caused these events. They attributed the good condition of my three acres to supernatural means, though they saw me weeding and digging the land. I saw that the old people were not to be disabused of this idea: my only hope rested in the children, who had begun to value the trouble I had taken with them. About five years after I came to Hard, the curé, who had always opposed me in everything, came to me one morning, and, after flattering me, offered me his cook in marriage. I refused, perhaps too indignantly; and he, in revenge, wrote to the president, accusing me of practices of the worst kind. I defended myself, and with such success, that the curé's conduct was inquired into, and he was found guilty of the very crimes he had imputed to me. He was dismissed, and another

THE VILLAGE MAYOR.

curé, of the name of Bode, took his place. He was quite a different man to his predecessor; pious, gentle, and charitable. He supported me in all my efforts, and tried to improve his flock; but his sermons were not liked. The people said he was not of the true religion; for he did not preach incomprehensibilities, as the curé Plock had done. They praised the latter, lamented his loss, and said that there would never be such another man in Hard.

IX.

THE COLONY.

‘Just at this time a certain Baron Zebra arrived at Hard. He had just come into possession of a large and beautiful wood, consisting of beech, oak, and birch trees, which lay in the parish of Hard, and which he wished to sell, because he lived at a great distance. The government refused to buy it, because no wood was required in that neighbourhood, and there was no navigable river near by which timber could be conveyed to a distance. The baron offered it to the people of Hard, as the wood lay very conveniently for them; but they were very poor, and had wood enough; besides, if by any chance their stock failed, they made no scruple of stealing it from the baron. They therefore refused to buy it, unless he would lower the price from nine to five thousand gulden.

‘The baron wished for advice on the subject; and the curé recommended him to speak to me, as I understood the affairs of the village better than any one else. He came to me; and it suddenly occurred to me to buy it myself. My plan was ready directly. The baron said he would take six thousand gulden for it, if I could procure purchasers. I explained to him that I wished to buy the wood upon speculation, and that I would pay him half the sum down, if he would allow the other half to remain, for which I would pay interest. He looked round my school-room, and then stared at me with surprise: he, however, agreed to my proposition, and the terms of purchase were legally drawn up. I took the eight thousand gulden from the bank, the interest of which the orphan daughter of my guardian had hitherto received, paid for her education out of my income, and gave the baron the sum agreed upon.

‘The people talked loudly enough now. No one doubted my being in possession of unheard-of riches; but the old people laughed at my speculation. I let them laugh. I procured the necessary implements, built a large kiln, had the wood cut down, and every piece converted into ashes. I had meditated great designs.

‘My best friend in Hard was a young and poor peasant named Lebrecht, whom I had often assisted in the management of his children, and I handed over my school to him. He was confirmed

THE VILLAGE MAYOR.

in the situation by the school commission ; and I, only reserving to myself the privilege of relating stories as formerly, left the school-house, and built myself a hut in the wood, in order to be near my workmen. They also built huts there ; and we lived very much like American backwoodsmen. The peasants shook their heads at my foolish undertaking. One acre after another of wood was changed into ashes ; and in a twelvemonth some hundred acres were laid bare. The potash thus procured found a ready sale, and was sent far and wide. From the produce of half the forest I gained enough to pay the remainder of the purchase-money ; and besides possessing the land, I had now a large capital in my hands.

‘I built a small house upon my land, with stabling and barns, bought cattle, laid the ground out in fields and meadows, and carried on farming as well as my potash manufactory. I discovered not far from my house a mineral spring ; and as there were no baths near Hard, I built an inn, and published in all the newspapers the medicinal properties of the waters, the beauty of the neighbourhood, and the accommodation for visitors. Many people came ; and in a year or two I was obliged to add a wing to the hotel.

‘I gave the management of the baths to an honest and diligent family. My capital increased rapidly. I divided three hundred acres into several parts, and built dwellings ; for I had wood and limestone in abundance ; and as soon as a house was ready, I placed a farmer therein. I chose those who were skilful in their business, and made the leases as advantageous to my tenants as possible. I became, in fact, the lawgiver to my colonists. These found so much advantage in settling on my land, that they would not willingly disobey me ; and my unyielding severity towards certain faults soon banished them from my empire, for all feared my displeasure. Look there, dear Rödern ; all those buildings behind us on the hill, fourteen in number, are the extent of my colony.

X.

ELEVATION OF RANK.

‘Among the strangers who yearly visited the baths were many of high rank, with whom I became acquainted. Had I been dressed as they were, my knowledge would not have attracted any attention ; but in my peasant’s frock, I appeared to them a very clever and admirable man. I was supposed to be enormously rich ; and after the death of the old village mayor, was named his successor. In fact my elevation of rank gave me as much joy as being chosen governor or minister of state would have done in former days. Now I had attained my purpose, and my wishes were accomplished. I knew the ingratitude of the inhabitants of Hard. What else could

THE VILLAGE MAYOR.

be expected from such idle, mean-spirited, ignorant people? I must have made them human, before I could expect noble feelings from them.

I carried on my design, assisted by the curé Bode and the school-master Lebrecht. I continued my conversations with the youths of the village. I knew, from eight years' experience, all the sources of evil in the place, and I tried to stay them. One of the most important was the love of going to law. I made myself their attorney. I examined all the claims of the peasants, put an end to their quarrels by means of friendly advice, and from that time all the law-loving peasants came to me as judge. I was now so placed as to adjust all matters, and to frustrate all the endeavours of the country lawyers to produce quarrels. This was an unspeakably great advantage to the village. But, in the midst of all this, something happened of which I had often thought but had never yet experienced—something which for some time turned my brain, and put all plans of reformation out of my head.

I was going one day with a load of potash to Berg, a market-town about six miles distant, and where my agent lived. I had laid a sack of beans on the top of the load, and just as I entered Berg, it fell off. A boy who was passing saw the sack lying in the road, told me of my loss, and I took it upon my back, in order to carry it to the wagon. Just at this moment a pretty town-clad maiden passed me, and as I looked at her, a strange feeling came over me. My hat had fallen off, and having the sack on my back, I could not stoop to pick it up. She saw my dilemma, and kindly taking it up, gave it me. Whether I thanked her or not, I do not even now know, but I followed my wagon into the town as if in a dream: I could not forget her smile.

I had a little bedroom at my agent's house always ready for me, for I was often obliged to remain all night at Berg. This day, however, I had finished my business early, and had intended to return home; but I could not resist remaining at Berg, in the hope of seeing the maiden again. I could not quit the window, and stood gazing into the street, until I was called to dinner. To my surprise, on joining the family at table, I found the maiden there. I sat in the place of honour, as usual, and she was opposite me. I could not eat. I saw only her black eyes instead of my food. "Who is your visitor?" said I to my friend after she was gone. "It is a poor girl that my sister, the curé's wife, has educated," replied my agent's wife. "My brother-in-law is just dead, and as my sister is going to leave the vicarage, she sent this girl to me for a short time." This answer pleased me much; but no part of it more than the word *poor*. "Then I may hope," thought I. I was not poor, nor very ugly, and only two-and-thirty years old: but I was a potash manufacturer, and she an elegant city maiden. My spirit was troubled.

THE VILLAGE MAYOR.

‘Soon after, in passing by the kitchen, I saw the maiden busy at the fire. Her kitchen apron made her more lovely than ever. My courage returned. In the evening I heard the sound of music as I sat in my own room : it was she playing on a miserable pianoforte. I entered the room whence the sounds came : she was alone, and her face became crimson when she saw me. I begged leave to tune the piano for her ; and after I had done this, she played to me. Never had music so delighted me. She shewed great taste and capability, and I felt as if in heaven. She was surprised that I knew anything of music, and that my language was not that of a common countryman. “Are all the peasants in your neighbourhood as well educated as yourself, sir?” asked she smilingly ; at which I smiled in return. I proposed a walk, and she consented. She looked more beautiful now ; for the air changed the paleness and sorrowful expression of her features into cheerfulness, and almost merriment. We sat together at supper, and afterwards spent an hour pleasantly at the piano.

‘I could not close my eyes that night. I remained the next day at Berg. I felt confused and embarrassed : my heart ached : and the third day, when I returned to Hard, I was really ill.

XI.

THE SANCTIFICATION OF THE WORK.

‘All my business was now at a stand ; at least my zeal was gone, for I thought of nothing but adorning my house. I bought an excellent piano, and made many additions to my furniture. The next week, when I went with my potash to Berg, I dressed myself more carefully ; and when I saw the church spire of the town, my heart beat violently. My agent and his wife received me kindly, as usual, and the maiden greeted me as an old acquaintance : from her blushes, I thought she was glad to see me. The piano was opened, and I whispered to her that I had bought an excellent one, and should like much to hear her play upon it. I dared not say more. We walked together, and talked on every subject but one. I passed another sleepless night, staid the next day, and when I bade her adieu, she said : “Shall we see you again next week?” I promised to visit Berg the following Thursday, and left, reproaching myself that I had not had courage to say more. I wandered through my colony at Hard ; I considered all I had done ; but nothing pleased me. I could not contentedly say that all I had done was good : there was something wanting—the consecration of my work by beauty and love.

‘I went to Berg as I had promised, and the kindness of my reception gave me courage. During our walk, I told her how long

THE VILLAGE MAYOR.

the time had appeared since my last visit, and how much I had longed to see her again. She answered innocently that she was always glad to see me; that she was lonely there; and found no sympathy from those around her. I drew her arm within mine, and there was a long silence, for I had overstepped the boundaries of custom. She withdrew her arm; and I said tremblingly: "How can people be unsympathising towards *you*?" I could say no more: we returned to the house: and I invited my agent and his family to pass a day at Hard. "Mademoiselle Augusta must also go with us," said he: "she goes back next week to my sister-in-law." He shewed me the letter, in which the day for her return was fixed. My happiness was gone.

In the evening, as I sat by her at the piano, I said: "Do you really leave us?" Her hands fell from the keys as she answered in the affirmative. I was gloomy and miserable; and when I bade her good-night, I kissed her hand, and the tears came into my eyes. I remained at Berg till Saturday, when the whole family accompanied me back to Hard. When the beautiful girl sprang from the coach, and trod my land, then a change came over me, and I felt that my work was sanctified by beauty and love. The strength and energy of man can do much in the world. Woman sanctifies all his efforts by love. She wakes in him the sense of the beautiful, and crowns him with the victor's wreath of domestic happiness.

XII.

THE GREAT DAY OF REJOICING.

My guests took up their abode in the new hotel, and I gave orders that they should be made as comfortable as possible. The agent's wife made many comments on my house, and wanted to know why I did not live more luxuriously. "I could do so as well as others," said I, not without a little vanity; "but I do not want luxuries to make me happy. I will do without them, in order to have enough to give to those who are in want." My agent shook his head, and said: "You are a wonderful man!" The maiden looked at me with sympathising eyes, and was the only one who defended me. "Who wants luxuries where perfect neatness reigns?" said she. "Does the possession of mahogany tables, china cups, or silver spoons add one mite to our happiness?" I led my defender to the piano; I shewed her various valuable little trifles; and at last conducted her into my garden. She looked round with delight, and exclaimed: "How beautiful it is here!" "And will you leave all this?" said I. "Do you think it will be as beautiful when you are gone?" She was silent. "Stay here," continued I; "you are loved here more than you will be anywhere else." Tears filled her

eyes: she looked at me. "Stay," repeated I; "for without you I cannot be happy." She saw my agitation, and answered: "I would willingly remain here. Here is true happiness!" "Share it then with me," cried I. "You are an orphan, and there is no one to oppose your giving your hand and heart to me." "Truly I have no parents; I am very poor; but what I have promised I will fulfil. I will take no important step without the consent of my kind foster-mother, and also of one man whom I honour above all on the earth." "Who is that man?" asked I anxiously. "The noblest in the world. My father died miserably, and had, by his indiscretion, made this man unhappy. I was forsaken by all, but this young man took pity on me. He chose me a guardian, and spent the little he had upon my education. I honour him as a father. He kept his residence secret from me, but my guardian knew where he was. I wrote two letters to thank him for all he had done, but I have received no answer. I will do nothing without his consent." "What is his name? I will seek him, even if he be in America." "Engelbert!" she replied. I lost my speech; but at last I stammered: "Are you Augusta Lenz?" "Yes," she replied with much surprise. I took her hand, led her to my desk, and shewed her her two letters. "How did you obtain these letters?" she asked. "I am Engelbert, and your father was my guardian," I replied. She sank on her knees at my feet, kissed my hand, and would not let me raise her up. "Let me lie here," said she; "I have often wished to thank my benefactor." "Will you leave me?" said I. "Nobody but you has a right to control me," she replied. "What you command is my will." "And if I command nothing—if I were not Engelbert, and if Engelbert opposed us, would you leave me?" She turned her face to mine. It was the happiest moment of my life, for we were now betrothed.

"The agent and his wife were astonished when they heard all this. "There is more than one Engelbert in the world," said they: "we should never have dreamed of this." "If I had heard your name at Berg," said Augusta, "I should have discovered you long ago; but you were only called 'Mayor' there."

"I took her through my colony, I related the history of my life, explained to her all my intentions, and confided to her all my thoughts. I declared she should not again leave Hard; and the curé Bode published the bans in the church next day. Augusta wrote to the curé's widow who had brought her up; and I added a few lines to her letter, saying that the sum should be paid as usual till her death. Augusta remained at the hotel. There was much to be done in my house, and she arranged everything according to her own taste. The following Sunday she entered my room, dressed in peasant's clothing. She had laid aside her city elegancies, and appeared in the costume of a country maiden. A fortnight after, the curé joined our hands at the altar.

THE VILLAGE MAYOR.

XIII.

A FORTUNATE MISFORTUNE.

‘Augusta now relieved me of my household cares, and I devoted my time to the business of the village. We had been married about two years, when one night, arising from carelessness in a house, the whole village fell a prey to the flames. All help was vain. The peasants stood looking on, stupefied and unable to move, while people from the neighbouring villages hastened to our aid.

‘Only a few buildings remained. It was a great misfortune. The government hardly helped us at all; but still I hoped that good would arise out of this evil. I wrote to the government respecting the rebuilding of the village, and represented the possibility of avoiding such misfortunes in future by obliging each landowner to build his house in the centre of his property. This could easily be done; and it was decided that the owners should exchange their land one with another, till that of each lay compact.

‘The government sent commissioners to examine the case, and my proposition met with their approbation. But these exchanges were not made without trouble; and after all was arranged, wood for building was wanting. There was none to be had for many miles; and now every one grumbled at not having bought the baron’s wood ten years ago. I let what wood remained be cut down, and sold it at a very low price. I did not require ready money, but allowed two years’ credit. I advanced a certain sum upon every house; the government did the same; and I collected subscriptions from the bathing visitors for the poorest of the peasants.

‘In a twelvemonth the village was rebuilt, the houses apart from each other as you see: the bakehouses were separated from the dwellings; and close to every house is a well. I had a canal dug, and turned the waters of the various brooks therein, and thereby watered the waste lands and meadows, and thus increased the pasturage. The gardens and fields were well manured and attended to; for the owners were always on the spot, and did not need going here and there to look after their labourers. All were obliged to be economical, and the village inn was but little frequented. I forbade the landlord of my hotel to let the peasants have either wine or beer. The widow of the mayor, who still kept the old alehouse, was more angry with me than ever; but I attained my end. Had she followed my advice, she might have done well in the world; for my hotel was generally so full that many guests had to seek rooms elsewhere; and I would have assisted her, had she not continued violent in her wrath against me.

‘Now, certainly, a great number of the inhabitants are in debt to me, but still they have paid off many of their old debts to each

THE VILLAGE MAYOR.

other. Our village is now the most flourishing in the whole country. We have no more lawsuits. Many of my former pupils are now fathers and mothers, and order and neatness reign in every house. I assemble all the peasants yearly ; and those who have kept their houses, stables, clothes, &c. in the greatest order, and who have been most diligent in their husbandry, and most correct in their conduct, I release from the interest of the money I lent them. The first three peasants who could pay their debt to me I excused entirely.'

XIV.

SUNDAY IN HARD.

Augusta interrupted us just here. She was blooming as a rose, her baby lay on her arm, another little one held her hand, and the elder ones followed her. The church bells sounded through the valley ; we went together to the service of God ; the gentle soft singing of the congregation was uncommonly pleasing to me, and the emotion which it caused was increased by the silver-haired curé who prayed at the altar, and afterwards, with a true knowledge of mankind, preached on the relation of this life to that hereafter.

After service was over, the people collected under the lime-trees. The mayor spoke kindly to all, and, standing upon a bench, read and explained some government decrees, and obviated the objections which some raised to them. He then laid his hand upon me, and said : 'An old and dear friend of my youth is come to visit me ; and as I wish to give him pleasure, and to shew him those young people who have particularly distinguished themselves by their good conduct, I invite them to a dance and supper at my house this evening.' He then read a long list of names from a sheet of paper.

A general smile appeared on the faces of the villagers as they went away. The curé, a kind, good-tempered, lively man, the schoolmaster Lebrecht, and his wife, and the physician, accompanied us to the hotel, where dinner was prepared for us. I enjoyed myself amongst these excellent people ; and I can never forget this dinner, nor the concert which followed it. Twenty-four men, women, and children sang the choruses of Haydn, Handel, and Grann with as much taste and correctness as I had ever heard at any concert in the city. Engelbert, Augusta, and their elder boys joined the singers. The bath-house garden was the concert-room ; and no spot could have been better chosen, for the distant wall of rocks sent back a magic sound, and the evening sun shed its golden rays over all. I was touched, and my tears flowed.

'And one man has done all this !' thought I ; 'and this man, surrounded by a world of his own creation, stands there as humble and unassuming as the peasants around him.' I could not resist,

STORY OF FRITZ.

when the concert was over, pressing him to my bosom, and exclaiming : 'Thou art one of the greatest on the earth, even in thy labourer's frock !' I now accompanied the party to the bath-house, and danced with Augusta, and afterwards with many of the Hard maidens. Augusta had been the dancing-mistress to the whole village ; and the good curé walked amongst the company like a father amongst his children. We sat down to supper as chance directed : a young peasant-girl was my neighbour, and interested me more than many a city belle with her conversation.

As soon as Kruz was recovered, and my carriage repaired, I left Hard. Engelbert would not let me pay at the hotel ; he said I had been living in his house ; and I consented at last to be his debtor. With what feelings I left Hard, I must leave to your imagination. I can never forget the impression made upon me by my visit to that happy village.

THE STORY OF FRITZ.

FRITZ KÖRNER was the son of a tailor at Brunswick, and his father, who was tolerably well to do in the world, proposed bringing Fritz up to his own business. But when the boy was about eight years of age, Körner, whose first wife was dead, took it into his head to marry another ; and from the time the second Mrs Körner was placed at the head of the establishment, poor Fritz's comfort was at an end. She hated him ; and, as she soon had a son of her own, she was jealous of him. Opportunities were not wanting to shew her spite, and though the father wished to protect him, he could not ; so, when he saw that the child's life would be rendered miserable, and his disposition be spoiled by injustice and severity, and by the contests and dissensions of which he was the subject and the witness, he resolved to send him from home, and let him learn his trade elsewhere.

He happened to have a distant relation in the same line of business at Bremen ; and to this person he committed the child, with an injunction to treat him well, and make a good tailor of him. But Fritz had no aptitude for tailorship : nor, indeed, to speak the truth, did he appear to have an aptitude for anything—at least for anything that was useful, or likely to be advantageous to himself. Not that he was altogether stupid, but that, either from indolence, or from not having found his vocation, his energies never seemed awakened ; and he made no progress in his business, and very little in his learning.

The man with whom he was placed at Bremen was a violent and

unreflecting person, who, without seeking to ascertain the cause of the boy's deficiencies, had recourse to the scourge; and when he found flogging did nothing towards the development of Fritz's genius, he tried starving; and that not answering any better, he pronounced him a hopeless and incorrigible little blackguard, and reduced him to the capacity of errand-boy—an office much more to Fritz's fancy, and one, indeed, with which he would have been well contented, could it have lasted; but he knew too well that this declension was only a preliminary to his final dismissal, and that, in short, the only thing his master waited for was to find some one travelling to Brunswick on whom he could rely to conduct him safely to his father. All he wanted, he said, was to get rid of him, and wash his hands of the responsibility.

Affairs were in this position, when one day Fritz was sent to the other end of the city to fetch some cloth, which, being immediately wanted, he was urged to bring with all possible speed. He performed half his errand without delay; but on his way back, he happened to fall in with a troop of cuirassiers, whose brilliant attire, fine horses, and martial air, not to mention the attraction of the music by which they were accompanied, were all too much for Fritz's discretion; and, forgetful of the charge he had received, and the expectant tailors at home, he fell into the rear of the soldiers, and followed them in a direction exactly opposite to the one he should have taken. But, alas! at the corner of a street, when he least thought of it, who should he run against but his master! Fritz, whose eyes and ears were wholly engrossed by the brilliant cortège before him, was not at first aware that he had run foul of his enemy, till a sharp tug at one of his ears awakened his mind to the fact; but no sooner had he raised his eyes to the face of his dreaded master, than, seized with terror, he broke away, and taking to his heels, ran blindly forward, without considering whither he was going, till he reached the quay. But here his career was impeded.

Some vessels were just putting to sea, and there was such a concourse of people, and such a barricade of carts and wagons, that the road was almost blocked up. Concluding that his master was close at his heels, and that if he slackened his pace he should inevitably be overtaken, Fritz looked about for an expedient; and saw none but to leap into the nearest vessel and conceal himself, till he thought his pursuer had passed. What he was to do afterwards remained for future consideration. In he leaped, therefore, amongst several other persons, whom, had he paused to think, he might, from the similarity of their movements, have supposed to be also eluding the pursuit of a ferocious tailor. But Fritz thought not of them, he thought only of himself; and down he dived into the first hole he saw, and concealed himself behind a barrel.

When the poor boy had lain there for about half an hour, he heard a great hubbub over his head, which led him to believe that his

master had discovered his retreat, and was insisting on his being hunted up—a suspicion in which he was confirmed by frequently distinguishing, amidst the din, a voice that ever and anon cried ‘Fritz!’ He therefore only lay the closer; and whenever any one approached the place of his concealment, he scarcely ventured to breathe, lest he should be discovered. Presently, however, there was a new feature in the dilemma: the vessel began to move, and Fritz to suspect that, if he staid where he was, he should be in for a voyage. This was more than he had reckoned upon, and he was just preparing to emerge, when his courage was quelled by the sound of ‘Fritz! Fritz!’ which appeared to issue from the mouths of half-a-dozen people at once; so he slunk back in his hole, and suffered himself to be carried to sea.

The motion of the vessel, together with the darkness which surrounded him, and his previous fatigue and agitation, presently sent him to sleep; and thus for some hours he lay, oblivious of all his troubles. But at length an inward monitor awoke him—not his conscience, but his appetite. He found himself ravenous, but how to set about satisfying his hunger he could not tell. He listened; he heard the ropes and the spars straining, the water splashing against the sides of the vessel, and a heavy foot pacing the deck over his head, but no voice calling ‘Fritz.’

He began to hope his master had given up the search, and quitted the vessel; so, urged by his stomach, he resolved to creep out, and see if he could lay his hands on something eatable. He found it more difficult to get out of his hole than he had done to get into it; however, he contrived to reach the deck, where he discovered it was night. There was a person pacing it from end to end, another at the helm, and two or three more in different directions; but their eyes being all directed seawards, Fritz had no difficulty in eluding their observation; so he crawled on to where he saw a light glimmering from a cabin below, where he found the means of allaying his hunger, after which he threw himself into an empty berth, and fell asleep.

‘Fritz! Fritz!’

‘Here I am, sir,’ cried Fritz, starting from his pillow, and jumping clean out of the berth into the middle of the floor, on hearing himself called, before he had time to recollect where he was.

‘Here I am, sir!’ echoed a man who was passing the door at the moment, and popped in his head to see from whom the announcement proceeded. ‘And pray, who are you, now you *are* here?’

Fritz rubbed his eyes, and stared about him with such a bewildered air, that he looked very much as if he did not know who he was himself.

‘Who are you?’ said the man, seizing the boy by the arm; ‘and what brought you here?’

‘I came aboard myself, sir,’ replied Fritz.

‘What!’ said the man. ‘I suppose, if the truth was known, you are some young thief escaped from justice?’

‘I am not a thief, sir,’ answered Fritz; ‘I only ran away from my master, who was going to beat me;’ and on being further interrogated, he related his history; whereupon the man to whom he was speaking, who happened to be the steward, took him to the captain, and communicated the whole affair. ‘We can’t get rid of the young rogue now,’ said the captain; ‘so we must fain take him with us to the West Indies; but we’ll keep a close eye upon him, and when we return, we’ll bring him back to his master. In the meantime, make him work out his passage.’ So Fritz was sent before the mast, and made to swab the decks, help his namesake the steward, and put his hand to everything; in short, he had no sinecure. Still, bad as it was, he liked it better than a sedentary profession; and he would have been tolerably contented, had it not been for the apprehension of being restored to his master. However, like many anticipated evils, his fears on this score were never realised. The period in question was a season of war; and when they had been about a week at sea, Fritz was called out of his berth one morning to help to clear the decks for a fight; they were chased by an English ship.

A sharp battle ensued; and for two hours Fritz heard the balls whistling round his head, as he ran about the deck at the command of the gunner, at whose orders, on that occasion, he was placed; at the end of which period the *Jungfrau* struck her colours to the *Chanticleer*, and Fritz presently found himself transferred to the deck of the English ship. Here he was only looked upon as one of the crew of the prize, and consequently attracted no notice whatever amongst his captors; whilst the captain and such of the crew of the *Jungfrau* as survived were too much occupied with their own misfortune to trouble themselves about him.

When the ship reached Hull, to which port she was destined, either from being overlooked, or from being thought of too little importance to detain, Fritz was suffered to step ashore, and walk away whithersoever he pleased. He strolled into the town, and for some time was amused enough in looking about him; but when he grew hungry and tired, and recollected that he had not a farthing in his pocket to purchase food or lodging, and that, moreover, he could not speak a word of English, the forlornness and desolation of his situation struck him with dismay, and sitting down on the step of a door, he began sobbing and crying in a manner that attracted the eyes of the passers-by, some of whom inquired what he was crying for. But Fritz, aware that he could not make himself understood, only cried on with redoubled vigour, and made them no answer. As night approached, his case grew worse, and he rose from the step to look about for some sort of shelter. As he wandered through

STORY OF FRITZ.

the streets, a party of officers passed on horseback, one of whom happened to drop his whip. Fritz stepped forward, picked it up, and handed it to him. A good turn is never lost: the poor half-starved boy was thanked and kindly spoken to by the officer (Colonel Webster), who, finding from his language that he was a German, and a seemingly forlorn stranger, ordered his servant to conduct him to the barracks; and 'Kempster,' said he, 'shall find out his history for us.'

Kempster, who was the master of the band, being a German, had little difficulty in extracting the whole of Fritz's adventures; and feeling a natural interest in his little compatriot, he offered to teach him music, and, with Colonel Webster's permission, attach him to the band. This was willingly granted. Fritz was committed to the care of Kempster, and soon appeared on parade in a little uniform, with a triangle in his hand. This was his first instrument; but he was soon qualified to handle more difficult ones; for though he could not learn tailoring, he learned music fast enough—so fast, that a few years afterwards, when his friend Kempster died, he was raised to the dignity of master of the band.

It might have been supposed that Fritz had now reached his ultimatum; he thought so himself, and, perfectly contented with his lot, never looked beyond it. But Fortune, who seemed to have taken him into her own peculiar charge, had not done with him yet.

In the course of service, the regiment to which Fritz was attached was sent to Gibraltar; and there it fell to his lot one day to relieve two ladies from the attack of a ferocious dog. One was the wife, and the other the daughter, of a rich Spanish merchant; and Fritz, who was now a handsome young fellow, could not help fancying that, whilst the old lady expressed her gratitude for the service with great volubility, the eyes of the younger expressed hers in a much more eloquent and emphatic language; in short, gratitude made her feel an affection for our hero, who, however, was too modest, and too deeply aware of the inferiority of his condition, to avow an attachment in return.

Matters had stood thus for some time, when the English forces having attacked and taken Minorca, one of the German regiments that had garrisoned that island volunteered into the British service, and was removed to Gibraltar; but, to the great inconvenience of all parties, there was scarcely a man in it who could speak a word of English. In this dilemma the services of Fritz were put in requisition; and he was found so useful as an interpreter, that it was thought advisable to give him a commission, and attach him to the German regiment.

Here, then, was our hero a commissioned officer in his majesty's service, and entitled to take his place in the society his mistress frequented on an equal footing. He had thus the advantage of speaking to her frequently, and it was not long before they had

THE BIRD-CATCHER AND HIS CANARY.

avowed to each other their mutual passion. But, alas ! she was rich, and Fritz had nothing but his pay ; and the father would not hear of the alliance. In this dilemma they might perhaps have proposed an elopement ; but Fritz, besides being above doing anything clandestinely, could not think of leaving his post—all which shewed his good sense. At this juncture his regiment was relieved, and summoned to England, by which the lovers were separated.

Strange adventures still followed our hero. Shortly after his arrival in England, the exiled Duke of Brunswick was appointed to the command of a British regiment, and in looking about for an aide-de-camp, who should he fix upon but Fritz ! A field-officer, and the aide-de-camp of the Duke of Brunswick, Fritz was now in a position to make proposals for the young lady to whom he was attached. A favourable answer was returned ; and soon after, the lady, accompanied by her friends, arrived in England, and gave her hand to the happy Fritz. It might have been reasonably supposed that Fortune by this time, tired of shewing one side of her face, would have inclined to give Fritz a peep at the other ; but no such thing. The course of events having decreed that the great question was to be decided on the plains of Belgium, Fritz accompanied the Duke of Brunswick thither ; and when that gallant potentate fell on the field of Waterloo, Fritz found himself in command of his regiment ; a situation in which he acquitted himself so honourably, that, on the restoration of the legitimate rulers of Brunswick, he was appointed the commander-in-chief of their forces—a post which he continued to occupy for many years, with infinite credit to himself and advantage to his sovereign.

Such were the extraordinary adventures of the once poor little Fritz Körner—a singular combination of fortunate circumstances, with the ability to take advantage of them. Many years ago, when we learned the particulars which we have narrated, Fritz was still alive, retired from active life, and enjoying the reward of his good conduct.

THE BIRD-CATCHER AND HIS CANARY.*

IN the town of Cleves, an English gentleman was residing with a Prussian family during the time of the fair, which we shall pass over, having nothing remarkable to distinguish it from other annual meetings where people assemble to stare at, cheat each other, and divert themselves, and to spend the year's savings in buying those bargains

* From Pratt's *Gleanings*—a work now rarely seen.

THE BIRD-CATCHER AND HIS CANARY.

which would have been probably better bought at home. One day after dinner, as the dessert was just brought on the table, the travelling German musicians, who commonly ply the houses at these times, presented themselves, and were suffered to play ; and just as they were making their bows for the money they received for their harmony, a bird-catcher, who had rendered himself famous for educating and calling forth the talents of the feathered race, made his appearance, and was well received by the party, which was numerous and benevolent.

The musicians, who had heard of this bird-catcher's fame, asked permission to stay ; and the master of the house, who had a great share of good nature, indulged their curiosity—a curiosity, indeed, in which every one participated ; for all that we have heard or seen of learned pigs, asses, dogs, and horses, was said to be extinguished in the wonderful wisdom which blazed in the genius of this bird-catcher's canary.

The canary was produced, and the owner harangued him in the following manner, placing him upon his forefinger : ' Bijou, jewel, you are now in the presence of persons of great sagacity and honour ; take heed you do not deceive the expectations they have conceived of you from the world's report. You have got laurels ; beware, then, of erring. In a word, deport yourself like the bijou—the jewel—of the canary-birds, as you certainly are.'

All this time the bird seemed to listen, and indeed placed himself in the true attitude of attention, by sloping his head to the ear of the man, and then distinctly nodding twice when his master left off speaking ; and if ever nods were intelligible and promissory, these were two of them.

' That's good,' said the master, pulling off his hat to the bird. ' Now, then, let us see if you are a canary of honour. Give us a tune.' The canary sang.

' Pshaw ! that's too harsh ; 'tis the note of a raven, with a hoarseness upon him : something pathetic.' The canary whistled as if his little throat was changed to a lute.

' Faster,' says the man—' slower—very well—what a plague is this foot about and this little head ? No wonder you are out, Mr Bijou, when you forget your time. That's a jewel—bravo ! bravo ! my little man !'

All that he was ordered or reminded of did he do to admiration. His head and foot beat time—humoured the variations both of tone and movement ; and ' the sound was a just echo of the sense,' according to the strictest laws of poetical, and (as it *ought* to be) of musical composition.

' Bravo ! bravo !' re-echoed from all parts of the dining-room. The musicians declared the canary was a greater master of music than any of their band.

' And do you not shew your sense of this civility, sir ?' cried the

bird-catcher with an angry air. The canary bowed most respectfully, to the great delight of the company.

His next achievement was going through the martial exercise with a straw gun, after which, 'My poor Bijou,' says the owner, 'thou hast had hard work, and must be a little weary: a few performances more, and thou shalt repose. Shew the ladies how to make a courtesy.' The bird here crossed his taper legs, and sank and rose with an ease and grace that would have put half our subscription assembly belles to the blush.

'That will do, my bird! And now a bow, head and foot corresponding.' Here the striplings for ten miles round London might have blushed also.

'Let us finish with a hornpipe, my brave little fellow. That's it: keep it up, keep it up.'

The activity, glee, spirit, and accuracy with which this last order was obeyed, wound up the applause (in which all the musicians joined, as well with their instruments as with their clappings) to the highest pitch of admiration. Bijou himself seemed to feel the sacred thirst of fame, and shook his little plumes, and carolled an *Io pæan*, that sounded like the conscious notes of victory.

'Thou hast done all my biddings bravely,' said the master, caressing his feathered servant: 'now, then, take a nap, while I take thy place.'

Hereupon the canary went into a counterfeit slumber, so like the effect of the popped god, first shutting one eye, then the other, then nodding, then dropping so much on one side, that the hands of several of the company were stretched out to save him from falling; and just as those hands approached his feathers, suddenly recovering and dropping as much on the other. At length sleep seemed to fix him in a steady posture; whereupon the owner took him from his finger, and laid him flat on the table, where the man assured us he would remain in a good sound sleep while he himself had the honour to do his best to fill up the interval. Accordingly, after drinking a glass of wine, in the progress of taking which he was interrupted by the canary-bird springing suddenly up to assert his right to a share, really putting his little bill into the glass, and then laying himself down to sleep again, the owner called him a saucy fellow, and began to shew off his own independent powers of entertaining. The *fort* of these lay chiefly in balancing with a tobacco-pipe, while he smoked with another; and several of the positions were so difficult to be preserved, yet maintained with such dexterity, that the general attention was fixed upon him.

While the little bird was thus exhibiting, a huge black cat, which had been no doubt on the watch from some unobserved corner, sprang upon the table, seized the poor canary in its mouth, and rushed out of the window in despite of all opposition. Though the dining-room was emptied in an instant, it was a vain pursuit; the

THE BIRD-CATCHER AND HIS CANARY.

life of the bird was gone, and its mangled body was brought in by the unfortunate owner in such dismay, accompanied by such looks and language as must have awakened pity in a misanthrope. He spread himself half-length over the table, and mourned his canary-bird with the most undissembled sorrow.

‘Well may I grieve for thee, my poor little thing!—well may I grieve! More than four years hast thou fed from my hand, drunk from my lip, and slept in my bosom! I owe to thee my support, my health, my strength, and my happiness! Without thee, what will become of me? Thou it was that didst insure my welcome in the best companies! It was thy genius only made me welcome! Thy death is a just punishment for my vanity: had I relied on thy happy powers, all had been well, and thou hadst been perched on my finger, or lulled on my breast, at this moment! But trusting to my own talents, and glorifying myself in them, a judgment has fallen upon me, and thou art dead and mangled on this table! Accursed be the hour I entered this house! and more accursed the detestable monster that killed thee! Accursed be myself, for I contributed! I ought not to have taken away my eyes when thine were closed in frolic! Oh, Bijou! my dearest, only Bijou! would I were dead also!’

As near as the spirit of his disordered mind can be transfused, such was the language and sentiment of the forlorn bird-catcher, whose despairing motion and frantic air no words can paint. He took from his pocket a little green bag of faded velvet, and drawing from out of it some wool and cotton, that were the wrapping of whistles, bird-calls, and other instruments of his trade, all of which he threw on the table, ‘as in scorn,’ and making a couch, placed the mutilated limbs and ravaged feathers of his canary upon it, and renewed his lamentations. These were now much softened, as is ever the case when the rage of grief yields to its tenderness—when it is too much overpowered by the effect to advert to the cause.

It is needless to observe that every one of the company sympathised with him; but none more so than the band of musicians, who, being engaged in a profession that naturally keeps the sensibilities more or less in exercise, felt the distress of the poor bird-man with peculiar force. It was really a banquet to see these people gathering themselves into a knot, and, after whispering, wiping their eyes, and blowing their noses, depute one from amongst them to be the medium of conveying into the pocket of the bird-man the very contribution they had just before received for their own efforts.

Having wrapped up their contribution, they contrived to put it into the poor man’s pocket. As soon as he became aware of what they had done, he took from his pocket the little parcel they had rolled up, and brought with it, by an unlucky accident, another little bag, at the sight of which he was extremely agitated, for it

THE BIRD-CATCHER AND HIS CANARY.

contained the canary-seed, the food of the 'dear lost companion of his heart.'

There is no giving language to the effect of this trifling circumstance upon the poor fellow ; he threw down the contribution-money that he brought from his pocket along with it, not with an ungrateful, but a desperate hand. He opened the bag, which was fastened with red tape, and taking out some of the seed, put it to the very bill of the lifeless bird, exclaiming : ' No, poor Bijou !—no ; thou canst not peck any more out of this hand that has been thy feeding-place so many years—thou canst not remember how happy we both were when I bought this bag full for thee ! Had it been filled with gold, thou hadst deserved it !'

' It shall be filled—and with gold,' said the master of the house, ' if I could afford it.'

The good man rose from his seat, which had been long uneasy to him, and gently taking the bag, put into it some silver, saying, as he handed it to his nearest neighbour : ' Who will refuse to follow my example ? It is not a subscription for mere charity ; it is a tribute to one of the rarest things in the whole world ; namely, to real feeling, in this sophistical, pretending, parading age. If ever the passion of love and gratitude was in the heart of man, it is in the heart of that unhappy fellow ; and whether the object that calls out such feelings be bird, beast, fish, or man, it is alike virtue, and—ought to be rewarded.'





ANECDOTES OF ANTS.

INSIGNIFICANT as the ant may seem, there is no other insect, the honey-bee excepted, whose character and economy have excited so much curiosity and research. Nor does this arise from any benefit which it confers, or serious ravage which it commits, at least in this country, for, generally speaking, its effects are unimportant. It is the ceaseless activity of the little creature, its industry, its care for its young, and, above all, its social economy, which have so long attracted attention, and made one of the tiniest insects the permanent emblem of some of the highest virtues. The sluggard has been sent to the ant to consider her ways, the prodigal to imitate her thrift; the young are told that she gathereth her meat in summer, and the unruly and turbulent have a powerful monitor in the harmony of her busy communities. It is to the more remarkable of these traits that we intend at present to direct attention.

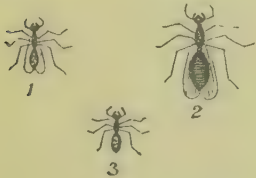
GENERAL CHARACTER AND ECONOMY.

The form of the ant, or emmet, must be so familiar to every one, that anything like a description seems quite unnecessary. Entomologists arrange it under the order *Hymenoptera*;* that is, insects

* In systems of natural history, ants form the seventh family of Hymenopterous insects, under the title *Formicidae*, from the Latin word *formica*, an ant. The genera and species are not well defined, in consequence of the little attention which has yet been paid to this department of animated nature.

ANECDOTES OF ANTS.

having membranous wings, in which the nervures are small and scarcely conspicuous. This may startle those who are accustomed to consider ants as wingless creatures that burrow in little hillocks and under stones; but the discrepancy will disappear when it is stated that, like some other social insects, ants are of three sexes—males, females, and neuters—and that it is only the perfect sexes which are furnished with wings. The males and females form but a very small portion of established communities, and abound only for a short while before the swarming season in summer. At that time they go forth into the air, for the purposes of reproduction—the males dying in a few days, and the females falling to the ground, where they either return to the original nest, or are surrounded by stray neuters, and become the foundresses of new communities. They then throw off their wings as useless appendages, and become queens and mothers, in which state they never leave the nest, but are tended and fed by the neuters or workers. It is for this reason that the population of an ant-hill is so generally wingless, it being the neuters which form more than nine-tenths of the number, and on which the labours and economy of the community entirely depend. They not only construct the nest, but most carefully tend the young grubs; supplying them with food,



1. Male; 2. Female; 3. Neuter.

moving them on fine days to the outer surface of the nest, to give them heat, carrying them back again on the approach of night or bad weather, and defending them when attacked by enemies. The sexes are of different sizes, the females being largest, the neuters next, and then the males, which are sometimes of very tiny proportions. Some of the neuters have longer bodies and larger heads than the others; and, as will be afterwards seen, these have peculiar functions assigned them in the labours of the community. Most of the species are stingless, but all of them bite fiercely with their mandibles, and have the property of ejecting a very acrid secretion, which inflames and irritates the skin like the sting of a nettle.

There are many species of ants, distinguished by their size and colour, but chiefly by their habits—some burrowing in the ground, others piling up little mounds or hillocks; some hewing out their cells and passages in decayed timber, others constructing a nest of great neatness among the boughs and branches of the trees on which they feed. They are omnivorous in their habits—devouring almost any kind of vegetable or animal substance that lies within their reach; but are particularly fond of fruits, gums, and saccharine matter, and not less of flesh, as may be seen by placing some small animal in their nests, when, after a few days, its skeleton will be

ANECDOTES OF ANTS.

found as thoroughly cleaned as it could have been by the most skilful anatomist. It is generally believed that, in summer, ants lay up a store of provision for their support during winter : this, however, is not the case in Europe, where they become dormant or torpid, and require no food. So far from their being partial to grain, it is a substance which, after protracted observation, we have seldom seen them touch, and assuredly none of their cells are constructed with the view of holding supplies. They are nurseries and dwelling-apartments, not barns and storehouses. Any vegetable matter, therefore, which they may drag to their nest in summer, is either for present use, or to serve as an ingredient in constructing their habitation. In warm countries, it is otherwise ; the little creatures are ever active gathering their meat at all times, but more especially in summer and in harvest, when they find it most abundant. Paramount with the erection of their habitations and the procuring of food, is the care which ants bestow on their young. Nor is it the temporary labour and assiduity of a few days, but frequently the toil and endurance of weeks and months.

The eggs produced by the queen-mother are at first so small that they are hardly discernible to the naked eye ; but when viewed through a microscope, they appear smooth, polished, and glossy. These minute granules are objects of great solicitude to the workers, which remove them, as soon as laid, to proper receptacles, and there nurse and tend them, moistening them with a peculiar liquid, and turning them by degrees, till they assume the larva form. In the larva and pupa state,* they are nursed with still greater care. In cold weather, they are carried to the lowest retreats of the habitation, to secure them from the cold ; and in fine weather, they are exposed to the genial influences of the sun. If an ant-hill be molested, the first care of the workers is to protect the young ; and they may be seen running about in a state of distraction, each carrying a young one, frequently as big as itself. After remaining for some weeks as pupæ, the young burst the surrounding integument. They are at first nearly white, but in two or three days become of the usual colour. The old ones, it is said, generally assist the young animal in freeing itself from confinement, by tearing with their mandibles the covering in which it is wrapped, as without such aid the young would frequently be unable to set itself at liberty. The pupæ are of a yellowish white, and look like grains of corn, for which they were no doubt mistaken by early observers, who attributed to the ant the habit of storing up grain. It has been also gravely told that the insect bites off the growing end of the grain, to prevent it from sprouting—an act quite equal to human

* The terms *Larva* and *Pupa* are employed by naturalists to designate the intermediate states of existence in the insect, on its passage from the egg to its becoming a perfect animal, endowed with all the powers of its race—the former being commonly known under the appellation of Grub or Caterpillar, the latter of Chrysalis or Aurelia.

ANECDOTES OF ANTS.

intelligence, but which is in reality nothing more than the creature's habit of nibbling the envelope to set free the young. Ants swarm once or twice a summer, when the young ones build new habitations for themselves, and live together in the same social and orderly manner as their progenitors.

These communities, as already stated, consist of males, females, and neuters. The females are the queen-mothers; but whether there is only one queen, as among bees, or several, is still a matter of doubt. Some naturalists affirm there is only one fertile female, and this may be the case in comparatively young swarms; but in old-established colonies, it is more than likely that there always exist a number of females of various ages. Be this as it may, the queens have not the same omnipotent sway as among bees: ant-hives are strictly republics, in which every member performs with honest cordiality the duty assigned him. The males are found in the nests only previous to swarming in summer, and are then equally if not more numerous than the neuters. It is the latter which are the true republican workers: on them depend the erection of the habitation and its constant repair, the nursing and rearing of the young, the defence of the hive, and the collection of food. If nature has assigned to them the greater share of labour, she has also bequeathed a longer lease of enjoyment; for, after the winged males and females have left the hive in summer, a few days of aerial dalliance limit their existence. According to Gould, the ant remains in the larva state nearly a twelvemonth, in the state of pupa about six weeks, and as a perfect insect sixteen months. The time, however, they remain as larvæ and pupæ is no doubt considerably influenced by variations of temperature and other causes. Thus, by exposure to sufficient warmth, the common white butterfly may be disclosed from its chrysalis in June, or it may be retarded till August by merely keeping it in a dark and colder situation. The lengthened period of perfect existence here spoken of refers strictly to the workers; the lives of the parent sexes are of very different duration.

Previous to the swarming season, the nests become crowded with young brood; the whole community is in a state of agitation—the winged males and females running and bustling among the wingless neuters. The wings of the former, which are exceedingly thin and fragile, soon attain their full size; and on the first favourable opportunity they take their departure from the parent hive. They do not seem to swarm simultaneously, but continue to make their egress by degrees, and as sunny weather presents itself. Once in the open air, the males do not return, like the drones or males of the honey-bee; and thus ants are not called upon to act the part of parricides and fratricides, like bees, which invariably destroy their males in autumn. Though rarely or ever seen in the nests, at the swarming season winged ants sometimes appear in incredible numbers. ‘In

ANECDOTES OF ANTS.

September 1814,' says Dr Bromley, 'being on the deck of the hulk to the *Clorinde* (then in the river Medway), my attention was drawn to the water by the first-lieutenant observing there was something black floating down with the tide. On looking with a glass, I discovered they were insects. The boat was sent, and brought a bucketful of them on board. They proved to be a large species of ant, and extended from the upper part of Salt-pan Reach out towards the Great Nore, a distance of five or six miles. The column appeared to be in breadth eight or ten feet, and in height about six inches, which, I suppose, must have been from their resting one upon another.' Purchas seems to have witnessed a similar phenomenon on shore. 'Other sorts of ants,' says he, 'there are many, of which some become winged, and fill the air with swarms, which sometimes happens in England. On Bartholomew 1613, I was in the island of Foulness, on our Essex shore, where were such clouds of these flying pismires that we could nowhere flee from them but they filled our clothes; yea, the floors of some houses where they fell were in a manner covered with a black carpet of creeping ants, which they say drown themselves about that time of the year in the sea.' Many such clouds or swarms are noticed by other writers; and, allowing for a little exaggeration, it is quite impossible to conceive from whence they could have originated. Were all the ants of a district—males, females, and neuters—to be suddenly invested with wings, they could scarcely constitute such numbers; and one is almost tempted to the opinion, that at certain seasons all the sexes do in reality assume the winged form.

Thus much for the general characteristics of the family; we shall now advert to the habits of our native species, borrowing our information chiefly from Gould, the younger Huber, and Latreille.

NATIVE SPECIES.

Our native ants are usually distinguished by their colours and habits.* Thus, we have red, brown, and black ants; turf-ants, hill-ants, and wood-ants—each species differing somewhat in size, colour, mode of obtaining food, and kind of habitation. The nest of the turf-ant, which is one of the most common of our native species, is at once simple and ingenious. Sometimes it is formed under a flat stone, and consists simply of hollow cells and communicating galleries, all of which are excavated with great neatness, care being taken to remove the loose material to a distance from the nest. At other times it takes advantage of a tuft of grass, and piles around and amid the stems a considerable mound, the interior of which serves for a habitation—the stems giving it strength and coherence. The turf-ant also delights in old earthen fences and

* There are said to be as many as thirty-two species of ants inhabiting this country, but they are not all generally distributed.

ANECDOTES OF ANTS.

hedge-banks which have a southern exposure. In these they excavate chamber upon chamber, and gallery after gallery: it is in such situations that we have found the most numerous colonies.

Other species, as the ash-coloured, brown, and yellow ants, construct little conical mounds, generally known as 'ant-hills;' and this indeed is the most frequent kind of structure. These mounds are composed of pellets of moist earth found on the spot, and piled together with great architectural ingenuity, so as to form arched galleries, domes, pillars, and partitions, the whole being under one roof of compacted particles of earth and chips of grass and straw. 'To form,' says M. Huber, 'a correct judgment of the interior arrangement or distribution of an ant-hill, it is necessary to select such as have not been accidentally spoiled, or whose form has not been too much altered by local circumstances; a slight attention will then suffice to shew that the habitations of the different species are not all constructed after the same system. Thus, the hillock raised by the ash-coloured ants will always present thick walls, fabricated with coarse earth, well-marked stories, and large chambers, with vaulted ceilings, resting upon a solid base. We never observe roads or galleries, properly so called, but large passages of an oval form, and all around considerable cavities and extensive embankments of earth. We further notice that the little architects observe a certain proportion between the large arched ceilings and the pillars that are to support them.'

The brown ant, one of the smallest of our native species, is particularly remarkable for the extreme finish of its work. 'It forms its nest of stories four or five lines in height; the partitions are not more than half a line in thickness; and the substance of which they are composed is so finely grained, that the inner walls present one smooth unbroken surface. These stories are not horizontal; they follow the slope of the ant-hill, and lie one upon another to the ground-floor, which communicates with the subterranean lodges. They are not always, however, arranged with the same regularity, for these ants do not follow an invariable plan; it appears, on the contrary, that nature has allowed them a certain latitude in this respect, and that they can, according to circumstances, modify them to their wish; but however fantastical their habitations may appear, we always observe they have been formed by concentric stories. On examining each story separately, we observe a number of cavities or halls, lodges of narrower dimensions, and long galleries, which serve for general communication. The arched ceilings covering the most spacious places are supported either by little columns, slender walls, or by regular buttresses. We also notice chambers that have but one entrance, communicating with the lower story, and large open spaces, serving as a kind of cross-road, in which all the streets terminate.

'Such is the manner in which the habitations of these ants are

ANECDOTES OF ANTS.

constructed. Upon opening them, we commonly find the apartments, as well as the large open spaces, filled with adult ants ; and always observed their pupæ collected in the apartments more or less near the surface. This, however, seems regulated by the hour of the day and the temperature ; for in this respect these ants are endowed with great sensibility, and know the degree of heat best adapted for their young. The ant-hill contains sometimes more than twenty stories in its upper portion, and at least as many under the surface of the ground. By this arrangement, the ants are enabled, with the greatest facility, to regulate the heat. When a too burning sun overheats their upper apartments, they withdraw their little ones to the bottom of the ant-hill. The ground-floor becoming, in its turn, uninhabitable during the rainy season, the ants of this species transport what most interests them to the higher stories ; and it is there we find them more usually assembled, with their eggs and pupæ, when the subterranean apartments are submerged.'

In the laborious duty of rearing a habitation, all the workers take part ; and as these nests are liable to be destroyed by rain, by the accidental tread of cattle, and also require to be enlarged as the colony increases, the labour of building can never be said to be at an end. At this species of work they toil by night as well as by day, take advantage of a gentle shower or dewy morning, when the earth is slightly moistened, and are only interrupted by cold weather or heavy rains. Their cells have none of that geometrical regularity so much admired in the combs of the honey-bee ; but this is rendered unnecessary by the circumstance, that, unlike the larva of the bee, which is confined to a single cell, the young of the ant is carried hither and thither as its wants may require. Having no symmetrical structure to erect, they do not act in concert like the bee, but are occasionally found working at cross-purposes. Such an occurrence does not, however, much embarrass them ; for a worker, on discovering his mistake, immediately undoes what he has erected, and follows instinctively that portion of the plan which was more advanced than his own. On this point, M. Huber's artificial fornicaries enabled him to make the following interesting observations : 'A wall had been erected, with the view of sustaining a vaulted ceiling, still incomplete, that had been projected towards the wall of the opposite chamber. The workman who began constructing it had given it too little elevation to meet the opposite partition, upon which it was to rest. Had it been continued on the original plan, it must infallibly have met the wall at about one half of its height ; and this it was necessary to avoid. This state of things very forcibly claimed my attention ; when one of the ants arriving at the place, and visiting the works, appeared to be struck by the difficulty which presented itself ; but this it as soon obviated, by taking down the ceiling, and raising the wall upon which it

reposed. It then, in my presence, constructed a new ceiling with the fragments of the former one.

‘When the ants commence any undertaking, one would suppose that they worked after some preconceived idea, which, indeed, would seem verified by the execution. Thus, should any ant discover upon the nest two stalks of plants which lie crossways, a disposition favourable to the construction of a lodge, or some little beams that may be useful in forming its angles and sides, it examines the several parts with attention; then distributes, with much sagacity and address, parcels of earth in the spaces, and along the stems, taking from every quarter materials adapted to its object, sometimes not caring to destroy the work that others had commenced; so much are its motions regulated by the idea it has conceived, and upon which it acts, with little attention to all else around it. It goes and returns, until the plan is sufficiently understood by its companions.’

The wood-ant, or pismire, constructs a habitation somewhat similar in shape, but differing very widely in its materials, from that of the hill-building species. This nest is usually about the size of a large mole-heap, of a conical form, and composed exteriorly of small twigs, chips of bark and leaves, pieces of straw, grass, and such-like material. The whole is gradually tapered to the summit, so that the rain is carried off as from the roof of a well-thatched cottage. This thatching or coping forms, however, but a small portion of the nest, for all the galleries and cells are either scooped out of the soil beneath, or built in the usual manner with earth and clay by the little architects. The pismire differs in its economy from the other species already noticed, inasmuch as a section of the workers are continually on the outside, enlarging and patching the framework, and do not seek to shun the sun and wind by retreating to the interior. They are also bolder in their manner, and will tug and tumble away with straws and twigs in our presence, turning round with erected head and open jaws if teased with the finger. Their habitation is thus interestingly described by the authority formerly quoted: ‘To have an idea how the straw or stubble roof is formed, let us take a view of the ant-hill at its origin, when it is simply a cavity in the earth. Some of its future inhabitants are seen wandering about in search of materials fit for the exterior work, with which, though rather irregularly, they cover up the entrance; whilst others are employed in mixing the earth, thrown up in hollowing the interior, with fragments of wood and leaves, which are every moment brought in by their fellow-assistants; and this gives a certain consistence to the edifice, which increases in size daily. Our little architects leave here and there cavities, where they intend constructing the galleries which are to lead to the exterior, and as they remove in the morning the barriers placed at the entrance of their nest the preceding evening, the passages are

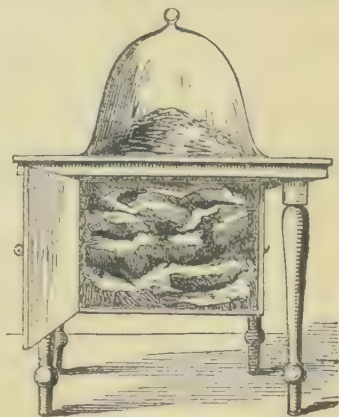
ANECDOTES OF ANTS.

kept open during the time of its construction. I soon observed the roof to become convex; but we should be greatly deceived did we consider it solid. This roof is destined to include many apartments or stories. Having observed the motions of these little builders through a pane of glass, adjusted against one of their habitations, I am thence enabled to speak with some degree of certainty upon the manner in which they are constructed. I ascertained that it is by excavating, or mining the under portion of their edifice, that they form their spacious halls, low, indeed, and of heavy construction, yet sufficiently convenient for the use to which they are appropriated—that of receiving, at certain hours of the day, the larvæ and pupæ.

‘These halls have a free communication by galleries, made in the same manner. If the materials of which the ant-hill is composed were only interlaced, they would fall into a confused heap every time the ants attempted to bring them into regular order. This, however, is obviated by their tempering the earth with rain-water, which, afterwards hardened in the sun, so completely and effectually binds together the several substances, as to permit the removal of certain fragments from the ant-hill, without any injury to the rest; it, moreover, strongly opposes the introduction of the rain. I never found, even after long and violent rains, the interior of the nest wetted to more than a quarter of an inch from the surface, provided it had not been previously out of repair, or deserted by its inhabitants.

‘The ants are extremely well sheltered in their chambers, the largest of which is placed nearly in the centre of the building; it is much loftier than the rest, and traversed only by the beams that support the ceiling: it is in this spot that all the galleries terminate, and this forms, for the most part, their usual residence.’ As to the underground portion, it consists of a range of horizontal apartments, excavated in the usual manner.

Another peculiar feature in the wood-ants is their night operations. These proceedings are detailed by M. Huber, who, transferring a complete nest to one of his glass-cases, had ample opportunities of watching all their movements. Not constructing a covert-way or concealed passage to the interior of their nests, but leaving all the avenues open for ready egress and ingress, it is necessary that, during night, when their labour ceases, these avenues should be closed up, not only for protection from enemies, but for shelter from



Artificial Formicary.

cold. This operation they perform with all the skill and caution of a trusty warder : no cottager ever shut his windows and barred his door more effectually. 'I remarked,' says our historian, 'that their habitations changed in appearance hourly, and that the diameter of those spacious avenues, where so many ants could freely pass each other during the day, was, as night approached, gradually lessened. The aperture at length totally disappeared, the dome was closed on all sides, and the ants retired to the bottom of their nest.

'In further noticing the apertures of these ant-hills, I fully ascertained the nature of the labour of its inhabitants, of which I could not before even guess the purport; for the surface of the nest presented such a constant scene of agitation, and so many insects were occupied in carrying materials in every direction, that the movement offered no other image than that of confusion.

'I saw then clearly that they were engaged in stopping up passages; and for this purpose they at first brought forward little pieces of wood, which they deposited near the entrance of those avenues they wished to close; they placed them in the stubble; they then went to seek other twigs and fragments of wood, which they disposed above the first, but in a different direction, and appeared to choose pieces of less size in proportion as the work advanced. They at length brought in a number of dried leaves, and other materials of an enlarged form, with which they covered the roof—an exact miniature of the art of our builders, when they form the covering of any building! Nature, indeed, seems everywhere to have anticipated the inventions of which we boast, and this is doubtless one of the most simple.

'Our little insects, now in safety in their nest, retire gradually to the interior before the last passages are closed; one or two only remain without, or concealed behind the doors on guard, while the rest either take their repose, or engage in different occupations in the most perfect security. I was impatient to know what took place in the morning upon these ant-hills, and therefore visited them at an early hour. I found them in the same state in which I had left them in the preceding evening. A few ants were wandering about on the surface of the nest, some others issued from time to time from under the margin of their little roofs formed at the entrance of the galleries: others afterwards came forth, who began removing the wooden bars that blockaded the entrance, in which they readily succeeded. This labour occupied them several hours. The passages were at length free, and the materials with which they had been closed scattered here and there over the ant-hill. Every day, morning and evening, during the fine weather, I was a witness to similar proceedings. On days of rain, the doors of all the ant-hills remained closed. When the sky was cloudy in the morning, or rain was indicated, the ants, which seemed to be aware of it, opened but in part their several avenues, and immediately closed them when the rain

ANECDOTES OF ANTS.

commenced.' Could the most enlightened reason, which ascribes such procedure to mere animal instinct, have done more?

There are some European species, such as the jet-ant, which neither excavate burrows nor build hills, but which hew out chambers and galleries in the trunks of decayed trees. For this purpose, their hard mandibles are well adapted, and though the work must be necessarily very tedious, yet their indomitable perseverance and daily increasing numbers soon prepare a suite of apartments of astonishing magnitude. We once discovered such a nest in a prostrate trunk, of which the bark and a few papery floors and partitions were the only portions left—the whole interior having been hewn away by those busy carpenters; and, what was curious, scarcely a handful of fragments could have been gathered in the vicinity. Whether the portions nibbled away may serve as food, be carried to a distance by the ants, anxious to avoid detection, or be borne off by the wind, is yet unknown. The carpenter-ants are perhaps the shyest and most secret of the family; always conducting their operations in the interior of trees, as if desirous of being screened from observation.



Such is the economy of the more remarkable of our native species in the construction and management of their habitations. In other respects, as the rearing of their larvæ, their food, hibernation, &c. they present less difference. None of them bite with great severity; though they are sufficiently troublesome to any one who may thoughtlessly seat himself for half an hour on the little grassy hillock which holds their colony. It is only the wood-ant that is possessed of a veritable sting. They are not destructive in any appreciable degree to the products of the farmer or gardener; their only injury, indeed, is to lawns and pastures, in which their nests are numerous; where, besides destroying the turf, cattle have a special aversion to browse in their vicinity.

The small red house-ant is perhaps the only species in this country directly antagonistic to man's interests. As there have been numerous complaints about them lately in the daily papers, it would appear as if they were on the increase, and therefore a few words concerning them may not be uninteresting. In some parts of London, they are very troublesome, making sad depredations in the larders; so much so, indeed, that in some instances houses have been vacated on account of the difficulty experienced, and the constant care required, in preventing the ravages of this little pest. It is the

ANECDOTES OF ANTS.

smallest of the ants found in Great Britain, not more than half the size of the common garden-ant, and has most probably been introduced from abroad in luggage, merchandise, or some other manner, and may be looked upon as one of the evils attendant upon the free intercommunication of nations and the exchange of commodities. In houses where they abound, the dishes containing meat, fruit, and other eatables have to be isolated by means of water, as is practised abroad, to prevent these attacks. What they lack in size they make up in numbers, and it is almost incredible the depredations they commit in a comparatively short space of time.

FOREIGN SPECIES.

The species of ants inhabiting foreign countries differ chiefly from those of Europe in their habits and economy—colour and size being as variable among the latter as among the former. Those of tropical regions never hibernate; theirs is a life of uninterrupted activity—building, feasting, storing. They generally appear in vast numbers, and commit incredible havoc on the surrounding vegetation; nor are some species less formidable to man from the severity of their stings. Dampier, speaking of the natural productions of the Spanish settlements in South America, mentions several species which infested that country: ‘The great black ant stings, or bites, almost as bad as a scorpion; and next to this, the small yellow ant’s bite is most painful, for their sting is like a spark of fire. They are so thick among the boughs in some places that the traveller is covered with them before he is aware. They construct their nests between the limbs of great trees, some of these nests being as large as a hogshead. This is their winter habitation, for in the wet season they all repair to these their cities, where they preserve their eggs and larvæ. In the dry season, when they leave their nests, they swarm all over the forests, for they never trouble the savannahs. Great paths, three or four inches broad, made by them, may be seen in the woods. They go out light, but bring home heavy loads on their backs, all of the same substance, and nearly of the same size. I never observed anything besides pieces of green leaves, so big that I could scarcely see the insect for his burden; yet they would march stoutly; and so many were pressing forward, that it was a very pretty sight, for the path looked perfectly green with them.’

The sugar-ant, which took its name from the ravages that its swarms at one time committed on the sugar-cane, first made its appearance in the West Indies about the middle of last century. This pest was chiefly confined to the island of Grenada, in one district of which, according to an account in the *Philosophical Transactions*, it continued for several years, laying waste every sugar-plantation for a radius of twelve miles, and threatening eventually to overrun the whole island. Every attempt made by the

ANECDOTES OF ANTS.

planters to put a stop to these destructive insects proved ineffectual; and such was the general consternation at their ravages, that a reward of twenty thousand pounds was offered by the government to the individual who should discover an effectual remedy for the evil. So liberal an offer induced many to try their utmost to destroy the ants: and though all succeeded partially, yet none gained the prize—since the destruction of a few myriads availed little, their place being immediately supplied by others. Ranges of burning charcoal proved very destructive, as they blindly pressed forward in their march, and were roasted to death; but their numbers were so excessive, that they soon extinguished it, and the rear of the swarms passed scathless over the obstruction. The roads were literally covered with them for miles together; so that the print of a horse's foot, in passing through them, was covered in an instant by the surrounding multitudes. The inhabitants of the island were ultimately relieved from this calamity by the great hurricane of 1780, which, though it tore up their plantations by the roots, and swept many of their houses to ruin, yet so exposed the ants' nests, that the swarms perished in the deluge of rain which succeeded. The sugar-ant makes its nest at the root of the sugar-cane, thereby preventing the proper circulation of the sap, and rendering the plant sickly and useless. It is also destructive to the lime, lemon, orange, and other species of vegetation. It is of a middle size, and of a dark-red colour, and is one of the most prolific of the race.

In Cape Colony and in the South of Africa generally, ants are perhaps more numerous, both as regards individuals and species, than they are in any other part of the world. There they are found varying in size, from the red *nigar*, scarcely visible to the naked eye, to the *black ant*, measuring nearly an inch in length. Their habitations are as various as their species. The smaller tribes excavate the ground, removing the particles of soil, and piling them up as a rampart round the entrance, to keep off the water. The large black ants content themselves with enlarging such cavities as they find ready formed under flat stones, thus providing themselves with an impenetrable roof. A smaller species of the same colour constructs its nest on the top of a bush, enclosing such portions of the branches as come within the sphere of the external covering, which is as thin as paper, yet proof against the heaviest rain.

In Hawksworth's account of Cook's first voyage, there is a description of several species found in New South Wales, the habits of which are very peculiar. We transcribe this account, with some slight abridgment: 'Some are green as a leaf, and live upon trees, where they build their nests of various sizes, between that of a man's head and his fist. These nests are of a very curious structure; they are formed by bending down several of the leaves, each of which is as broad as a man's hand, and gluing the points of them together, so as to form a sort of purse. The viscous matter used for this

ANECDOTES OF ANTS.

purpose seemed to be of their own secretion, though it is not improbable that it was a gummy matter collected from the bark and leaves of the trees they inhabit. Their method of first bending down the leaves, we had no opportunity of observing; but we saw thousands uniting all their strength to hold them in this position, while other busy multitudes were employed within in applying this gluten that was to prevent their returning back. To satisfy ourselves that the leaves were bent and held down by the efforts of these diminutive artificers, we disturbed them in their work; and as soon as they were driven from their station, the leaves on which they were employed sprang up with a force much greater than we could have thought these insects able to conquer by any combination of their strength. But though we gratified our curiosity at their expense, the injury did not go unrevenge, for thousands immediately threw themselves upon us, and gave us intolerable pain with their stings, especially those which took possession of our necks and hair, from whence they were not easily driven. Their sting was scarcely less painful than that of the bee; but except it was repeated, the pain did not last more than a minute.

‘Another sort are quite black, and their operations and manner of life are not less extraordinary. Their habitations are the inside of the branches of a tree, which they contrive to excavate by working out the pith almost to the extremity of the slenderest twig; the tree at the same time flourishing as if it had no such inmate. When we first found the tree, we gathered some of the branches, and were scarcely less astonished than we should have been to find that we had profaned a consecrated grove, where every tree, upon being wounded, gave signs of life, for we were instantly covered with legions of these animals, swarming from every bough, and inflicting their stings with incessant violence.’ One cannot read this account without recalling to mind the *ant-tree* of Guiana, described by Sir Robert Schomburgk, and questioning whether the tree here referred to is not naturally hollow, for it is impossible that any solid-wooded plant could have survived under such extensive excavation. The trunk and branches of the ant-tree are hollow, like those of the cecropia, or trumpet-tree, and provided at intervals with partitions, which answer to the position of the leaves on the outside. These hollows are inhabited by a light brownish ant (hence the name), about two or three tenths of an inch long, which inflicts the most painful bites. In biting, these creatures emit a whitish fluid, and the wound swells and itches for several days; when captured, they attack and kill each other like scorpions. Sir Robert’s description and that of Cook’s naturalists are indeed so similar, that we cannot help believing that both refer to the same tree and ant, though found in very distant localities.

A third kind were found by Cook’s party nested in the root of a plant which grows on the bark of trees in the manner of mistletoe,

ANECDOTES OF ANTS.

and which the insect had perforated for that use. The root is commonly as large as a turnip, and sometimes much larger; when cut, it was found intersected by innumerable winding passages, all filled by these animals; by which, however, the vegetation of the plant did not appear to have suffered any injury. They never cut one of these roots that was not inhabited, though some were not larger than a hazel-nut. The animals themselves are very small, not more than half as big as the common red ant in England. They were furnished with stings, but had scarcely force enough to produce any effect with them beyond that of an unpleasant titillation.

A very curious, and, so far as man is concerned, a very useful species, is found in Peru, where, at certain seasons, its swarms destroy vast numbers of reptiles and troublesome insects. It is noticed in Dr Poeppig's Travels under the native name of *guagnamiagüe*, which signifies, 'makes the eyes to water;' from the circumstance of its bite having that effect on the individual who is unfortunate enough to excite the anger of a swarm. 'It is not known,' says the doctor, 'where this courageous insect lives, for it comes in endless swarms from the wilderness, where it again vanishes. It is generally seen only in the rainy season, and it can scarcely be guessed in what direction it will come; but it is not unwelcome, because it does no injury to the plantations, and destroys innumerable pernicious insects of other kinds, and even amphibious animals and small quadrupeds. The broad columns go forward, disregarding every obstacle; the millions march close together in a swarm, that takes hours in passing; while on both sides, the warriors, distinguished by their size and colour, move busily backward and forward, ready for defence, and likewise employed in looking for and attacking animals which are so unfortunate as to be unable to escape, either by force or by rapid flight. If they approach a house, the owner readily opens every part, and goes out of their way; for all noxious vermin that may have taken up their abode in the roof of palm-leaves, the insects and larvæ, which do much more damage than one is aware of, are all destroyed, or compelled to seek safety in flight. The most secret recesses of the hut do not escape their search, and the animal that waits for their arrival is infallibly lost. They even, as the natives affirm, overpower large snakes, for the warriors quickly form a circle round the reptile while basking in the sun, which, on perceiving its enemies, endeavours to escape, but in vain, for a number of the enemy have fixed themselves upon it, and, while the tortured animal endeavours to relieve itself by a single turn, the number of its foes is increased by a hundredfold. Thousands of the smaller ants from the main column hasten up, and, in spite of the writhings of the snake, wound it in innumerable places, and in a few hours nothing remains of it but a clean skeleton.' This is apparently the same ant which Mr Darwin met

ANECDOTES OF ANTS.

in countless swarms at Bahia, and before which he saw spiders, cockroaches, and other insects, and some lizards rushing in the greatest agitation.

The species of ants found in warm countries are indeed so numerous that volumes might be compiled relative to their character and habits, which in most instances are marked by the finest displays of instinctive sagacity. Here, however, we must close our list, conveying some idea of their numbers and distribution by the following extract from the same interesting narrative: 'After some observation, I was confounded at the great number of the species of the ant; for there is no part of the level country of Maynas where they are so numerous as in the Lower Andes; and even the north of Brazil, though filled with them, is a paradise in this respect when compared with the mountains of Cuchero. From the size of an inch to half a line in length, of all colours between yellow and black, infinitely differing in their activity, places of abode, and manners, the ants of this country alone would engage the attention of the most enthusiastic entomologist for years together. Merely in the huts, we distinguish, without any difficulty, seven different species as the most troublesome inmates—animals that are seldom met in the forest, far from the abodes of man, but, on the contrary, indefatigably pursue and accompany him in his works, like certain equally mischievous plants which suddenly appear in a newly planted field in the midst of the wilderness, and hinder the cultivation, though they had never been seen there before. How many species there may be in the forest, is a question which any one who has visited a tropical country will not be bold enough to answer. If I state here, that, after a very careful enumeration, six-and-twenty species of ants are found in the woods about Pampayaco, I will by no means affirm that the estimate is complete. Every group of plants has particular species, and many trees are even the exclusive abode of a kind that does not occur anywhere else.' Other travellers fully corroborate this statement; and when we remember that only a small district of South America is here referred to, and that North America, Africa, Asia, and Europe are respectively peopled with widely different genera and species, we cannot fail to admit that ants are amongst the most numerous forms of existence on the globe.

INSTANCES OF ANT SAGACITY.

With poets and moralists, the ant has long been a standard emblem of foresight, industry, and perseverance. Though this reputed foresight, as far as our European species are concerned, has been shewn to be entirely a fiction, yet there is much in the general economy of the insect that might be imitated with advantage. Nothing can exceed the harmony of their social union, the cordial

ANECDOTES OF ANTS.

willingness with which they seemingly engage in their labour, the increasing care and fatigue they undergo for their young. It need not in the least affect our admiration whether these actions be the result of unreasoning instinct or of indubitable sagacity. Both proceed from the same great source; the mechanism is the same in either case, and the laws by which it is governed are decreed by the same authority. It is true that the organisation of insects differs widely from that of the higher animals, and it would be erring against all sound philosophy to ascribe the same operations to organs so very dissimilar; yet what we call instinct, is as essentially dependent upon organisation as are the highest efforts of reason. We know little of the cause of either; we are yet the imperfect observers of their results. Leaving, therefore, a subject upon which there is much difference and uncertainty, we shall transcribe some of those instances which have been related as evidences of sagacity, courage, industry, and the like, on the part of ants and ant communities.

Of their ingenuity in removing obstacles, the following anecdote is a very appropriate illustration: A gentleman of Cambridge one day observed an ant dragging along what, with respect to the creature's strength, might be denominated a log of timber. Others were severally employed, each in its own way. Presently the ant in question came to an ascent, where the weight of the wood seemed for a while to overpower him: he did not remain long perplexed with it; for three or four others, observing his dilemma, came behind and pushed it up. As soon, however, as he had got it on level ground, they left it to his care, and went to their own work. The piece he was drawing happened to be considerably thicker at one end than the other; this soon threw him into a fresh difficulty: he unluckily dragged it between two bits of wood. After several fruitless efforts, finding it would not go through, he adopted the only mode that even a man in similar circumstances would have taken: he came behind it, pulled it back again, and turned it on its edge; when, running again to the other end, it passed through without the least difficulty.

Dr J. R. Johnson relates an equally entertaining anecdote of the strength as well as address occasionally displayed by ants. At the entrance of a nest of red ants, he placed a large house-fly; several ants came out from time to time to examine it. To his surprise, a solitary ant attempted the removal of so large a body: it caught hold of one of the wings forcibly by its pincers, and exerted all its strength to drag it along. This it did with apparent ease, where the ground was not uneven; but on meeting any obstruction, and finding the dragging system useless, it quitted its post for the opposite station, and overcame the resistance by pushing. In this way it removed the fly to a considerable distance. A difficulty at length presented itself which seemed insuperable; the ant, however, did not relax in its exertions. After attempting to *drag* it for some time,

it endeavoured to *push* it forward, going alternately to the several parts of the body. All these efforts were useless : at last it seized the fly in its mouth, and by a sudden jerk lifted it from the ground, and thus overcame the impediment.

More ingenious still is their mode of forming bridges and rafts of their own bodies, for the purpose of enabling the community to pass over water from one object to another. Ants are not in any degree swimmers, and unless by some contrivance of this kind, the smallest pool would form an impassable barrier. Madame Merian, in speaking of the large-headed ants of Surinam, affirms that if they wish to emigrate, they will construct a living bridge in this manner : One individual first fixes itself to a piece of wood by means of its jaws, and remains stationary ; with this a second connects itself ; a third takes hold of the second, and a fourth the third, and so on, till a long connected chain is formed, and fastened at one extremity, which floats exposed to the wind or current, till the other end is wafted over, so as to fix itself to the opposite side of the stream, when the rest of the colony pass over it as over a bridge. Azara also tells us, that in the South-American plains, which are exposed to inundations, conical hills of earth may be observed, about three feet high, and very near to each other, which are inhabited by a little black ant. When an inundation takes place, the ants leave the submerged nest, and collect themselves into a circular cluster, about a foot in diameter, and four fingers deep. Thus they remain floating upon the water until it subsides. One of the sides of the cluster which they form is attached to some sprig of grass or shrub ; and when the waters have retired, they return to their habitation. When they wish to pass from one plank to another, they may often be seen formed into a bridge, of two palms' length, and of the breadth of a finger, which has no other support than that of its two extremities. One would suppose that their own weight would sink them ; but it is certain that the masses remain floating during the inundation, which lasts some days.

Some Indian species, according to an anecdote related by Colonel Sykes, exhibit feats of dexterity which one can scarcely ascribe to mere instinctive sagacity. He was accustomed to have his dessert placed on a sideboard near a wall, and left all night, the legs of the sideboard being immersed in water ; notwithstanding which precaution, the sideboard was found in the morning covered with ants, and the sweets were plundered most severely. On seeking the mode in which the intrusion was effected, he found that they got one after another into the water, till a floating living bridge was stretched across it, and then the legs were readily mounted. This mode of access was effectually stopped by a rim of turpentine round each of the legs just above where they entered the water ; but the evil was not cured ; for, on the following morning, the ants were on the table, and the good things plundered as before. He found that the ants

ANECDOTES OF ANTS.

had crawled up the wall in great numbers, and crowded to the part level with the edge of the sideboard, which was not more than an inch from the wall, and so stretched across and obtained a footing, thus running the risk of a fall, which many of them received. The sideboard was now moved quite away from the wall, and for a while the sweets remained untouched; but soon the usual visitants were again observed, and for several days it appeared impossible to account for the intrusion; when at last, as the colonel was standing near the table, he observed a solitary ant climbing quietly up the wall of the room: when it had mounted to rather more than a foot above the level of the sideboard, it took a spring, and came down among the sweets. This seemed altogether so extraordinary a proceeding, that he thought it must be the effect of chance; but very soon he saw many other ants make their appearance and mount the wall like their forerunner, until they reached a certain elevation above the sideboard, when they one and all, without exception, leaped from the wall *seriatim*, and alighted safely among the sweets. Thus their continued appearance was accounted for.

A gentleman who has given some attention to ants, relates that, soon after establishing an artificial fornicary, he found that numbers of the inmates died. These were all collected together in one place, and the bodies piled one upon another. After remaining so for three or four days, one morning he discovered that they had been all removed. They had been carried up the inside of the glass in which they were placed, then down the outside across a small wooden platform, and deposited in the water by which their little dwelling was surrounded. From that time, as soon as one died, it was carried off by one of its companions, and got rid of in the same manner. We might almost argue from this circumstance that, in the first place, finding the bodies offensive, they removed them as far off as possible; and, secondly, that they must have had some memory or recollection, as no other bodies were accumulated in the same way, but disposed of at once as related.

Sagacious as ants generally are, we are not without instances of their folly and want of concert. The following amusing example is given by Dr Badham, who regards insects as endowed with no higher faculties than sensation and impulsive instinct: 'A wise and laborious ant was toiling up the bark of a chestnut-tree, and pulling after him an entire snail-shell, the size of a hazel-nut. He halted occasionally, as well he might, but he never lost hold of the shell, though the mere weight of it, one should have thought, would have pulled his mandibles out of joint. In a few minutes he had raised it upwards of three feet, and all was going on prosperously, when it so chanced that three or four idlers of the ant kind, and presently as many more, met him on his way. Our labourer had almost done his work; his hind-legs were already within the hole into which it was his plain purpose to introduce the shell, when the new-comers (which,

ANECDOTES OF ANTS.

as we have seen, are always ready to help one another) proceeded to do just the reverse! They got upon the shell, they entered it, they persisted in sticking to it: he could not carry it; and then the shell swerved to one side or the other, according to the disposal of his friends within, which had not even the sense to trim the boat; still, by great exertion, he held fast, and might perhaps have accomplished his task, when two more strangers thought proper to contribute their weight, and brought on the catastrophe. The weary but persevering insect was obliged to "let go," and the shell, freighted with three "insides" and half-a-dozen "outs," fell to the ground! They left the conveyance in apparent alarm, and scampered off in all directions, while he remained for some time fixed to the spot of his discomfiture. The shell being subsequently examined, was found exactly to fit the hole in the direction in which the ant was dragging it, and in no other.'

If watched closely, several may often be seen to be tugging at the same bit of stick or stone in opposite directions; or when one has almost succeeded in dragging to the surface a little pebble which it has loosened in one of the galleries, another seizing hold of it, will drag it back again. Also, in excavating their passages, it is not uncommon to find an ant block itself in with the débris it has removed from the front; it then has to set to work to dig itself out again.

MODES OF COMMUNICATION.

It would seem that in these exercises of ingenuity they have some mode of communicating their intentions to one another, otherwise it is difficult to perceive how they could act so harmoniously as they generally do. Many animals express their wishes by sounds, which, though unintelligible to us, are perfectly understood by their own kind; some communicate partly by gesture and partly by sound; and others simply by gesture or by contact. The latter appears to be that employed by ants—the antennæ and mandibles being the organs chiefly employed to excite one another to concert in conduct; sometimes persuasively, at others perforce. M. Huber relates a very amusing instance in which gentle persuasion was succeeded by more forcible measures. The legs of one of his artificial formicaries were plunged into pans of water, to prevent the escape of the ants; this proved a source of great enjoyment to these little beings, as they are fond of water, which they lap after the manner of the dog. One day, when he observed many of them tipling very merrily, he was so cruel as to disturb them, which sent most of the ants in a fright to the nest, but some, more thirsty than the rest, continued their potations. Upon this, one of those that had retreated returns to inform his thoughtless companions of their danger; one he pushes with his jaws; another he strikes first upon the belly, and then upon the breast, and so obliges three of them to leave off their

ANECDOTES OF ANTS.

carousing, and march homeward ; but the fourth, more resolute to drink it out, is not to be discomfited, and pays not the least regard to the kind blows with which his compeer, solicitous for his safety, repeatedly belabours him. At length, determined to have his way, he seizes him by one of his hind-legs, and gives him a violent pull : upon this, leaving his liquor, the loiterer turns round, and opening his threatening jaws with every appearance of anger, goes very coolly to drinking again ; but his monitor, without further ceremony, rushing before him, seizes him by his jaws, and at last drags him off in triumph to the formicary.

The intercommunication of these little insects, however, is not confined merely to giving notice of the approach of danger ; it is commensurate with their whole economy of building, rearing the young, obtaining food, and uniting in force against a common enemy. If you scatter the ruins of an ant's nest in your apartment, you will be furnished with another proof of their language. The ants will take a thousand different paths, each going by itself, to increase the chance of discovery ; they will meet and cross each other in all directions, and perhaps will wander long before they can find a spot convenient for their reunion. No sooner does any one discover a little chink in the floor, through which it can pass below, than it returns to its companions, and, by means of certain motions of its antennæ, makes some of them comprehend what route they are to pursue to find it, sometimes even accompanying them to the spot ; these in their turn become the guides of others, till all know which way to direct their steps.

It is also well known that they give information to each other when a store of provision or any tid-bit has been discovered. Of this the following is a remarkable instance, related by Dr Franklin : ' Believing that these little creatures had some means of communicating their thoughts or desires to one another, he tried several experiments with them, all of which tended to confirm his opinion ; but one seemed more conclusive than the rest. He put a little earthen pot, containing some treacle, into a closet, into which a number of ants collected, and devoured the treacle very quickly. But on observing this, he shook them out, and tied the pot with a thin string to a nail which he had fastened into the ceiling, so that it hung down by the string. A single ant by chance remained in the pot. This ant ate till it was satisfied ; but when it wanted to get off, it could not for some time find a way out. It ran about the bottom of the pot, but in vain. At last it found, after many attempts, the way to the ceiling, by going along the string. After it was come there, it ran to the wall, and from thence to the ground. It had scarcely been away half an hour, when a great swarm of ants came out, got up to the ceiling, and crept along the string into the pot, and began to eat again. This they continued till the treacle was all eaten ; in the meantime, one swarm running

ANECDOTES OF ANTS.

down the string, and the other up.' In such instances, the ants may have been led by the scent or trace of treacle likely to have been left by the solitary prisoner. Bradley relates a case which seems to favour this opinion: 'A nest of ants in a nobleman's garden discovered a closet, many yards within the house, in which conserves were kept, which they constantly attended till the nest was destroyed. Some, in their rambles, must have first discovered this *dépôt* of sweets, and informed the rest of it. It is remarkable that they always went to it by the same track, scarcely varying an inch from it, though they had to pass through two apartments; nor could the sweeping and cleaning of the rooms discomfit them, or cause them to pursue a different route.'—Here the insects perseveringly followed the same track, a fact which leads one to suspect that they leave some scent or trace perceptible to one another.

This idea is in part supported by the fact, that roadways are found diverging from their nests, which they invariably adhere to, so that they are in a short time beaten smooth by their incessant marchings. From these roads, they carefully remove chips and leaves, and even nibble off blades of grass which may happen to spring across. In this feature they remind one of hares, beavers, sheep, and other higher quadrupeds, which instinctively follow a beaten track, even when their safety would lie in departing from it. Nor are these roads formed merely by the tread of these creatures; they are often hollowed out and smoothed by the greatest labour. One of the first things which strike a traveller on entering a tropical forest is these well-beaten paths, branching off in every direction, and on which armies of never-failing foragers are seen, some going forth, and others returning, burdened with pieces of leaves often larger than their own bodies.

The ingenuity and sagacity displayed in all their actions, whether single or combined, are indeed so surprising, that the Mohammedans have even assigned them a place in their heaven. On the relation of Thevenot (as mentioned by Kirby and Spence), one of the animals in Paradise is Solomon's ant, which, when all the creatures, in obedience to him, brought him presents, dragged before him a locust, and was therefore preferred before all others, because it had brought a creature so much bigger than itself. The tradition is exceedingly appropriate, as illustrating the contrast between the tiny insect and the feats which it can accomplish. Size for size of agency, the Pyramids are insignificant compared with the ant-hills of Africa; and the ant presenting a locust, is as if a child would drag an elephant.

THEIR SPORTS AND ATTACHMENTS.

We have described ants as ceaselessly active—labouring in constructing their nests, and toiling for the young, which they nurse long after they have arrived at maturity; but it must not be imagined

that their life is one wholly of toil, and no amusement. On a fine sunny day, they may often be seen basking outside their hills in dreamy listlessness; at other times, they frisk about in wanton enjoyment. 'You may frequently perceive,' says Gould, 'an ant run to and fro with a fellow-labourer in his forceps, of the same species and colony. It appeared first in the light of provisions; but I was soon undeceived by observing that, after being carried for some time, it was let go in a friendly manner, and received no personal injury. This amusement, or whatever title you please to give it, is often repeated, particularly amongst the hill-ants, which are very fond of this sportive exercise.' A nest of ants which Bonnet found in the head of a teasel, when enjoying the full sun, which seems the acme of formic felicity, amused themselves with carrying each other on their backs, the rider holding with his mandibles the neck of his horse, and embracing it closely with his legs. But the most circumstantial account of their sports is given by Huber. 'I approached one day,' says he, 'one of their formicaries' [he is speaking of the brown ant], 'exposed to the sun, and sheltered from the north. The ants were heaped together in great numbers, and seemed to enjoy the temperature which they experienced at the surface of the nest. None of them were working: this multitude of accumulated insects exhibited the appearance of a boiling fluid, upon which at first the eye could scarce fix itself without difficulty. But when I set myself to follow each ant separately, I saw them approach each other, moving their antennæ with astonishing rapidity: with their fore-feet they patted lightly the cheeks of other ants: after these first gestures, which resembled caresses, they reared upon their hind-legs by pairs, they wrestled together, they seized one another by a mandible, by a leg or antennæ, they then let go their hold to renew the attack; they fixed themselves to each other's trunk or abdomen, they embraced, they turned each other over, or lifted each other up by turns: they soon quitted the ants they had seized, and endeavoured to catch others. I have seen some which engaged in these exercises with such eagerness as to pursue successively several workers; and the combat did not terminate till the least animated, having thrown his antagonist, accomplished his escape by concealing himself in some gallery.'

The idea of amusement carries along with it a sense of affection and attachment. It has been said that no man is hopelessly bad who can laugh; the proposition may be further generalised by affirming that no creature capable of indulging in harmless sport can be wanting in love towards others of its kind. We may therefore expect among ants not only expressions of affection, but acts of generosity, if we may be allowed thus far to humanise their conduct. 'Whether ants,' says Mr Kirby, 'with man and some of the larger animals, experience anything like attachment to individuals, is not easily ascertained; but that they feel the full force of the sentiment

which we term patriotism, or the love of the community to which they belong, is evident from the whole series of their proceedings, which all tend to promote the general good. Distress or difficulty falling upon any member of their society generally excites their sympathy, and they do their utmost to relieve it. M. Latreille once cut off the antennæ of an ant; and its companions, evidently pitying its sufferings, anointed the wounded part with a drop of transparent fluid from their mouth; and whoever attends to what is going forward in the neighbourhood of one of their nests, will be pleased to observe the readiness with which they seem disposed to assist each other in difficulties. When a burden is too heavy for one, another will soon come to ease it of part of the weight; and if one is threatened with an attack, all hasten to the spot to join in repelling it.

The satisfaction they express at meeting after absence is very striking, and gives some degree of individuality to their attachment. M. Huber witnessed the gesticulations of some ants, originally belonging to the same nest, that, having been entirely separated from each other four months, were afterwards brought together. Though this was equal to one-fourth of their existence as perfect insects, they immediately recognised each other, saluted mutually with their antennæ, and united once more to form one family.'

This rule, however, does not always hold good. On several occasions, on introducing into a formicary of turf-ants an individual or two from the original nest, after a few weeks had elapsed, the new-comers were invariably attacked and hunted about most unmercifully, and one was killed whilst the process was being watched.

They are also ever intent to promote each other's welfare, and ready to share with their absent companions any good thing they may meet with. Those that go abroad feed those which remain in the nest; and if they discover any stock of favourite food, they inform the whole community, as we have seen above, and teach them the way to it. Huber, for a particular reason, having produced heat, by means of a flambeau, in a certain part of an artificial formicary, the ants which happened to be in that quarter, after enjoying it for a time, hastened to convey the welcome intelligence to their compatriots, which they even carried suspended upon their jaws (their usual mode of transporting each other) to the spot, till hundreds might be seen thus laden with their friends. 'These observations,' he continues, 'and many others, which I shall not now mention, by shewing what interest the ants take in the welfare of their companions, bring to mind those ideal republics in which all wealth should be general, public interest serving as a rule of conduct for the citizens. It belonged only to Nature to realise this chimera, and it is only among insects, exempt from our passions, that she thought she could establish this order of things.'

ANECDOTES OF ANTS.

THEIR WARS AND SLAVERY.

But if they warmly love, so can they fiercely hate: their hatred generally terminating in the death of either combatant. The members of different communities often fall out and attack each other, tearing off legs and antennæ with their powerful jaws, and ejecting their poison, which seems to be as painful to their own kind as to other animals. A combat between two hostile communities is thus graphically described by the same authority: 'Figure to yourself two of these cities equal in size and population, and situated about a hundred paces from each other; observe their countless numbers, equal to the population of two mighty empires. The whole space which separates them, for the breadth of twenty-four inches, appears alive with prodigious crowds of their inhabitants. The armies meet midway between their respective habitations, and there join battle. Thousands of champions, mounted on more elevated spots, engage in single combat, and seize each other with their powerful jaws; a still greater number are engaged on both sides in taking prisoners, which make vain efforts to escape, conscious of the cruel fate which awaits them when arrived at the hostile formicary. The spot where the battle most rages is about two or three square feet in dimensions; a penetrating odour exhales on all sides; numbers of ants are here lying dead, covered with venom; others, composing groups and chains, are hooked together by their legs or jaws, and drag each other alternately in contrary directions. These groups are formed gradually. At first, a pair of combatants seize each other, and, rearing upon their hind-legs, mutually spirt their acid, then closing, they fall and wrestle in the dust. Again recovering their feet, each endeavours to drag off his antagonist. If their strength be equal, they remain immovable, till the arrival of a third gives one the advantage. Both, however, are often succoured at the same time, and the battle still continues undecided; others take part on each side, till chains are formed of six, eight, or sometimes ten, all hooked together, and struggling pertinaciously for the mastery. The equilibrium remains unbroken, till a number of champions from the same nest arriving at once, compel them to let go their hold, and the single combats recommence. At the approach of night, each party gradually retreats to its own city; but before the following dawn, the combat is renewed with redoubled fury, and occupies a greater extent of ground. These daily fights continue till, violent rains separating the combatants, they forget their quarrel, and peace is restored.'

After such combats, the slain are generally devoured, just as the strong often devour the sickly and dying of their own community. As to their taking captives for the purpose of enslaving them, we greatly doubt; indeed, from what we ourselves have witnessed, the

ANECDOTES OF ANTS.

captives are merely dragged away like any other insect of which they intend to make a meal. To the subject of ant-slavery, M. Huber devotes a considerable portion of his treatise, agreeing with us that adult ants are never made slaves of, but that the slaves are the produce of larvæ which have been pilfered from other nests. As he is the only author who has made this subject his special care, we are not in a position to contravert his statements; though we have reason to believe that, when the ants of one nest carry off the larvæ of another, it is not for the object of securing a stock of slaves, but merely for the present gratification of that instinct which teaches them to bear unconquerable love to their young. That in this manner mixed communities of ants arise, there can be no doubt; but whether the black ants, for example, found in the nests of the Amazons, act as the slaves of the latter—building, nursing, and foraging for them—rests entirely upon Huber's assertion. We are inclined to regard such mixed communities as accidental; he considers them as the result of design on the part of one class to enslave another. 'The ash-coloured and mining ants,' says he, 'are to be considered, then, as the negroes of the Amazons: it is from among them the latter procure slaves; they kidnap them at an age when their instinct is not developed; and these insects, on being brought up by the Amazons, divide with them the fruit of their industry. Can we sufficiently admire the prudence and wisdom these insects display in the establishment of such an institution! We here trace neither servitude nor oppression; nor do the ants themselves, taken from perhaps twenty different dwellings, entertain the slightest suspicion of their being in a foreign nest: they live under the same roof in brotherly and sisterly union, and if they regard the Amazons, it is but to shew them greater attention. Nature, profound in her combinations, seems fully aware that old ants would never live sociably with those of another species; but that young ants may, especially if they have been accustomed in early life to see and receive from them some attention. She seems also aware that no aversion is excited in the breasts of those which witness their birth. It is in this way she has instituted mixed or compound ant-hills; it is on this account the Amazons in their expeditions never carry off adult ants, only larvæ and pupæ; for the same reason they never seek the destruction of their enemies, their only aim being to steal from them their little ones.' If this be true, the most practised slave-dealer could not do more: it is instinct as acute as human intelligence.

Equally wonderful with their slave-making propensities is the statement, that they make milk-kine, as it were, of the aphides—those little insects which deposit the honey-dew on the leaves of trees in summer and autumn. Ants are, it is true, excessively fond of sweets, and the honey-dew on the thorn, beech, and other trees is greedily sought after. But for the assertion that they guard, or

ANECDOTES OF ANTS.

enclose, or tend the aphides as kine, we have never been able to find the slightest foundation. If a leaf be covered with plenty of honey-dew, an ant will regale itself without the least notice of the passing aphides; it will even walk over them in search of the delicious morsel. If, on the other hand, the honey-dew be scanty, and a stray aphid come in the way of an ant, the latter will touch it with its antennæ; and the former, on being disturbed, generally drops some of its liquid. This, however, it does as readily when touched with a piece of twig; so that when it drops its sweets on being palped by the ant, it is merely following a natural habit. Huber, on the contrary, is of opinion that the aphides understand the wishes of the ants, dropping their fluid, in fact, as a cow yields the contents of her udder to the milkmaid. More than this: he maintains that they guard and enclose them on certain plants; that they collect them as their domestic animals in their nests; and that they even cherish their eggs as they would their own larvæ. All this is so incredible, so human-like in conduct, that we believe Huber's enthusiasm has led him to give a wrong interpretation to a very common phenomenon. Here, however, are some of his singular statements: 'The ants know full well the value of these little animals, which, it would appear, had been created for them; they constitute their sole wealth, an ant-hill being more or less rich as it is more or less provided with aphides; they are, in fact, their cattle, their cows, their goats, &c. Who could have imagined that the ants were a pastoral tribe! But a question here presents itself of some interest. Do the pucerons (aphides), which I have constantly found in nests of this species, come of their own free-will to reside there, or are they brought thither by the ants? The latter appears to me most probable, for the ants are in the habit of carrying them continually from place to place, and are the individuals which receive all the advantages attending this relation. I am strongly inclined to believe that the yellow ants, and all those which are endowed with the same industry, go in search of these insects through the subterranean galleries they have formed between the roots; that they find them scattered among the grass, and bring them to the nest. I cannot conceive, if this be not the case, why there should be so many of these insects in ant-hills, for they are not equally common elsewhere. I have seldom discovered them under the grass but they were surrounded by yellow ants, which arrive at their haunts by subterranean passages, and which probably convey them to their nest in the autumn. They often seized upon them in my presence, and withdrew with them by some obscure path, which proves that these insects are at their complete disposal.

'Four or five species of ants keep pucerons in their abode, but less constantly, and in much smaller number, than the yellow ants, as they obtain a portion of their subsistence from those inhabiting

ANECDOTES OF ANTS.

trees. There are some which reach the branches, loaded with these insects, under a covered-way of earth, leading directly from their nest. Here the ants are as well furnished with food as if they kept the pucerons in their own dwelling; and as often as they wish to bring these insects to their nests, they can accomplish it without the knowledge of other ants, and without incurring any risk. The red, the brown, the turf ant, and another species, excessively small, are always, during autumn, winter, and spring, in the possession of pucerons. The pucerons, then, are the domestic animals of the ants; the latter collect these insects around them, as we collect those animals which administer to our wants near the habitation in which we reside. The animals which are subject to our control know the voice of man; the pucerons understand, as it should seem, the language of ants, and furnish them with their aliment unconstrained.' Nay, what is even more startling, it is affirmed that the ants construct paddocks for these insects, to which they convey them when the weather is favourable!

Such is a hasty picture of ant-life in all its phases of toil, industry, perseverance, sagacity, courage, love, hatred, harmony, and amusement.

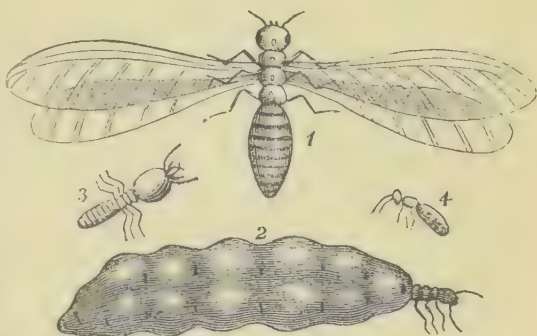
TERMITES, OR WHITE ANTS.

Though vulgarly known by the title of 'ants,' these insects belong to an entirely different family.* They are *neuropterous* insects; that is, have four wings, in which the nervures or veins are boldly marked, giving to them, when viewed under the microscope, the appearance of the most beautiful network. They have received their common appellation from the similarity which exists between their economy and that of the true ants, or *Formicidæ*; namely, their living in communities, constructing hills or turrets, carefully tending their young, and being composed of males, females, and neuters. We have various passing notices by travellers of these insects, but none so complete as that of Smeathman's, of which our account may be considered as an abridgment. The termites are found in both the Indies, in Africa, and in South America, where they do vast damage, in consequence of their eating and perforating wooden buildings, utensils, furniture, and indeed all kinds of household stuff, which are utterly destroyed by them if not timely prevented. Though thus partial to vegetable food, they are, like the ants, omnivorous; and are equally capable of inflicting with their jaws very painful wounds. With the exception of their head and pincers, the termites are soft, and covered with a thin delicate skin; and in this respect also they differ from ants, which have a tough and strong integument throughout.

* The *Termitidæ* constitute the third family of the *Neuroptera*, and only resemble the *Formicidæ* in their habit of living in societies. The species, which are very numerous, chiefly inhabit tropical countries, there being only one or two small tree species found in the south of Europe, under the name of wood-lice.

ANECDOTES OF ANTS.

The termite communities consist of three orders: first, the working neuters or young; secondly, the soldiers or full-grown neuters; and thirdly, the perfect males and females, which at certain seasons are furnished with wings. The workers are by far the most numerous; and, in their perfect state, are about a quarter of an inch in length. On them depend the labours of the community, the building, foraging, and nursing. The soldiers, or fighters, are few in comparison, perhaps as one to a hundred of the labourers; but they are many times larger, and armed with sharper and more formidable jaws. Their duties are confined chiefly to watching the approaches of the hill, and defending them against the approach of insect enemies. The perfect



1. King; 2. Queen; 3. Soldier; 4. Worker.

sexes are much larger than either, and are furnished with four large brown transparent wings, by which they are enabled, at the proper season, to engage in those aerial excursions necessary to the propagation of their kind. They are described as being about three-quarters of an inch in length, and bulky in proportion. Instead of active, industrious, and rapacious little animals, the perfect sexes are innocent, helpless, and dastardly. At the breeding season, their numbers are sometimes prodigious; but their enemies are still more numerous. They are devoured by birds, by reptiles, by the ant-eaters, and even by the inhabitants of many parts of Africa. None, perhaps, of the males survive their aerial life, and few comparatively of the females, which, on falling to the ground, are found by some of the labouring insects that are continually running about, and thus made queens and mothers of new communities. Before laying her eggs, which amount to some hundred thousands, the queen-mother becomes enormously distended, and is sometimes found to measure three or four inches in length, the abdomen being then of an oblong irregular form. In times of scarcity, the Hottentots feast upon these eggs, which they call Rice, on account of their resemblance to that grain. They usually wash them, and cook them with a small quantity of water, declaring that they are savoury and nourishing. 'If the people,' says Mr Backhouse in his Travels, 'find out a place where the nests are numerous, they soon become fat upon the eggs,

ANECDOTES OF ANTS.

even when previously much reduced by hunger. Sometimes they will get half a bushel out of a single nest.'

There are many known species of termite, differing from each other as widely as the ants do, both in their natures and habits. Some build irregular conical hills of eight, ten, or twelve feet in height; others erect a sort of cylindrical turret with a pointed roof; and many live on trees, in the clefts of which they construct habitations as large as a hogshead. One of the best known species is the war-like termite (*Termes bellicosus*), found all over Africa, whose economy may be taken as a type of that of the whole family. The hills of this species are composed of an exterior and an interior part. The exterior cover is a large clay shell, shaped like a dome, of strength and magnitude sufficient to enclose and protect the interior building from the injuries of the weather, and to defend its numerous inhabitants from the attacks of natural or accidental enemies. These hills make their first appearance in the form of conical turrets about a foot high. In a short time the insects erect at a little distance other turrets, and go on increasing their number and widening their bases, till their underworks are entirely covered with these turrets, which the animals always raise highest in the middle of the hill; and, by filling up the intervals between each, they collect them at last into one great dome. (See engraving at the head of the present article.)

The royal chamber, as Mr Smeathman calls it, is always situated as near the centre of the building as possible, and is generally on a level with the common surface of the ground. It is nearly in the shape of half an egg, or an obtuse oval, within, and may be supposed to represent a long oven. In the infant state of the colony, it is not above an inch in length; but in time it becomes increased to six or eight inches, or more, being always in proportion to the size of the queen, which, increasing in bulk as in age, at length requires a chamber of such dimensions.

As the entrances into this royal chamber admit no animals larger than the labourers or soldiers, of course the king and queen can never possibly get out. This chamber is surrounded by an innumerable quantity of others, of different sizes, figures, and dimensions; all of them arched either in a circular or an elliptical form. These chambers either open into each other, or have communicating passages, which, being always clear, are evidently intended for the convenience of the soldiers and attendants, of whom great numbers are necessary. The latter apartments are joined by the magazines and nurseries.

The magazines are chambers of clay, and are at all times well stored with provisions, which, to the naked eye, seem to consist of the raspings of wood and plants; but, when examined by the microscope, they are found to consist chiefly of the gums or inspissated juices of plants, thrown together in small irregular masses. The nurseries are always intermixed with the magazines, and are buildings

ANECDOTES OF ANTS.

totally different from the rest of the apartment. These are composed entirely of wooden materials, which seem to be cemented with gums. They are invariably occupied by the eggs, and the young, which first appear in the shape of labourers. These buildings are exceedingly compact, and are divided into a number of small irregular-shaped chambers, not one of which is half an inch wide. They are placed all round, and as near as possible to the royal apartments. When a nest is in an infant state, the nurseries are close to the royal apartment. But as in process of time the body of the queen enlarges, it becomes necessary, for her accommodation, to augment the dimensions of her chamber. She then likewise lays a greater number of eggs, and requires more attendants; of course it is necessary that both the number and dimensions of the adjacent apartments should be augmented. For this purpose, the small first-built nurseries are taken to pieces, rebuilt a little further off, and made a size larger, and their number at the same time is increased. Thus the animals are continually employed in pulling down, repairing, or rebuilding their apartments; and these operations they perform with wonderful sagacity, regularity, and foresight.

In and around these habitations, the workers and soldiers are continually bustling; but, what is remarkable, they seldom expose themselves to the open air, but travel under-ground, or within such trees or substances as they destroy. It is this habit which renders them so destructive in any inhabited district, as they eat their way into every post, pillar, and rafter, leaving nothing but a frail film outside, which in time breaks down under the slightest pressure. They are not less expeditious in destroying the shelves, wainscoting, and other fixtures of a house, than the house itself. They are ever piercing and boring in all directions, and sometimes go out of the broadside of one post into that of another joining to it; but they prefer, and always destroy, the softer substances first, and are particularly fond of pine and fir boards, which they excavate, and carry away with wonderful dispatch and cunning. When they attack trees and branches in the open air, they sometimes vary their manner of doing it. If a stake in a hedge has not taken root and vegetated, it becomes their business to destroy it; if it has a good sound bark round it, they will enter at the bottom, and eat all but the bark, which will remain, and exhibit the appearance of a solid post; but if they cannot trust the bark, they cover the whole stick with their mortar, to give it stability. Under this covering they work, leaving no more of the stick and bark than is barely sufficient to support it, and frequently not the smallest particle; so that, upon a very slight tap with your walking-stick, the whole stake, though it looked sound and strong, will crumble into a thousand fragments.

Unlike the ants, they do not wage war upon each other; but they are frequently, if found above ground, engaged in combats with these insects. Though possessing very powerful mandibles, they are not

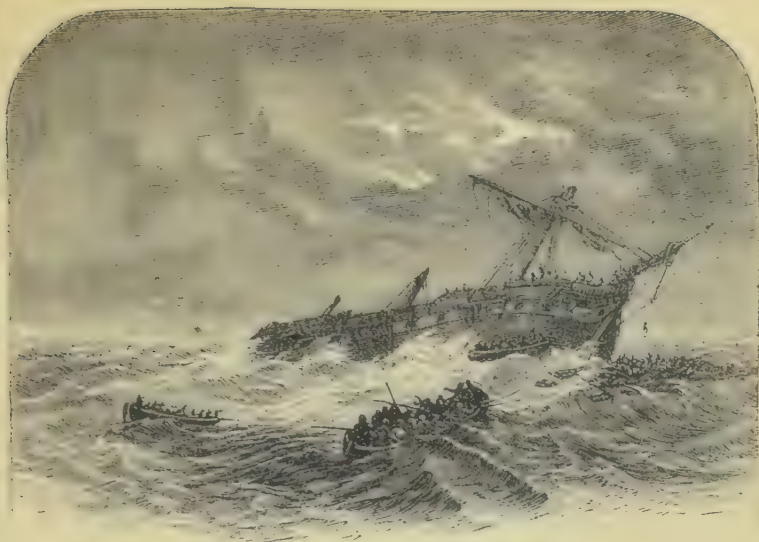
ANECDOTES OF ANTS.

a match for the ants, which soon pierce their soft bodies, and carry them off as venison to their hills. The great annoyance which they give to travellers is undoubtedly exaggerated. If their habitations are attacked, they will certainly rush out, and defend them by biting everything that comes in their way ; but they act purely on the defensive, and avoid the open day as much as possible. Their bite is sufficient to draw blood, but it has none of the irritating qualities of the ant's bite, as the termites do not secrete any poisonous liquid.

CONCLUSION.

We have thus given, as fully as the limits of our sheet will permit, a sketch of the ant and termite families ; and brief as the sketch necessarily is, it may assist in giving more correct notions of these insects than are generally entertained. The reader will not now confound the one family with the other ; he will not ascribe to the ants of Europe, at least, the foresight of laying up stores for winter, nor the sagacity of nibbling off the points of the fancied grain to prevent it from sprouting ; and he will not be over-credulous of stories told of their wisdom—a wisdom which, according to such stories, is equal to domesticating other insects for their use, or enslaving them for their pleasure.

As to the utility of ants and termites in the scheme of creation, their vast numbers and wide distribution are ample evidences, though of an indirect kind. They act as scavengers, in clearing away much waste vegetable and animal matter ; and furnish in return abundance of food to other creatures. The ant-eater, a small quadruped of Southern Africa, derives its food solely from this source ; many birds, as the woodpecker, devour them with avidity ; and that curious insect, the ant-lion, has derived its name from the manner in which it lies in wait for its prey. That ants, in their turn, are highly destructive of other insects, is shewn by the ingenious device of the Swiss, who clear fruit-trees of caterpillars and vermin by emptying a bag of ants on the branches, and retaining them there, encircling the trunk with a ring of wet clay, so as to prevent their escape to the ground. That they are not in any degree prejudicial to the products of human industry, has already been stated. Their larvæ are sometimes gathered as favourite food for caged birds ; and formic acid, at one time used in medicine, is a product formerly obtainable from them, but now produced by the chemist in various ways. The termites, however, are not so harmless, and may be considered as one of those obstacles in the way of the human race which nature has left for their ingenuity and industry to remove. But whatever the advantages or disadvantages which may arise to the comfort of man from these insect families, it has not lessened the interest with which he has ever regarded the activity, regularity, industry, and harmony of their tiny communities.



SHIPWRECK OF THE MEDUSA.

THE colony of Senegal, on the western coast of Africa, was captured from the French by the English in the year 1809, but was ceded to its former masters at the peace of 1815. As soon after this event as the state of affairs would admit, the French government fitted out an expedition, consisting of the newly appointed governor, M. Schmaltz, and other functionaries, civil and military, to take possession of and colonise the restored settlement. The squadron fitted out on this occasion consisted of four vessels—the *Medusa*, a frigate of forty-four guns, the *Loire* store-ship, the *Argus* brig, and the *Echo* corvette—the whole carrying upwards of six hundred individuals, of whom two hundred and fifty were soldiers. On board the *Medusa*, the chief vessel in the squadron, commanded by Captain Lachaumareys, were the governor and other principal functionaries, along with a considerable number of the soldiers, and a number of women and children; the entire number of individuals on board being four hundred.

Among this large body on board the *Medusa*, was a family to whom we shall have to advert more particularly in the sequel. It consisted of M. Picard, his wife, two grown-up daughters by a previous marriage, both accomplished young women, and several younger children, with a girl their cousin—the whole nine in number, the youngest of whom was an infant at the breast. M. Picard was by profession an attorney; he had been resident in Senegal previous

SHIPWRECK OF THE MEDUSA.

heard against the principal author of the misfortune, the greater number wishing to throw him overboard ; but some, more generously disposed, endeavoured to calm the excitement, and pointed out how much more fitting it would be to adopt means of safety, than spend time in vengeful and useless criminations. To ease the pressure on the ship, the sails were hastily lowered, the topgallant-mast and topmast taken down, and some other means tried to get her off the bank. They were all, however, only half-measures ; they did little good ; and when night came on, the efforts were suspended.

At dawn of day, July 3, new attempts were made to move the vessel. Anchors were carried, with vast trouble, in boats to a distance, and being dropped into the sea, cables from them were pulled at the capstan ; but the anchors presented no sufficient resistance, and the effort proved fruitless. Masts, yards, and booms were now thrown overboard, and a number of casks of water emptied ; still the frigate continued fixed. Many wished the cannon also to be tossed overboard ; but this the captain refused to do, on the plea that they belonged to the king ! There was a large stock of provision in barrels, which the frigate was carrying to Senegal ; and these barrels, the governor, with equal pertinacity, would not allow to be thrown overboard, on the ground that the colony was in want of provisions.

What was now to be done ? All was clamour and confusion ; in the midst of which the poor Picards shrunk into their little cabin, consumed with grief and apprehensions of a miserable death on the wreck. The superior officers felt the necessity for providing means of escape, in case all attempts to get off the ship should prove unavailing. A council was called. The lives of four hundred persons were to be saved ; and there were only six boats, into which it would have been impossible to stow so many. In this dilemma M. Schmaltz, the governor, proposed to save a large portion of the passengers on a raft, of which he exhibited a plan. The raft was to be capable of carrying two hundred men, with provisions for all. The boats were to tow the raft, to which their crews were to come at meal-times for their rations. The whole crew were to land in a body on the sandy shore of the desert, and, provided with arms and ammunition, which were to be taken from the vessel, were to form a caravan, and proceed to the town of St Louis in Senegal. All this, as events afterwards proved, was practicable ; for the land, though not visible from the frigate, was only about forty-five miles distant ; yet the plan, in the manner proposed, was not carried into execution.

Next day, the 4th, there was a glimpse of hope. At the hour of high-water, the frigate, being considerably lightened, was found nearly afloat ; and it is believed that if the guns had now been thrown overboard, the *Medusa* would have been saved. Even a tow-line would have brought her round ; but it was not thought

SHIPWRECK OF THE MEDUSA.

of. When the tide ebbed, the unfortunate vessel again sank firmly into the sand, and the hope of getting her off was abandoned.

A raft was now begun to be constructed by means of masts, spars, planks, and cordage, which were thrown into the sea for the purpose : the whole being lashed together, formed a kind of platform, of about a foot and a half in thickness, buoyed up by empty barrels placed beneath the corners. Its length was sixty-five feet ; its breadth above twenty. Each end terminated in a point ; and these ends were very fragile. The only safe part was in the centre ; but even that was sometimes under water.

Night came on while the raft was constructing, and the work ceased till next day. It was a night productive of dire anticipations. The sky became cloudy, the wind blew strong, and came from the sea, causing a great swell of the waves. The vessel now began to heel with violence, and it was every moment expected to see her planks start. This catastrophe at length to a certain extent ensued. The lower timbers bulged ; the keel broke in two ; the rudder was also unshipped, but still holding to the stern by the chains, it was dashed by the waves against the vessel. From this cause the captain's cabin was beaten in, and the water entered in an alarming manner. In this emergency the captain could preserve neither order nor discipline ; and indeed his incompetency and inhumanity rendered disobedience a duty. The general feeling throughout the ship was, every man for himself—a scramble for life. Towards midnight a large part of the crew and more active passengers were preparing to leave the vessel secretly in the boats. This selfish and perfidious conduct was, however, checked by the soldiers, who firmly declared they would fire upon whosoever attempted to quit the frigate clandestinely. The threats of these brave men alarmed the governor, who had already formed a scheme for himself. He therefore judged it proper to assemble a council, at which he endeavoured to allay the general distrust. He solemnly swore that, according to the plan which would be adopted, the boats would not abandon the raft, but would tow it to the shore of the desert, where all would travel in a body to Senegal. It was agreed that the embarkation should take place at six o'clock in the morning.

The treacherous promises of the governor, supported by Captain Lachaumareys, served to allay the apprehensions of the more timid passengers, including the unfortunate Picards. A number began to secure their more valuable articles about their persons, while part of the crew and soldiers broke into the cabins and storerooms, appropriating the articles which struck their fancy, and drinking the wine and spirits, till they fell exhausted and insensible. Amidst an uproar of singing, shouting, groans, and imprecations, day broke, and all prepared to depart. A list had been made out, assigning each his proper place in the boats and raft ; but this arrangement was now disregarded, and every one pursued the plan he deemed

SHIPWRECK OF THE MEDUSA.

best for his own preservation. Few were inclined to go upon the raft, which heaved uncasily on the turbid waves. To compel obedience, an officer, armed with two pistols, stood by the bulwarks, and with furious language threatened to fire on whoever would not go upon it ; and thus a miscellaneous crowd of persons were forced to place themselves on this floating tomb. To accommodate so large a number, and keep the raft from sinking, several barrels of provisions which had been placed on it the day before were thrown into the sea. The only provisions left for the support of the large number on it consisted of a bag of twenty-five pounds of soaked biscuit, which, having been tossed from the vessel, fell into the sea, and was with difficulty recovered. There were also several casks of wine and of water. On the raft there were no charts, sails, oars, nor compass, everything proper being forgotten in the confusion. In all, there were upon the raft one hundred and fifty persons, twenty-nine of whom were sailors ; there was one woman, and all the remainder were soldiers. These latter were not allowed to take their muskets ; but they retained their swords ; besides which the officers saved their fowling-pieces and pistols.

The command of the raft had been assigned to M. Coudin, midshipman. This was not the least of the cruelties perpetrated by Lachaumareys. Coudin had received a severe bruise on his leg before the expedition had sailed from Rochefort, and he was now suffering so severely, that he was incapable of moving. Determined, however, not to flinch from a post which had been assigned to him on the ground of his being the senior midshipman in the vessel, he refused to allow one of his companions to take his place, and accordingly proceeded to the raft. The exertion, however, was almost too much for him : the pain of his wound, aggravated by the heaving of the raft, and the salt water which dashed upon him, rendered him nearly insensible. Information of his condition being communicated to the captain, a promise was made that he should be relieved, and taken into one of the boats ; but this, like all other promises, was not fulfilled. The unfortunate Coudin was left on the raft.

The boats were in the meanwhile receiving their lading. The barge, which was commanded by a lieutenant, took the governor, with his wife, daughters, and friends, making in all thirty-five persons ; it also received several trunks, and a stock of choice provisions and liquors. The captain's boat received twenty-eight persons, most of whom were sailors, good rowers. The shallop took forty-two passengers ; the long-boat, eighty-three ; the pinnace, thirty ; and the yawl (commanded by M. Espiau, ensign of the frigate), the smallest of all the boats, fifteen. Such was the final arrangement ; but before it was effected, there was much struggling and fighting, some gaining a place only by threatening the lives of the commanders. The boats were to all appearance filled, and

SHIPWRECK OF THE MEDUSA.

putting to sea, without any one casting a thought on the poor Picards, who, less able to enforce attention than others, were about to be abandoned on the wreck. A place had been promised them in the pinnace ; but that boat had put off, and its commander would not return to take the helpless family. Roused by the horrors of his situation, M. Picard lifted a musket from the deck, and hailing the yawl, which was near at hand, declared that he would shoot every one on board, if they would not carry himself and family to the pinnace. The sailors, murmuring, assented, and by this means the Picards reached the pinnace, on which they were, with affected politeness, taken on board.

When all had left the vessel who would go, there remained seventeen persons, some of whom were intoxicated, and incapable of providing for their safety.

For some time after quitting the wreck, five of the boats united in a line, towing the raft behind them by a rope ; and as the wind was fortunately favourable, there can be no reasonable doubt that, had they continued to pull, the whole fleet would have reached the shore in from thirty to forty hours. To the everlasting disgrace of the French navy, the commanders of the boats changed altogether the plan to which they had engaged themselves to adhere, and, one and all dropping the tow-line, left their brethren on the raft to their fate. The immediate cause of this most dishonest and inhuman procedure was an appeal made to them by M. Espiau in the yawl. This gentleman, the only officer who seemed to pity the unfortunates on the *Medusa*, was the last to quit the wreck, and, in compassion for those left behind, had taken more on board than his boat could well contain. Hastening after the boats in advance, he earnestly besought their commanders to relieve him of part of his crew ; but all refused to assist him. In the desperation to which they were put, some of the crew in the yawl proposed swimming after the boats, and, if possible, working on the compassion of their commanders. One sailor put this proposal in practice. Plunging into the sea, he swam towards one of the leading and least-burdened boats ; but on reaching, and endeavouring to climb into it, the officer in command pushed him back, and drawing his sword, threatened to cut off his hands if he did not let go. The poor wretch being thus compelled to desist from the attempt, next tried the pinnace ; but here he met with no better success. Some of the party on board entreated the officer, M. Lapérère, to receive him ; but he refused the request, and the man was left to his fate. M. Lapérère, it appears, got rid of the unhappy applicant for admission not only by refusing to take him in, but by hastening away from him. To put the boat beyond his reach, he caused the tug-line to be dropped, and so made off with all speed from the spot. The commanders of the other boats imitated this execrable example. Wishing to get beyond the reach of the unfortunate being who was

SHIPWRECK OF THE MEDUSA.

floundering amidst the waves, and of the yawl from which he had precipitated himself, all dropped the towing-rope, and each boat made off precipitately from the dismal scene.

The raft was thus abandoned by all who had sworn to assist in towing it to land. A hundred and fifty fellow-creatures were unscrupulously left in the midst of the ocean—to perish. We question if the whole annals of shipwreck present a case of greater iniquity than this; it must for ever stand unparalleled for heartless inhumanity. At first, when the unfortunate individuals on the raft saw the boats break loose from the line they had been pursuing, they imagined that the towing-rope had snapped, and they raised their voices to make their companions aware of the fact. ‘The rope is broken—the rope is broken!’ burst from them with increasing intensity of agony. To their surprise, no attention was paid to their cries, and for a moment they imagined that some new tactics advantageous to all were to be practised. Englishmen in such circumstances would most likely have awaited the result in silence. The French, with characteristic vivacity, raised the national flag on the raft, and united in the cry of *Vive le Roi*; trusting, perhaps, to awaken a sympathising feeling in the bosoms of their retreating companions, and so bring them back to a sense of humanity and duty. If such were their meaning, it signally failed. The commanders of the boats bombastically returned the cry; and Captain Lachaumareys, assuming a martial attitude, politely waved his hat in the air, as a parting testimony of regard. The wretched crew of the raft now too surely saw what was to be their doom. They perceived that, after being treacherously decoyed upon their floating prison, they were left with indifference to die of hunger, or to be drowned in the sea. Wild cries forthwith rent the air—cries of heart-rending despair—cries for justice and compassion—cries also of vengeance and contempt. All were alike unheeded. The boats hastened on their course.

From the narrative of Mademoiselle Picard, we learn that the cries on this melancholy occasion would have melted any but the most obdurate of hearts. ‘Alas! why do you leave us?—why do you leave us?’ was wafted to their ears. ‘I felt,’ says she, ‘my heart bursting with emotion. I believed that the waves would speedily overwhelm all these forlorn wretches, and I could not suppress the tears which burst from my eyes. My father, exasperated to excess, and bursting with indignation at seeing so much cowardice and inhumanity among the officers of the boats, began to express his regret for not having allowed himself to be placed on the raft along with the sufferers. “At least,” he observed, “we would have died with the brave, or we would have returned to the wreck of the *Medusa*, and been spared the disgrace of having saved ourselves with cowards.”’

Such is the account given by an eye-witness of this scene of

SHIPWRECK OF THE MEDUSA.

disaster and disgrace. The history of the shipwreck now divides itself into three parts—the account of the boats and their crews, of the raft, and of the wreck of the *Medusa*. In the first place, we shall follow the account of

THE BOATS AND THEIR CREWS.

Among the six boats which left the *Medusa*, two only had a sufficient stock of provisions, and these made off with all dispatch from their companions in misfortune. It had been arranged that they all should make for the nearest land; but these two boats taking the lead, proceeded, by orders of the governor, in the direction of Senegal. This unforeseen change of course surprised and alarmed the crews of the other boats; for none of them had provisions for more than one or two days; and to encounter a voyage of longer duration, was altogether hopeless. Undecided, however, they continued to move on in the wake of the boats which were in advance. The provisions on board the pinnace consisted of a barrel of biscuit and a tierce of water; but the biscuit had been soaked in the sea, and was little better than salted paste. A small portion of this nauseous biscuit, with a glass of water, formed the daily portion of each on board. The other boats were in some degree better provided, for they had a little wine.

During the night of the 5th, the day on which the raft had been abandoned, the boats lay to; and on the morning of the 6th, they were again under way. The pinnace, according to the account of Mademoiselle Picard, which we shall principally follow, now began to leak fearfully, and the holes in it were stuffed with oakum, which an old sailor had had the precaution to provide. At noon the heat was intense; hot winds blew from the desert, and many thought their last moments were come. In the afternoon a distribution of a little water and biscuit was made; and hope revived of reaching Senegal on the morrow. As evening came on, the sky changed, and then a tempest of wind, thunder, and lightning, which threatened to overwhelm the boat. Again the leaks broke out, and there were stuffed into them old clothes, sleeves of shirts, shawls, anything that came to hand; and for six hours, every one momentarily anticipated death. Towards midnight the atmosphere tranquillised, and once more a gleam of hope passed through the minds of the forlorn crew.

In the morning of the 7th, the shores of the desert were again seen, and a number of the sailors murmuring, and wishing to land, the boat was directed towards the coast. On approaching the land, the hearts of the most courageous failed, on seeing the breakers which it would be necessary to pass through to the shore. Again the pinnace put to sea, and another day was spent under a burning sun, and in a state of intolerable thirst. The freshness of the night-wind revived the spirits of all on board; but all were becoming

excessively weak for want of nourishment ; and on the morrow it was determined to attempt a landing. Early in the morning of the 8th, accordingly, after a scanty meal of a mouthful of biscuit and a few drops of water, the boats once more put in-shore, and being cheered with observing a group of persons from two of the boats already landed, they pushed towards a landing-place. It was a desperate struggle. The breakers overwhelmed the boat, and only after weltering in the waves, and being all thoroughly drenched, they got to dry land.

The crews of all the boats were here united, except those on board the governor's and captain's boats, both of which pursued their way to Senegal, which they reached next day, the 9th—that is, four days after quitting the wreck. As soon as they arrived, a council was held to concert measures necessary to be taken on the occasion. It will scarcely be credited that, notwithstanding this apparent activity, nothing was done for some days. At length a vessel, the *Argus*, was despatched in quest of the boats and of the raft, and what it achieved will appear in the sequel.

Returning, in the meanwhile, to the large party who had effected a landing from the boats—numbering about a hundred and seventy persons—we find them in a dismal plight, on the shore of a barren desert, without food or water, and many nearly naked. All, it appears, had got ashore without material injury, except one person, who had his legs broken, while landing, by a concussion from one of the boats. He was laid on the shore of the desert, and left to his fate, which would most likely be destruction by wild animals on the ensuing night. In this incident alone is seen an inhumanity for which there is no valid excuse.

Leaving the poor wretch on the sands, the party proceeded to consult on measures for proceeding to Senegal ; but that involved a march of several days, and great fatigues and dangers, not to be contemplated without dismay. As remaining on the spot, however, would have been worse than madness, all prepared to set out. What ensued will be best told in the unaffected words of Mademoiselle Picard :

‘ Shortly after landing, or about seven in the morning, a party was formed to penetrate into the interior, for the purpose of finding some fresh water. Some accordingly was found at a little distance from the sea, by digging among the sand. Every one instantly flocked round the little wells, which furnished enough to quench our thirst. This water was found to be delicious, although it had a sulphureous taste ; its colour was that of whey. As all our clothes were wet, and in tatters, and as we had nothing to change them, some generous officers offered theirs. My stepmother, my cousin, and my sister, were dressed in them ; for myself, I preferred keeping my own. We remained nearly an hour beside our beneficent fountain, then took the route for Senegal ; that is, a southerly direction, for we did not

SHIPWRECK OF THE MEDUSA.

know exactly where that country lay. It was agreed that the females and children should walk before the caravan, as the general body was called, that they might not be left behind. The sailors voluntarily carried the youngest on their shoulders, and every one took the route along the coast. Notwithstanding it was nearly seven o'clock, the sand was quite burning, and we suffered severely, walking without shoes, having lost them whilst landing. As soon as we arrived on the shore, we went to walk on the wet sand, to cool us a little. Thus we travelled during the night, without encountering anything but shells, which wounded our feet.

Early on the morning of the 9th, we saw an antelope on a little hill; it instantly disappeared, before any of the party had time to shoot it. The desert seemed to our view one immense plain of sand, on which not a blade of verdure was seen. However, we still found water by digging in the sand. In the forenoon, two officers of marine complained that our family incommoded the progress of the general body. It is true the females and the children could not walk so quickly as the men. We walked as fast as it was possible for us; nevertheless, we often fell behind, which obliged them to halt till we came up. These officers, joined with other individuals, considered among themselves whether they would wait for us, or abandon us in the désert. I will be bold to say, however, that but few were of the latter opinion. My father being informed of what was plotting against us, stepped up to the chiefs of the conspiracy, and reproached them in the bitterest terms for their selfishness and cruelty. The dispute waxed warm. Those who were desirous of leaving us drew their swords, and my father put his hand upon a poniard, with which he had provided himself on quitting the frigate. At this scene we threw ourselves between them, conjuring him rather to remain in the desert with his family, than seek the assistance of those who were perhaps less humane than the Moors themselves. Several people took our part, particularly M. Bégère, captain of infantry, who allayed the dispute by saying to his soldiers: "My friends, you are Frenchmen, and I have the honour to be your commander; let us never abandon an unfortunate family in the desert, so long as we are able to be of use to them." This brief but energetic speech caused those to blush who wished to quit us. All then joined with the old captain, saying they would not leave us, on condition that we would walk a little quicker. M. Bégère and his soldiers replied, they did not wish to impose conditions on those to whom they were desirous of doing a favour; and the unfortunate family of Picard were again on the road with the whole caravan.

About noon, hunger was felt so powerfully among us, that it was agreed upon to go to the small hills of sand which were near the coast, to see if any herbs could be found fit for eating: nothing, however, was procured but poisonous plants, among which were various kinds of euphorbium. Convolvuli of a bright green carpeted

the downs; but on tasting their leaves, we found them as bitter as gall. The party rested in this place, whilst several officers went farther into the interior. They returned in about an hour, loaded with wild purslain, which they distributed to each of us. Every one instantly devoured his bunch of herbage, without leaving the smallest branch; but as our hunger was far from being satisfied with this small allowance, the soldiers and sailors betook themselves to look for more. They soon brought a sufficient quantity, which was equally distributed, and devoured upon the spot, so delicious had hunger made that food to us. For myself, I declare I never ate anything with so much appetite in all my life. Water was also found in this place, but it was of a nauseous taste. After this truly frugal repast, we continued our route. The heat was insupportable in the last degree. The sands on which we trod were burning; nevertheless, several of us walked on these scorching coals without shoes; and the females had nothing but their hair for a cap. When we reached the seashore, we all ran and lay down among the surf. After remaining there some time, we took our route along the wet beach. On our journey we met with several large crabs, which were of considerable service to us. Every now and then we endeavoured to slake our thirst by sucking their crooked claws. About nine at night we halted between two pretty high sand-hills. After a short talk concerning our misfortunes, all seemed desirous of passing the night in this place, notwithstanding we heard on every side the roaring of leopards. Our situation had been thus perilous during the night; nevertheless, at break of day, we had the satisfaction of finding none missing.'

At sunrise next morning the party resumed its march, holding a little towards the east, in the hope of finding water. In this they were disappointed; but were gratified in observing that the country was less arid, and possessed a species of vegetation. Some of the travellers having pushed forward to make observations, 'returned and told us they had seen two Arab tents upon a slightly rising ground. We instantly directed our steps thither. We had to pass great downs of sand, very slippery, and arrived in a large plain, streaked here and there with verdure; but the turf was so hard and piercing, that we could scarcely walk over it without wounding our feet. Our presence in these frightful solitudes put to flight three or four Moorish shepherds, who herded a small flock of sheep and goats in an oasis. At last we arrived at the tents after which we were searching, and found in them three Mooresses and two little children, who did not seem in the least frightened by our visit. A negro servant, belonging to one of the officers, interpreted between us and the women, who, when they had heard of our misfortunes, offered us millet and water for payment. We bought a little of that grain at the rate of three francs a handful: the water was got for three francs a glass; it was very good, and none grudged the money

it cost. As a glass of water with a handful of millet was but a poor dinner for famished people, my father bought two kids, for which twenty piastres were charged. We immediately killed them, and the Moorish women boiled them for us in a large kettle.'

Resuming their march, the party fell in with several friendly Moors or Arabs, who conducted them to their encampment. 'We found a Moor in the camp who had previously known my father in Senegal, and who spoke a little French. We were all struck with astonishment at the unexpected meeting. My father recollected having employed long ago a young goldsmith at Senegal, and discovering the Moor Amet to be the same person, shook him by the hand. After that good fellow had been made acquainted with our shipwreck, and to what extremities our unfortunate family had been reduced, he could not refrain from tears. Amet was not satisfied with deploring our hard fate ; he was desirous of proving that he was generous and humane, and instantly distributed among us a large quantity of milk and water, free of any charge. He also raised for our family a large tent of the skins of camels, cattle, and sheep ; because his religion would not allow him to lodge under the same roof with Christians.'

Next day the band of wayfarers, assisted by asses which they had hired from the Moors, regained the sea-shore, still pursuing the route for Senegal ; and they had the satisfaction of perceiving a ship out at sea, to which they made signals. 'The vessel having approached sufficiently near to the coast, the Moors who were with us threw themselves into the sea, and swam to it. In about half an hour we saw these friendly assistants returning, pushing before them three small barrels. Arrived on shore, one of them gave a letter to the leader of our party from the commander of the ship, which was the *Argus*, a vessel sent to seek after the raft, and to give us provisions. This letter announced a small barrel of biscuit, a tierce of wine, a half-tierce of brandy, and a cheese. O fortunate circumstance ! We were very desirous of testifying our gratitude to the generous commander of the brig, but he instantly set out and left us. We staved the barrels which held our small stock of provisions, and made a distribution. Each of us had a biscuit, about a glass of wine, a half-glass of brandy, and a small morsel of cheese. Each drank his allowance of wine at one gulp : the brandy was not even despised by the ladies. I, however, preferred quantity to quality, and exchanged my ration of brandy for one of wine. To describe our joy whilst taking this repast is impossible. Exposed to the fierce rays of a vertical sun, exhausted by a long train of suffering, deprived for a long time of the use of any kind of spirituous liquors, when our portions of water, wine, and brandy mingled in our stomachs, we became like insane people. Life, which had lately been a great burden, now became precious to us. Foreheads, lowering and sulky, began to un wrinkle ; enemies became most brotherly ; the avaricious endeavoured to forget their selfishness and cupidity ; the children

smiled for the first time since our shipwreck; in a word, every one seemed to revive from a state of melancholy and dejection.

‘About six in the evening, my father, finding himself extremely fatigued, wished to rest himself. We allowed the caravan to move on whilst my stepmother and myself remained near him, and the rest of the family followed with their asses. We all three soon fell asleep. When we awoke, we were astonished at not seeing our companions. The sun was sinking in the west. We saw several Moors approaching us, mounted on camels; and my father reproached himself for having slept so long. Their appearance gave us great uneasiness, and we wished much to escape from them, but my stepmother and myself fell quite exhausted. The Moors, with long beards, having come quite close to us, one of them alighted, and addressed us in the following words: “Be comforted, ladies; under the costume of an Arab, you see an Englishman who is desirous of serving you. Having heard at Senegal that Frenchmen were thrown ashore on these deserts, I thought my presence might be of some service to them, as I was acquainted with several of the princes of this arid country.” These noble words from the mouth of a man we had at first taken to be a Moor, instantly calmed our fears. Recovering from our fright, we rose and expressed to the philanthropic Englishman the gratitude we felt. Mr Carnet, the name of the generous Briton, told us that our caravan, which he had met, waited for us at about the distance of two leagues. He then gave us some biscuit, which we ate; and we then set off together to join our companions. Mr Carnet wished us to mount his camels, but my stepmother and myself, being unable to persuade ourselves we could sit securely on their hairy haunches, continued to walk on the moist sand; whilst my father, Mr Carnet, and the Moors who accompanied him, proceeded on the camels. We soon reached a little river, of which we wished to drink, but found it as bitter as the sea. Mr Carnet desired us to have patience, and we should find some at the place where our caravan waited. We forded that river knee-deep. At last, having walked about an hour, we rejoined our companions, who had found several wells of fresh water. It was resolved to pass the night in this place, which seemed less arid than any we saw near us. The soldiers being requested to go and seek wood to light a fire, for the purpose of frightening the ferocious beasts which were heard roaring around us, refused; but Mr Carnet assured us that the Moors who were with him knew well how to keep all such intruders from our camp.’

The succeeding night passed over without any unpleasant event, and the party were again on the march along the shore at four in the morning. All were hungry, and Mr Carnet left them to procure some provisions. ‘At noon, the sun’s heat became so violent that even the Moors themselves endured it with difficulty. We then determined on finding some shade behind the high mounds of sand

SHIPWRECK OF THE MEDUSA.

which appeared in the interior ; but how were we to reach them ? The sands could not be hotter. We had been obliged to leave our asses on the shore, for they would neither advance nor recede. The greater part of us had neither shoes nor hats ; notwithstanding, we were obliged to go forward almost a long league to find a little shade. Whether from want of air, or the heat of the ground on which we seated ourselves, we were nearly suffocated. I thought my last moments were come. Already my eyes saw nothing but a dark cloud, when a person of the name of Borner, who was to have been a smith at Senegal, gave me a boot containing some muddy water, which he had had the precaution to keep. I seized the elastic vase, and hastened to swallow the liquid in large draughts. One of my companions, equally tormented with thirst, envious of the pleasure I seemed to feel, and which I felt effectually, drew the foot from the boot, and seized it in his turn ; but it availed him nothing. The water which remained was so disgusting that he could not drink it, and spilt it on the ground. Captain Bégnière, who was present, judging, by the water that fell, how loathsome that must have been which I had drunk, offered me some crumbs of biscuit, which he had kept most carefully in his pocket. I chewed that mixture of bread, dust, and tobacco ; but I could not swallow it, and gave it all masticated to one of my younger brothers, who had fallen from inanition.

‘We were on the point of quitting this furnace, when we saw our English friend approaching, who brought us provisions. At this sight I felt my strength revive, and ceased to desire death, which I had before called on to release me from my sufferings. Several Moors accompanied Mr Carnet, and every one was loaded. On their arrival, we had water, with rice and dried fish in abundance. Every one drank his allowance of water ; but had not ability to eat, although the rice was excellent. We were all anxious to return to the sea, that we might bathe ourselves, and the caravan put itself on the road to the breakers of Sahara. After an hour’s march of great suffering, we regained the shore, as well as our asses, which were lying in the water. We rushed among the waves, and, after a bath of half an hour, reposed ourselves upon the beach.’

There was still another day’s painful travelling before reaching the banks of the river Senegal, where boats were expected to be ready to convey the party to the town of St Louis, the place of their destination. ‘During the day we quickened our march ; and for the first time since our shipwreck, a smiling picture presented itself to our view. The trees, always green, with which that noble river is shaded, the humming-birds, the red-birds, the paroquets, the prome-rops, and others, which flitted among their long yielding branches, caused in us emotions difficult to express. We could not satiate our eyes with gazing on the beauties of this place, verdure being so enchanting to the sight, especially after having travelled through the

SHIPWRECK OF THE MEDUSA.

desert. Before reaching the river, we had to descend a little hill covered with thorny bushes. It was four o'clock in the afternoon before the boats of the government arrived, and we all embarked. Biscuit and wine were found in each of them, and all were refreshed. After sailing for an hour down the stream, we came in sight of St Louis, a town miserable in appearance, but delightful to our vision after so much suffering. At six in the evening we arrived at the fort, where the late English governor and others, including our generous friend Mr Carnet, were met to receive us. My father presented us to the governor, who had alighted: he appeared to be sensibly affected with our misfortunes, the females and children chiefly exciting his commiseration; and the native inhabitants and Europeans tenderly shook the hands of the unfortunate people; the negro slaves even seemed to deplore our disastrous fate. Everything was done to relieve our necessities, and render us comfortable after our dangers and fatigues.'

We now turn to the account of the raft, and the unfortunates who had been treacherously deserted on it.

THE RAFT.

Ruthlessly abandoned in the midst of the ocean, and at the distance of five or six miles from the wreck of the *Medusa*, the crew of the raft, numbering altogether a hundred and fifty individuals, gave themselves up to all the horrors of despair. This feeling, however, was less manifested by the officers than by their companions, who were principally soldiers and sailors. M. Coudin, the nominal commander, was unfit, from illness, to issue orders or exert his influence, and the duty of attending to the general wants and safety appears to have been assumed by M. Corréard and M. Savigny, with one or two other officers. These gentlemen, by putting on a countenance of greater fortitude than they really possessed, endeavoured to soothe the general apprehensions, and held out hopes of succour, of which they had but a feeble expectation.

When tranquillity was restored, and attention could be given to the more immediate condition of affairs, the first idea that occurred to the officers in command was that of steering the raft by the aid of sails and compass. A search was now made for the chart, compass, and anchor, which, on quitting the wreck, were understood to have been placed on the raft; but they were nowhere to be found, and had never been embarked. In this emergency, M. Corréard recollected that he had seen one of the sailors with a small pocket-compass in his hands, and on inquiry, it was still fortunately in his possession. This was a piece of joyful intelligence. The compass was not larger than a crown-piece, and perhaps not very accurate; nevertheless, it would answer the purpose for which it was required, and was accordingly given to the chief in command.

SHIPWRECK OF THE MEDUSA.

Alas ! short-lived were the expectations which the possession of the compass had raised. From want of care, it dropped from the fingers of the commander, disappeared between the planks of the raft, and was irrecoverably lost. There was now no other guide across the deep than the rising and setting sun.

In the hurry of leaving the wreck, none had eaten anything, and in the course of the forenoon all began to feel severely the calls of hunger. A meal was now served, consisting of a little biscuit, mixed with three-quarters of a pint of wine. Bad as it was, it was the best meal distributed on the raft. The biscuit was all consumed, and there was nothing left but wine. After this repast, and while all were as yet able to form correct conclusions, it might be supposed that some definite plan would have been executed for navigating the raft, if not to the shore of the desert, at least back to the *Medusa*, where there were stores of many useful materials, and an abundance of provisions. Except the erecting of a very insufficient mast and sail, nothing of this kind appears to have been done. The raft lay a hulk on the water, at the mercy of every wave. A few of the better-disposed officers preserved a degree of order, and preached patience and hope ; and this is the utmost that can be said in their favour. Others employed themselves in canvassing with the common soldiers and sailors plans for taking revenge on those who had deserted them when they should reach the land.

With the shades of evening a better spirit prevailed. To the first feeling of despair, there now ensued a degree of resignation ; and religion, with its soothing influence, contributed to the general calm. At times a sanguine spirit would try to impart hopes of succour on the morrow. Perhaps the boats would land their crews on the island of Arguin, and return to carry away those on the raft ; perhaps they might return after reaching the desert ; perhaps they might give intelligence of their fate to one of the vessels of the squadron with which they might fall in. These attempts at comfort were only of momentary avail. Night set in, darkness enveloped the raft, the wind rose, and the agitated sea dashed its waves and spray over the cowering mass of sufferers. The uneasy motion of the raft, and the shifting of the spars, likewise added to the horrors of the scene. With feet entangled amidst the planks and cordage, many were thrown down, and deprived of the power of moving, by others falling above them. As the storm increased, numbers were obliged to lash themselves to the beams, to prevent the waves from washing them off. Cries of pain, of renewed despair, and of bitter lamentation, again rose on the blast. The faculties of many became temporarily impaired ; they fancied that vessels were approaching, and, by way of holding out a signal, they fired off pistols, and set fire to small heaps of gunpowder. Amongst the whole on board during that awful night, there were few who did not expect that the raft would perish in the storm before morning. But these

SHIPWRECK OF THE MEDUSA.

anticipations were not realised. The morning at length broke, and found the raft still buffeted on the surface of the water. It was reserved for greater horrors.

As the second day dawned, the storm gradually ceased, and the ocean calmed. When there was sufficient light, the spectacle which presented itself was most dismal. Wet, battered, sick, and wounded, the wretched sufferers were huddled confusedly together in heaps. On giving out rations of wine by way of a meal, it was found that twenty persons were missing; a greater number, however, were probably washed overboard during the night; for several, in order to increase their allowance, took rations for their dead companions. That twenty out of the hundred and fifty were gone, was at least certain. Death had taken his first instalment.

During the day, which continued fine throughout, tranquillity prevailed, and sanguine hopes were entertained that the boats would shortly appear; none of them, however, made their appearance, and hope once more gave way to gloomy despair. A mutiny now broke out; the orders of the officers were disregarded, and there was reason to expect that next night, for want of the precautions hitherto adopted, many lives would be sacrificed. Night at length came, and, to add to the horrors of the scene, there was every appearance of a fresh storm approaching. The sky became covered with heavy clouds, the wind, which had been rather high all day, now rose to a gale, and the waves, again excited, rolled upon the raft in continuous masses, driving it before them as if to immediate destruction.

In this dismal condition the hearts of the mutineers quailed, and all tried to seek safety in being calm. But rest was impossible. Terrified by the fury of the waves, the mass of sufferers clung to the centre of the raft, where some were actually stifled by the weight of their companions. Those who were outside, and exposed, were rolled over from side to side, and of these a number were swept into the sea. So little was the hope of surviving, that a body of sailors and soldiers resolved to drown the sense of their situation in wine, and so die while in a stupor of intoxication. The officers, clinging for safety to the mast, could offer no effectual opposition to this mad and cowardly scheme; and accordingly a wine-cask was opened, and from it the mutineers drank a considerable quantity—and would have drunk more, had the sea-water not entered the cask by the opening which had been made in it, and caused them to desist. Now maddened with liquor, the folly of the mutineers knew no bounds; and they proceeded to cut the lashings that held the timbers of the raft together, in order to destroy all at a blow. Roused by the proposal, the officers endeavoured to avert their impending fate by more vigorous measures than they had hitherto dared to put in practice. When one of the ringleaders in the revolt made the first move to cut the ropes with a hatchet, the officers rushed upon him, and, after a desperate struggle, despatched him,

SHIPWRECK OF THE MEDUSA.

and threw his body into the sea. He was an Asiatic, of extraordinary size; and, having been troublesome and overbearing in demeanour, few lamented his loss. There was now an expectation of a battle between the two parties. The mutineers drew their swords, and were on the point of commencing an attack, when another of their number was killed, and they retreated; only, however, to make a fresh attempt to cut the ropes. One of the officers succeeded in preventing this being done, and in a scuffle which ensued, struck down a soldier and sailor, whom he threw into the sea, where they were drowned. Their exasperated comrades now rushed to the mast, and began to cut down the ropes which supported it. The mast fell with a crash on the leg of an officer, which it nearly broke; and, far from pitying this misfortune, the enraged crowd threw the poor man into the sea, whence, however, his friends rescued him. No sooner was he on board the wretched raft, which, during the commotion, was tumbling about among the waves, than he was seized on a second time, and an attempt made to put out his eyes. Rendered desperate by these barbarous cruelties, the officers, and those who supported them, made a charge on their antagonists, and put a number of them to death.

While the combat still raged, some of the mutineers took occasion to throw into the sea, together with her husband, the unfortunate woman who was on board. M. Corréard, distressed at seeing two unoffending individuals perish, and affected by their cries for help, seized a large rope which he found on the fore-part of the raft, fastened it round his waist, and plunged into the sea. He was thus able to save the female when she was in the act of disappearing below the water. Her husband was at the same time rescued by M. Lavillette. The two exhausted beings were laid on the dead bodies, and their backs were supported by a barrel: in this situation they shortly recovered their senses. The first thing the woman did was to acquaint herself with the name of the person who had saved her from drowning, and to express to him her liveliest gratitude. Finding, doubtless, that her words but ill expressed her feeling, she recollected she had in her pocket a small quantity of snuff, and instantly offered it to him—it was all she possessed. Touched with her gift, but unable to use it, M. Corréard gave it to a poor sailor, who derived a solacement from it for three or four days. It is impossible to describe a still more affecting incident—the joyful recognition of the husband and wife when they discovered that both were alive: they could scarcely credit their senses when they found themselves in one another's arms. This woman was quite a heroine of humble life. For twenty-four years she had travelled as a soldier's wife along with the French armies, in their campaigns in Italy and other places. In this vagrant life she acted as a sutler, supplying the men with articles; and often was exposed to the greatest dangers on the battle-field, in carrying assistance to the wounded soldiers.

SHIPWRECK OF THE MEDUSA.

In telling her story to M. Corréard, she said : 'Whether the men had money or not, I always let them have my goods. Sometimes a battle would deprive me of my poor debtors ; but after the victory, others would pay me double or triple for what they had consumed before the engagement. Thus I came in for a share of their victories.' Unfortunate woman, to have sailed in such a miserable expedition ! Little was she aware of the fate that awaited her !

Returning to the position of affairs on the raft : the mutiny was quelled by the determined attitude of the officers ; nor was the humanity shewn to the woman and her husband without its effect in restoring better feelings. Overcome with a momentary sense of shame, the mutineers went the length of asking pardon on their knees for their conduct. This was granted ; and the officers returned to their post at the centre of the raft, still, however, watchful of the movements of their infatuated companions. Towards midnight the old grudge again broke out with increased fury. Rushing on the officers, they attempted to kill them with their weapons ; and those who had no arms, actually bit their adversaries in a shocking manner. One of their drunken delusions was, that Lieutenant Lozach, an officer on board, was a M. Danglas, who had deserted them on quitting the frigate ; and this gentleman was with the greatest difficulty preserved from their fury. Brandishing their arms, reeling to and fro, and stumbling against each other, they continued to cry for Danglas to be delivered up to their vengeance, and by no power of reasoning could they be convinced that they were in error.

Defeated in getting hold of M. Lozach, the wretches now turned their rage upon the unfortunate M. Coudin, the wounded and distressed commander of the raft. Coudin appears to have been a young man worthy of a better fate than that of sailing among such a crew. During the scuffle we have been describing, he had seated himself on a small barrel, supporting in his arms a young sailor-boy of twelve years of age, in whom he took an interest. Suddenly he was seized by the mutineers, who threw him into the sea, along with the barrel on which he sat, and the little boy whom he held in his arms. The other officers rushed to the rescue of their friend, and keeping off the mob with their swords, they fortunately got hold of him, and dragged him, still holding the little boy, on board. Towards morning the mutiny was finally quelled, the maddening effects of the liquor having worn off, and left the rioters dispirited.

Great suffering, and the hopelessness of their situation, had contributed, as well as wine, to render the men deranged during this eventful night. Even the strongest minded of the officers felt themselves affected with strange illusions. M. Savigny had visions of a most agreeable kind : he fancied himself in a rich cultivated country, surrounded by happy friends, and although reason ever and anon pointed out the fallacy, he could not divest himself of the impression.

SHIPWRECK OF THE MEDUSA.

Some appeared full of hope, told their companions not to fear, and saying that they were going to fetch succour, plunged headlong into the sea, and perished. Others thought that their companions mocked them, by holding out temptingly the wings of chickens and other delicacies, and for this they rushed on them with drawn swords. Some believed they were still in the frigate, and asked where was their hammock, for they wanted to go below to sleep. A few imagined they saw ships, or a harbour, with a noble city in the background. M. Corréard at one time was under the illusion of being in Italy; and another officer mentioned gravely that he had sent off a letter to the governor describing the state of affairs on the raft, and that he would certainly send boats in the morning to take every one ashore. Such were some of the fancies of which those on board the raft were the involuntary victims; and nothing could convey a more striking testimony of their bodily and mental sufferings.

When day returned, and a reckoning could be taken, it was found that sixty-five had perished, and that the entire number was now reduced to sixty. Of those who were missing, the greater number had fallen a sacrifice to intemperance, or to ill-regulated minds. The officers were surprised to find that only two of their number were gone; and this, on consideration, they could only attribute to the comparative strength of mind they had possessed. This circumstance is a proof of the power which every man has of resisting misfortune, if he remain temperate in habits, and do not give way to panic or despair.

With the return of daylight the storm abated as formerly; and when order was restored, and a reckoning of the numbers taken, attention was directed to the stock of provisions on board. It sent a shock of fresh despair into the bosoms of the more intelligent, when it was found that the mutineers had thrown overboard two casks of wine, and the only two casks of water which remained. The loss of the water was felt to be a calamity greater than that of the wine; and the distress on the occasion was augmented by the reflection, that it was a loss caused entirely by drunken folly. Nothing now remained but one cask of wine, and it was arranged that this should be carefully served out in half-allowances. The sea being calm, the solitary mast and sail were again raised, and an attempt made to direct the raft towards land. The effort was not successful; the wind drove the unruly platform hither and thither as it listed, and it was impossible to say whether the raft approached or receded from the spot where land was believed to be.

During the day, the gnawings of hunger suggested the idea of catching fish, and an attempt was forthwith made. Hooks made of tags from the soldiers' clothing were tied to lines, and with baits (it is not mentioned of what) were thrown into the sea; but the current drew them under the raft, where they got entangled. A bayonet

SHIPWRECK OF THE MEDUSA.

was bent to catch sharks, but a shark bit at and straightened it ; so this also failed. Fishing, in short, proved an unavailing resource ; and when it was abandoned as hopeless, some tried to feed on the dead bodies of their companions, while others gnawed the soldiers' belts and cartridge-boxes. Fortunately the day was calm. The sun shone placidly on the face of the deep. Amidst the torments of hunger, therefore, hope again stole across the minds of the most desponding. They expected to see the boats make their appearance on the horizon, and with fainting eyes they looked forth to catch the first token of deliverance. Noon passed, the sun sunk beneath the world of waters, and yet relief came not. The gloom and misery of another night presented themselves.

This night was less terrible than the preceding. The weather was calm, and there was no new mutiny on board. In the darkness, nothing was heard but the groans and sobs of the sufferers, intermingled with the gurgling of the sea between the planks. The silence, broken by such sounds, was perhaps more appalling than the raging of the tempest. When the morning of the fourth day dawned on the spectral scene, it shewed the dead bodies of twelve persons, who had expired during the night ; and all these, with the exception of one, were thrown into the sea. The number on board was now reduced to forty-eight.

This day passed like the preceding. The weather continued fine, and despondency again gave way to feelings of hope. About four o'clock in the afternoon a joyful event occurred—a shoal of flying-fish passed under the raft, and a great number got entangled in the spaces between the timbers. All threw themselves eagerly upon them, and captured about two hundred, which they placed in an empty cask, removing only the milts. These fish were about the size of a herring, and, to men who were famishing, they were delicious. Several of the party returned thanks to God for the relief. To render the fish fit for eating, an attempt was made to boil them by means of a barrel, which served as a pot ; fire being procured by a flint, steel, and a little dried gunpowder. This was the last meal they were able to cook, for the barrel took fire ; and though it was soon extinguished, they were not able to save as much of it as would answer the purpose again. There was also no more gunpowder.

Night again came on, the sun set, and still there was no appearance of relief. The calm having continued, there was a prospect of a little rest, even although the greater number stood or sat constantly in water. It is distressing to know that human passions again interfered to render the scene of misery a battle-field. Some Spaniards, Italians, and negroes, who had hitherto taken no part with the mutineers, and who had been inclined to the side of the officers, formed a plot to throw all into the sea ; the negroes persuading them that land was near, and that if once there, they

SHIPWRECK OF THE MEDUSA.

could conduct them in safety through Africa. It is not improbable that a wish to get possession of a small bag of money, which was tied to the mast as a common fund, to be made use of on landing, tempted them to the crime. The officers, and some sailors who refused to join the conspirators, were now obliged to take arms. They seized the Spaniard who was the ringleader, and threw him into the sea; another, when he saw that all was discovered, plunged into the water, and was drowned. The remaining conspirators now rushed forward to revenge their comrades: a desperate combat ensued; and the raft was strewn with the dead and wounded. It was evident, during the fight, that the mutineers were affected by the same delusions as before; they were, in fact, partially deranged in mind. They called for Lieutenant Danglas, in order to kill him for having deserted them, and they could not be persuaded that that person was not on the raft. During the fray, the woman was again thrown into the sea, but was a second time rescued by the intrepid Coudin, assisted by some workmen. At length the battle ceased; the mutineers were repulsed; and the remainder of the night was passed without disturbance.

The morning of the fifth day dawned, and revealed the slaughter that had taken place. Since the previous morning, eighteen had, by one means or other, perished, and their number was now reduced to thirty. Among the dead were five sailors, whom the officers deeply lamented, for they were trustworthy and tractable. Of the thirty who remained alive on the raft, only twenty could stand upright or move about. The sea-water had stripped the skin from the feet and legs of nearly the whole, and every one was in a state of deplorable emaciation. If no vessel came to their assistance, they did not expect to survive more than four days, for there was wine only for that time, and scarcely a dozen fish. The fifth day passed over in melancholy mood; night came, and still there was no relief. The sixth day passed, and so did the succeeding night, in a condition equally disconsolate.

The seventh day was more eventful. Two soldiers were discovered drinking wine clandestinely from the cask by means of a pipe. As this had been declared to be a crime punishable with death, they were immediately seized, and thrown into the sea. One of them was a sergeant, who had fomented the last conspiracy, and had contrived to escape detection; his fate, therefore, did not cause any regret. In the course of the day died also the young boy Leon, to whom M. Coudin had shewn so much kindness. Exhausted from hunger, and delirious, he could no longer support the dreadful fatigues to which he was exposed. Before his death, his mind took the direction of his home in France; he thought his mother was near him, and till the last he cried to her for food and water. He died in the arms of his kind friend, M. Coudin.

The party were now reduced to twenty-seven; of these, twelve

SHIPWRECK OF THE MEDUSA.

were so ill, that there was no hope of their surviving even a few days ; they had almost entirely lost their reason, and were covered with wounds ; nevertheless, an equal ration of the declining quantity of wine was served out to them. A consultation was now held respecting these unfortunate beings. It was represented that, as they could not possibly survive, and as their consumption of wine was daily diminishing the stock, already too low, it would be no crime to put an end to their sufferings by throwing them into the sea. This was a horrible and painful expedient, and such it was felt to be, for those who proposed and assented to it had not the cruelty to put it into execution or see it done. Three soldiers and a sailor were commissioned to act as executioners ; and while they cleared the raft of their dying companions, the others turned their backs, not to witness the afflicting spectacle. Among those thrown overboard were the woman and her husband already mentioned. Both had been grievously wounded in the different combats. The woman had a thigh broken between the beams of the raft, and the stroke of a sabre had made a deep wound in the head of her husband. In terminating the existence of these hapless individuals, M. Corréard observes that all felt themselves to be under a terrible necessity which knew no law. 'Ye,' he continues, 'who shudder at the cry of outraged humanity, recollect that it was other men, fellow-countrymen, who had placed us in this awful situation.' The expedient of throwing overboard their apparently dying comrades, reduced the number on the raft to fifteen, and gave the means of subsistence for a few additional days. When the dreadful sacrifice was completed, all cast their swords into the sea, reserving but one sabre, for cutting a piece of wood or cordage that might be necessary.

We have now the afflicting spectacle of fifteen wretched beings in the depth of despair on this floating tomb, seated or standing constantly in water, the sun beating down upon them with tropical intensity by day, and darkness enshrouding them by night. The eighth day passed, night came, and still no friendly sail rose on the horizon. Then came the ninth day, with its aggravated hunger, and thirst, and wretchedness. While hope was sunk in the feelings of the unhappy party, the eyes of all were startled on seeing a butterfly, of a kind common in France, fly over their heads and settle on the sail of the raft. This trifling incident once more raised a bright gleam of hope ; the butterfly was accepted as a harbinger of deliverance, and was taken under the protection of the forlorn group. On the succeeding days, more butterflies visited them, and gave rise to the belief that the land could not be far distant. While cheering with new hopes, these insects also roused the party to fresh exertions. 'We had recourse,' says M. Corréard, 'to every expedient which might lessen the miseries of our situation. We detached some planks from the raft, and made a sort of platform, on which we might lie down ; this raised us above the water, which had always

been from one to two feet above the surface of the raft ; the waves, however, still washed over us at intervals, and frequently covered us completely. Here we endeavoured to beguile the time, by recounting our different adventures. Lavillette related the various scenes he had passed through, which were indeed extraordinary ; but none, he said, had brought with them such sufferings from fatigue and privation as those we now endured.

‘ Our situation was now most distressing : the waves, which almost constantly washed over us, caused intolerable pain ; and our excessive thirst, which we felt was increased by the intense heat of a tropical sun. To relieve this thirst, we tried several expedients ; we bathed our hands, faces, and even hair in salt water, and some even drank considerable quantities of it. One means of slaking our thirst was never thought of by us, though it has often been adopted by persons in our situation with great success. When Captain Bligh made his perilous voyage in an open boat over three thousand miles of the ocean, he and his companions used to dip their clothes in the sea, and wear them damp ; the pores of the body, it is supposed, imbibing part of the moisture, and thus allaying their desire for drink. Unfortunately, we had never heard of this expedient. An officer found a small lemon, which he resolved to keep for himself : for a long time he refused it to the entreaties of those around him, till their threats and rage obliged him to share it. We had also a serious dispute about thirty cloves of garlic, which had escaped notice in the bottom of a sack ; at another time we contended for two small vials of a liquor for cleaning the teeth ; we never came, however, to extremities. This liquor was husbanded with the greatest care, two drops of it producing a delightful sensation ; indeed, it is difficult to conceive the agreeable effect which the most trifling relief of this kind produced. One of us had found an empty bottle, which still retained some scent of the perfume it had formerly contained ; to smell at this for an instant appeared the highest enjoyment. Some kept their wine, and sucked it slowly from the goblet through a quill ; the intoxication, however, it produced upon their debilitated frames was remarkable, and often produced angry disputes, and sometimes was near causing more serious consequences. On the tenth day, for example, after the wine had been distributed, MM. Clairet, Coudin, Charlot, and two others, resolved, in a fit of intoxication, to destroy themselves, and were with considerable difficulty prevented by the entreaties of their companions. Perhaps all our arguments would have been unavailing, if a number of sharks had not surrounded the raft, and turned their attention to this new danger. They came so near, that we were enabled to strike at them with the sabre ; but notwithstanding all the exertions of M. Lavillette, who gave them several blows, we could not kill one. The size of several appeared enormous, some of them being above thirty feet long.

SHIPWRECK OF THE MEDUSA.

‘Three days now passed away in intolerable torments. We had become so careless of life, that we bathed even in the sight of the sharks, which were swimming round the raft; others were not afraid to place themselves naked on the fore-part of the machine, which was then entirely under water; and though it was exceedingly dangerous, it had the effect of taking away their thirst. On the 16th July, eight of us resolved on trying to reach the coast, to which we imagined ourselves to be now very near; for this purpose we nailed some boards across a few spars, which we separated from the raft, fitted it with a mast and a sail, and made oars of barrel staves; a certain portion of the wine remaining, which consisted but of fifteen bottles in all, was to be given to us, and our departure was fixed for the next day. Our machine being finished, however, it was necessary to try if she was able to bear us. A sailor went upon it, when it immediately upset, and shewed us the rashness of our design; we therefore gave it up, resolving to wait upon the raft for the approach of death, which, unless we were immediately relieved, could not be very distant, our stock of wine being so low, and our disgust at the loathsome food we ate hourly increasing.

‘On the morning of the 17th July, the sun shone brightly, the sky appearing without a cloud; we addressed our prayers to God, and distributed the rations of wine. Whilst each person was taking his portion, a captain of infantry discovered a ship on the horizon, and with a shout of joy informed us of it. We saw that it was a brig, but at such a distance that we could discern no more than the tops of her masts. It is impossible to describe the joy which we felt at the sight; each looked upon his delivery as certain, and returned repeated thanks to God. Still, in the midst of these hopes we were apprehensive that we should not be seen. We straightened some hoops, and fastened some handkerchiefs of different colours to the end. We then united our efforts, and raised a man to the top of the mast, who waved these flags. For half an hour we were suspended between hope and fear: some of us thought that the vessel was coming nearer, whilst others, with more accuracy, asserted that she was making sail away from us. In fact, in a short time the brig disappeared. We now resigned ourselves to despair; we even envied those whom death had taken away from the suffering we were now to undergo. We determined to seek consolation in sleep. The day before, we had suffered exceedingly from the rays of a burning sun; we now made an awning to screen us from the heat, and lay down beneath it. We agreed to carve our names on a plank, along with a short recital of our adventures, and to hang it to the mast, in the hope that it might reach our government and our families. We had passed two hours in these desponding reflections, when the master-gunner went from under the awning, in order to go to the fore-part of the raft: he had scarcely, however, put his head out, when he turned towards us and uttered a loud cry. Joy

SHIPWRECK OF THE MEDUSA.

was on his countenance, his hands were stretched out towards the sea, and he scarcely breathed : he could only utter : "We are saved ; the brig is near to us !" We rushed out, and found that she was in fact only a mile and a half distant, and was steering directly towards us under a press of sail. Joy now succeeded to despair ; we embraced each other, and burst into tears. Even those whose wounds rendered them incapable of more exertion, dragged themselves along to the side of the raft, in order to enjoy the sight of the vessel which was to deliver them. Each laid hold on a handkerchief or a piece of linen, to make signals to the brig, which neared us fast ; a few returned thanks to Providence for their miraculous preservation. We now recognised the vessel to be the *Argus*, and soon after had the pleasure of seeing her shorten sail when she was within half pistol-shot. The crew, dispersed through the shrouds and on the deck, waved their hats, to express their pleasure at having come to our relief. A boat was now lowered, commanded by M. Lemaigre, who ardently wished to be the person who should take us from the fatal raft. He removed the sick first, placed them beside him in his boat, and shewed them all the care and attention which humanity could prompt. In a short time we were all in safety on board the brig, where we met some of our shipwrecked companions who had been saved in the boats.

'All were affected to see our miserable condition : ten out of the fifteen were scarcely able to move : the skin was stripped off our limbs, our eyes were sunk, our beards long, and we were in the most emaciated condition. As soon as we had been discovered, they prepared some excellent broth for us, and mixed in it some wine, to recruit our exhausted strength. Our wounds were dressed ; and, in short, we received every attention which our miserable state required. Some became delirious ; but the care of the surgeon, and the kind attention of every one on board, soon wrought in us the most favourable change.'

The *Argus*, as has been already mentioned, had been, after some delay, sent from Senegal, with instructions to afford assistance to the crews of the boats, and afterwards to look for the raft. In her course she had become aware that the crews in the boats had been saved, and had rendered them some succour while coasting the desert. Her search for the raft was at first fruitless, and after cruising about for a number of days, she had turned helm to proceed to Senegal. It was while returning that the party on the raft had seen and lost sight of her. Having reached to within forty leagues of the river, the wind veered to the south-west, and the captain said that he would steer for a short time in that direction ; he tacked accordingly, and was standing towards the raft for about two hours, when those on board descried the vessel on the horizon. This change of course, as we have seen, saved the fifteen unfortunate beings, who at the time did not expect they could hold out four-and-twenty hours

SHIPWRECK OF THE MEDUSA.

longer ; for the last two days had been spent without food, and only a small quantity of wine was left.

As soon as the party were removed to the *Argus*, that vessel steered for Senegal, which it reached next day. In the evening, it moored close to the shore, and on the following morning, the 19th July, anchored in the roads of St Louis.

Thus were fifteen, all who remained alive out of a hundred and fifty individuals left on the wreck, rescued from the death which seemed to await them. Of the fifteen, five died in a short time of the injuries they had sustained ; and the remainder carried on their wounded and emaciated bodies the lasting effects of their protracted sufferings on the raft.

THE WRECK.

It will be recollected that, at the disgraceful scramble in leaving the *Medusa*, seventeen persons, some of them in a state of intoxication, did not depart with their companions in the boats. Lachau-mareys, on quitting the vessel at one of the port-holes, promised to send out succour to them as soon as he should reach the land. To fill up the measure of his depravity, the captain falsified this as well as all his other promises ; and it is not less distressing to know that neither the party generally who escaped in the boats, nor those who afterwards were taken from the raft, gave themselves any concern about their less fortunate brethren in the wreck. It does not appear, from the narrative of M. Corréard, that they would have been thought of, but for the governor Schmaltz wishing to save the specie and provisions which were on board. To secure these articles, a schooner was fitted out, commanded by a lieutenant, and manned by some negro traders and a few passengers. She set sail from Senegal on the 26th of July, that is, seven days after the party saved from the raft had been landed, and seventeen from the time the governor and captain had reached Senegal ; but having provisions for only eight days on board, she was obliged, when that stock was exhausted, to return without having got sight of the frigate : she was afterwards furnished with a sufficiency for twenty-five days, but, being ill found, she returned into port a second time, after having been fifteen days at sea. A delay of ten days now occurred, when she made a third attempt, with a new set of sails, and reached the *Medusa* fifty-two days after it had been abandoned. From the time which had elapsed, it was confidently believed that all who had been left on board the frigate would be dead ; what, therefore, was the astonishment of those in the schooner to find that three of the miserable beings had outlived all their sufferings, and now appeared like spectres to welcome the approach of their countrymen.

The following is the account which these unfortunate men gave of what had occurred on the wreck. When the boats and the raft

SHIPWRECK OF THE MEDUSA.

had left the frigate, the seventeen had collected a sufficient quantity of wine, biscuit, brandy, and bacon for their subsistence during a certain number of days. Whilst this stock lasted they were quiet ; but forty-two days having passed without the arrival of the expected succour, twelve of the most resolute constructed a raft, and, endeavouring to make the land without oars or sails, and but a small quantity of provisions, were drowned. That this was their fate there is no reason for doubting, as the shattered fragments of their raft were some time afterwards thrown on shore by the waves, and picked up by the Moors. Another seaman, who refused to trust for safety to the raft, adopted the strange resolution, a few days after, of placing himself on a hencoop, and in this way tried to reach the shore ; at the distance of half a cable's length, however, the coop upset, and he was drowned.

Four now remained on the wreck, resolved to await death or succour, rather than brave dangers which appeared to them insurmountable. One of them had lately expired when the schooner arrived, and the others were so weak and emaciated, that in a very short time death would have put an end to all their sufferings. They lived in separate corners of the vessel, which they never quitted but to look for food, and this latterly consisted only of tallow and a little bacon. If on these occasions they accidentally met, they used to run at each other with drawn knives ; so completely had selfishness and ferocity stifled that sympathy which fellow-sufferers are generally disposed to feel for one another. It is mentioned as a remarkable fact, worthy of being made known, that as long as these men abstained from strong liquor, they were able to support the hardships of their situation in a surprising manner ; but when they began to drink brandy, their strength daily and rapidly diminished. How these unfortunate beings should have been driven to extremities for food, is not easily accounted for. The *Medusa* contained a large cargo of provisions, and why this store was not reached, is not explained in the original narrative. Perhaps the men did not know of there being barrels of provisions on board ; or they might not have possessed sufficient strength to reach them below other articles in the hold.

On being discovered and removed by the schooner, the three survivors received all the attention which their situation required. This having been attended to, the crew of the schooner proceeded to remove from the frigate everything that could be taken out ; and after having loaded their own vessel with wine, flour, and everything else that was removable, whether public or private property, though without discovering the money, they returned to Senegal.

Those who had been rescued by the boats, and also from the raft, expected that the schooner, besides fetching the public property from the wreck, would bring many articles which they could claim as their own. The crew of the schooner, however, though in the service of the

SHIPWRECK OF THE MEDUSA.

king of France, acted on this occasion the part of pirates: they not only kept and made sale, in the market of St Louis, of articles of value found in the wreck, but robbed the miserable victims whom they had rescued.

The report they gave of the state of the wreck induced the governor to permit merchants to send vessels to bring off more of the goods on board—the proceeds to be equally divided between the government and the adventurers. Four vessels thus set sail, and in a short time brought back a great quantity of flour, salt provisions, brandy, cordage, and other articles, of which there was a fair division.

In concluding this melancholy recital, we almost feel it necessary to assure our readers that what we have been telling them is no dressed-up fiction, but a narrative drawn from authentic sources, and true in every particular. We need scarcely repeat, what must occur to every mind, that nothing in the whole annals of shipwreck equals in infamy the conduct of Lachaumareys, the captain of the *Medusa*, or of the governor Schmaltz, with whom he appears to have acted in concert. Neither, we believe, did ever any disaster by sea or land present such a series of blunders, such want of concert or management, or such a deficiency, among nearly all concerned, of the common feelings of humanity. Shortly after its occurrence, the shipwreck of the *Medusa* created a considerable sensation in Europe, and especially in France. The general feeling was that of horror; but in France, this sentiment was mingled with shame, and every effort was made to prevent the publication of the details by *Corréard*, as well as belief in them after publication. But all was unavailing. The narrative remains trustworthy in all respects—a sad memorial of human suffering and depravity.

THE PICARDS.

The account we have been presenting would be in some measure incomplete without a notice of this unfortunate family; and this we are fortunately able to supply, from the account of the shipwreck written by Mademoiselle Picard. As soon as M. Picard had recovered from the fatigues of his journey across the desert, he expected to be installed in the situation to which he had been appointed before leaving France. An unforeseen difficulty, however, now presented itself. The English resident governor had as yet received no intimation to give up the colony of Senegal to the French. This information distressed the Picards very much; and their affliction was at its height, when Schmaltz, the French governor in expectancy, ordered them to quit the colony, and go and reside at the French establishment at Cape Verd until further orders. From this indignity they were saved by the kindness of the English governor, who, pitying their misfortunes, permitted them to remain;

SHIPWRECK OF THE MEDUSA.

whilst a number less fortunate proceeded to Cape Verd, and there miserably died.

In a short time the French authority was established, but with no advantage to Picard. Of warm and impetuous feelings, he had given deep offence to Schmaltz and other officers of the *Medusa* by the freedom of his remarks on quitting the wreck. These sayings were now meanly remembered against him; and everything that a despicable nature could suggest was done to ruin his prospects. He was, in short, deprived of his situation; and with barely the means of subsistence for his family, he took refuge in a small island, his own property, in the Senegal river, which he proposed to cultivate for the sake of a livelihood. The island was laid out chiefly in crops of cotton—an article more suitable to the climate than were the constitutions of this unfortunate family.

For the space of two or three years the Picards struggled manfully with their fate. Living in a wretched hut, in the midst of a tropical vegetation, they were exposed to continual irritations from insects, and to the more formidable attacks of snakes and wild beasts, which lurked about the neighbourhood. Towards the middle of July 1817, Madame Picard became alarmingly ill, and died. Mademoiselle Picard, who seems to have been a young woman of an energetic and persevering mind, was now the consoler and chief support of the miserable family: she was the educator of her young companions, the manager of the domestic establishment, in which she wrought with her own hands, and, in her father's frequent absence, superintended the labours of a few hired field-negroes. Irsome as this mode of life was, mademoiselle did not repine; her principal distress was a severe headache, which she suffered almost daily from the great heat. At night, after the out-of-door labours of the day, she retired with her two younger brothers into the cottage, and the working negroes brought the cotton which had been collected during the day, after which she set about preparing supper. Assisted by the children, she lighted a fire in the middle of the hut, and kneaded the cakes of millet-flour which were to be the family supper, as well as what were to be used next day. These cakes were baked on an iron shovel, and were usually ready in half an hour: they were far from pleasant to persons who had been accustomed to better fare; but hunger rendered them palatable. Occasionally, they were eaten with a little butter or sour milk.

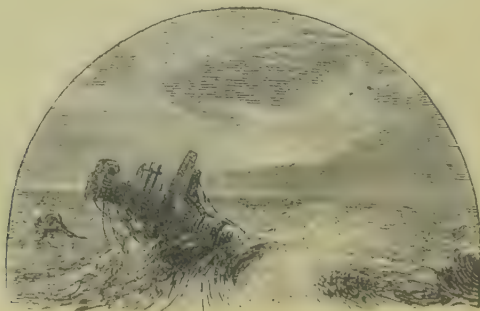
In the morning, all were early at work in the cotton-fields; and the only relaxation from toil was at noon, when the heat of the sun was greatest, also a short period in the evening. From this unvarying round of duties, it was delightful to find relief in the rest of Sunday. On this day, all the family would assemble under the shade of a large baobab tree, while mademoiselle or her sister read a chapter from the evangelists, or from some book likely to inspire them with cheerfulness and resignation. At such times, M. Picard almost

SHIPWRECK OF THE MEDUSA.

forgot his misfortunes, and anticipations of brighter days yet in store would flit across his imagination. His daughters likewise were happy in these family reunions. They began to discover that every condition of life has its peculiar enjoyments. If the labours of the week seemed long and laborious, the Sabbath recompensed them by its calm and its recreations. If life was spent in rustic occupations, there was at least no struggle to keep up appearances : the labour of the fields, the simplicity of dress and manners, all seemed like a return to the primitive ages of the world.

But all this rural enjoyment, if so it might be called, came unexpectedly to an end. The plantation failed to realise the outlay upon it. Wild beasts carried off all the live stock in a single night ; and various other losses occurred, sufficient to depress minds much more hopeful. To bring the family disasters towards a climax, the younger children fell victims to the climate ; and this blow was succeeded by a still greater misfortune—the death of M. Picard. The remaining members of this ill-fated family were now only mademoiselle and her sister Caroline ; their cousin having already returned to France. At this melancholy juncture, M. Dard, a person who had done many acts of kindness to the Picards, and who had for some years followed the profession of a teacher in St Louis, with the greatest delicacy offered his hand and his fortune to mademoiselle ; and this amiable young lady, who had been a pattern to daughters in affliction, was, in accepting his offer, rewarded for all her sufferings. Her sister Caroline afterwards married M. Richard, a botanist who was attached to the agricultural establishment of the colony.

Leaving Senegal with her husband, Madame Dard arrived in France at the close of the year 1820. After a residence in Paris for two months, they reached M. Dard's native place at Bligny-sous-Beaune, in the department of the Côte d'Or, where madame had the happiness of finding new relations, whose tender friendship consoled her in part for the loss of those whom death had taken from her in Africa.





HISTORY OF POLAND.

EARLY HISTORY.

PREVIOUS to the year 1795, there existed in Europe a country called POLAND—a name associated in all minds with ideas of heroism and disaster. Poland is now no more, and many of its people are wanderers. How such should be the case, cannot but be a matter of interest to all reflecting minds, and this we propose to explain in the following pages.

The Poles belong to that variety of the human race called the *Slavonic*. This variety, identical, it is believed, with the Scythians of ancient history, at one time overspread the whole of the southern and eastern parts of Europe, from the shores of the Baltic and the Adriatic as far as the Ural Mountains. A particular branch of this Slavonic stock, divided into a number of tribes, occupied in early times the districts lying about the Vistula and the Oder. One of those tribes, called the Polani, or inhabitants of the *plain* (in Polish, *polska* is a plain), gained the supremacy over the rest, and gave

HISTORY OF POLAND.

their name to the whole body ; and thus was formed the nucleus of a nation, whose territories, at the height of its prosperity, covered an area of 284,000 square miles, or a third more than that of France, with a population of fifteen millions.

Until the end of the tenth century, the Poles were pagans. About this time, however, they were converted to Christianity by missionaries from Germany and Bohemia. Their history after this becomes less obscure ; but it would be an exceedingly unprofitable undertaking to follow them through the incessant wars and civil broils in which they were engaged for the next five centuries. Suffice it to say, that during this period two dynasties reigned successively over Poland—the dynasty of the Piasts, and that of the Jagellons. Under the latter, the country made considerable advances in civilisation. The Poles began to assume a respectable standing in literature ; and the university of Cracow became the most important school in Central Europe. Among the celebrated Polish names of this period is that of the far-famed Nicolas Copernic, or Copernicus, who first promulgated the true notion of the solar system, and who died in 1543.

Commencing our narrative with the end of the sixteenth century, let us first give a general description of the state of society and the mode of government which we find then established among the Poles.

In Poland, as in Russia until quite recently, society consisted but of two classes—nobles and serfs. The noble or privileged class, including a body of clergy, amounted to about 200,000 ; while the great body of the inhabitants numbered several millions. Under the rule of this handful of masters did these millions of serfs till the soil of Poland, and perform all the manual labour of the nation—the severity of their condition being perhaps only modified by the softening influences of the church, which in these barbarous times was the only institution that leaned mercifully towards the poor. The nobles viewed themselves as almost a different order of beings from the common people : their persons were sacred ; and they had the power of life and death over their dependants. Among the serfs or common people there were various ranks and gradations ; but, politically, the great mass of the inhabitants of Poland were a degraded order : they do not make any appearance in what is usually called history ; and what we term Polish history is, in fact, the history of the Polish nobles. The agricultural serfs, who were the most numerous, appear to have been sunk in the lowest depths of ignorance and animalism ; but in the towns, such as Posen, Warsaw, and Bromberg, the serfs, who pursued various crafts, were considerably higher in the scale of civilisation.

The Jagellon dynasty becoming extinct in 1572, the plan of elective monarchy was adopted ; the election being reposed in the hands of the legislature, which consisted of two chambers—the chamber of

HISTORY OF POLAND.

senators or chief nobles, and the chamber of nuncios or representatives of the other nobles; and the king, with these two chambers, constituted the Polish diet. When the king wished to hold a diet or parliament, which was generally every two years, he sent letters-patent to the palatines of the kingdom—that is, the chief officers in each palatinate—stating his intention to hold the diet, and also giving a brief list of the subjects which would come under its consideration. The nobles of the various palatinates then met and elected their deputies, three for each palatinate, giving them at the same time certain instructions for their conduct at the ensuing diet. When the day arrived appointed for the holding of the diet, the king, the senators, and the deputies assembled at the place of meeting, which was usually Warsaw; and the three orders sat in the same hall, some distinctions of etiquette being observed between the superior and inferior nobles, but all enjoying equal legislative influence. Originally, the Polish diets were characterised by honesty and zeal for the general good; but latterly, the members became venal and corrupt. There were also certain absurd customs, the observance of which prevented anything like vigorous government. One of these was the custom of restricting the sittings of the diets to the period of six weeks—a custom which was so rigorously observed, that when the six weeks were ended, the diet would break up in the midst of the most important business. Another absurd regulation was that which obliged every vote to be unanimous—a regulation which compelled the diet to pass not the best measures, but only those which should please everybody. Not only so, but every one of the whole series of measures proposed in the diet required to be passed unanimously, otherwise the whole series fell to the ground. Thus a single negative vote in the sixth week would overturn the whole work of the session. This was called the *liberum veto*.

The king had extremely little power in the diet: his suggestions were as liable to criticism as those of an ordinary member. Besides the deputies from the palatinates, deputies from several of the cities had seats in the diet. The Prussian provinces of Poland had a separate legislature; but on occasions of general importance, such as the election of the king, they sent representatives to the diet.

Such is a sketch of the constitution of Poland as it existed from the sixteenth to the eighteenth century. It was a republic of nobles, governed by a legislature and a chief magistrate of its own choosing; and resting upon a population of serfs, who had no voice in public affairs, but whose business it was to labour for the subsistence of the whole community.

The first king elected according to the new order of things was Henry of Valois, brother to Charles IX. of France. The reign of Henry, however, was short; for his brother, Charles IX., dying in 1574, leaving him his successor, Henry secretly slipped out of Poland,

to take possession of a throne which he thought preferable to that which he already occupied. In July 1575, therefore, the Poles declared the throne vacant, and elected Stephen Bathori, a man of energy and vigorous talent, who had raised himself from the position of a plain Hungarian noble to that of sovereign prince of Transylvania. The glory of Bathori's reign consists in the success with which he maintained a long war against the Russians. Not only did he repel their invasions; he also made several victorious expeditions into the heart of Muscovy, returning with great spoil. No sooner was the war with Muscovy at an end, than he turned his arms against the Tartars of the eastern frontier, and, by means of his cavalry, cleared the Ukraine of these troublesome enemies, annexing its inhabitants, the Cossacks, to the dominion of Poland, and establishing among them some of the arts and institutions of civilised life. In the end of Bathori's reign, the Swedes began to imitate the Russians, and attempt to gain a footing in the Polish territories of the Baltic. Bathori was preparing to make war upon them, when he was cut off by death in the year 1586.

Four candidates now appeared for the throne of Poland—two princes of the House of Austria; Fedor Ivanovitch, the Czar of Muscovy; and Sigismund Vasa, son of John III., king of Sweden. The election, after a struggle, fell upon the last, who accordingly ascended the Polish throne, which he occupied for the long period of forty-five years, during the whole of which the political history of Poland is mixed up with that of Russia and Sweden. This Sigismund was succeeded in 1632 by his son, Wladislas, who was elected without opposition. His reign, which lasted till his death in 1648, was noted for a series of wars with Muscovites, Turks, and Swedes; and that of his brother and successor, John Casimir, was still more distinguished by an invasion of Tartars and Cossacks, united with an outbreak of serfs and rebel nobles. In 1668, John Casimir, whose disposition had always been that of a monk rather than that of a king, resigned his throne, and retired to France, where he died as Abbé de St Germain in 1672. He left the kingdom shorn of a considerable part of its ancient dominions; for, besides that portion of it which had been annexed to Muscovy, Poland sustained another loss in this reign by the erection of the Polish dependency of Brandenburg into an independent state—the germ of the present Prussian kingdom.

For two years after the abdication of John Casimir, the country was in a state of turmoil and confusion, caused partly by the recent calamities, and partly by intrigues regarding the succession; but in 1670, a powerful faction of the inferior nobles secured the election of Michael Wisniowiecki, an amiable but silly young man. His election gave rise to great dissatisfaction among the Polish grandes; and it is probable that a civil war would have broken out, had not the Poles been called upon to use all their energies against their

HISTORY OF POLAND.

old enemies the Turks. Crossing the south-eastern frontier of Poland with an immense army, these formidable foes swept all before them. Polish valour, even when commanded by the greatest of Polish geniuses, was unable to check their progress; and in 1672 a dishonourable treaty was concluded, by which Poland ceded to Turkey a section of her territories, and engaged to pay to the sultan an annual tribute of 22,000 ducats. No sooner was this ignominious treaty concluded, than the Polish nobles became ashamed of it; and it was resolved to break the peace, and challenge Turkey once more to a decisive death-grapple. Luckily, at this moment Wisniowiecki died; and on the 20th of April 1674, the Polish diet elected, as his successor, John Sobieski—a name illustrious in the history of Poland, and on which we may for a moment pause.

JOHN SOBIESKI.

John Sobieski was born, in the summer of 1629, at Olesko, a little place in Black Russia, at the foot of the Carpathian Mountains, on the confines of Lithuania and Poland, and in the centre of the most elevated plateau of these countries. He was of a noble family, his father being castellan of Cracow, and the proprietor of princely estates; and his mother being descended from Zalkiewski, one of the most celebrated generals that Poland had produced. John and an elder brother named Mark spent their early years on their father's estates, and received an education corresponding to their high station. When John was sixteen years of age, the two brothers went to complete their education at Paris, where they served some time in the body-guards of Louis XIV. After a residence of some years in France, the brothers travelled into Italy, and thence into Turkey, then at peace with Poland; and they were in Constantinople at the time when the insurrection of serfs broke out in Poland on the occasion of the Cossack invasion. The two Sobieskis, on receiving intelligence of this insurrection, immediately left Constantinople, and hurried home to commence active service with John Casimir in the loyal Polish army. In one engagement with the Tartars, the elder brother Mark was killed. John continued to serve during the war, rising from rank to rank, till, in the year 1660, he was one of the commanders of the Polish army sent to repel the Russians, who were ravaging the eastern provinces of the kingdom. A great victory which he gained at Slobadyssa over the Muscovite general Sheremetoff, established his military reputation, and from that time the name of Sobieski was known over all Eastern Europe. His fame increased during the six years which followed, till he outshone all his contemporaries. He was created by his sovereign, John Casimir, first the Grand-marshal, and afterwards the Grand-hetman of the kingdom; the first being the highest civil, and the second the highest military, dignity in Poland, and the two having never

before been held in conjunction by the same individual. These dignities, having once been conferred on Sobieski, could not be revoked; for, by the Polish constitution, the king, though he had the power to confer honours, was not permitted to resume them.

In 1667, a second army of Cossacks and Tartars invaded Poland, and the task of repelling them devolved on Sobieski, as Grand-hetman. Raising at his own expense an army of 20,000 men, he marched to meet the invaders. His efforts were successful; the Cossacks and Tartars, baffled and defeated, were obliged to sue for peace; and the Polish republic, which all Europe had expected to see extinguished, owed its deliverance to Sobieski.

When John Casimir abdicated the throne, Sobieski, retaining his office of Grand-hetman under his successor, the feeble Wisniowiecki, was commander-in-chief of the Polish forces against the Turks. In the campaigns of 1671 and 1672, his successes against this powerful enemy were almost miraculous. But all his exertions were insufficient, in the existing condition of the republic, to deliver it from the terror of the impetuous Mussulmans. In 1672, as we have already informed our readers, a disgraceful truce was concluded between the Polish diet and the sultan. The republic was now racked by internal convulsions; nobles, serfs, and clergy contending with each other, and a large faction of the nobility being inclined to dethrone Wisniowiecki, and attempt a complete revolution in the government. With this party Sobieski had no sympathy; and finding that his services at Warsaw were of no avail, he retired to his estates.

Meanwhile the revolutionary party were busy at Warsaw. They had formed themselves (as was customary among the Polish nobles, when they aimed at any object which could not be discussed in a diet) into a body called the Royal Confederation, and were proceeding to carry out their plans for remodelling the constitution. Before this self-elected body, some private enemy of Sobieski impeached him as a traitor. They summoned him to Warsaw to defend himself. Sobieski came—accompanied, however, by a retinue of the highest nobles, and some regiments of horse. The court and the accuser were abashed. Sobieski, acting in his capacity as Grand-marshal of Poland, denounced the Royal Confederation as illegal, and insisted on its being changed into a constitutional diet. The demand was complied with. The men who had joined in accusing him were now the most lavish in his praises, as a ‘hero into whom the souls of all preceding heroes had passed;’ he was triumphantly acquitted of all the charges that had been brought against him; and the man who had impeached him was condemned to death. When, in conclusion, Sobieski, as Grand-hetman, advised the immediate rupture of the dishonourable treaty with the Turks, their approval was unanimous and enthusiastic.

Raising an army of 30,000 men, not without difficulty, Sobieski

marched against the Turks. He laid siege to the fortress of Kotzim, garrisoned by a strong Turkish force, and hitherto deemed impregnable. The fortress was taken; the provinces of Moldavia and Walachia yielded; the Turks hastily retreated across the Danube; and 'Europe thanked God for the most signal success which, for three centuries, Christendom had gained over the Infidel.' While the Poles were preparing to follow up their victory, intelligence reached the camp that Wisniowiecki was dead. He had died of a surfeit of apples sent him from Danzig. The army returned home, to be present at the assembling of the diet for the election of the new sovereign.

The diet had already met when Sobieski, and those of the Polish nobles who had been with him, reached Warsaw. The electors were divided respecting the claims of two candidates, both foreigners—Charles of Lorraine, who was supported by Austria; and Philip of Neuburg, who was supported by Louis XIV. of France. Many of the Polish nobility had become so corrupt, that foreign gold and foreign influence ruled the diet. In this case, the Austrian candidate seemed to be most favourably received; but, as the diet was engaged in the discussion, Sobieski entered, and taking his place in the diet, proposed the Prince of Condé. A stormy discussion ensued, in the midst of which the cry of 'Let a Pole rule over Poland,' was raised by one of the nobles, who further proposed that John Sobieski should be elected. The proposition went with the humour of the assembly, and Sobieski, under the title of John III., was proclaimed king of Poland (1674).

Sobieski accepted the proffered honour, and immediately set about improving the national affairs, founding an institution for the education of Polish nobles, and increasing the army. The nation being placed in a critical position as respects the encroachments of the Turks, at that time a powerful and dreaded enemy in Europe, the leading idea of Sobieski was to attack, and, by a series of movements, drive this Asiatic people out of their possessions, and, if possible, restore the Byzantine empire. Such was the magnificent scheme to the execution of which he devoted himself, and in which he endeavoured to engage the co-operation of the great European powers. As the Turks had already threatened to invade Italy, and seize on Rome, as they had formerly done on Constantinople, the pope, as was natural, seems most eagerly to have entered into his views.

After several battles of lesser moment with his Turkish foes, Sobieski prepared for a grand effort; but before he could mature his plans, the Pasha of Damascus appeared with an army of 300,000 men on the Polish frontier, and threatened the national subjugation. With the small force he could immediately collect, amounting to not more than 10,000 soldiers, Sobieski opposed this enormous force, taking up his position in two small villages on the banks of the Dniester, where he withstood a bombardment for twenty days. Food

HISTORY OF POLAND.

and ammunition had failed, but still the Poles held out. Gathering the balls and shells which the enemy threw within their intrenchments, they thrust them into their own cannons and mortars, and dashed them back against the faces of the Turks, who surrounded them on all sides at the distance of a musket-shot. The besiegers were surprised, and slackened their fire. At length, early in the morning of the 14th of October 1676, they saw the Poles issue slowly out of their intrenchments in order of battle, and apparently confident of victory. A superstitious fear came over them at such a strange sight. No ordinary mortal, they thought, could dare such a thing; and the Tartars cried out that it was useless to fight against the wizard king. The pasha himself was superior to the fears of his men; but knowing that succours were approaching from Poland, he offered an honourable peace, which was accepted, and Sobieski returned home in triumph.

Seven years of peace followed. These were spent by Sobieski in performing his ordinary duties as king of Poland—duties which the constant jealousies and discords of the nobles rendered by no means easy. He found himself especially checked in all that he undertook by the inordinate and morbid love of independence which animated the Polish nobles, and prevented them from agreeing in measures which, however salutary for the nation, might have a tendency to increase the power of the king. He also felt particularly the defects of the Polish constitution; above all, the preposterous arrangement, that every act of the diet must be passed unanimously. Struggling against these political vexations, Sobieski had an additional torment in his domestic relations; his wife, a Frenchwoman, giving him daily uneasiness by her conduct. It was almost a relief to the hero when, in 1683, a threatened invasion of Christendom by the Turks called him again to the field.

The Turks had been long preparing this invasion, resolved that it should surpass in magnitude all previous ones. The point of Christendom against which the attack was to be directed was not Poland, but Austria. The subtle genius of Louis XIV. of France was concerned in this: he had intrigued with the sultan, in order that, by means of a Turkish invasion, he might weaken those European nations to whose interests he was unfriendly; and that the invasion might be the more successful, he was at this moment endeavouring to excite a conspiracy among the Polish nobles, with a view to the deposition of Sobieski, of whom alone the Turks stood in dread. The intrigue was discovered by means of a letter to Louis from the French ambassador, which Sobieski intercepted. Summoning a diet, he read the letter, which implicated several nobles present in the conspiracy; but cunningly expressed his belief that the charge against them was a forgery. 'But,' added he, 'to convince the world that it is so, you must declare war against the Turks.' War was accordingly declared.

HISTORY OF POLAND.

Meanwhile the Turks, under the vizier, Kara Mustapha, were scouring the plains of Hungary. All Europe was in consternation when it was discovered that they were marching against the Austrian capital, Vienna. The Emperor Leopold fled, with his court, leaving his dominions to be defended by Charles, Duke of Lorraine, who had been Sobieski's rival for the Polish throne. On the 15th of July the siege of Vienna was begun. Who now could save Christendom but Sobieski? Courier after courier was despatched by the pope and by the emperor to implore his assistance. Austria being no friend to Poland, and having in various ways deserved ill at the hands of Sobieski, it was feared he would refuse his help, and leave Vienna to its fate. But in the soul of Sobieski hatred to the Turks was a profound and earnest feeling, to which all mere personal animosity, all mere political reasoning, gave way. He could not, he dared not remain at ease, and see a Christian city besieged by Mohammedans. Assembling his forces, he marched to Vienna; all Europe looking with anxiety for the result.

At Heilbronn, Sobieski joined his forces with those of the Duke of Lorraine; and on the 11th of September 1683, the allied army reached the summit of the Calenburg, from which were seen the towers of Vienna, and far spreading round the city, the gilded tents of the Turkish army. On the 12th of September, having heard mass, and communicated—a pious practice which he never neglected when a battle was impending—the king descended the mountain, to encounter the dense hosts of the Moslems on the plains below. ‘The shouts of the Christian army bore to the enemy the dreaded name of Sobieski. The latter were driven to their intrenchments after some time. On contemplating these works, Sobieski deemed them too strong and too formidably defended to be forced. Five o’clock in the afternoon had sounded, and he had given up for the day all hope of the grand struggle, when the provoking composure of Kara Mustapha, whom he espied in a splendid tent, tranquilly taking coffee with his two sons, roused him to such a pitch that he instantly gave orders for a general assault. It was made simultaneously on the wings and centre. He made towards the pasha’s tent, bearing down all opposition, and repeating with a loud voice: “*Non nobis, non nobis, Domine exercituum, sed nomini tuo da gloriam*”—(Not unto us, not unto us, Lord of Hosts, but to thy name be the glory). He was soon recognised by Tartar and Cossack, who had so often beheld him blazing in the van of the Polish chivalry. They drew back, while his name rapidly passed from one extremity to the other of the Ottoman lines, to the dismay of those who had refused to believe him present. “Allah,” said the Tartar khan, “but the wizard is with them sure enough.” At that moment the hussars, raising their national cry of “God for Poland!” cleared a ditch which would long have arrested the infantry, and dashed into the ranks of the enemy. They were a

gallant band : their appearance almost justified the saying of one of their kings, that "if the sky itself were to fall, they would bear it up on the points of their lances." The shock was rude, and for some minutes doubtful ; but the valour of the Poles, still more the reputation of their leader, routed these immense hosts. They gave way on every side ; the khan was borne along with the stream to the tent of the now despairing vizier. "Canst not *thou* help me?" said Mustapha to the brave Tartar : "then I am lost indeed." "The Polish king is there," replied the other ; "I know him well. Did I not tell thee that all we could do was to get away as quickly as possible?" Still the vizier attempted to make a stand—in vain. With tears in his eyes, he embraced his sons, and, following the universal example, fled. Europe was saved.*

After this great victory, Sobieski and his troops entered Vienna, and divine service was performed in the cathedral. Sobieski was kneeling on the steps of the altar, when a priest read aloud the text from Scripture—'There was a man sent from God, whose name was John.' The effect upon the audience was electrical ; they acknowledged the application by marks of vehement emotion. The whole Christian world responded to the sentiment. 'Protestants as well as Catholics caught the enthusiasm. Every pulpit, at Mentz as at Venice, in England as in Spain, resounded with the praises of the victor. At Rome the rejoicings continued a whole month. Innocent XI., bathed in tears of gratitude and joy, remained for hours prostrate before a crucifix.' Christendom was saved from a Mohammedan conquest ; and the hero to whom all the nations of Europe attributed the glorious achievement was John Sobieski.

After completely clearing Austria of the Turks, Sobieski returned to Poland, again to be harassed with political and domestic annoyances. To such a height did the spirit of anarchy reach, that not only were all his efforts for the good of the country thwarted, but he himself became the object of calumny. He was called a tyrant, a traitor, a destroyer of liberty ; he was even challenged by one of his nobles to fight a duel. In this anarchy Sobieski saw too fearfully foreshadowed the downfall of Poland. At the close of the diet of 1688, he addressed the assembled nobles in these foreboding words : 'I am no believer in auguries ; but, as a Christian, I believe that the power and justice of Him who made the universe regulates the destinies of states. Wherever, therefore, during the lifetime of the prince, crime is attempted with impunity, where altar is raised against altar, and strange gods followed under the very eye of the true one, there I believe the vengeance of the Most High has already begun its work.' Sobieski then expressed a wish to resign his throne. His nobles, alarmed and conscience-stricken, persuaded him to retain it. The remaining years of his life, embittered by

* *Foreign Quarterly Review*, vol. vii.

HISTORY OF POLAND.

family griefs and by sad anticipations of his country's fortune, were spent in the cultivation of literature and in religious exercises. Clogged and confined by an absurd system of government, to which the nobles tenaciously clung, his genius was prevented from employing itself with effect upon great national objects. He died suddenly on Corpus Christi Day, in the year 1696; and 'with him,' says the historian, 'the glory of Poland descended to the tomb.'

SWEDISH AND RUSSIAN DOMINATION.

On the death of Sobieski, the crown of Poland was disposed of to the highest bidder. The competitors were James Sobieski, the son of John; the Prince of Conti; the Elector of Bavaria; and Frederick Augustus, Elector of Saxony. The last was the successful candidate, having bought over one half of the Polish nobility, and terrified the other half by the approach of his Saxon troops. He had just succeeded to the electorate of Saxony, and was already celebrated as one of the strongest and most handsome men in Europe.

Augustus entertained a great ambition to be a conqueror, and the particular province which he wished to annex to Poland was Livonia, on the Baltic—a province which had originally belonged to the Teutonic Knights; for which the Swedes, Poles, and Russians had long contended; but which had now, for nearly a century, been in the possession of Sweden. The Czar of Russia, Peter the Great, had also a craving for a slice of Swedish territory; and the two monarchs concluded an alliance, by which Russia and Poland were bound to assist each other in shattering the power of Sweden, and wresting from her all her provinces on the shores of the Baltic and the Gulf of Finland. In prosecution of this scheme, Augustus marched into Livonia, and laid siege to Riga.

But the two monarchs, when they resolved to crush Sweden, had little calculated on the resistance they would meet with. The Swedish throne was then filled by Charles XII., a lad of seventeen, who as yet had exhibited no symptoms of extraordinary ability, and was noted only for his love of hardy sports, and a strange, wild obstinacy of disposition. But when intelligence reached Sweden that Riga was besieged, and that the czar and the Polish king were leagued together for the purpose of curtailing the Swedish power, the sleeping lion was roused within him. From that moment Charles XII. became the terror of Europe. Abandoning pleasure, ease, study, comfort, nay, even all the ordinary conveniences of life, wearing the coarsest clothes, 'the waistcoat and breeches of leather, and so greasy that they might be fried,' dispensing with the use of a comb, and spreading his bread and butter at meals with his thumbs, he devoted himself from that time to war, and war only.

Augustus had roused an enemy of a far more formidable character than he was at first aware of. Compelled, by the activity of Charles

HISTORY OF POLAND.

—who had already fought his maiden battle against the Russians—to raise the siege of Riga, he withdrew into Poland. Livonia was speedily re-occupied by the Swedes, who defeated and expelled the Saxon forces of Augustus. Augustus at first hoped to make up his losses by the assistance of the Polish army; but the Poles, divided amongst themselves, and incensed at the conduct of Augustus, in bringing them into a war which they would have wished to avoid, as well as in introducing so many Saxons into Poland, shewed no alacrity in co-operating with him, but, on the contrary, seemed perfectly disposed to admit the Swedish troops into the kingdom. The senate even resolved to send an embassy to Charles in Lithuania in the name of the Polish republic; and Charles, though he had refused to treat with Augustus, expressed his willingness to receive an embassy from the nation. As, however, the ambassadors were cautious and prevaricating, and did not appear sufficiently submissive, Charles did not make any answer to their proposals, but said he would give one at the gates of Warsaw. Accordingly, quitting Lithuania, he marched into Poland, and on the 5th of May 1702 arrived at Warsaw, from which Augustus had just taken his departure, with a view to raise some troops in Saxony. Charles had an interview with Radjowski the primate, in which he declared that ‘he would never give the Poles peace till they had elected another king.’ It was not long before he accomplished his wish. Pursuing Augustus from one place to another, and defeating him wherever the two armies came to an engagement, he at length expelled him from the kingdom, and forced the diet to pass a resolution ‘declaring Augustus, Elector of Saxony, incapable of wearing the crown of Poland.’

It was intended both by Charles and by the Radjowski party in Poland that James Sobieski should be elected king; but this intention was frustrated by a bold step on the part of the dethroned Augustus, who succeeded in carrying off Sobieski from his residence at Breslau. Alexander Sobieski, the brother of James, was then thought of; but he declined the offer, refusing to obtain a crown by his brother’s misfortune. The Polish diet sent to consult Charles as to what should be done in this dilemma. Their ambassador was Stanislas Lesczinski, the young palatine of Posnania, son of Raphael Lesczinski, Grand-treasurer of Poland, the descendant and representative of a House so illustrious in ancient Polish history, that it was said that ‘he who did not know the family of the Lesczinskis, knew nothing of Poland.’ The young palatine so pleased the Swedish king, that he resolved to appoint him to the vacant throne, as a ‘man fitter than any he had seen to reconcile all parties.’ Lesczinski was accordingly elected without opposition on the 12th of July 1704.

For nearly two years, a contest was carried on between the two rival kings of Poland; at length, however, Augustus was reduced

to such straits that he was obliged to accept whatever terms Charles chose to offer. The sum of these was, that he should abdicate all pretension to the Polish crown now and for ever. Augustus was forced to comply; and after an interview with Charles at Guntersdorf, in which the conqueror would converse about nothing but a pair of jack-boots, which he said had lasted him six years, he wrote a humble letter to his rival Stanislas, congratulating him on his accession to the crown, and expressing a hope that his subjects would be more faithful to their new king than they had been to the old one. He then withdrew into Saxony, and gave up all connection with Poland.

Having thus settled the affairs of Poland, Charles, after displaying his influence in various parts of Germany, prepared for a decisive struggle with his grand enemy the Czar of Russia, a man as extraordinary as himself, and of much greater genius. Hitherto, in the battles between the Russians and the Swedes, the Swedes had almost always gained the victory; but for this, Peter, who knew that the Swedish superiority lay in their discipline, and who was resolved to make good soldiers out of his own half-savage subjects, was quite prepared. 'I know,' he used to say, 'the Swedes will go on beating us for a long time; but with such capital teaching, we shall be able at last to beat them.' Now, however, Charles was resolved to invade Russia, and dethrone the czar as he had the Polish king. Marching in the dead of winter through the Ukraine, the inhabitants of which had revolted from the czar, he announced his intention of proceeding straight to Moscow. To the hardy Swedes, trained under such a captain, no climate was too severe, no enterprise too arduous. The czar, who no doubt knew that the military education he meant to give his subjects was not yet complete, shewed some symptoms of alarm; and wishing to defer the invasion, sent some pacific proposals to the Swedish monarch. 'I will treat with the czar at Moscow,' was the reply. When this reply was reported to Peter, 'My brother Charles,' said he, 'still sticks, I see, to the notion of acting Alexander; but I flatter myself he will not find a Darius in me.'

Charles did *not* find a Darius in the Russian czar: the expedition to Moscow proved as fatal to him as it did to Napoleon a hundred years afterwards. He had penetrated to within a hundred leagues of Moscow, when the failure of provisions obliged him to turn aside from the direct road into the country inhabited by the Cossacks; and here, on the 8th of July 1709, was fought the great battle of Pultowa, in which the czar was victorious, and the Swedes were totally routed. Charles having in this one battle lost the fruits of all his former victories, fled into the Turkish dominions, where, attended by a few Poles and Swedes, he remained for nearly four years, notwithstanding all the efforts of the sultan and his council to induce him to depart. His obstinacy, which obtained for him the

name of the *Iron Head*, would not allow him to return to Sweden until he had redeemed part of his losses, and he hoped to persuade the Turks to send an army to invade Russia.

The battle of Pultowa changed the fate of Europe, and in a particular manner that of Poland. Augustus, freed from the fear of the Swedish king, now an exile in Turkey, and having obtained leave from the pope to break his oath abdicating the Polish crown, immediately advanced into Poland; and his rival, Stanislas Lesczinski, too weak to meet him, was obliged to quit the country, and joined his master in Turkey, where he was detained a prisoner by the Turks. On his release, he retired to an estate granted him by Charles; and little else remains to be related about him, except that his daughter became queen of France, having married Louis XV. He died in 1766, and left several published works.

Augustus II. was now, for the second time, king of Poland. The change was by no means an advantageous one for the country. True, Stanislas had been a mere nominee of Charles XII., and Poland, under him, had been little better than a Swedish province; still Charles had been a generous master; and the restoration of Augustus, instead of bringing back independence to Poland, had only placed it under the harsher and less tolerable domination of Russia. Augustus was not popular among his Polish subjects, and it was only by the assistance of foreign powers that he retained his throne. Of all these powers, Russia possessed the greatest appetite for conquest. Poland was a country upon which Russia had already fixed her greedy eye; and the first step towards its acquisition was the reduction of the national Polish army from 100,000 to 20,000 men. This and other measures were carried by Augustus II., at the prompting of Russia. 'Augustus II.,' says a Polish historian, 'brought peace to Poland, but it was the peace of the tomb.'

He died in 1733, and was succeeded by his son, Augustus III. Like his father, Augustus III. was both king of Poland and Elector of Saxony. As king of Poland, he shewed even less capacity than his father. As he owed the crown to Russian influence, so, during his whole reign, Russian influence was supreme. Augustus usually resided in Dresden, his Saxon capital, where he obtained some reputation as a person of taste and a patron of the fine arts; and as St Petersburg was more truly the centre of the Polish government than Dresden, the Russian capital became the resort of the Poles. Augustus III. died at Dresden in 1763. His daughter, Maria Josepha, became the wife of the Dauphin of France, and the mother of three French monarchs—the unfortunate Louis XVI., and his brothers Louis XVIII. and Charles X.

About a year elapsed before a successor was appointed to Augustus, and this interval was, as usual, one of anarchy and confusion. There were at this time two parties among the Polish grandees—the Radzivil, or republican party, who were for keeping

up the government of Poland in its existing republican form ; and the Czartoryski, or monarchical party, who perceived the evils arising from such a system of government, and wished to change it into a well-organised monarchy. The former relied on German and French influence ; the latter looked for help from Russia. Mixed up with these political differences, there were differences of a religious kind. The power of the Jesuits had of late been increasing in Poland, and in 1736 they were able to procure an act of the Polish diet, depriving dissenters of access to public offices, and of many other important civil rights ; in fact, reducing them to the same level as the Polish Jews. Ever since that time, the spirit of religious controversy had run high in Poland. The Czartoryski party inclined to the Roman Catholic side ; the Radzivil party were in favour of the toleration of Protestants.

The Czartoryski party triumphed over the other in the election of the new king. With the assistance of a Russian force, which Catharine II. of Russia sent into Poland, they secured the election of Count Stanislas Poniatowski, a relative of the Czartoryski family, and a favourite of the Russian empress. At the same diet the Czartoryski party effected several salutary reforms in the Polish constitution, abolishing, among other things, the absurd custom by which the *veto* of a single member was permitted to dissolve the diet. Altogether, they effected a very desirable revolution in the Polish political system, although the merit of what they did is greatly detracted from by the fact, that they procured at the same time a more stringent act against dissenters.

No sooner had Count Poniatowski, under the title of Stanislas Augustus, ascended the Polish throne—the last who was to ascend it—than the Russian empress found that the changes which the Czartoryski party had effected with her help were injurious to her influence over Poland ; and Catharine was not a woman to suffer any loss of power. She had a good pretext for interfering in the affairs of Poland, inasmuch as Russia was one of the European powers which had guaranteed the treaty of Oliva in 1660, by which the Polish Protestants were secured liberty of conscience. As soon as Poniatowski was crowned, Russia, along with Prussia, Denmark, and Great Britain, remonstrated with the Polish diet against its recent act of bigotry, by which the dissenters were excluded from civil rights. The Polish Protestants, as well as those who, without being Protestants, were in favour of toleration, of course felt themselves indebted to Russia, and supported the Russian interests. In this way, partly by the growth of a Russian party in the Polish diet, partly by the terror caused by the presence of Russian troops, all the reforms of the Czartoryski party were annulled, and the old constitution revived. The Catholic party, however, headed by the Bishop of Cracow, was still strong enough to prevent the repeal of the act against dissenters ; and it was not till after a severe struggle,

HISTORY OF POLAND.

during which the bishop and some other principal men of the Catholic party were carried off by Russian detachments, and sent to Siberia, that the intolerant statute was abolished. At length, in 1768, Russia succeeded in becoming absolute in Poland, and ruling the diet. Poniatowski was a mere underling of Catharine ; he encouraged literature, and did as much good as his position allowed, but he was not an independent sovereign.

Here may be said to close the history of Poland as an independent country, and we may be allowed to take a momentary glance at its condition. Consisting of a large and fertile territory, with a fine climate, and traversed by magnificent rivers ; independent also, and capable of maintaining a respectable footing in the list of nations, this unfortunate country appears to have at no time pursued a tranquil and prosperous career. All the blessings which nature lavished upon it were unable to give it happiness. There was clearly but one cause for this—its wretched political constitution. The principle of electing its kings introduced endless cabals and commotions ; and although occasionally governed by a man like Sobieski, the nation was in point of fact under the thralldom of one of the least intelligent and most intractable oligarchies the world has ever seen. The natural consequences of this species of misrule were now manifest. A foreign power, urged by ambition, and with the plausible excuse of securing toleration in religion, had succeeded in undermining Polish independence. Though leaving Poland its king and other externals of an independent nation, Russia was now the actual ruler of the state.

PARTITIONING AND FINAL DISMEMBERMENT OF POLAND.

There were not wanting patriotic spirits who watched with grief the increase of Russian influence, and were resolved to make Poland again independent. These patriots, consisting of the relics of the Czarotorski party, and of all the chief Catholic nobles, formed themselves into a confederacy, called the Confederacy of Bar ; and from 1768 to 1771, they kept the country in a state of civil war, by incessantly fighting with the Russian troops who surrounded the king, as well as with those of their fellow-countrymen who, being Protestants, adhered to Russia. In these engagements the confederates were always beaten by the Russians ; until, in 1771, being reinforced by secret assistance from France, they were able to act more vigorously, and even to gain partial successes. Russia, however, obtained speedy assistance from her allies, Prussia and Austria ; and the confederates were utterly crushed by the joint armies of these three powers. Thus were the last hopes of Polish independence destroyed.

The introduction of foreign troops proved disastrous. Frederick II. of Prussia had long coveted the western portion of Poland, and

HISTORY OF POLAND.

had already, in the course of the recent disturbances, filled it with Prussian troops. Seeing, however, now that the war was concluded, that he would be obliged to relinquish his prize, unless he could persuade his two allies, Russia and Austria, to allow him to retain it, he planned the partition of Poland—that is, the cutting off from Poland a large portion of her territories, to be divided among the three allied powers. He was to retain for himself those provinces on which he had already set his heart, and Russia and Austria were to select what other portions they liked best. This proposal was made first to the emperor of Austria, and then to the empress of Russia; and a satisfactory agreement having been come to, a treaty was signed by the plenipotentiaries of the three powers in February 1772, by which Poland was to be deprived of 82,000 square miles of her territory, or nearly one-third of the whole. Although Great Britain, France, Sweden, and Denmark protested against this monstrous act of usurpation, yet, as their interference amounted to nothing but a protest, the allies persevered in carrying their plan into execution. To give a colour of legality to their proceedings, they assembled the Polish diet in April 1773, and caused the scheme to be submitted to it. Many of the senators and nuncios behaved nobly on the occasion; the king was resolute in behalf of independence; but at length threats and bribery prevailed, and the act of dismemberment was passed.

This calamity would have been a matter of little consequence, if it had restored the Poles to unanimity, and opened their eyes to their own faults and follies. It failed in any such effect. Instead of laying aside minor differences, and uniting against the common enemy, the nobles still squabbled and set up divisions; and not a few of them, to their great disgrace, accepted bribes from their oppressors. Yet, with every vile influence that could be brought to bear, the nation generally was indignant, and for twenty years entertained hopes of recovering its lost territory and independent position. Among the nobles, there were many patriotic and enlightened men laboriously exerting themselves, by means of personal influence and political confederacy, as well as through the press, to reanimate the national spirit. Under the auspices of these men a reaction was begun, which succeeded so far, that, in the year 1791, a new constitution was agreed upon by the diet. In this new constitution many of the old forms were purposely preserved; but the reform which it aimed at effecting was a very sweeping one, as may be judged by the following selection from its provisions. Slavery was to be abolished, and every inhabitant of Poland to become a free man; the Roman Catholic religion was to be established by law, but all other forms of worship were to be tolerated; instead of a single diet as heretofore, there were to be two legislative chambers, one of senators, the other of representatives; these parliaments were to meet at any time, and were not to be restricted in the length of their sittings,

HISTORY OF POLAND.

and the *liberum veto* was to be abolished; the free royal towns were to have municipal governments; and the king, instead of being elective, was henceforth to be hereditary—the Saxon line to succeed after the death of Poniatowski.

These proposals for reform came a hundred years too late. Poland was already in the jaws of destruction. Russia, which watched the proceedings of the diet, resolved to interfere; nor were there wanting among the Poles men corrupt enough to be her agents. Catharine sent her armies into Poland; the king of Prussia, who was pledged to assist the patriots, deserted them in their extremity; the Russian party among the Polish nobility exerted their strength; the feeble Stanislas betrayed the trust reposed in him—and the work of the grand diet was overthrown. Not only so, but, to punish Poland for rebelling against her Prussian master and her Russian mistress, a second partition of her territories took place in 1793, by which she lost 118,000 square miles of her remaining territory, 22,000 of which were annexed to Prussia, and the other 96,000 to Russia. The Polish territories were thus reduced to less than one-third of their ancient extent.

One struggle more, the last and the bravest, and Poland was to be blotted from the map of Europe. The two names most illustrious in this final struggle, or at least best known in connection with it, are Julian Ursin Niemcewicz and Thaddeus Kosciuszko, both of them Lithuanians, the one born in 1757, the other in 1746. Kosciuszko, when a young officer in the Polish army, had formed an attachment to Louisa Sosnowski, daughter of Joseph Sosnowski, Grand-marshal of Lithuania. Her parents forbidding her union with one whose rank was so inferior to her own, she consented to elope with him. The lovers were pursued and overtaken; Kosciuszko drew his sword, but was overpowered, and left on the ground weltering in his blood, all that remained to him of his bride being a white handkerchief which she had dropped, and which ever afterwards, by day and night, and in the hottest hour of battle, he carried next his heart. Kosciuszko went to America, where the war of independence was then raging; and after serving with distinction on the side of the colonists, and attaining the rank of general of brigade, he returned to his native country, where, being created major-general in the Polish army by Stanislas, he fought in behalf of the independence of Poland. In 1792, when the Russians had completely crushed the power of Poland, he retired into exile at Leipsic, where he was when the second partition took place. His friend and co-patriot, Niemcewicz, was not only a soldier, like Kosciuszko, but likewise a poet and a statesman—one of the highest names in the history of Polish literature. He had been a member of the great diet which prepared the new constitution, and had exerted his powers, both as a journalist and as a dramatist, to inspire his countrymen with the same ardent enthusiasm which

burned in his own breast. But the poetical genius of Niemcewicz was not more effective against the Russian power than the valour of his friend Kosciuszko ; and before the second partition took place, he had retired into Italy.

Kosciuszko at Leipsic, and Niemcewicz in Italy, were looking eagerly towards Poland, watching for an opportunity of once more raising the standard of independence, when intelligence was brought them that, in consequence of the second partition, the whole country, and especially the capital, Warsaw, was in a ferment. Hurrying from Leipsic, Kosciuszko appeared at Cracow on the 24th of March 1794, at the head of a small band of patriots. The news spread—‘Kosciuszko is here!’ nobles and citizens, peasants and handicraftsmen, poured in to join him ; ladies tore off their jewels to furnish the means of sustaining the revolt ; many of them even armed themselves to fight by the side of their husbands. Kosciuszko was created by the nobles general-in-chief of the Polish armies ; and the whole country became the scene of a terrible war. On the first rumour of the insurrection, Niemcewicz had hastened to join his friend. The struggle lasted six months. At first, the Poles gained considerable successes ; the Russians were driven out of Warsaw and many other places ; but on the 10th of October 1794, was fought the fatal battle of Maciejowice, in which the Poles were completely defeated, and Kosciuszko, Niemcewicz, and many other eminent patriots, taken prisoners. We shall copy the description of this last battle given by the pen of Niemcewicz himself in his *Notes on my Captivity in Russia*.

Receiving intelligence that the Russian army, under General Fersen, had crossed the Vistula near the village of Maciejowice, twenty Polish, or about eighty-four English miles from Warsaw, Kosciuszko resolved to give him battle, in order to prevent him from joining Suvorof. When he reached the spot, Kosciuszko found that some troops which he expected to join him had not done so ; but he could not avoid the battle. ‘On Friday the 10th October, at break of day, we were informed,’ says Niemcewicz, ‘that all the enemy’s army was advancing towards us in battle-array. Our little army stood in readiness to receive them. As the enemy had cannon of larger caliber than ours, they opened fire upon us at a great distance ; and their large balls, passing through the brambles, and smashing the boughs of trees with dreadful noise, were falling among us. We had only three or four twelve-pounders, and as soon as the enemy were within the proper distance, we fired upon them ; and with such effect that we could see their columns wavering, and panic spreading through their ranks. Our position was on a dry and elevated piece of ground, while the Russians were advancing over marshes, in which cannon and men were sinking at every step. The Russians seemed at one time to be on the point of giving up the attack, and retreating. But it proved soon to be quite the

HISTORY OF POLAND.

contrary: the enemy, four times stronger than we, and having a large park of artillery, were not discouraged by the disadvantages of the *terrain*, but continued to advance. Their fire became more and more rapid; a shower of balls of every size, grape-shot, and grenades, spreading, as they burst, death on all sides, overwhelmed us.

'About twelve o'clock the fire became still more terrible: death was flying and striking everywhere: nearly all our artillery-horses were killed or maimed. Not one of us, however, left his place. The enemy were already within musket-shot, when the infantry began a terrible fire on both sides: the ground was covered with dead and wounded, and the air resounded with their groanings. The shower of bullets, with their shrill whistling, was so incessant, that I do not know how any of us escaped. In the meantime the ammunition was exhausted, and our artillery became entirely silent.

'While I was looking everywhere for General Kosciuszko, the loss of blood weakened me, and the sword fell from my hand. An officer seeing me in this condition, undid his neckcloth, and tied it round my arm. I found the general at last, engaged in rallying a small detachment of cavalry. His horse was killed by a cannon-shot, and he had just mounted another, when suddenly a new corps of the enemy's horse shewed itself on our front. We attacked and repulsed them; but all the Russian light dragoons soon rushed upon us; the Cossacks took us on the flanks: our little army gave way; and every one, for safety, betook himself to flight as well as he could, the wood promising to cover our retreat. I saw myself surrounded by a band of Cossacks. I had no sword; my pistols were discharged; and I could not raise my arm. They seized my horse by the bridle, and thus I was taken prisoner.'

Kosciuszko had fallen in leaping his horse over a ditch; he was taken prisoner, after having received terrible wounds. Niemcewicz describes his appearance when brought to the Russian head-quarters among the other prisoners. 'Between four and five o'clock in the evening we saw a detachment of soldiers approaching headquarters, and carrying upon a handbarrow, hastily constructed, a man half-dead. This was General Kosciuszko. His head and body covered with blood, contrasted in a dreadful manner with the livid paleness of his face. He had on his head a large wound from a sword, and three on his back above the loins, from the thrusts of a pike. He could scarcely breathe, and lay in a stupor. I spent the most miserable night that it could fall to the lot of mortal to endure. The dawn dissipated at last the horrible darkness. General Kosciuszko awoke like a man who had been in a profound lethargy, and seeing me wounded by his side, asked me what was the matter, and where we were. "Alas!" said I, "we are prisoners of the Russians."'

Kosciuszko, Niemcewicz, Fischer, and the other Polish prisoners were carried to St Petersburg, where they were confined in separate

HISTORY OF POLAND.

cells by the orders of the empress. On Catharine's death, in 1796, they were released by her successor Paul. Kosciuszko and Niemcewicz went to America; the others were scattered over the world. Kosciuszko never recovered his health. Returning to Europe, he died in Switzerland, on the 15th of October 1817. Niemcewicz died in Paris, at an advanced age, in 1841.

The battle of Maciejowice decided the fate of Poland. Warsaw immediately capitulated; and the remaining 84,000 miles of Polish territory were parted among Russia, Prussia, and Austria; Russia, as usual, obtaining the largest share. Thus, in the year 1795, Poland was erased from the list of European states.

SUBSEQUENT HISTORY OF THE POLES.

From 1795 to 1815, the Poles entertained the hope of a restoration of their national independence by the assistance of France. Immediately after the dismemberment, a large body of Polish refugees offered to hire themselves as the soldiers of the French Directory; and the offer being accepted, a number of Polish regiments were levied under the command of their own leaders, which, distinguished by the name of the Polish Legions, continued to serve France during the Republic, and also under Napoleon. Their object was, in one point of view, a noble one; they hoped, by their bravery and earnestness in the French service, to earn from Napoleon the restoration of Polish liberty. Accordingly, after gaining many victories for Napoleon in all parts of the continent, as well as serving him in the West Indies, they were rewarded by having their wishes in part complied with. In 1806, Napoleon having gained an advantage over Prussia, with the assistance of the Poles, deprived that kingdom of nearly all that portion of Polish territory which it had acquired by the second and third partitions, amounting to 40,000 square miles, with upwards of 2,000,000 of inhabitants, and constituted it into an independent European state, under the name of the duchy of Warsaw, the ducal authority to be hereditary in the Saxon line. In 1809-10 this new Polish state was augmented by the addition of a large portion of the Austrian territory; and by the treaty of Vienna in 1812, the boundaries of the new duchy were fixed, so as to include about 63,000 square miles.

This was something; for although large sections of the old Polish territory were still allowed to remain in the possession of Prussia and Austria, and although Russia still retained all her share, yet Napoleon had shewn himself disposed to behave generously in the matter; and there was no reason to doubt that, when the state of Europe permitted it, he would carry his generosity to still greater lengths. Accordingly, the grateful Poles resolved to serve him faithfully in his future campaigns; and in 1812, when the invasion of Russia by the French was determined on, the Poles, eager to inflict vengeance on

their old enemy, shewed their enthusiasm by raising 80,000 men for the expedition. Although Napoleon did not actually promise the restoration of Russian Poland, yet they did not doubt that, if the expedition were successful, the restoration would take place. The disastrous issue of the invasion, and the consequent abdication of Napoleon, overthrew these hopes. The only expectation that now remained to the Poles was, that the plenipotentiaries of the various European powers, by whose negotiations in 1814 the affairs of Europe were to be finally settled, would do something for Poland. Nor was this expectation unfounded. Lord Castlereagh on the part of Great Britain, and Talleyrand on the part of France, were alike favourable to a restoration of Polish independence; Austria professed her willingness to surrender all the Polish territory she still retained; the Emperor Alexander of Russia was at that time believed to entertain ultra-liberal political sentiments; and should all these powers agree, Prussia would be obliged to submit. It is extremely probable that a final arrangement favourable to the Poles would have been agreed to; but at the time when the negotiations were going on, Napoleon landed from Elba, and threw Europe again into consternation.

The plenipotentiaries being obliged to hurry through their negotiations as fast as possible, the following arrangement was adopted. The greater part of the duchy of Warsaw was to be thenceforth called the Kingdom of Poland; and under that name it was to be united to Russia, 'to be enjoyed by His Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias, his heirs and successors, for ever;' but to be governed by a constitution of its own. The remainder of the duchy was to be annexed to Prussia, under the name of the duchy of Posen. Galicia and the salt mines of Wieliczka were to be secured to Austria. Lastly, the city and district of Cracow, embracing about twenty geographical miles, and containing a population of about 100,000, was to be formed into an independent republic. Thus the whole of Poland, with the exception of this last-named little spot, was divided, as formerly, among the three powers which had dismembered it; and in tracing the history of the Poles from 1815 to the present time, we require to divide the narrative into three parts, one relating to Austrian Poland, one to Prussian Poland, and one to Russian Poland.

With respect to Austrian and Prussian Poland, little need be said: in both, the Poles are subjected to those misfortunes which attend a subdued nation under the government of foreigners. There is this difference, however, that the Poles of Austria are allowed to retain perhaps more of their national manners and habits than it is possible for them to do in Prussia, where there is a tendency to establish Germanism on the ruins of everything else. In both countries, however, the Poles have until recently been under a government virtually despotic; and if it is an evil for the natives

HISTORY OF POLAND.

of a country to be under a despotic government, it is a double evil to be under a government which, besides being despotic, is administered by foreigners.

But Russian Poland is far more extensive than Austrian and Prussian Poland united, and its history is more interesting. At first, its condition was surprisingly fortunate. The Emperor Alexander took a pride in his new title of King of Poland, and declared that he wished Poland to be united to Russia only by the title of its own happy constitution. A new constitution was guaranteed to the kingdom of Poland, by which the liberty of the press, the freedom of the person, the responsibility of the ministers, the use of the national Polish language, and the service of a national army, were secured, along with a representative system of government resembling that agreed to by the grand diet of 1791. This was astonishing from a man who held absolute power over 50,000,000 Russians. A similar constitution was also granted to the other parts of Russian Poland.

Thus was founded a second Poland, not so large, indeed, as the first, but under auspices which seemed to promise a better fortune. The following facts, obtained from an authentic source, will give an idea of the condition of the new kingdom in the year 1829, fourteen years after its establishment, and four years after the accession of the late emperor, Nicholas, to the Russian throne. The entire kingdom was divided into eight palatinates. The population amounted to nearly four millions, of whom one million were foreigners—Russians, Jews, Germans, &c. With the exception of the Jews, nearly all the inhabitants were Roman Catholics. The number of persons engaged in agriculture was about six times greater than the number of persons engaged in all other occupations together; and the proportion between the nobles and the plebeians was one to thirteen. An immense improvement had been effected in the country. In the first place, the peasantry of a large part of the country had been emancipated; some landlords having adopted the system of free labour in exchange for wages, others having adopted an improved feudal arrangement, and allowing their dependants a cottage and a few acres of ground on condition of obtaining so many days' labour a week from them. With respect to religion; although the Roman Catholic form of faith was under the special protection of government, all other forms of worship were tolerated, and their professors were entitled to the enjoyment of all civil rights. A wonderful enlargement had also taken place in manufactures and commerce. While in 1815 there were hardly one hundred looms for coarse woollen cloths, there were in 1829 above six thousand. The reason of this change was the repeal of many of the ancient Polish laws which checked commerce, especially a law which prohibited the nobles from engaging in it, on the idea that it would be a degradation of their order to do so. The face of the country

had also been materially improved, and the facilities of travelling increased. 'The city of Warsaw had been wonderfully improved. In 1815 it reckoned only 80,000 inhabitants; in 1829 its population amounted to 140,000, besides the garrison. The university of Warsaw, which had been founded in 1816, in lieu of that of Cracow, consisted of five faculties, and had 48 professors and about 750 students.' The means of education had also been greatly extended all over the kingdom.

Such were the happy effects of fourteen years of tolerably free government. Most of these results had been accomplished by the Poles themselves; for although the emperor of Russia was their king, his power was limited by the constitution. The Poles, therefore, had given proof of the force and elasticity of their national character, when placed in favourable circumstances; they had proved that it was to their wretched system of social arrangements, and not to any defect of natural genius, that the long series of disasters which had befallen their nation was owing. A nation which in fourteen years could make such advances in civilisation, had still some vigour and vitality left. There was hope that the rising fortunes of the second Poland would cause the miseries of the first to be forgotten.

These hopes were doomed to disappointment. Even before the death of Alexander, symptoms of commotion began to appear. An excitement which rose among the Poles may be attributed to two causes. In the first place, there still lingered in the minds of the Polish subjects of Alexander recollections of their ancient nationality, of their sufferings, of the unjust dismemberment of their country. Although enjoying comparative liberty and happiness themselves, they could not forget that there were millions of their countrymen less fortunately situated—groaning under the Prussian and the Austrian yoke. Accordingly, the restoration of ancient Poland, the reunion of its torn and scattered provinces, was the dream of all the young men of Warsaw and other cities; and a revolution was precipitated by the despotic conduct of the Grand-duke Constantine, whom his brother, the Emperor Alexander, had unfortunately appointed generalissimo of the forces in Poland. The grand-duke is described by Louis Blanc as 'one of those inexplicable beings who, baffling observation, disappoint alike their friends and their foes. His figure was athletic, and admirably symmetrical; his face hideous; and yet gleams of good nature shot from his eyes, deep set beneath their bushy and sandy brows, and tempered the savage expression of his countenance.'

There could not have been a more unfit man to wield power in Poland than the Grand-duke Constantine. Wherever he went, he offended and disgusted the Poles by his tyrannical conduct, setting at defiance all the articles of the constitution of 1815, interfering with all the processes of government, and obeying no law but his own caprice. The consequence was, that, even before the death of

HISTORY OF POLAND.

Alexander, the Poles were burning under innumerable grievances, and complaining that the constitution which secured their liberties was treated as a dead letter. This condition of affairs was not improved by the death of Alexander in 1825. His successor should have been the Grand-duke Constantine, but, aware of his own incapacity to rule, Constantine abdicated in favour of his younger brother, the late Emperor Nicholas. Poland now suffered more than ever. Still residing at Warsaw, Constantine, in addition to his duties as commander-in-chief of the army, wielded the functions of viceroy of Poland, and governed the country according to his own will. Even had Nicholas been himself favourably disposed towards the Poles, it would have been difficult for him to remonstrate against the conduct of the man to whom he was indebted for his empire. But Nicholas, whose antipathies to representative government are well known, had no wish to curb the tyrannical licence of his brother, and looked on approvingly rather than otherwise, while Constantine acted the despot in Warsaw.

Groaning under these and other inflictions of a similar nature, the Poles had long been prepared for a revolt. Numerous secret societies had been organised in Warsaw and other towns, under the character of literary associations and institutions of free-masonry. The students of the university and the young officers of the army were the most eager spirits of the new movement. The French Revolution of 1830, agitating, as it did, all Europe, hastened the development of the conspiracy; and the month of February 1831 was fixed as the time for a simultaneous rising throughout Poland. The activity of Nicholas, however, in obtaining information of whatever was occurring in Poland, and in particular the publication of an imperial edict for the assembling of the Polish army to serve against France, shewed the conspirators the necessity of acting immediately; and the night of the 29th of November 1830 was appointed for the outbreak. On that night a body of 200 young men of the Military School, with two sub-lieutenants, Wysocki and Zaliwski, at their head, rose, and, assisted by the students of the university, roused the whole of Warsaw, attacked the Russians, put to death a number of their officers, and obtained possession of the city; the Grand-duke Constantine barely escaping with his life. The morning of the 30th of November rose on blood-stained streets and crowds of citizens mad with joy. A provisional government, consisting of the most approved patriots, was appointed in the name of Nicholas as the constitutional king of Poland; and the mob called eagerly for Chlopicki to come and assume the command of the troops. Chlopicki was an old general who had served with distinction in the armies of Napoleon; he was a man of commanding appearance and peremptory manners, and had gained great popularity among the Poles by his conduct during the oppressions of the grand-duke.

HISTORY OF POLAND.

In consequence of this popularity, although he had taken no part personally in the insurrection of the previous evening, he was urged to accept the command of the Polish forces. Unfortunately, his character was inferior to the task imposed upon him. He was a man of mere method and rule, and, although personally courageous, deficient in that daring and enthusiasm which animated the mass of the younger patriots, and alone could secure a triumph at such a crisis.

Chlopicki's first act, after assuming the command, was to enter into a negotiation with the grand-duke, who was encamped at a small distance from Warsaw with 8000 Russians, the Polish regiments on which he depended for support having deserted him, and joined the patriots. By a strange and irreparable blunder, he permitted the grand-duke and his Russian troops to leave the country unmolested; thus losing the decided advantage which the possession of Constantine's person would have given him in his future negotiations with the emperor. Anxious to bring the war to a conclusion, he despatched two ambassadors, whose views were similar to his own, to St Petersburg, to endeavour to obtain terms from the emperor. Meanwhile, the bolder spirits among the patriots were chafing under his cautious and temporising government.

The reply of Nicholas to the representations of the Poles reached Warsaw on the 15th of January 1831. The substance of it was, that the Poles must surrender at discretion. On the memorial which had been presented to the emperor was a note in the emperor's own hand, which ran: 'I am king of Poland, and I will drive her. The first cannon-shot fired by the Poles shall annihilate Poland.' When this was read in the Polish diet, the shout arose: 'There is no longer a Nicholas! There is no longer an emperor!' The House of Romanoff was declared incapable for ever of possessing the crown of Poland, and a new government was organised, under the presidency of Prince Adam Czartoryski.

The rupture between Russia and Poland was now irreparable, and the patriots nerved themselves for an encounter, the end of which was to be death on the battle-field, or slavery and exile. In February 1831, the Russian field-marshal Diebitch entered Poland with an army of 120,000 men, and 400 pieces of cannon. The whole Polish force amounted to about 50,000 men, and 136 pieces of artillery.

For seven months the unequal contest was continued. Prodigies of valour were performed by the brave Poles. Several great battles were fought between the two armies, besides many detached skirmishes; and in most of them the Poles gained the victory. Their misfortune, however—the misfortune of their whole history—lay in the want of a leader able to follow up advantageously the successes which their heroism as soldiers had won. Radzivil, who had taken the place of Chlopicki in the dictatorship, was

displaced from the command, to be succeeded by Skrzynecki, described as a man of ability and accomplishments, but 'a pertinacious negotiator, and evidently not fit to lead an armed revolution.' Having recruited his forces, he met the Russian army twice in the open field in the months of March and April, and inflicted on it immense losses. For two months the antagonist armies continued their marching and counter-marching in the neighbourhood of Warsaw, their numbers thinned not only by the usual casualties of war, but also by the ravages of the cholera, which was then pursuing its pestilential progress through the central districts of Europe. On the 26th of May 1831, Skrzynecki found himself compelled to give battle, under very disadvantageous circumstances, at Ostrolenka, a town situated on the river Narew, at some distance from Warsaw. A part of the Polish army had engaged unexpectedly with the whole Russian force. They had been fighting from nine to eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and the day was going against them, when Skrzynecki, who had been lying unsuspectingly at headquarters, arrives on the field. 'He gallops like a madman from column to column, shouting: "Ho! Rybinski! Malachowski! Forward, forward, all of you!"' Himself, with his coat torn with balls, rushes towards the bridge, from which fresh masses of the enemy are every moment issuing; and taking his battalions one after another, he plunges them into the *mêlée*. The generals set the example: Langermann, Pac, Muchowski, Prondzynski, execute furious but ineffectual charges; the Polish army has soon spent its ammunition; the battery of Colonel Bern alone carries death into the ranks of the enemy. The battle is fought man to man with swords and pikes. A sort of frenzy seizes the Poles. Hundreds of officers are seen rushing to the front, sword in hand, singing the Warsaw hymn. The lancers attempt to charge in their turn, and the generalissimo urges them on at full speed; but their horses sink up to the breast in the plashy soil, and they are exterminated without striking a blow. Night began to fall; the field of battle is now but a vast cemetery. Skrzynecki had succeeded in preventing the Russian army from passing over wholly to the right bank. He remained master of the field; but it had cost him 7000 men. Generals Kicki and Kaminski were slain; 270 officers had fallen. The Russians recrossed the Narew during the night, having lost more than 10,000 men. The Polish generalissimo gave orders to retreat to Warsaw; and as he stepped into his carriage with Prondzynski, he repeated sadly the famous words of Kosciuszko: "*Finis Poloniæ*"—(An end of Poland).*

A temporary check was given to the movements of the Russian army by the sudden deaths of the commander-in-chief Diebitch and the Grand-duke Constantine, which occurred within a short interval

* Louis Blanc's *History of Ten Years*.

of each other, and were by common report attributed to foul means. Efforts were also made by the friends of Poland in other countries, especially in France, to render her some assistance by procuring diplomatic remonstrances ; but the result was that Poland was left to her fate.

Field-marshal Paskevitch was appointed to succeed Diebitch as commander-in-chief of the Russian forces. Paskevitch's plan of operations was to cross the Vistula at a point near the Prussian frontier, and attack Warsaw on the left bank, where it was more weakly protected than on the right. Skrzynecki's conduct amounted to infatuation. Instead of marching to oppose the advance of the Russians, as his best officers advised him, he remained in Warsaw, and permitted Paskevitch to effect the passage of the river unopposed. Warsaw was in an uproar ; the population, enraged at the indecision of their government, rose in riot, and put to death many persons suspected of favouring the Russian interests. Skrzynecki was deprived of the command, and Krukowiecki was nominated president of a new one ; and General Malachowski was appointed commander-in-chief of the forces. By this time the Russians were within a mile of the capital. There was a diversity of opinions in the Polish council ; but it was finally resolved, that, detaching one-half of the army to procure provisions, they should defend the city. The besiegers numbered 120,000 men and 386 cannon ; the Poles did not amount to 35,000. Paskevitch, after a vain attempt to treat with Krukowiecki, commenced the attack on the 6th of September 1831. All day the cannonading was kept up on both sides, and numbers fell. The superiority, however, was plainly on the side of the besiegers. The only hope of the besieged lay in the return of Ramorino with the 20,000 men who had been sent into the neighbouring country for provisions. There was no appearance, however, of his return ; and at four o'clock in the afternoon the diet again met to deliberate, while the flames were rising in various parts of the town. Krukowiecki gave in his resignation ; but before it was accepted, Prondzynski, who had been sent to the Russian camp, returned, accompanied by the Muscovite General Berg, who was empowered by Paskevitch to treat with the Poles. The Russian general had a long conference with Krukowiecki, at the end of which he departed, carrying with him a letter of submission, addressed to the Emperor Nicholas.

When General Berg returned five hours afterwards to complete the treaty of capitulation, he found the members of the diet assembled in arms, and in a state of extraordinary excitement. He was informed that Krukowiecki was no longer president of the government, and that the agreement made with him was null and void. This, however, was the mere expiring spasm of Polish resolution ; and on the morning of the 8th of September, the articles of capitulation were signed by Malachowski. The Poles were allowed

forty-eight hours to quit the city ; but the greater part were afterwards made prisoners by the Russians : a few fragments of the army, however, escaped out of Poland.

Such was the fall of Warsaw—such the end of Poland. The nation now lay prostrate at the mercy of the conqueror. It was hoped that Nicholas would be merciful of his own accord. Nicholas was *not* merciful. Hundreds of Poles who had taken part in the revolt were sent to labour in the mines of Siberia ; many more to serve in the Russian armies of the Caucasus ; and those who escaped scattered themselves over Europe and America, everywhere meeting with the commiseration and respect which are due to heroism and misfortune. The constitution of 1815 was formally annulled, and the government vested in a viceroy and a council named by the emperor ; the universities of Vilna and Warsaw, and many Polish seminaries, abolished ; Polish libraries and museums were carried away to St Petersburg ; and everything else done that could extinguish a national spirit. All confiscated estates were conferred on Russians, and thus could be inherited afterwards only by adherents of the orthodox Russian faith. The coinage was assimilated to the Russian, even to the names ; and no one could henceforth hold office that had not learned the Russian language.

But Polish nationality, although outwardly abolished, has continued to live in the hearts of the people, and has manifested its vitality by repeated vigorous, though frantic and hopeless, outbursts. A simultaneous rising in Russian, Prussian, and Austrian Poland took place in 1846, but resulted only in more banishments, executions, and confiscations. In Galicia, the oppressed peasantry, instead of joining with the nobles in the insurrection, turned against and butchered them in hundreds. On this occasion, the small republic of Cracow was suppressed, and the city and territory united with Austria.

The European convulsions of 1848 opened up for a time a vista of hope to the Poles. Prussia and Austria were fain to make many concessions in the direction of self-government to their Polish subjects ; but, in the reaction that speedily followed, these were recalled, and things restored to their former footing. In the meantime Russia had been steadily pursuing her policy of ‘stamping out,’ and had significantly abolished the line of custom-houses between the kingdom of Poland and Russia proper.

With the accession of Alexander II. to the throne, a milder régime was tried. During a visit to Warsaw in 1856, the emperor proclaimed an amnesty, and promised various reforms in the administration ; but he announced at the same time that the connection with Russia would be firmly upheld as it was, and gave pointed warning against cherishing ‘dreams’ of anything farther. But it was just those dreams of a separate political life that the Poles had set their hearts on, and without that, they cared little for any

administrative reforms. Accordingly, the ferment of discontent continued to work more actively than ever. In 1860 the people began to assemble in the churches and sing patriotic hymns. In February 1861, on the anniversary of one of the battles for freedom, a vast procession, numbering, it is said, 60,000 persons, was made to the scene in the vicinity of Warsaw; the Russian troops interfered, and numbers of people were killed. On the anniversary of Kosciuszko's death the churches were surrounded with soldiers; yet the people went to them in crowds, sang the forbidden hymns, and refused to disperse. At last the military forcibly cleared the churches, and made numerous arrests. This was declared by the Catholic archbishop to be desecration, and he ordered all the Catholic churches of the city to be closed; an example which was followed by the Protestants and Jews. For this the archbishop was arrested, tried by a court-martial, and condemned to death; a sentence which was commuted for incarceration in a Russian fortress. The chapter of Warsaw refused for a time to name a successor; and it was not till after a lapse of four months (in February 1862) that the new archbishop allowed the churches to be again opened. In the meantime, the people continued to manifest their discontent in every possible way, ceasing to frequent the theatres and other places of public amusement, and breaking out on all occasions in demonstrations, which were followed, of course, by fresh arrests and banishments.

Nevertheless, the emperor resolved to make another attempt at conciliation. His brother, Constantine Nicolajewitch, was sent as viceroy (July 1862), with a Polish prime-minister; native Poles were appointed governors of the provinces; and several decided ameliorations were initiated. But all these friendly overtures were received as mockery; and the national feeling, which had risen to a frenzy, responded to them in attempts to assassinate the Grand-duke Constantine, the prime-minister, and the commander-in-chief, General Lüders. It now became apparent that what Russia had to contend with was a vast national conspiracy, banded together in the resolution not to rest contented with anything short of an independent national and constitutional government. The conspiracy embraced Posen, Galicia, and other parts of ancient Poland beyond the boundaries of the 'kingdom.' It was, however, a combination of the nobility or land-owners; the so long neglected and degraded peasantry took little interest, or, at all events, active part in it. Acting on this circumstance, the Russian government now commenced the policy of ruining and rooting out the nobility or land-owners, and of seeking to win the adherence of the peasantry by concessions made at their expense.

The crisis was precipitated by an iniquitous and cruel measure. There had been no recruiting of the army since the end of the Crimean War in 1856; and on occasion of the first new conscription for the army, secret instructions were given to the authorities in

HISTORY OF POLAND.

Warsaw to endeavour to make it fall exclusively on that part of the population that had contributed chiefly to the political disturbances; those especially were to be chosen who had received 'bad marks,' as disaffected. Students were no longer to be exempt, as heretofore; and more recruits, in proportion, were to be drawn from the towns than from the rural districts. In short, *the cultivated part of the population was to be struck at*; for it was among them that the national feeling was chiefly fostered. Accordingly, throughout Poland, on the 15th of January 1863, in the early morning, while it was yet dark, soldiers burst into the houses of the individuals thus arbitrarily fixed upon, and dragged them off to serve in the army. But great numbers of young men, knowing what was coming, had previously left their homes, and taken refuge in the forests. These now gathered in armed bands; the secret committee of Warsaw came forward as a provisional national government, and issued a proclamation calling the Polish people to arms; numbers of expatriated Poles and volunteers hastened to the conflict from all the countries of Europe, and the whole kingdom was soon overspread with insurrectionary corps. They never succeeded, however, in forming anything like a powerful well-organised army, and notwithstanding prodigies of valour, no decided impression was made on the Russian forces. A kind of dictatorship had at first been conferred on Mieroslawski; but he was soon obliged to take refuge beyond the frontier, and Langiewicz, who succeeded him, fared no better.

The secret committee again (May) took the direction of affairs, and declared against any more dictators. The sway which this secret National Government, as it styled itself, was able to exercise for a time, was something wonderful. All efforts of the Russian authorities to discover where it was located were fruitless; and yet its action was everywhere seen. Its orders were publicly announced, and a formal government gazette expounded its views. Its commands were everywhere implicitly obeyed. When the emperor, in April, announced an amnesty to all who, within a month, should lay down their arms, the secret government declared that Poland rejected all favours; and at the expiry of the term not one Pole had taken advantage of the amnesty. The secret government now forbade the paying of any more taxes to the Russian authorities, and collected a revenue for its own purposes; it even took the making and administration of criminal laws into its hands, and sent secret emissaries to execute the sentences of its tribunals. It was a real reign of terror; and although Poland was bristling with Russian bayonets, the Russian government was far less powerful to secure obedience. On the other hand, no progress was made in the field against the Russian troops, who were constantly receiving accessions to their numbers; so that the suppression of the rebellion was only a question of time.

In the meantime, the Russian government, despairing of concilia-

tion, had resolved on the sternest repression. Constantine gave up his mission, August 1863, and returned to St Petersburg, and General Berg proceeded to carry out the new policy with unrelenting vigour. In this, however, he was far exceeded by General Muravief, military governor of Lithuania, who, by the ruthless measures by which he ruined and crushed the Polish nobility of that province, raised a cry of execration throughout Europe. All over the Polish area there was nothing but arrests, banishments, executions, confiscations, and enforced contributions; and severe punishments were inflicted for wearing mourning. But the most effective step towards the extinction of the rebellion was when, by an imperial ukase, the peasants were made absolute proprietors of the lands which they had hitherto occupied as tenants. The government undertook to indemnify the land-owners for the loss of their revenues, and thus made them dependent upon its good-will for their very subsistence; while the peasantry now willingly assisted the troops in hunting down the insurrectionary corps. In February 1864, the secret government began to cease its activity, and the insurrection might be said to be extinct. Still prosecutions and punishments went on, and multitudes of unhappy Poles fled to join the already numerous ranks of their expatriated countrymen. The remnants of the nobility and the clergy made proffers of submission; but the government had resolved on the complete extirpation of the element of disaffection. The land-owners had already been rendered powerless in the way already described; and now came the turn of the clergy. A ukase issued in the end of 1864 suppressed one hundred and twenty monasteries, either for having openly favoured the rebellion, or because their inmates were below a certain number. A more fatal blow to the power of the church followed in 1865, when the whole of the church lands were taken possession of, and the clergy put on fixed state-pay. Along with this the process of Russianising was set about with unrelenting rigour. In those parts of Russia proper where the Polish language had been current, its official use was forbidden; and the direction of education, even for Catholic children, was given to the orthodox Greek Church. In 1865, it was made unlawful for a refugee whose property had not been confiscated, to sell it to any but a member of the Russian Church; and a Pole can no longer acquire property unless it come to him by inheritance. The last external mark of the separate existence of the kingdom of Poland was obliterated in 1867; the administrative machinery in Warsaw was abolished, and the ten governments into which the country is now divided are put on the same footing as the other governments of the empire.

The Poles as a people were calculated in 1864 at nine and a half millions; of whom rather more than one-half were under Russia, the remainder being about equally divided between Austria and Prussia.



Erebus and Terror in the ice.

ARCTIC REGIONS AND ARCTIC EXPLORATIONS.

THE Arctic regions are understood to be only those seas and lands that lie within the Arctic circle, that is, within that parallel of latitude ($66^{\circ} 30'$) at which the phenomenon begins of the sun at one time of the year not setting for more or fewer days together, and at another time not rising for as many. There are, however, many tracts without this circle as frigid as those within it. The south of Greenland and Davis' Strait are always included in the designation, although they lie south of the circle, Cape Farewell being in the latitude of the north of Scotland. Iceland, again, notwithstanding

ARCTIC REGIONS AND ARCTIC EXPLORATIONS.

its name, and although it impinges on the Arctic circle, is not a frozen country; the only ice to be seen in the seas around it is drifted from Greenland by the winds and currents. In common parlance, then, the term Arctic regions designates those countries within or near the Arctic circle which are subject to such degrees of cold that the seas are frozen in winter, and comprehends all the extreme north of Europe, Asia, and America. Beginning to the north of Europe, the chief lands and seas to be noted are the following :

1. Spitzbergen, lying between 77° and 80° of N. lat., is a group of islands, separated by narrow ice-encumbered channels. There are no permanent inhabitants; but it is frequented for the purpose of hunting the reindeer and for killing the walrus, which is found on the shores in great abundance. The island of Jan Mayen, to the south-west of Spitzbergen, in lat. 71° , is also a dreary, uninhabited waste in the midst of a frozen ocean. From the top of the highest mountain, called Beerenberg, flames and smoke have been seen to issue; and the sides exhibit immense glaciers and frozen waterfalls. The Dutch attempted to form a settlement here, as they did in Spitzbergen, for the convenience of whaling; but several seamen left to winter were found dead in spring, and the attempt was abandoned. The story of the sufferings of those men forms a painful chapter in the annals of Arctic adventure.

2. Greenland is an extensive tract of land, the known part of which is of a triangular shape, with the apex pointing southward, and terminating in Cape Farewell, in 60° N. lat. The west coast has been traced as far north as the parallel of 80° ; the east coast is almost unapproachable, owing to the ice which besets it, so that the land has not been traced farther than the 76^{th} degree. Although the land evidently extends far beyond the explored limits, it is believed to be an island, or rather perhaps a group of islands overlaid and bound together by an immense central mass of glacier ice. The interior has never been explored, nor the country crossed from side to side; but wherever it has been entered, the same appearance was presented. After crossing the partially clear border strip, which the Danes call the *Fastland*, a huge glacier is seen overlying the whole country, and squeezing itself out towards the sea through the valleys and inlets; the view is bounded towards the east by a dim horizon, and as the adventurer advances, the strip of land behind him fades from the sight as the shore fades from those sailing out to sea. There may be mountains in the interior, but none have been seen. In 1867 a party of English and Danes attempted to explore this icy desert, starting from the coast in 69° N. lat.; but after proceeding some distance they were forced to return, the sledges, drawn by Esquimaux dogs, having been broken to pieces by the rough character of the surface, cracked with deep crevasses, and deluged by streams of water from the melting snow. One of the party thus describes the

ARCTIC REGIONS AND ARCTIC EXPLORATIONS.

scene: 'The whole interior of the country appears to be merely a frozen waste, overlain to the depth of many feet by a huge *mer de glace*, extending, so far as yet known, over its entire extent from north to south—a sea of fresh-water ice whereon no creature lives; a death-like desert, with nought to relieve the eye, its silence enlivened by the sound or sight of no breathing thing. This is the *Inlands is* of the Danish colonists; the outer strip, with its mossy valleys and ice-plain hills, is the well-remembered *Fastland*. Dreary, doubtless, is it to eyes only schooled in the scenery of more southern lands; but with its covies of ptarmigans flying up at your feet with their whirl!; the Arctic fox barking its *huc, huc* on the rocks; and the reindeer browsing in the glens covered with the creeping birch, the Arctic willows, the crow-berry, the vacciniums, and the yellow poppies, it is a place of life, compared with the cheerless waste lying beyond.'*

The western shores up to 73° N. lat. are claimed by the Danish government, who have established a strict monopoly of the trade of Greenland, managed by a Board in Copenhagen, called the Royal Greenland Merchant Company, who have established trading-ports along the coast, at convenient distances, for the purpose of purchasing from the Esquimaux their oil, seal-skins, narwhal and walrus ivory (the latter, however, being obtained in very small quantities), eider-down, &c. Missionaries and physicians are also provided by the government, and the whole conduct of the Danish authorities is marked by enlightened philanthropy. The result of this paternal government is manifested in the great honesty and general morality of the natives. No spirits are allowed to be sold to them, though they are exceedingly fond of intoxicants. They are all Christians, nominally at least; and churches and missions subsidised by the government are scattered along the coast. The native population of Greenland has greatly decreased since it was settled by the Danes about 1720. It was then estimated at 20,000; but small-pox and other epidemics had reduced it in 1820 to little more than 6000. Since that date, the population has again increased, until it is now (1869) about 9000. The greater part are of mixed race, and there are about 250 Europeans, chiefly officials and their families.

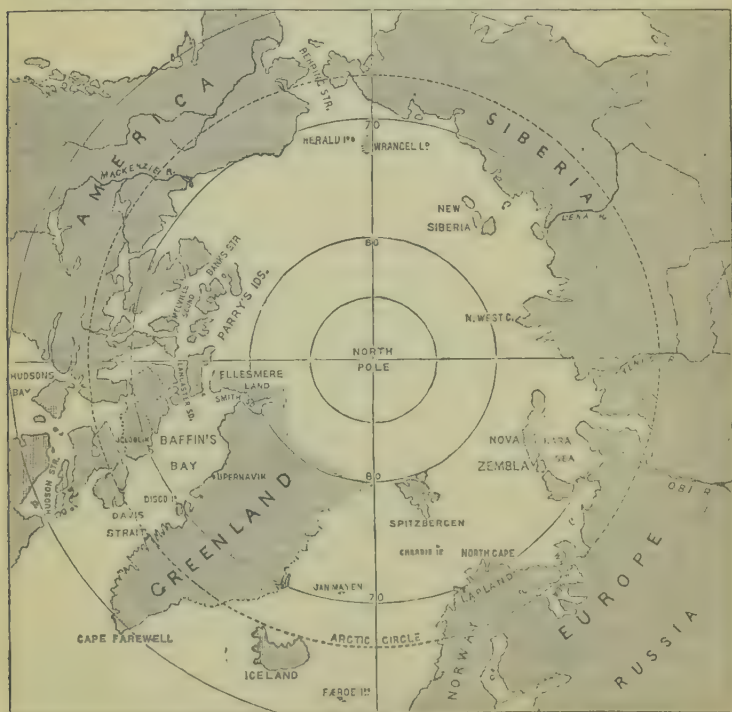
North of the Danish colonies, a few savages drag out an independent existence, wandering as far north as 79°. The last estimate did not make them more than 100, so that, in all probability, they will soon become extinct. The number of natives on the east coast is not exactly known, nor how far they extend north. Traces of them have, however, been found as far as man has gone. On this coast chiefly were at one time supposed to be situated the early colonies of Norsemen, afterwards spoken of. The trade of Greenland employs

* *Proceedings of the Zoological Society of London*, 1868, p. 337.

ARCTIC REGIONS AND ARCTIC EXPLORATIONS.

fifteen ships, and amounts to about £22,000. Nearly the whole of the profits are returned to the natives, each district being credited with its share, and the distribution among the individuals is made by a kind of local parliament. In Greenland is found coal, which is wrought in the vicinity of Disco; cryolite (a double fluoride of aluminium and sodium), which is mined and exported by a Danish company; and there are immense quantities of graphite in the northern portion of the country, which have not, however, been considered sufficiently profitable to be wrought.

3. Between Greenland and the opposite coast of America lies Davis' Strait, the upper part of which is called Baffin's Bay. This



Circumpolar Map.

is further prolonged towards the north-east into a channel called in its southern part Smith's Sound, and to the north, Kennedy Channel. The land on the west shores of this channel—Ellesmere Land, Grinnell

Land—is believed to be unconnected with Greenland, and the channel itself is supposed to open into the Polar Sea.

4. From the west side of Davis' Strait and Baffin's Bay there branch off a number of inlets, communicating in all directions with one another, and with Hudson's Strait and Hudson's Bay on the south, and forming an intricate maze of peninsulas, islands, and tortuous channels, the relative position of which can be understood only by studying a map on a large scale. On such a map there will be seen a rather wide and nearly straight channel, running through this archipelago from east to west, about the parallel of 74° , and called in its several parts Lancaster Sound, Barrow Strait, Melville Sound, and Banks' Strait. This may be considered as the North-west Passage so long sought for. The group of islands to the north of it are called by the collective name of the Parry Islands. The archipelago we have been describing extends to about the meridian of 125° W. long. Westward from this, the continental coast runs nearly on the parallel of 70° N. lat., the most northern point, Point Barrow, being in lat. $71^{\circ} 23'$. The chief rivers that have their mouths in this bare monotonous coast are the Coppermine and the Mackenzie.

5. To the west of Behring's Strait the north coast of Asia follows almost the same parallel, until, about the meridian of 110° E., it turns abruptly north, and in Cape Severo reaches the lat. of $78^{\circ} 25'$. This coast is indented by the estuaries of numerous rivers, some of them among the largest on the globe—the Kolima, the Alaseia, the Indigirka, the Lena, the Olenek, the Anabara, the Kalanga, the Yenissei, the Obi, &c. An extensive tract bordering the ocean is composed of swamps and mossy flats, covered with ice and snow for one half of the year, and even during the greatest heats of summer thawed only to the depth of two or three inches below the surface of the soil. The ocean is frozen for miles seaward for more than half the year; and during the remaining months the numberless icebergs and floes that beset the sea render the navigation so dangerous, that no complete hydrographic survey of the coast has ever been made. North-west from the mouth of the Obi lies the island chain of Nova Zembla, which may be considered as an insular continuation of the Ural Mountains. The mean temperature of the southern extremity is only $35^{\circ} 5$ for the summer half-year, and as low as $3^{\circ} 2$ F. for the winter. Nothing grows on its sterile soil except moss and lichens. It has no permanent inhabitants, but is frequented by hunters and fishermen in pursuit of bears, reindeer, and foxes, and of the walruses that abound on the coasts.

Another insular group, of considerable extent, called the Liakov Islands, or New Siberia, lies north-east from the mouth of the Lena, in lat. 73° — 76° . They are utterly barren and uninhabited; but there are traces of former inhabitants, and in the soil are found great numbers of bones and teeth of the mammoth and rhinoceros. North-by-west from Behring's Strait, Herald Shoal and

ARCTIC REGIONS AND ARCTIC EXPLORATIONS.

Herald Island may be seen laid down on most maps; but still farther north and west, about the meridian of 180° , and in lat. $71^{\circ} 30'$, a coast of considerable extent has been described with high cliffs and peaks. The existence of this land had been reported for more than two hundred years; but in the summer of 1867 several American whaling captains were able to sail along the coast; and they declare their belief, from indications that they saw, that there are human inhabitants. The summer of 1868 not being so open, they were unable to reach so far, so that the problem remains unsolved.

Climate.—The climate of the Arctic regions is, as a whole, cold. In summer, however, the sun beats down with considerable power, and the weather is warm and even sultry. During several months of winter, varying according to the latitude, the sun entirely disappears below the horizon, and darkness reigns. Snow covers the ground to the depth of several feet; the soil, when such exists, freezes to a considerable depth, and all nature slumbers. However, the moon and the stars shine with enhanced brilliancy, and the coruscations of the aurora borealis relieve the darkness of that long winter night. The cold is intense, but the air is free of moisture, and the climate accordingly perfectly healthy. In spring, the sun appears again, and it is at that season that the cold is most acutely felt. The air is raw, and the moisture in it is condensed on very cold days into vapour, composed of sharp spiculæ of ice, which cut like lancets, so that the whalers call such a fog 'the barber.' Now through the fog appear mock-suns and mock-moons, and all the phenomena arising from refraction are exhibited on a gigantic scale. Ships may be seen as if upturned in the air, sailing past inverted icebergs. Then succeeds the long summer day, during which the sun never sinks beneath the horizon for months at a time. Continuous daylight reigns. This is the season when ships sail into these ice-bound regions. The snow clears off the ground, and where there is any soil, vegetation appears. It is a short but a merry summer. The cliffs are noisy with birds, and the sea is dotted with seals, whales, and walrus. Little snow falls, though rain is not uncommon. The morning may be pleasant, and in the evening, cold blasts sweep along. Autumn is the most disagreeable season of the whole year in polar lands. The days are short and foggy. Snow, sleet, and rain begin to fall, and the nights are cold, dark, and dreary. It is then that every one leaves these northern lands that can, and those whose lot it is to reside there prepare to pass the winter as agreeably as possible. The Esquimaux builds his snow-hut or repairs his earthen one, and stores up supplies against the winter which is coming on. By October, the country is usually covered with snow, and winter again holds everything in his iron grasp. During the winter, the rocks often burst with loud explosions, and hoar-frost lies on the pillow of a morning. The most extreme cold recorded in the Arctic regions was by Belcher; namely, $-62\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$, or $94\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ below the freezing-

ARCTIC REGIONS AND ARCTIC EXPLORATIONS.

point. Kane experienced such severe cold in Smith's Sound that whisky froze under his head. It is, however, erroneous to suppose that the cold increases as we proceed northward, the temperature of the Arctic regions depending in a great measure on the currents and drift-ice.

Icebergs.—The best known and most prominent characteristic of the Arctic regions is that of the sea being encumbered with ice. This ice is of two kinds, *fresh-water* and *marine*. The fresh-water ice is derived from the glaciers which flow out from almost every valley in the Arctic regions. These glaciers are exactly the same as those of the Swiss Alps or other mountain ranges, only that in these inland mountains, the glacier, as it descends into the warm valleys, melts away at its lower end. In the Arctic regions, on the other hand, they descend to the sea, and, entering it, plough their way for a short distance along the bottom, until the buoyant action of the water tilts up the end, and breaks off a piece, which floats away in the shape of an iceberg. This floating mountain of ice tosses about in the Arctic sea, every now and then capsizing as the bottom portion melts away and the upper gets top-heavy, until, drifting off into warmer latitudes, it breaks up or gets melted. It has been calculated that for every one hundred feet of the iceberg above water, there must be one thousand feet under the surface; and as some of these ice-mountains are higher than the topmast, the danger of a ship among hundreds of them may be imagined. Yet it is not often that ships are destroyed by them in the Arctic seas, the continual daylight of the summer months acting as a means of safety. It is in a great measure by means of this discharge of icebergs that Greenland gets clear of the 'treasured winters of a thousand years.' Part of the accumulation is also carried off by water-courses under the ice of the interior.

The marine ice is the result of the freezing of the sea in winter, and is of the thickness of several feet. When this ice is of great extent the whalers call it a *field*; a smaller extent is a *floe*, or if attached to the shore, a *land-floe*. When the ice is broken up by the action of the sea and currents in large pieces, these are called collectively a *pack*. The pack, again, when of smaller extent, is called a *patch*, and when elongated, a *stream*. Small pieces are called *pancake ice*; and when broken down into smaller pieces, the word *brash-ice* is applied, &c. Raised places on these ice-fields, by the pressure of two portions together, are called *hummocks*. It is these floes or fields of ice which are most dangerous to the northern navigator. During the spring and summer, they are broken up and moved about by the currents in large pieces several miles in extent. The navigator pushing north comes to a place where the passage is blocked up by such an extent of ice. He anchors on with the ice-anchor to the edge until he sees two fields separate, and form a lead or lane of water, into which he pushes. Gradually he

ARCTIC REGIONS AND ARCTIC EXPLORATIONS.

perceives, when about half-way through, that the fields are closing again : he redoubles his exertions by tracking the ship along the edge of the ice, or pulling it ahead by boats, if in a calm ; but finding that he cannot get through in time, he immediately sets all hands to cut a 'dock' in the ice. This dock consists of a place in the edge of one of the floes, out of which a piece of ice about the area of the ship is cut by means of ice-saws. Into this the ship is worked ; and when the floes come together, she escapes the shock. If he is too late, nothing can save the vessel from being smashed. If the floes do not go through the vessel, they will go over it. Ever watchful of such a contingency, Arctic navigators, when going through a dangerous place, have casks of provisions and bags of clothing on deck, and go in twos and threes, so that they may render each other assistance. When the vessel is smashed, the men throw these provisions, &c. on the floes, and themselves escape on to the ice, so that the means of the destruction of the ship is their salvation. The ice opens again, and the vessel sinks. So rapid, indeed, is this sometimes, that only a few minutes elapse between the time the ship was safe and when she disappears beneath the waters. At other times she will remain buoyed up for several days, and even escape total wreck if the floe has not come with great force. In this case it is only 'nipped ;' and few have sailed the Arctic seas without having at one time or another experienced the disagreeable situation of the cabin doors being unable to be opened or closed when the vessel was gently pressed by ice. Of late years, the introduction of steam-vessels has robbed the Arctic navigation of half its terrors, and rendered navigation there more certain and safe.

The Fauna.—The larger animals peculiar to the Arctic regions are the polar bear, the white and blue foxes, the Arctic dog, white hare, the musk ox, the reindeer, &c., on the land ; and various species of whales and seals in the sea. Few birds are peculiar to the Arctic regions, most of them being also known either as common or rarer visitants to more southern shores. The seas swarm with fishes, notwithstanding the dictum of Edward Pelham. A few insects are found on the land (the worst of which are swarms of mosquitoes) ; and in the sea the lower forms of life are abundant. Nearly all the birds leave the Arctic regions in the winter, to seek a milder climate, returning again in the summer, the only exceptions being the ptarmigan and a few birds of prey. Even several of the larger mammalia leave the country at the approach of winter. For instance, in Greenland, the only species indigenous all the year round are the white bear, the dog, the fox (possibly the lemming of the east coast), the hare, the musk ox (of the far north—for it does not come south of Wolstenholme Sound), the reindeer, the walrus, the common seal (*Callocephalus vitulinus*), the fœtid seal (*Pagomys fœtidus*), the narwhal or sea-unicorn, and the white whale—the other species of seals and whales migrating for longer or shorter periods.

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ARCTIC REGIONS AND ARCTIC EXPLORATIONS.

The Flora.—The species of plants that grow in the polar regions are few; but in the short summer a wonderful profusion of flowers spring up in the chinks of the rocks—these Arctic plants generally having their flowers larger in proportion to the leaves and other portions of the plant. There are, again, very few plants peculiar to the Arctic regions, most of them being found in Scandinavia also, or on the summits of our Scottish hills. There are no trees over the greatest extent of the Arctic regions; the dwarf birch, juniper, and willow, creeping along the ground, being the largest species found in Greenland. However, in Siberia, the tree limit extends much farther north than in America, trees being found even in 70° N. lat., though in the same parallel—the shores of Davis' Strait—the whole country is bare of anything approaching to a tree, the largest plant of the kind, the dwarf birch (*Betula nana*), not exceeding the size of a soup-plate. There have been found more than 800 different species of flowering-plants and ferns within the Arctic circle; and in Greenland, a botanist who recently visited that country collected in two months, not altogether devoted to this object, within the circuit of Disco Bay alone, no less than 129 species of flowering-plants and ferns, and more than 200 species of the lower orders (sea-weeds, lichens, mosses, &c.).* In some places the snow is stained a brownish red, and this phenomenon of the 'red snow' is due to a minute species of plant allied to the lowest tribes of sea-weeds, and called *Protococcus nivalis*.

Inhabitants.—Inhospitable as the Arctic regions are, there is a peculiar branch of the human family, the Esquimaux or Eskimo, that have chosen them as their home. The Esquimaux, though few in number, are the most widely spread nation in the world. They inhabit the coasts of all the seas, bays, and islands of America north of the sixtieth degree of N. lat.—from the east coast of Greenland, in E. long. 20°, to Behring's Strait, in W. long. 167°. They are also met with on the Asiatic side of Behring's Strait, and are thought by many ethnologists to have more affinity with the Mongolian races of Asia than with the 'red-skins' of America. They are a squat people, not much above five feet high, but broad-shouldered; the complexion is fairer than that of either the Mongolian or the Indian. Their habits



A Greenland Esquimaux Girl
(half breed.)

* *Transactions of the Botanical Society of Edinburgh*, vol. ix., pp. 430—465.
No. 30.

ARCTIC REGIONS AND ARCTIC EXPLORATIONS.

are necessarily filthy ; their food, which is exclusively animal, is most frequently eaten raw ; and the snow or earth huts in which they burrow in winter have a stench that is insupportable to a European. With their dog-sledges and skin canoes, or *kayaks*, they are expert hunters and fishers. Their clothing is made of the skins of reindeer, bears, seals, birds, &c. The blubber of the seal, walrus, and other cetaceans is highly prized both as food and as furnishing light for the long winter night.

VOYAGES OF DISCOVERY.

The knowledge of the Arctic regions, thus imperfectly sketched, has not been acquired in a day. It has been the result of countless voyages and expeditions, and been purchased at much cost of treasure expended, danger encountered, and suffering endured. The first who are positively known to have adventured into the frozen seas were the daring Norsemen. In the end of the tenth century, about a century after they had colonised Iceland, one of these sea-rovers, Erik the Red, having made Iceland too hot for him, fitted out a stout ship, and with a crew of his 'house-carles,' went in search of a country for himself. Finding land to the north-west, he resolved to form a colony ; and well aware, like other 'promoters' of companies, of the value of a name, he called the country Greenland, a name which, now at least, it sadly belies. He succeeded in inducing several ship-loads of emigrants to leave Iceland for the new country, and for two or three centuries the colony continued to receive accessions of Icelanders and other Scandinavians. It was a son of this Red Erik that anticipated Columbus, and sailing southward along the coast of America, attempted to form a colony at a place which he called Vinland, and which antiquaries believe to have been near New Bedford, on the coast of Massachusetts. The Greenland colonists pursued their fishing as far north as Lancaster Sound and Barrow Strait, six or seven centuries before the adventurous voyage of Parry. Stones carved with runic inscriptions with the date 1135 were found in 1824 on Women's Islands, Baffin's Bay, in lat. $72^{\circ} 55'$. The colony was divided into two districts, called East Bygd and West Bygd. These names and other circumstances gave rise to the notion that the chief Norse settlement was on the east coast of the island ; but recent explorations have made it clear to most geographers that both Bygds or settlements were on the west side. In the thirteenth century, Greenland had become the see of a bishop, and was formally united with Norway. About the middle of the fourteenth century, the northern settlement of West Bygd had one hundred and ten farms and four churches ; and East Bygd had two towns, a cathedral, eleven other churches, four convents, and one hundred and ninety farms. Although grain did not ripen, the inhabitants lived by rearing cattle and sheep on the green pastures on the fiords, and by

ARCTIC REGIONS AND ARCTIC EXPLORATIONS.

hunting and fishing; they also sent occasional trading vessels to Iceland and Norway. Shortly after this the colony disappears from history. In their roving along the American coast, the Norsemen had met with a strange diminutive race whom they contemptuously call *Skrœllings*—that is, chips or parings. No mention is made of any native inhabitants of Greenland having been seen until, in 1349 or 1379, a horde of these *Skrœllings* made their appearance from the north, and before their brethren of East Bygd could come to the rescue, had exterminated the settlers of West Bygd. The narrative here abruptly ceases, and we have only a vague account of East Bygd having been ruined in 1418 by a hostile fleet; whence it came is unknown. The troubles of the Reformation, and a change of dynasty in the mother-country, now put the colony for a time out of mind; and when, about the close of the sixteenth century, the kings of Denmark began to send in quest of it, it had disappeared: expedition after expedition, from 1585 to 1680, searched in vain. It was not till 1727, six years after the heroic Hans Egede had begun his missionary work among the *Esquimaux*, that the Danes began their modern settlement on Greenland. Since then, although no descendants of the Norsemen have been seen, numerous traces have been found of their settlements, in the shape of tombstones with runic and Icelandic inscriptions, long rows of coffins containing skeletons, the ruins of a church with the broken church bells, &c.

The discoveries of those early adventurers, embodied in Icelandic narratives half historical half legendary, remained unknown to the world at large, and the exploration of the north had to begin anew. This time it was no longer the boisterous adventurousness of the Northmen, but an earnest spirit of enterprise directed to a definite end. That end was the discovery of a short way by sea to the rich and gorgeous countries of India and Cathay (China), with pictures of which all imaginations were in that age inflamed. It was this idea that led Columbus, in 1492, across the Atlantic to the discovery of America. Vasco da Gama actually reached India in 1497 by sailing round the south of Africa; but the Cape of Good Hope was reputed so stormy as to terrify mariners, and the configuration of the continents being unknown, it was thought that a much shorter route must exist by the north. The voyages originating in this idea may be grouped under four heads: 1. Voyages for the discovery of a North-east Passage; 2. Voyages for the discovery of a North-west Passage; 3. Voyages in search of Sir John Franklin; 4. North Polar Voyages. It so happens that, in point of time, they occurred pretty much in the order here given.

NORTH-EAST VOYAGES.

The first to project a northern route to the Indies seems to have been Sebastian Cabot. This distinguished navigator had entered

the service of Henry VII. of England, and, along with his father, landed on the coast of Labrador in 1497, eighteen months before Columbus saw the mainland of tropical America. It was by the north of the newly discovered continent that he first thought of making his way; and in 1515 we find him in Spain planning an exploration of a North-west Passage, which, however, was never carried out. Returning to England, he was sent by Henry VIII. a second time to Labrador, in 1517, when he reached lat. $67\frac{1}{2}$, and entered Hudson's Bay. After a second period of service in Spain, he returned once more to England in 1548. Edward VI. gave him a pension, and consulted him in all naval matters; and now he resumed his old idea, but this time it was towards the north-east that he turned his attention. A company of merchant adventurers, called the Muscovy Company, was formed to open up communication with the north of Russia; Cabot was made governor of the company, and under his direction a great expedition was fitted out, the like of which 'was never in any realm seen, used, or known.' This great expedition was placed under the command of Sir Hugh Willoughby, to whom the most minute and quaint instructions were delivered, to regulate his conduct with the people of the country he came to (whom he was instructed to get drunk, so that the secrets of their hearts might ooze out), and all other subjects of the slightest importance. The fleet consisted of three ships—the *Bona Esperanza*, the flag-ship of the admiral; the *Edward Bonadventure*, under the command of Richard Chancellor, Stephen Burrough being master; and the *Bona Confidentia*, the captain of which was Master Cornelius Durfoorth. It is with a feeling almost of sadness that we read of the joyousness with which these early adventurers of England into the unknown regions of the frozen north left the Thames; how, on the day of sailing, 'they saluted their acquaintance, one his wife, another his children, and another his kinsfolkes, and another his friend dearer than his kinsfolkes;' and after this they dropped down to Greenwich, where the court was. The 'great ships' (they were only three, and none of them was more than one hundred and sixty tons, the smallest only ninety tons burden) were towed by the boats, 'the mariners being all apparelled in watchet or skie coloured cloth. The courtiers came running out, and the people flocked together, standing very thicke upon the shoare; the Privie Counsel they looked out at the windowes of the court, and the rest ran up to the toppes of the towers; the shippes hereupon discharged their ordinance, and shoot off their pieces after the maner of warre and of the sea, insomuch that the toppes of the hilles sounded therewith; the valleys and the waters gave an echo, and the mariners they shouted in such sort that the skie rang again with the noise thereof.' All this, and much more, we read in the pages of Hakluyt, who had it from Clement Adams, 'schoolemaster to the queene's henshmen.' The results of this voyage, hailed so joyously by Edward's court at Greenwich,

ARCTIC REGIONS AND ARCTIC EXPLORATIONS.

proved most disastrous, for Sir Hugh and all his associates, together with the merchants, officers, and ship's company, as well as those of the *Bona Confidentia*, to the number of seventy persons, perished miserably, from the effects of cold or hunger, on a barren and uninhabited part of the eastern coast of Lapland, where the dead bodies of those who thus perished were discovered the following year by some Russian fishermen.

Fairer fortune attended Chancelor, who succeeded in reaching Wardhuys in Norway, where he waited anxiously for the rest of the expedition; and though dissuaded from his design by 'certaine Scottishmen,' who had even at that early date wandered so far afield, he pushed north, until he came to a land where there was everlasting sunshine, shining with 'a continuall light and brightnesse clearly upon the huge and mighty sea.' He now learned that he was in the dominions of Ivan Vassilovich, Czar of Russia; and Master Chancelor, journeying fifteen hundred miles, came to his court at Moscow, where he was well received; and after laying the foundations of the long peace and friendship we enjoyed with Russia almost uninterruptedly, he reached England in safety the following spring.

After one or two more fruitless attempts on the part of England—fruitless at least in as far as the discovery of the North-east Passage was concerned—the States-general of Holland, anxious to find access to the trade of India, without encountering their determined enemies the Spaniards, took up the pursuit, and, in 1594-6, sent out three expeditions, which alike failed in the main object. The last of the three affords striking examples of dangers encountered and manful perseverance in struggling against them. They first discovered Spitzbergen, which, however, they supposed to be part of Greenland. One of the ships, commanded by Willem Barentz, who had been in the former two expeditions, then separated from the others, and reached Nova Zembla, where the ice closed in upon them, and made escape impossible. On the 11th of September, 'we saw,' to quote the narrative, 'that we could not get out of the ice, but rather became faster, and could not loose our ship, as at other times we had done, as also that it began to be winter, we tooke counsell together what we were best to doe, according to the time, that we might winter there, and attend such adventure as God would send us; and after we had debated upon the matter (to keepe and defend ourselves both from the colde and wilde beastes), we determined to build a house upon the land, to keepe us therein as well as wee could, and so to commit ourselves unto the tuition of God.' While casting about for material for the edifice, to their great joy they discovered a quantity of drift-timber, which they regarded as a special interposition of Providence in their behalf, and 'were much comforted, being in good hope that God would shew us some further favour; for that wood served us not onely to build our house,

but also to burne, and serve us all the winter long; otherwise, without all doubt, we had died there miserably with extreme cold.'

Parties were thereupon set to work to build the house, and drag their stores from the ship on hand-sleds, in which labours they were grievously interrupted by bears and severity of the weather: if any one held a nail between his lips, the skin came off with as much pain on taking it out again as though the iron had been red hot; yet notwithstanding the cold, there was open sea for many weeks an 'arrow-shot' beyond their ship. The dwelling, slow in progress, was finished by the end of October, and thatched with sea-wrack, the more effectually to close the chinks in the roof and walls, and 'we set up our dyall, and made the clocke strike.' On the 4th November 'wee saw the sunne no more, for it was no longer above the horizon; then our chirurgion made a bath (to bathe us in) of a wine-pipe, wherein wee entred one after the other, and it did us much good, and was a great meanes of our health.' All the spare clothing was distributed, regulations established with regard to diet, and duties apportioned; the master and pilot being exempted from cleaving wood and other rude labours. Traps were set to catch foxes for food, and cheerfulness was as much as possible promoted; but at times they were snowed up, and could not open their door for many days, and had no light but that of their fire: they were tormented with smoke, while ice two inches thick formed in their sleeping-berths. The clock stopped with the cold, after which they could only reckon time by 'the twelve-hour glass.'

The misery they endured may be judged of by the tone of some of the entries in their journal; such suffering was but too frequent: 'It was foule weather againe, with an easterly wind and extreame cold, almost not to bee indured; whereupon wee lookt pittifully one upon the other, being in great feare that if the extreamitie of the cold grew to bee more and more, wee should all dye there with cold; for that what fire soever wee made it would not warme us; yea, and our sacke, which is so hot, was frozen very hard, so that when we were every man to have his part, we were forced to melt it in the fire, which we shared every second day about halfe a pint for a man, wherewith we were forced to sustayne ourselves; and at other times wee dranke water, which agreed not well with the cold, and we needed not to coole it with snow or ice; but we were forced to melt it out of the snow.' Sometimes, while they sat at the fire, 'and seemed to burne on the fore-side, we froze behind at our backes, and were all white as the countrey men use to bee when they come in at the gates of the toun in Holland with their sleds, and have gone all night.' It might indeed seem that no room remained for hope; yet under date December 19 we read: 'Wee put each other in good comfort that the sunne was then almost halfe over, and ready to come to us againe, which wee sore longed for, it being a weary time for us to bee without the sunne, and to want the greatest comfort

ARCTIC REGIONS AND ARCTIC EXPLORATIONS.

that God sendeth unto man here upon the earth, and that which rejoyleth every living thing.' They kept Twelfth-night also, and 'made pancakes with oyle, and every man a white bisket, which we sopt in wine : and so, supposing that we were in our owne countrey, and amongst our friends, it comforted us as well as if we had made a great banquet in our owne house : and wee also made tickets, and our gunner was king of Nova Zembla, which is at least two hundred miles long, and lyeth between two seas.'

On the 24th January they saw the sun again, a sight that reanimated their sinking spirits, confined as they had been with no light but that of the fire, and often prevented by heavy snow from going out of their dwelling for many days in succession. Several of the party were sick—one died : a grave seven feet deep was dug in the snow ; and then, as is mournfully recorded, 'after that we had read certaine chapters and sung some psalmes, we all went out and buried the man.' As the days lengthened, they set about preparations for departure, and repaired their two boats, and had good hope 'to get out of that wilde, desart, irkesome, fearfull, and cold country.' On the 13th of June, the survivors, twelve in number, left the desolate shore after a stay of ten months. Barentz and two others were so worn out with disease, that they died soon after, amid all the privations of exposure in small boats in an ice-encumbered sea. The remainder struggled onwards, manfully overcoming the perils that beset them ; and in September reached the coast of Lapland, where 'wee saw some trees on the river side, which comforted us, and made us glad, as if wee had then come into a new world ; for in all the time that wee had been out, we had not seene any trees.' On the 11th of the same month, after a voyage of 1143 miles, these brave-hearted men set up their boats in the 'merchants' house at Coola, as a sign and token of their deliverance ;' and embarking on board a Dutch ship, in the course of a few weeks once more set foot in their native country.

The search for a North-east Passage was again taken up on the part of England ; and Henry Hudson, better known in connection with the western continent, attempted, first in 1608, and again in 1609, to pass between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla, but without success. The last attempt in this direction was in 1676, when the English Admiralty sent out two ships under Captain John Wood ; one of them was wrecked on the coast of Nova Zembla, and the other returned with the rescued crew. Though unsuccessful in their main object, these expeditions made the north coasts of Europe well known, and revealed the riches of those seas in oil and fur animals.

NORTH-WEST VOYAGES.

The early voyages of Cabot to the north-west have already been noticed. The next of importance are the three voyages by Martin

Frobisher. He discovered the entrance to Hudson's Strait, and explored that still known as Frobisher's; but failed in penetrating to the westward. Great hopes were excited by some lumps of yellow glistening ore which he brought home, and in his later voyages gold mines were not less to be searched for than the North-west Passage. The three voyages by Davis in 1585-8 enlarged the limits of research; by the discovery of the strait which still bears his name, he opened the way to Baffin's Bay and the Polar Sea; he also surveyed a considerable extent of the Greenland coast.

Henry Hudson, 'the North Seas' great Columbus,' comes next in the list of explorers. In his first voyage, with a crew of only ten men and a boy (1607), he penetrated as far as 82° N. lat., and discovered part of the eastern coast of Greenland. His second attempt was made on the track of Barentz, but with no better success. In his third and last voyage in 1610, he passed the strait which now bears his name, and entered the great inland sea known as Hudson's Bay. Concluding that this led to the North-west Passage, he passed the winter there, with the intention of resuming operations early in the following year; but in the spring his crew, wearied with hardship, mutinied, and Hudson, with his son and seven others, was turned adrift in a small boat, and never afterwards heard of:

'Of all the sea-shapes death has worn, may mariners never know
Such fate as Hendrik Hudson found in the labyrinths of snow.'

We are told in the history of the voyage, that later in the same day on which the fated few were abandoned, the conspirators saw the boat again, when 'they let fall the main-sayle, and out with their top-sayles, and flye as from an enemy.' Continuing thus that night and the next day, 'they saw not the shallop, nor ever after.' But punishment overtook the perpetrators of this foul crime: four were killed in a skirmish with the Esquimaux near Cape Digges; and another died on the passage to Ireland, where the survivors arrived in a famishing condition, having been reduced to such extremities for want of food as to devour their candles. Strange to relate, no attempt was made to bring the mutineers to trial; some of them, indeed, were afterwards employed in further explorations.

In 1616, Baffin sailed into and explored the vast bay, 800 miles long and 300 wide, named after him. For a long time his report of its great length was disbelieved, but later researches have confirmed the accuracy of his statements; even the latitudes laid down by him are almost identical with those recently determined with all the advantage of superior instruments. Among other openings, Baffin saw Lancaster Sound; and had he explored it, Parry's discoveries would have been anticipated by two hundred years, as they had been to some extent by the long-forgotten Northmen.

In 1743, parliament offered a reward of £20,000 to any one who should sail to the north-west by way of Hudson's Strait, which

passage, it was declared, would be 'of great benefit and advantage to the kingdom.'

In 1776, Cook sailed on the fatal expedition which cost England her famous navigator, with instructions to attempt the passage of the Icy Sea from Behring's Strait to Baffin's Bay. The clause of the act above referred to, wherein Hudson's Strait was exclusively specified, was altered to include 'any northern passage' for ships; and £5000 was further voted to any one who should get within one degree of the pole. Cook, with all his perseverance, could not penetrate beyond Icy Cape, lat. $70^{\circ} 45'$, where he found the ice stretching in a compact mass across to the opposite continent, which he also visited, sailing as far as Cape North on the coast of Asia. It would appear that expectations prevailed of the enterprising mariner's success, for a vessel was sent to Baffin's Bay to wait for him, in 1777, in charge of Lieutenant Pickersgill.

These failures threw a damp for a time on exploring enterprise; and besides, the attention of Europe was engrossed with the struggles of the French Revolution. But in 1816-17, the Greenland whalers reported the sea to be clearer of ice than at any former time within their knowledge. This fact engaged the attention of the Admiralty; and the Council of the Royal Society were consulted as to the prospects of renewed operations in the Arctic regions. Their reply was favourable; and in 1818, two expeditions were fitted out—the one to discover the North-west Passage, the other to reach the pole. Captain (afterwards Sir John) Ross and Lieutenant (afterwards Sir Edward) Parry, in the vessels *Isabella* and *Alexander*, were intrusted with the former of these objects. They were especially charged to examine the great openings described by Baffin as existing at the head of the vast bay which he so diligently explored; and in carrying out these instructions, the commanders found full reason to applaud the care and perseverance of the able navigator who had preceded them by two hundred years. It must be remembered that we are now treating of a period when science put forward its imperative claims, and when, as at present, something more was required than a meagre chart of a previously unexplored coast, and graphic accounts of new countries and their inhabitants. Astronomy, geology, meteorology, magnetism, natural history, were all clamorous for new facts, or for satisfactory tests of those already known. For the same reason it is that of late years exploring expeditions have been more interesting to the philosopher than to the general public. Lord Anson returning from the southern seas with wagon-loads of Spanish dollars and doubloons would be hailed with popular acclaim; while Sir James Ross arriving from the Antarctic Ocean with materials for accurate magnetic charts, and records of soundings deep as Mont Blanc's altitude, is the hero of the scientific world.

The open state of the sea greatly facilitated the purposes of the

expedition. In August the ships were sailing up Lancaster Sound, with every prospect of an easy passage to the westward; when the commander, fancying that he saw a range of mountains barring all further progress in the distance, hesitated to advance, and finally, throwing away the favourable opportunity, returned with his consort to England.

But some who took part in the voyage affirmed the mountains seen by the commander were an ocular deception; and further exertions being resolved on, two ships, the *Hecla* and the *Griper*, commanded by Captain Parry, sailed in May 1819, to explore Lancaster Sound anew. Using every exertion to be early on the scene of operations, they were in the entrance of the Sound in the end of July, waiting for an easterly breeze. It came at last; both vessels crowded sail; and as Captain Parry relates: 'It is more easy to imagine than to describe the almost breathless anxiety which was now visible in every countenance while, as the breeze increased to a fresh gale, we ran quickly up the Sound. The mast-heads were crowded by the officers and men during the whole afternoon; and an unconcerned observer, if any could have been unconcerned on such an occasion, would have been amused by the eagerness with which the various reports from the crow's-nest were received—all, however, hitherto, favourable to our most sanguine hopes.' The question as to a passage was soon settled. 'We were,' pursues the narrative, 'by midnight in a great measure relieved from our anxiety respecting the supposed continuity of land at the bottom of this magnificent inlet, having reached the longitude of $83^{\circ} 12'$, where the two shores are still above thirteen leagues apart, without the slightest appearance of any land to the westward of us for four or five points of the compass.'

An inlet ten leagues wide, on the southern shore, was next seen. Thinking that this would lead to the American continent, Captain Parry sailed into it for some distance until stopped by the ice. While here, the singular phenomenon was observed, as it had been by former voyagers, of the compasses becoming useless, the needles losing all directive power, and pointing to any direction in which they might be turned. This effect, which added materially to the difficulty of navigating an unknown sea, was due chiefly to the proximity of the magnetic pole. From this channel, to which the name of Regent's Inlet was given, the ships returned to Barrow Strait, where, on the 22d August, another wide opening of eight leagues was discovered on the northern shore. Far as the eye could reach it was clear of ice, but no attempt was made to explore it, as all on board the vessels were desirous of getting to the westward: it was called Wellington Channel. Beyond this, several islands were passed, the whole group now known as the Parry Islands; and during this part of the voyage a change was noticed in the general direction of the compass needle from westerly to easterly, shewing, as Captain Parry observes, that they had

‘crossed immediately to the northward of the magnetic pole, and had undoubtedly passed over one of those spots on the globe where the needle would have been found to vary 180° , or, in other words, where its north pole would have pointed due south.’

Sailing onwards, the passage narrowed; Melville Island was discovered and named; and on the 4th September the party became entitled to the parliamentary reward of £5000 offered for attaining 110° of west longitude; a gratifying fact duly commemorated in the appellation of an adjacent headland—Bounty Cape. The narrowing of the channel disappointed the explorers in their hope of making their way to Behring’s Strait in one season. Ice was met with; on the 14th September a sudden fall of snow indicated the close of the fine season; the *Griper* was forced on shore; and though got off again, the obstructions were such as to make it evident that no time was to be lost in looking for winter-quarters. With some difficulty the course was retraced to a bay in Melville Island; but new ice seven inches in thickness formed so rapidly, that before the vessels could be brought to their anchoring-ground, a channel more than two miles long had to be cut to admit them.

All heavy materials and stores were immediately landed, the decks cleared, and each vessel housed over with a thick tilt-cloth; and to insure as much snugness as possible under the circumstances, the sides were banked up with snow. Notwithstanding the heating apparatus distributed throughout each ship, the sleeping-berths were nearly always damp, and coated with ice; and whenever the external air was admitted by the opening of a door, the sudden rush of cold condensed the warm air of the apartment to a visible vapour, which settled and froze on the bulk-heads and beams. Later in the season the berths were taken down, and hammocks slung amidship substituted for them, very much to the comfort and health of the crews—an arrangement which has been followed in subsequent voyages with equal benefit. During the winter all available means were taken to promote health and cheerfulness: when the weather permitted, the men took exercise on shore, and on other occasions were made to run round the deck to the tunes of a hand-organ or to their own songs. Dramatic entertainments were prepared: the first representation took place on the day on which the ice-bound adventurers lost sight of the sun, to see it no more for three dreary months, and was repeated fortnightly afterwards. A school was opened, and well attended by the crews, who found learning to read a valuable relief from *ennui* and its concomitant evils; and the officers, among other modes of using the time, started a weekly manuscript newspaper—*The North Georgia Gazette and Winter Chronicle*—in which humour and philosophy were mingled, to the amusement and edification of writers and readers. Those who understand the intimate connection between mental and physical health will best appreciate these attempts to provide occupation for

mind and body. But the scientific objects of the expedition were not forgotten: in the observatory built on shore, astronomical, magnetical, and meteorological observations were perseveringly recorded, in spite of the rigorous climate; and when the cold was such that to touch the metal of the instruments raised a blister, or took off the skin, just as in a case of burning, it was necessary to hold the breath while observing, otherwise a thin film of ice formed on the eye-glasses. Several phenomena peculiar to northern latitudes were taken account of: curious effects of refraction, appearances of the aurora, facility of hearing sounds at great distances—in calm weather conversation could be held between two individuals more than a mile apart with but a slight elevation of the voice; smoke did not rise, but crept along for several miles in a horizontal direction; objects seen at a distance in the dreary waste of snow deceived the eye, and appeared much larger than they were in reality. February 1820 was the coldest part of the season; the temperature fell to 55° below zero, a degree of rigor which might well be supposed to be unbearable; yet, if there be no wind, it can be borne without pain. Mercury froze so as to become malleable, and could be beaten into a variety of forms.

In March, preparations were made to fit the ships again for service; the ice which had accumulated inside the *Hecla* from breath and steam was scraped off, making a quantity of seventy-five bushels. On the 12th and 13th May, the first ptarmigan, deer, and musk ox were seen; the animals pass every spring from the mainland to the islands to graze and breed. On the 1st June, a party set out to cross the island to its northern shore: the pools were full of fowl, the rapid fervour of an Arctic summer had already converted the snowy waste into 'luxuriant pasture-ground,' rich in flowers and grass, with 'almost the same lively appearance as that of an English meadow,' a fact which fully accounts for the periodical migration of animals from the continent.

It was not until the 1st August that the ships were once more fairly afloat, and endeavours made to push to the westward; but the icy barrier which the party had seen on their first approach still barred their progress. The *Griper* again took the ground during a perilous interval, and all further progress in the much desired direction became hopeless. The heads of the vessels were reluctantly turned to the eastward; they stood out of the Sound, surveyed part of Baffin's Bay, and in November returned to England, with all hands, comprising ninety-four individuals, in health, having lost but one during their eighteen months' absence.

In September of the same year that Parry sailed, an overland expedition started from York Factory, Hudson's Bay, under charge of Sir John Franklin, accompanied by Dr (afterwards Sir John) Richardson, two midshipmen (Messrs Back and Hood), and Hepburn a seaman, with the object of exploring the north coast of America to

ARCTIC REGIONS AND ARCTIC EXPLORATIONS.

its eastern extremity from the mouth of the Coppermine. There was a chance that Parry might make for the coast in his ships; and if so, the two parties would have co-operated with mutual advantage.

It may be well to notice here that more than one exploring expedition had already been sent out by the Hudson's Bay Company. Although bound by their charter to attempt the discovery of a North-west Passage, they were very lukewarm in the matter until 1719, when, under strong influence brought to bear on them, they fitted out an expedition under Knight and Barlow. These officers never returned, nor did the expedition (under Scroggs) sent in search of them succeed in learning any trace of them. Fifty years afterwards, the wrecks of their vessels were discovered on Marble Island, where they apparently perished. The Esquimaux told a sad tale of the sufferings of these poor castaways. It appears that in 1720 twenty of them were living—the rest having been destroyed by sickness and famine. In the summer of 1721, only five of them were alive and in such distress for provisions, that they eagerly ate the seal's flesh and whale's blubber quite raw, as they purchased it from the natives. This disordered them so much that three of them died in a few days; and the other two, though very weak, made a shift to bury them. These two survived many days after the rest, and frequently went to the top of an adjacent rock, and earnestly looked to the south and east, as if in expectation of some vessels coming to their relief. After continuing there a considerable time together, and nothing appearing in sight, they sat down close together and wept bitterly. At length one of them died, and the other's strength was so far exhausted, that he fell down and died also in attempting to dig a grave for his companion. The skulls and other large bones of these two men were lying about the ground, close to the house which they inhabited, as late as 1769. The longest liver, according to the Esquimaux account, was always employed in working iron into implements for them; probably he was the armourer or smith. It is said that in 1800, Mr Atkinson, an officer of the Hudson's Bay Company, found the following inscription written on a piece of cedar-wood about a foot square, and five feet above the ground, on Old Factory Island, in James Bay, about thirty miles to the northward of East Main Factory. Though it is said that all the letters were quite visible, yet doubtless this was only partially true, because the date and number of ships are given incorrectly. 'In the year 1692 [1719] wintered three [two] ships at this island, with one hundred and twenty-seven men, under the government of Captain James Knight. Then we erected this monument in remembrance of it.'

Between the years 1769 and 1772, Samuel Hearne made a remarkable overland journey to the Polar Sea, near the mouth of the Coppermine River; and in 1789, Mr (afterwards Sir Alexander) Mackenzie, another officer of the Hudson's Bay Company, reached

the same ocean at the mouth of the Mackenzie River, which has been named in his honour. Both their narratives are, however, very unsatisfactory; and these men seem to have been more intent on serving the trading company by whom they were employed, than in making geographical discoveries which might be supposed to act prejudicially to the interests of the fur-trade, and the monopoly of the incorporation under whose directions they acted.

Franklin and his party, increased by a number of Canadian voyageurs, interpreters, &c., set out from Fort Chippewayan in July 1820 for Fort Enterprise, 500 miles to the north. Here they wintered; and in June next year sailed in canoes down the Coppermine River to the sea. They then paddled eastward a distance, counting the indentations of the coast, of 555 geographical miles, when, their provisions beginning to fail, they were obliged to halt. The farthest point reached, on what is now Coronation Gulf, they called Point Turnagain. The fatigues and privations endured on the way back to Fort Enterprise are scarcely to be paralleled. Their chief subsistence was a species of lichen called rock-tripe, which had a most nauseous taste, and caused cruel bowel-complaints. One day, 'previous to setting out, the whole party ate the remains of their old shoes and whatever scraps of leather they had, to strengthen their stomachs for the fatigue of the day's journey.' When the survivors reached York Factory, they had travelled 5500 miles in the course of three years.

In 1821, Parry and Lyon were again despatched in the *Hecla* and *Fury* up Hudson's Strait and Foxe's Channel, where winter overtook them. This dark season was again spent in the same cheerful and beneficial manner as before. In July the vessels were released from their icy dock, and the explorations were again resumed up Foxe's Channel and Hecla and Fury Strait, a continuation of the former, until they came to a place called by the Esquimaux Igloolik, where they again wintered, but apparently with less jollity than before—the protracted residence in the frozen seas seeming to tell on the spirits of the seamen. In the spring, they again attempted to proceed, but finding their efforts fruitless, they bore up for England, reaching the town of Lerwick, in the Shetland Islands, on the 10th of October 1823, after having been more than two years absent, without a single word reaching the outer world regarding their safety. The honest islanders looked upon them as people risen from the dead, and testified their joy at their safety by ringing the bells, and firing guns to their hearts' content.

In 1824, the *Hecla* and *Fury*, under Captains Parry and Hoppner, were again despatched on northern discovery. This voyage proved most unfortunate. They only succeeded in reaching Port Bowen in Barrow Strait (a continuation of Lancaster Sound), when they were frozen up for the winter. In the spring, they met many obstacles and disasters, the final one of which was the *Fury* getting nipped

or crushed by the ice to such an extent as to render her unseaworthy. This now frustrated the whole object of the expedition. The *Fury* being abandoned, her crew was transferred to the *Hecla*, and the whole expedition returned to England. The government was so discouraged at this finale to the long list of failures to effect the main object of the expeditions, that, notwithstanding the brilliant geographical discoveries they had made, and the great increase to our knowledge of the Arctic regions effected by them, they resolved to discontinue their efforts to seek for a North-west Passage. They further withdrew the offer of £20,000 as a reward to the vessel which should accomplish this feat. Matters were in this condition but a short time, for in 1829, a London distiller, Mr (afterwards Sir Felix) Booth fitted out an expedition, consisting of a steamer, the *Victory*, under the command of Captain John Ross. The steamer proved almost worthless, the machinery continually breaking down, and at its best rarely accomplishing more than one and a half miles an hour. However, on the 12th of August, they reached the wreck of the *Fury*, when, though the vessel was almost entirely gone, they secured some useful stores. Pushing westward, they reached an extensive land, which Ross named Boothia Felix, in honour of his munificent patron. After exploring 300 miles of this coast, they wintered. The summer of 1830 was spent in explorations on foot and by sledge, the principal result of which was the discovery by Commander (afterwards Sir) James Ross of the *magnetic* pole, in $70^{\circ} 5' 17''$ N. lat., and $96^{\circ} 46' 45''$ W. long. Here the needle did not move. Again the winter closed on them, and again in the summer they repeated their exploration, until a third winter bound their vessel still immovable. Next summer, though in great sorrow, they determined to abandon their vessel, and attempt their escape to the whalers in Baffin's Bay. This they failed to accomplish, and a fourth winter was passed in their vessel. Next summer they again renewed their attempt, and after many obstacles, they gained the open waters of Baffin's Bay. 'At four o'clock in the morning of the 26th,' says Murray, 'they were roused from sleep by the look-out man announcing "A sail," which, viewed through a glass, proved evidently to be a ship. All were presently in motion, and their hopes and fears were variously expressed. But they were detained by calms and light shifting airs, and, a breeze springing up, the vessel made sail with a rapidity which left them hopelessly behind. About ten, however, they descried another, which seemed to be lying to; but she also bore up under all sail, and appeared to be fast leaving them. Happily a calm succeeded, and by hard rowing they approached so near that their signals were perceived, when she was seen to heave to and lower a boat, which made directly towards them. On its arrival, the mate in command asked if they were in distress, and had lost their vessel, proffering his aid; stating, in answer to their inquiries, that he belonged to the *Isabella* of Hull,

once commanded by Captain Ross, now by Captain Humphreys. On being told that the former person stood before him, his brain was so puzzled that he declared the captain must be under a mistake, as he had certainly been dead two years.' He was soon satisfied of the truth of the intelligence, and hastened back to his ship with the news. Immediately the yards were manned, and the adventurers saluted back to civilisation and friends with three hearty cheers. 'Every man was hungry, and was to be fed; all were ragged, and were to be clothed; there was not one to whom washing was not indispensable, *nor one whom his beard did not deprive of all English semblance*—it was washing, dressing, shaving, eating, all intermingled.' After the excitement of the day, they retired to rest, but so long had they been accustomed to live in the open air, that few of them could sleep on a bed. On the 30th September they left for home, and to their joy, and astonishment of all Europe, reached England in safety. Captain (now Admiral Sir George) Back had been despatched previously, however, to search for the expedition on the shore of the American polar sea, and had already been absent for a year on his overland journey, during which considerable discoveries were made.* All the officers and men received double pay and promotion; and after some delay, Captain Ross was knighted, and received a reward of five thousand pounds from parliament; while Mr Booth was created a baronet.

In 1830, Captain Back was sent in the *Terror* to complete the discovery of the coast-line between Regent's Inlet and Point Turnagain. This expedition almost entirely failed in its object, through the disasters which the vessel encountered from the ice. Though Back had thus failed in accomplishing the objects of his expedition, Messrs Dease and Simpson, two officers of the Hudson's Bay Company, in 1837, 1838, and 1839, under the auspices of that body, succeeded in accomplishing, by overland and coast journeys, nearly all that Back had mapped out for himself.

In 1844, the return of Captain Sir James Ross from his brilliant Antarctic expedition gave a new impetus to Arctic discovery. The government having finally, under judicious pressure, resolved to despatch another expedition, the *Erebus* and *Terror* were fitted out for this purpose, and the command given to Captain Sir John Franklin, who had already greatly distinguished himself in an expedition to Spitzbergen in 1818, in the overland expedition to the Arctic Sea in 1819-21, already mentioned, and in a second of the same nature in 1825-6. Sir John had been more recently governor of Van Diemen's Land, and was then well advanced in years. The junior captains were Crozier and Fitzjames, and the total number of officers and men was 134, comprising the pick of Arctic seamen. The vessels were, in addition, provided each with a small steam-

* King's Narrative, 2 vols. Back's Narrative.

ARCTIC REGIONS AND ARCTIC EXPLORATIONS.

engine and propeller, and every scientific instrument and store which might be supposed to be useful or necessary to the comfort and safety of the crew, or the success of the expedition. On the 19th of May 1845, the expedition left the Thames, and a tender which accompanied it discharged its extra stores and returned to England from Davis' Strait, the two vessels being then provided with stores sufficient for five years. On the 26th of July they were seen by a whaler moored to an iceberg, waiting for an opening through the ice which extends down the middle of Baffin's Bay, and this was the last positive intelligence of the Franklin Expedition. From this time, Arctic exploration takes the shape of a search for the missing expedition.

EXPEDITIONS IN SEARCH OF FRANKLIN.

Nothing having been heard for two years of Franklin and his companions, some anxiety began to be felt about their safety. Hearsay stories came floating home of whalers having seen Esquimaux who talked of ships having been lost, and of men dragging boats behind them over the ice. At last the government resolved to send out several vessels to succour the men if possible, and if not, to ascertain their fate. The first were despatched in 1848; and for five years expedition followed expedition (once as many as six in one year) on the same errand. Private liberality supplemented the exertions of government; nor were the people of the United States behind in what was felt to be the common cause of humanity. It has been calculated that, including the cost of the missing expedition, more than a million of money was spent on this object. If all these enterprises effected little in so far as their main end was concerned, they at least extended vastly our knowledge of the Arctic regions; the greater part of the definite outlines of this intricate maze of land and water, or rather land and ice, which now cover our maps, were filled in in those years. We can do little more than enumerate the several expeditions.

In 1848, the *Plover*, Commander Maguire, was despatched to Behring's Strait, and conjointly with him Captains Kellet and Moore, in 1848-9, to the same region. They were also accompanied by Mr Robert Shedden in his own yacht, and we regret to say that this gentleman fell a victim to his exertions—dying shortly after his return.

Sir John Richardson was also despatched to examine the shores of the Arctic Sea in the vicinity of the Mackenzie River; and conjoined with him was Dr John Rae, a celebrated North American traveller, and chief trader and surgeon of the Hudson's Bay Company, who had already distinguished himself as an explorer of the Melville Peninsula in 1846-7. Sir James Ross was sent to Lancaster Sound; and a store-ship, under Mr Saunders, was secured

in the same quarter. All of these expeditions returned safely to England, without, however, obtaining any trace of the missing expedition. In 1850, no less than eight expeditions were again in the Arctic seas—namely, Collinson and M'Clure, in the *Enterprise* and *Investigator*, by way of Behring's Strait; Captain Penny, a whaler, with Captain Stewart, in the direction of Lancaster Sound; Austin, Ommaney, M'Clintock, and Sherard Osborn, in four vessels, to Lancaster Sound, &c.; and Forsyth, in the *Prince Albert*, to the same region. The seventh expedition was one sent by the liberality of the United States' government and Mr Grinnell, a merchant of New York, under Lieutenant De Haven of the United States' navy. The eighth was the schooner *Felix*, equipped by public subscription, under the command of the veteran Sir John Ross, with a tender of twelve tons called the *Mary*, with which it was intended to explore the vicinity of Wellington Channel and the headlands to Banks Land. Some of these expeditions were fortunate enough to come upon remains of the expedition—comprising scraps of paper, empty meat-tins, remains of observatory, carpenters' and armourers' shops, and three graves of men of the *Erebus* and *Terror*—all proving that Franklin had wintered at the mouth of Wellington Channel in 1845-6, and had suddenly pushed forward. In 1851, Rae was despatched on another overland expedition, with a single boat, to launch upon the waters in the vicinity of Boothia, when he should reach so far; Kennedy was despatched to Regent's Inlet in the *Prince Albert*, Inglefield to Baffin's Bay, Belcher to Wellington Channel, Pullen to Beechy Island, Osborn to Wellington Channel, and Kellet and M'Clintock to Melville Island. These expeditions nearly all failed of the main object of their search, but some of them succeeded in accomplishing great geographical discoveries. In 1854, Captain M'Clure reached England, having discovered the long-sought-for North-west Passage. His story was as follows: In 1850, when Captains Collinson and M'Clure were sent out to Behring's Strait in search of Franklin, M'Clure, after making his way along the north coast of the American continent to about W. long. 125°, struck north-east for Banks Land, and sailing through the strait which separates it from Prince Albert Land on the south-east, almost succeeded in getting into Melville Sound, which is a continuation of Barrow Strait. But although exploring parties reached it, the ship could not be got through the ice; and it was resolved to return, sail round the west side of Banks Land, and attempt to get into Melville Sound by the north. By September 1851, the *Investigator* had got along the north side of the island as far as long. 117° 54', where she was frozen in, in Mercy Bay, and there remains. Captain M'Clure and his men stuck by the ship till June 1853, when they made their way over the ice to the *Resolute*, Captain Kellet, which had entered the strait from the west. This vessel was also deserted in April 1854, and M'Clure reached England

in the *Phoenix* steamer. Although he did not find a navigable passage, still he had water under him the whole way, and thus may be said to have gone through the North-west Passage. Open it undoubtedly is some years, as witness the drift-timber from the Pacific, and the whales with harpoons put in them in the Sea of Okhotsk, &c., which have been found in Davis' Strait; but that it ever will be of the slightest use to the world, few for long before its discovery ever imagined, and still less so now is the belief entertained. M'Clure was tried by court-martial for the loss of his ship, but was acquitted; and a reward of ten thousand pounds was made for this discovery.

Again, in 1853, Trollope and Kennedy were despatched to Behring's Strait, and Inglefield to Wellington Channel, &c., but without effecting anything of importance. During the same year, Dr Elisha Kent Kane, of the United States' navy, who had been surgeon of De Haven's expedition, was despatched by the Americans (the chief of whom was Mr Grinnell) in the schooner *Advance* up Smith's Sound in search of Franklin. The vessel was of poor quality—ill found, and ill fitted for the service; but notwithstanding, Dr Kane held by the vessel for three years in a harbour in $78^{\circ} 37'$ N. lat., in Smith's Sound, where she had got frozen in, suffering almost incredible hardships. Finally, deserting the vessel in open boats, they reached the most northerly of the Danish settlements in Greenland, and were conveyed to the United States by an expedition despatched in search of them, which met them here. Kane considered that he had discovered an open sea to the northward, surrounding the pole. The wonderful tale of his sufferings has been told by himself in a book of great interest and value, notwithstanding the rather too evident attempts to produce effect.*

The saddest of all the intelligence about Franklin's expedition, however, reached England in 1853. Dr Rae, who had been exploring Boothia, found among the Esquimaux various articles of silver-plate, &c. belonging to the officers of Franklin's expedition, and discovered further, that the vessels had been destroyed by the ice. The most horrible conclusion, however, drawn was, that the unfortunate crew had been driven by starvation to cannibalism—many of the bodies being described by the Esquimaux as being in a very mutilated condition, and the contents of the kettles seen by them making this conclusion too inevitable. Though Dr Rae's report was subjected to severe criticism, and he himself to unmerited abuse, yet so thoroughly were the government convinced of the truth of it, that they rewarded this *beau idéal* of an explorer by presenting to the expedition which he commanded the sum of ten thousand pounds, in terms of the reward offered by the Admiralty to any person who should first succeed in ascertaining the fate of the crews of the

* *Arctic Explorations*, 2 vols. Philadelphia, 1855.

Erebus and *Terror*. In 1855, the Hudson's Bay Company despatched Mr Anderson, one of their chief traders, with a party down the Great Fish River, but without obtaining any further intelligence of the missing expedition, beyond buying from the Esquimaux various articles known to have belonged to it.

Still, public interest in the ill-fated expedition was not quite allayed, for no certain intimation had yet been obtained of the fate of the greater number of the men belonging to the expedition. The government, however, declined to send out any more expeditions; and it was only with the utmost exertions of Lady Franklin and her scientific friends that the steam-yacht *Fox*, of 177 tons, was purchased at their own cost, and despatched on June 30, 1857, under the command of Captain M'Clintock, R.N. Being late in reaching the upper part of Baffin's Bay, they were frozen in the pack-ice the whole of the first winter, and drifted south 1385 miles. The next winter they lay in safety in Port Kennedy, and from this point sledging-parties were despatched in the spring; the result of which was that buttons, medals, &c., belonging to Franklin's expedition were obtained from the Esquimaux, who also told them of a party of men who had 'died of starvation on an island where there are salmon.' On the 25th of May, on King William's Island, a skeleton was found, and around it, and peeping through the snow, were scraps of clothing. The person appears from these to have been a steward or officer's servant, and from the position he was found in, to confirm the truth of what the Esquimaux told them—'they fell down as they walked.' Still later they came upon a cairn, in which was a copper case containing a valuable document. Round this cairn was an immense quantity of relics of the missing expedition—clothing, compasses, stores, &c.; but, with the exception of the document referred to, not one scrap of writing. This paper (of which a fac-simile is given in M'Clintock's narrative*) was one of those supplied to the expedition, to be deposited here and there with intelligence of the progress of the party, and with a request printed on it for the finder to send it to the nearest British consul, or to the Admiralty in London. It informs us that Franklin and his companions wintered on Beechy Island in 1846-7 (a mistake for 1845-6). Next year, they went to within twelve miles of King William's Land, and there wintered, in lat. 70° 5' N., long. 98° 23' W. As yet, Sir John Franklin commanded. On the 11th of June 1847, Sir John died. Then is written round the margin a sad tale. In 1848, the *Terror* and *Erebus* were deserted on the 22d April, having been beset since 12th September 1846—the officers and crew, under the command of Captain Crozier, numbering one hundred and five souls. By the shores of a desolate bay, the explorers also found a boat mounted on a sledge, and inside was

* *The Fate of Franklin*. London, 1860.

ARCTIC REGIONS AND ARCTIC EXPLORATIONS.

something which struck them with awe—namely, portions of two skeletons, with fragments of worked slippers, and a pair of strong shooting-boots, five watches, two guns—one barrel in each loaded and cocked, five or six small books—the *Vicar of Wakefield*, *Christian Melodies*, cover of New Testament and Prayer-book, &c. One can imagine the feelings of the last of these two men as his companion died, and he peered through the leaden atmosphere, waiting until such time as he should meet the same fate. Their sad duties having been so far completed, the expedition returned home on 30th September 1859.

It would appear that some of the Franklin expedition had been able to reach Montreal Island, in the estuary of the Back River, where remains of clothing and equipment were found, but no skeletons. Still, no detailed records of the expedition have been found, and it is reasonably supposed that these must be buried securely in some position, to be discovered, perhaps, when the ground is bare of snow. With this end in view, an American, Mr Hall, supported by contributions from Mr Grinnell and others, has, with very slight intervals during seven years, wintered among the Esquimaux, or with the whalers in Cumberland Sound and vicinity. Of late, he seems to think that he has got upon the track of important discoveries, and to have even determined that Captain Crozier was living at the head of Hudson's Bay as late as 1859.

Be that as it may, the discoveries of M'Clintock establish the fact that Sir John Franklin and his companions had anticipated M'Clure in discovering a North-west Passage.

NORTH POLAR VOYAGES.

At various times in the course of Arctic discovery there have been breaks in the search for north-east and north-west passages, by attempts to reach the north pole itself, and crossing over, to find by that route a passage to the south seas. Thus the object of Hudson in sailing north in 1607 and 1614 was partially with this view. More recently, the project was again renewed, but more as a matter of scientific discovery than with a view to any commercial or nautical advantage. In 1773, at the earnest solicitation of the Royal Society, the government sent Captain John Phipps (afterwards Lord Mulgrave) and Lieutenant Lutwidge (under whom served Horatio Nelson as cockswain) in the *Racehorse* and *Carcass* in the direction of Spitzbergen. Though cruising about all summer, they were unable to penetrate through the pack-ice, and did not reach farther north than $80^{\circ} 37'$ —the ice continuing in the form of a smooth unbroken plain. In 1806, the celebrated Captain Scoresby, senior (a whaler), succeeded in reaching $81^{\circ} 12' 42''$ N. lat.—or to within $8^{\circ} 47' 18''$ of the pole. This, notwithstanding various improbable tales of whalers having

reached much farther, is supposed to be the highest authenticated latitude ever reached by a *ship*. Scoresby described the navigation open to the east-north-east for many leagues. In 1818, the Admiralty again despatched Captain Buchan and Lieutenant Franklin in the *Dorothea* and the *Trent*, who reached $80^{\circ} 34'$, when they were stopped by the ice. In 1823, Captain Clavering, while conveying Captain Sabine, R.A., to perform his experiments on the Pendulum Islands to determine the figure of the earth, reached $80^{\circ} 20'$. In 1827, the celebrated Parry made an attempt to advance towards the pole by dragging the boats over the ice. But the progress made one day was often lost the next by the ice carrying them backwards. The result was that they were forced to return, after reaching $82^{\circ} 45'$.

With the last few years, the project of reaching the pole has been again renewed. It has been supposed that after passing through the barrier of northern ice impinging on Spitzbergen, the explorers would pass into a comparatively iceless sea, and have little difficulty in sailing to the pole, or until they reached the land-ice surrounding it, if that geographical point is composed of land. The barrier of ice always encountered by ships in about 80° N. is held to be the ice which has drifted south in the summer and autumn from the pole. In support of this, attention is called to the open water seen by various whalers and other navigators to the northward. Dr Kane's steward, Morton, saw at the farthest point reached by him in Smith's Sound, an 'open polar sea, refulgent with northern sunshine.' Again, in 1862, Dr I. I. Hayes, who served as surgeon of Kane's expedition, sailed north into Smith's Sound in the schooner *United States*, and though he did not succeed in reaching with his ship to within thirty miles of Kane's position, with sledges he reached a much higher point, and described an open water as being seen north of his position. More recently, a Dundee whaler, Captain Wells of the *Arctic*, steamed into Smith's Sound in search of whales—though failing in sighting the object of his search—he returned, having seen open water as far as the eye could reach to the northward. Again, four American whalers have sailed into the icy sea north of Behring's Strait so far as to approach to within fifteen miles of Wrangel's Land. All these circumstances are making geographers particularly anxious to solve the one great problem of Arctic geography—to reach the pole and explore the seas surrounding it. Accordingly, the subject has been mooted in England, Germany, and France. In England, Captain Sherard Osborn, R.N., already distinguished as an Arctic navigator, proposes to make the attempt by way of Smith's Sound, believing that this route will afford a quicker, safer, and surer way than any other. His plan is to sail for Baffin's Bay, with two small steamers, so as to reach Cape York in August; one vessel would be secured in or about Cape Isabella, leaving only twenty-five persons in charge of her; the other vessel, with ninety-five souls, would be pressed up the western shore as far as Cape

ARCTIC REGIONS AND ARCTIC EXPLORATIONS.

Parry, or in that direction, taking care not to exceed a distance of three hundred miles from her consort. That autumn the southern ship would connect herself by dépôts with the northern vessel, and the northern vessel would place dépôts towards the pole, ready for spring operations. During the next two years, sledge and boat operations should be directed towards the pole and over the unknown area. Thus they would have two winters and three summers to encounter—a period which experience has shewn that healthy men can well spend at a time in these regions. In supporting the practicability of his project, Captain Osborn appeals to the fact that the distance to be travelled by sledge has been often exceeded by our sailors in the most sterile region yet visited within the frigid zone. For instance, in 1853, M'Clintock's party did 1220 geographical miles in 105 days; and in 1854, Mechem marched 1157 miles in only 70 days, which is nearly 200 miles more than the 968 between Cape Parry and the Pole. Twice (in 1865 and 1868) has Captain Osborn tried to overcome the apathy of the authorities in this matter, but without success. Different is it in Germany. There, before the last war with Denmark, the project had been started, and though laid aside for some time during the war, has now been renewed with double energy, under the untiring labours of Dr Petermann of Gotha, the celebrated German geographer. He proposed to follow up the Gulf-stream between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla, and to make way with a steamer through the icy barrier which has hitherto stopped the progress of explorers to the northward; confident that the navigation beyond will be of such a nature as to afford but slight obstacles to the pole being reached.* Lastly, the French are now bestirring themselves, and an expedition by way of Behring's Strait, under the command of Lieutenant Lambert, is in projection. The Americans, instigated by their former success, are also beginning to talk of a north polar expedition by way of Smith's Sound, but their plans have not yet assumed proportions sufficiently tangible to be described in this place. In 1868, the *Germania*, a sailing yacht under the command of Karl Koldewey, was despatched to reconnoitre the state of the ice; and a generous merchant of Bremen—Herr Rosenthal—having given Dr Petermann the use of the *Bionenkorb*, a new steamer, that vessel sailed on the 20th February 1869 to the north, in order to push up the east side of Greenland, after a few weeks of sealing. Another expedition, consisting of two vessels, started in the month of June under Captain Koldewey. In justice to British enterprise, it ought to be mentioned that a Scottish sportsman (Mr J. Lamont) has fitted out a steamer at his own expense, with which, during the present summer (1869), he proposes attempting the exploration of the northern shores of Spitzbergen.

* *Journal of the Royal Geographical Society*, 1865; and *Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society*, 1865.

ARCTIC REGIONS AND ARCTIC EXPLORATIONS.

In regard to the risks and hardships of such undertakings, it may be observed that things are different from what they were in Baffin's and Hudson's days, or even in those of Sir John Franklin. Thanks to hard-bought experience, Arctic travelling is now reduced to a system. The service is the most popular with those who know it best; scarcely an expedition has sailed of late into the Arctic Sea the commander of which could not have manned his ship with officers of his own rank. 'Men do not volunteer for certain death or starvation,' writes Captain Osborn; 'and I can only say that so popular is Arctic service with our sailors, that I am frequently asked by old shipmates: "Are we going up that way again, sir? Please, don't forget I am a volunteer." Every year, and for many years together, poor Russian hunters winter in Spitzbergen to kill walrus, and whalers in Cumberland Sound to kill whales in the spring. Even these men's wives will sometimes accompany them; and in Danish Greenland, up to 72° N. lat., Scandinavian ladies cheerfully stay with their husbands. Shall we, then, talk about the rigours of a climate which delicate women bear? The supporters of Arctic exploration may therefore, with some justice, say: "Shall we fear to go, for the honour and glory of England, where whalers go for gain, and where women go for love?" . . . Sir Leopold M'Clintock tells the Royal Dublin Society that he estimates the foot-explorations accomplished in the search for Franklin alone at about forty thousand miles. Yet, during these thirty-six years of glorious enterprise, by ship, by boat, and by sledge, England only fairly lost one expedition and one hundred and twenty-eight souls, out of forty-two successive expeditions; and has never lost a sledge-party, out of about a hundred that have toiled within the Arctic circle. Shew me upon the globe's surface an equal amount of geographical discovery, or in history as arduous an achievement, with a smaller amount of human sacrifice, and then I will concede that Arctic exploration has entailed more than its due proportion of suffering. We do not ask for a great sum. Upwards of a million of pounds sterling has been spent in the search for Franklin and his companions. We only ask some twenty or thirty thousand pounds of the fifteen millions voted for the use of the navy—only a moiety of the worth of some of the ships blown to pieces to try new projectiles!'^{*} Let us hope that, one way or other, the next few years will reveal to us what is contained in that blank area of 1,131,000 square miles that lies around the north pole, and that Great Britain may be able to claim the honour of the discovery; for, in the words of Frobisher, applied by him to the North-west Passage three hundred years ago, it is 'the only thing in the world that is left undone whereby a notable mind might be made famous and fortunate.'

^{*} Osborn, *Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society*, 1865 and 1868.



AMONGST those whose self-denying heroism, in the midst of perils and personal privations, have shed a glory over *female devotedness*, Flora Macdonald has deservedly obtained a high meed of applause. This lady was the daughter of Macdonald of Milton, in South Uist, one of the remoter of the Western Islands of Scotland. She was born about the year 1720, and received the usual limited education of the daughter of a Highland gentleman of that age. It conferred little school learning, and scarcely any accomplishments, but included good moral principles, and the feelings and manners of a lady. When Flora was a girl, her father died, leaving his estate to a son. The widowed mother, being still young and handsome, was soon afterwards wooed by Mr Macdonald of Armadale, in the Isle of Skye; but she long resisted all his solicitations. At length he resorted to an expedient which was not then uncommon in the Highlands, and was at a later period more common in Ireland—he forcibly carried away the lady from her house, and married her. It is said

that they proved a sufficiently happy couple ; though this of course does not justify the act by which the marriage was brought about.

Flora, therefore, spent her youthful years in the house of her stepfather at Armadale. She grew to womanhood without ever having seen a town, or mingled in any bustling scene. The simple life which she led in the rugged and remote Isle of Skye, was enlivened only by visits among neighbours, who were thought near if they were not above ten miles distant. The greatest event of her youth was her spending about a year in the house of Macdonald of Largoe, in Argyleshire—a lonely Highland mansion like her stepfather's, but one in which there was probably more knowledge of the world, and more of the style of life which prevailed in Lowland society. This was not long before the breaking out of the rebellion of 1745.

When Prince Charles Stuart came in that year to Scotland, to endeavour to regain the throne from which his family had been expelled, he was joined by a great portion of the clan Macdonald, including nearly the whole of the Clanranald branch, to which Flora's father had belonged. Another large portion, who looked to Sir Alexander Macdonald of Sleat as their superior, was prevailed upon by that gentleman to remain at peace ; for he, though a friend of the Stuarts, was prudent enough to see that the enterprise had no chance of success. Flora's stepfather, as one of Sir Alexander's friends, was among those who refrained from joining the prince's standard ; and it was probably from his example that Flora's brother, young Macdonald of Milton, also kept quiet. Thus, it will be observed, Flora's immediate living relatives were not involved in this unhappy civil war ; but the branch of the clan to which she belonged was fully engaged, and she and her friends all wished well to the Stuart cause.

Prince Charles Edward landed in Scotland on the 19th of August 1745. The place chosen for his disembarkation from the small vessel which had conveyed him from France, was Glenfinnin, a lonely vale at the head of Loch Shiel, in the western part of Invernessshire, through which runs the small river Finnin.* Here, having planted his standard, he was immediately attended by a band of Highlanders of different clans, with whom he forthwith proceeded towards the low country. His small irregular army, augmented by adherents from Lowland Jacobite families, passed, as is well known, through a series of extraordinary adventures. After taking possession of Edinburgh, it attacked and routed a fully equal army of regular troops at Prestonpans. It marched into England in the depth of winter, and boldly advanced to Derby, a hundred and twenty-seven miles from the metropolis. Then it retreated—turned upon and routed a second army at Falkirk, but at Culloden was finally

* The spot is now distinguished by a monumental pillar, erected by the late Mr Macdonald of Glenaladale, a young gentleman of the district, whose grandfather, with the most of his clan, had engaged in the unfortunate enterprise which it is designed to commemorate.

broken to pieces by the Duke of Cumberland (April 16, 1746). Prince Charles, escaping from the field, withdrew into the western parts of Inverness-shire, with the design of endeavouring to get to France by sea ; while parties of the king's troops proceeded to ravage the lands of all those who had been concerned in the enterprise.

The government, sensible of the dangerous nature of the prince's claims, had set a price of thirty thousand pounds upon his head. This was a sum sufficient in those days to have purchased a large estate in the Highlands ; and as the Highlanders were generally poor, it was thought that some one would, for its sake, betray the prince into his enemies' hands. Charles, aware of the danger in which he stood, very quickly assumed a mean disguise, in order to elude notice, and pursued his way almost alone. Disappointed in his first attempts to obtain a passage in a French vessel, he sailed in an open boat to the Outer Hebrides, where, after some perilous adventures, he found a refuge in South Uist, under the care of the chieftain of Clanranald and his lady, who resided there at a place called Ormaclade. It has been mentioned that the Clanranald branch of the Macdonalds had been engaged in the insurrection. They had, however, been led out by the chief's eldest son, who alone, therefore, became responsible to the law, while the chieftain himself and the estate were safe. This enabled Clanranald and his lady to extend their protection to Prince Charles in his now distressed state. They placed him in a lonely hut amidst the mountains of Coradale in South Uist, and supplied all his wants for about six weeks, during which he daily hoped for an opportunity of escaping to France. At length, his enemies having formed some suspicion of his retreat, the island was suddenly beset with parties by sea and land, with the view of taking him prisoner—in which case there can be little doubt that his life would have been instantly sacrificed, for orders to that effect had been issued. Clanranald, his lady, and the two or three friends who kept the prince company, were in the greatest alarm, more particularly when they heard that the commander of the party was a Captain Scott, who had already become notorious for his cruelties towards the poor Highlanders. The first object was to remove Charles from his hut, lest exact information about it should have been obtained ; the second was to get him, if possible, carried away from the island. But the state of affairs was such, that it was impossible for him to move a mile in any direction without the greatest risk of being seized by some of his enemies.

At this period the Hebridean or Western Isles, in which the prince had taken refuge, were in a rude and almost primitive condition ; from which, indeed, they can scarcely now be said to have emerged. Extending in a range, with detached masses, for upwards of a hundred and fifty miles along the west coast of Argyle, Inverness, Ross, and Cromarty shires, to one or other of which they belong, they are generally difficult of access, and present the wild

features of rocks, mountains, heaths, and morasses in a state of nature, with occasional patches of cultivated land, and hamlets of an exceedingly rude construction. The inhabitants, who are of the original Celtic race, remain for the most part tenants of small farms and allotments, from which they draw a miserable subsistence, chiefly by the breeding of cattle for the Lowland markets. Although poor and illiterate, and with few residents amongst them belonging to the higher classes, they are distinguished for their orderly conduct, their patience under an almost perennial adversity, and, like all the Celtic people, for their attachment to their chief—a dignity now little better than nominal. In the main range of the Hebrides, Lewis is the largest island, and is situated to the north of the others. South from it lie in succession North Uist, Benbecula, and South Uist, the whole so closely environed and nearly connected by islets, that they are spoken of collectively as the *Long Island*. Opposite South Uist, on the east, lies Skye, one of the largest and most important of the Hebrides. It extends along the coast of Ross-shire in an irregular manner, and is remarkable for the boldness of its shores and the grandeur of some of its mountains. The indentations of the coast furnish a great variety of natural harbours, the refuge of vessels exposed to the tempests of the western ocean. The chief town in the island is Portree, and the principal mansion that of Duivegan, the seat of the Macleods, who own the greater part of the isle. The southern district of Skye is called Sleat, or Slate. Skye is separated from the Outer Hebrides by a strait or sound, from twenty to forty miles wide. Such, as will be immediately seen, was the principal scene of the wanderings and hairbreadth escapes of Charles Stuart. Fleeing from island to island, crossing straits in open boats, lurking in wilds and caves, attended by seldom more than one adherent, and assisted, when in the greatest extremity, by the heroic Flora Macdonald, did this unfortunate prince contrive to elude the grasp of his enemies.

In South Uist, in which he had taken refuge with a single follower named O'Neal, he was in continual danger from the parties on the watch for his apprehension, and for about ten days he wandered from place to place, crossing to Benbecula, and returning, sometimes making the narrowest escape, but with the faintest possible hope of finally eluding discovery. It was at this critical juncture that Flora Macdonald became accessory to his preservation. She was at the time paying a visit to her brother at his house of Milton, in South Uist. It also happened that her stepfather, Armadale, was acting as commander of a party of Skye militia amongst the troops in pursuit of the prince. Armadale, like many others, had joined that militia corps at the wish of his superior, the laird of Sleat; but, in reality, he retained a friendly feeling towards the Stuarts, and wished anything rather than to be concerned in capturing the royal fugitive. Such associations of feeling, with an opposite mode of

acting, were not uncommon in those days. O'Neal, who had formerly been slightly acquainted with Flora, seems to have suggested the idea of employing her to assist in getting Charles carried off the island.

One night near the end of June, he came by appointment to meet the young lady in a cottage upon her brother's land in Benbecula : the prince remained outside. After a little conversation, O'Neal told her he had brought a friend to see her. She asked with emotion if it was the prince, and O'Neal answered in the affirmative, and instantly brought him in. She was asked by Charles himself if she could undertake to convey him to Skye, and it was pointed out to her that she might do this the more easily, as her stepfather would be able to give her a pass for her journey. The first idea of Flora was, not her own peril, but the danger into which she might bring Sir Alexander and Lady Margaret Macdonald, by carrying the fugitive to their neighbourhood. She therefore answered the prince with the greatest respect, but added, that she could not think of being the ruin of her friend Sir Alexander. To this it was replied, that that gentleman was from home ; but, supposing it were otherwise, she could convey Prince Charles to her mother's house, which was conveniently situated on the sea-side, and the Sleat family was not necessarily to have any concern in the transaction. O'Neal then demonstrated to her the honour and glory of saving the life of her lawful prince : it has been said that, to allay scruples of another kind, this light-hearted Irishman offered instantly to marry her. If such a proposal was really made, Flora did not choose to accept of it ; but, without further hesitation, she agreed to undertake the prince's rescue.

Pleased with the prospect which this frank and single-hearted offer presented, Charles and his friend O'Neal again betook themselves to the fastnesses of Coradale, while Miss Macdonald repaired to Ormaclade, to make preparations in concert with Lady Clanranald. The journey was not accomplished without encountering a difficulty arising from the strictly-guarded state of the passes. While on her way, crossing the sea-ford between Benbecula and South Uist, she and her servant were seized and detained by a militia party, which, on inquiry, she found to be that commanded by her stepfather. When Armadale came to the spot next morning, he was greatly surprised to find Flora in custody, and quickly ordered her liberation. Of what passed between him and his stepdaughter, we have no distinct account ; but there seems no reason to doubt that he became a confidant in the scheme, and entered cordially into it. At her request he granted her a passport, to enable her to proceed on her return to her mother's house in Skye, accompanied by her man-servant, Neil Mackechan, and a young Irishwoman named Betty Burke. This last person was understood to be a servant out of place, whom she thought likely to answer her

mother as a spinner : in reality, she contemplated making Prince Charles pass as Betty Burke. She now pursued her way to Ormaclade, where all the proper arrangements were made in the course of a few days.

On Friday the 27th, everything being ready, Lady Clanranald, Flora, and her servant Mackechan, went to a wretched hut near the sea-side, where the prince had taken up his abode. The elegant youth who had lately shone at the head of an army—the descendant of a line of kings which stretched back into ages when there was no history—was found roasting the liver of a sheep for his dinner. The sight moved some of the party to tears ; but he was always cheerful under such circumstances, and on this occasion only made the remark, that it might be well for other royal personages to go through the ordeal which he was now enduring. Lady Clanranald was soon after called home by intelligence of the arrival of a military party at her house, and Flora and her servant were left with the prince and O'Neal. Next morning O'Neal was compelled, much against his will, to take his leave : he had not long parted from the prince when he was made prisoner.

Next forenoon Charles assumed the printed linen gown, apron, and coif, which were to transform him from a prince into an Irish servant-girl. He would have added a charged pistol under his clothes, but Flora's good sense overruled that project, as she concluded that, in the event of his being searched, it would be a strong proof against him. He was compelled to content himself with a stout walking-stick, with which he thought he should be able to defend himself against any single enemy. The boat, meanwhile, was ready for them at the shore. Arriving there wet and weary, they were alarmed by seeing several wherries pass with parties of soldiers, and were obliged to skulk till the approach of night. They then embarked for Skye—Charles, Flora, Mackechan, and the boatmen. A night voyage of thirty or forty miles across a sound in the Hebrides, with the risk of being seized by some of the numerous government vessels constantly prowling about, was what they had to encounter. It appears that the anxiety of Flora for the life of the prince was much greater than his own, and he was the only person on board who could do anything to keep up the spirits of the party. For that purpose he sang a number of lively songs, and related a few anecdotes. The night became rainy, and, distressed with the wet and her former fatigues, the young lady fell asleep in the bottom of the boat. To favour her slumbers, Charles continued to sing. When she awoke, she found him leaning over her, with his hands spread above her face, to protect her from any injury that might arise from a rower who was obliged at that moment to re-adjust the sail. In the same spirit he insisted upon reserving for her exclusive use a small quantity of wine which Lady Clanranald had given them. These circumstances are not related as reflecting any positive

FLORA MACDONALD.

honour on the prince, but simply as facts which occurred on that remarkable night, and as at least shewing that he was not deficient in a gentleman-like tenderness towards the amiable woman who was risking so much in his behalf. It may here be mentioned that Mackechan, whose presence on the occasion was fully as good a protection to Flora's good fame as the name of O'Neal would have been, was a Macdonald of humble extraction, who had received a foreign education as a priest. He served the prince afterwards for some years, and became the father of the celebrated Marshal Macdonald, Duke of Tarentum, who, more than eighty years afterwards, visited the scenes of all these events.

When day dawned, they found themselves out of sight of land, without any means of determining in what part of the Hebrides they were. They sailed, however, but a little way further, when they perceived the lofty mountains and dark bold headlands of Skye. Making with all speed towards that coast, they soon approached Waternish, one of the western points of the island. They had no sooner drawn near to the shore, than they perceived a body of militia stationed at the place. These men had a boat, but no oars. The men in Miss Macdonald's boat no sooner perceived them, than they began to pull heartily in the contrary direction. The soldiers called upon them to land, upon peril of being shot at ; but it was resolved to escape at all risks, and they exerted their utmost energies in pulling off their little vessel. The soldiers then put their threat in execution by firing, but fortunately without hitting the boat or any of its crew. Charles called upon the boatmen 'not to mind the villains ;' and they assured him that, if they cared at all, it was only for him ; to which he replied, with undaunted lightness of demeanour, 'Oh, no fear of me !' He then entreated Miss Macdonald to lie down at the bottom of the boat, in order to avoid the bullets, as nothing, he said, would give him at that moment greater pain than if any accident were to befall her. She declared, however, that she would not do as he desired, unless he also took the same measure for his safety, which, she told him, was of much more importance than hers. It was not till after some altercation that they agreed to ensconce themselves together in the bottom of the boat. The rowers soon pulled them out of all further danger.

In the eagerness of Duke William's emissaries to take Charles in South Uist, or the adjoining islands in the range, where they had certain information he was, Skye, lying close on the mainland, in which the prince was now about to arrive, was left comparatively unwatched. The island was, however, chiefly possessed by two clans, the Sleat Macdonalds and Macleods, whose superiors had deserted the Stuart cause, and even raised men on the opposite side. Parties of their militia were posted throughout the island, one of which had nearly taken the boat with its important charge when it was off Waternish.

Proceeding on their voyage a few miles to the northward, the little party in the boat put into a creek or cleft, to rest and refresh the fatigued rowers ; but the alarm which their appearance occasioned in a neighbouring village quickly obliged them to put off again. At length they landed safely at a place within the parish of Kilmuir, about twelve miles from Waternish, and very near Sir Alexander Macdonald's seat of Mugstat.

Sir Alexander was at this time at Fort Augustus, in attendance on the Duke of Cumberland ; but his wife, Lady Margaret Macdonald—one of the beautiful daughters of Alexander and Susanna, Earl and Countess of Eglintoune—a lady in the bloom of life, of elegant manners, and one who was accustomed to figure in the fashionable scenes of the metropolis—now resided at Mugstat. A Jacobite at heart, Lady Margaret had corresponded with the prince when he was skulking in South Uist, and she had been made aware by a Mrs Macdonald of Kirkibost that it was likely he would soon make his appearance in Skye. When the boat containing the fugitive had landed, Flora, attended by Mackechan, proceeded to the house, leaving Charles, in his female dress, sitting on her trunk upon the beach. On arriving at the house, she desired a servant to inform Lady Margaret that she had called on her way home from Uist. She was immediately introduced to the family apartment, where she found, besides Mrs Macdonald of Kirkibost, a Lieutenant Macleod, the commander of a band of militia stationed near by, three or four of whom were also in the house. There were also present Mr Alexander Macdonald of Kingsburgh, an elderly gentleman of the neighbourhood, who acted as chamberlain or factor to Sir Alexander, and who was, she knew, a sound Jacobite. Flora entered easily into conversation with the officer, who asked her a number of questions, as where she had come from, where she was going, and so forth ; all of which she answered without manifesting the least trace of that confusion which might have been expected from a young lady under such circumstances. The same man had been in the custom of examining every boat which landed from the Long Island ; that, for instance, in which Mrs Macdonald of Kirkibost arrived, had been so examined ; and we can only account for his allowing that of Miss Flora to pass, by the circumstance of his meeting her under the imposing courtesies of the drawing-room of a lady of rank. Miss Macdonald, with the same self-possession, dined in Lieutenant Macleod's company. Seizing a proper opportunity, she apprised Kingsburgh of the circumstances of the prince, and he immediately proceeded to another room, and sent for Lady Margaret, that he might break the intelligence to her in private. Notwithstanding the previous warning, she was much alarmed at the idea of the wanderer being so near her house, and immediately sent for a certain Donald Roy Macdonald, to consult as to what should be done. Donald had been wounded in the prince's army at Culloden, and was as

obnoxious to the government as he could be. He came and joined the lady and her friends in the garden, when it was arranged that Kingsburgh should take the prince along with him to his own house, some miles distant, and thence pass him through the island to Portree, where Donald Roy should take him up, and provide for his further safety.

The old gentleman accordingly joined Charles on the shore, and conducted him, as had been arranged, on the way to Kingsburgh. Meanwhile, Flora sat in company with Lady Margaret and the young government officer till she thought the two travellers would be a good way advanced, and then rose to take her leave. Lady Margaret affected great concern at her short stay, and entreated that she would prolong it at least till next day ; reminding her that, when last at Mugstat, she had promised a much longer visit. Flora, on the other hand, pleaded the necessity of getting immediately home to attend her mother, who was unwell, and entirely alone in these troublesome times. After a proper reciprocation of entreaties and refusals, Lady Margaret, with great apparent reluctance, permitted her young friend to depart.

Miss Macdonald and Mackechan were accompanied in their journey by Mrs Macdonald of Kirkibost, and by that lady's male and female servants, all the five riding on horseback. They quickly came up with Kingsburgh and the prince, who had walked thus far on the public road, but were soon after to turn off upon an unfrequented path across the wild country. Flora, anxious that her fellow-traveller's servants, who were uninitiated in the secret, should not see the route which Kingsburgh and the prince were about to take, called upon the party to ride faster ; and they passed the two pedestrians at a trot. Mrs Macdonald's girl, however, could not help observing the extraordinary appearance of the female with whom Kingsburgh was walking, and exclaimed, that she 'had never seen such a tall impudent-looking woman in her life ! See !' she continued, addressing Flora, 'what long strides the jade takes ! I daresay she's an Irishwoman, or else a man in woman's clothes.' Flora confirmed her in the former supposition, and soon after parted with her fellow-travellers in order to rejoin Kingsburgh and the prince.

These individuals, in walking along the road, were at first considerably annoyed by the number of country-people whom they met returning from church, and who all expressed wonder at the uncommon height and awkwardness of the apparent female. The opportunity of talking to their landlord's factotum being too precious to be despised, these people fastened themselves on Kingsburgh, who, under the particular circumstances, felt a good deal annoyed by them, but at last bethought himself of saying, 'Oh, sirs, cannot you let alone talking of your worldly affairs on Sabbath, and have patience till another day.' They took the hint, and moved off. The whole party—Charles, Kingsburgh, and Miss Macdonald

—arrived in safety at Kingsburgh House about eleven o'clock at night.

Mrs Macdonald, or, as she was usually called, Lady Kingsburgh, lost no time in preparing supper, at which Charles, still wearing the female disguise, placed Flora on his right hand, and his hostess on his left. Afterwards, the two ladies left the other two over a bowl of punch, and went to have a little conversation by themselves. When Flora had related her adventures, Lady Kingsburgh asked what had been done with the boatmen who brought them to Skye. Miss Macdonald said they had been sent back to South Uist. Lady Kingsburgh observed that they ought not to have been permitted to return immediately, lest, falling into the hands of the prince's enemies in that island, they might divulge the secret of his route. Her conjecture, which turned out to have been correct, though happily without being attended with evil consequences to the prince, determined Flora to change the prince's clothes next day.

The pretended Betty Burke was that night laid in the best bed which the house contained, and next morning all the ladies assisted at her toilet. A lock of her hair was cut off as a keepsake, and divided between Lady Kingsburgh and Flora. Late in the day, the prince set out for Portree, attended by Flora and Mackechan as before, Kingsburgh accompanying them with a suit of male Highland attire under his arm. At a convenient place in a wood, Charles exchanged his female dress for this suit; it being thought best that this should be done after he had left Kingsburgh House, so that the servants there might have nothing to say, either of their own accord or upon compulsion, but that they had seen a female servant come and go in company with Miss Flora. The party now separated, Kingsburgh returning home, while the prince and Mackechan set out for Portree (a walk of fourteen miles), and Flora proceeded thither by a different route.

At this village, the only one in Skye, Donald Roy had meanwhile made arrangements for carrying the prince to the neighbouring island of Raasay, which was judged a safe place for him, as its apparent and legal proprietor, Mr Macleod, had not been concerned in the insurrection; although his father, the actual proprietor, and all his followers, had been engaged in it, and he himself was strongly attached to the cause. In the evening, Donald, and some friends whom he had called to his aid, received the adventurer at a mean public-house in the village, where he partook of a coarse meal, and slaked his thirst from a broken brown potsherd, which was usually employed in baling water out of a boat. Here Flora joined the party, but only to take a final farewell of the prince, as she was no longer able to be of any service to him. Having paid her a small sum of money which he had borrowed from her in their journey, he gave her his warm thanks for her heroic efforts to preserve his life, and tenderly saluted her, adding, in a cheerful manner, 'For all that

has happened, I hope, madam, we shall meet in St James's yet !' He then set sail for Raasay with his new friends, while Flora proceeded to her mother's house in Sleat. Respecting the further adventures of the prince, it is only necessary to say that they were of a nature not less extraordinary than those which have been related, and that they terminated, three months after, in his happily escaping to France.

Our heroine Flora had gone through all these adventures with a quiet energy peculiar to her, but with little conception that she was doing anything beyond what the common voice of humanity called for, and what good people were doing every day. Reaching home, she said nothing to her mother, or any one else, of what she had been about, probably judging that the possession of such knowledge was in itself dangerous. Meanwhile the boatmen, returning to Uist, were there seized by the military, and obliged to give an account of their late voyage. This was what Lady Kingsburgh dreaded, and it seems to have been the only point in which the prudence of our heroine had failed. Having obtained an exact description of the dress of the tall female accompanying Miss Macdonald, a merciless emissary of the government, styled Captain Ferguson, lost no time in sailing for Skye, where he arrived about a week after the prince. Inquiring at Mugstat, he learned that Miss Macdonald had been there ; but no tall female had been seen. He then followed on Flora's track to Kingsburgh, where he readily learned that the tall female had been entertained for a night. He asked Kingsburgh where Miss Macdonald and the person who was with her in woman's clothes had slept. The old gentleman answered, that he knew where Miss Flora had lain, but as for the servants, he never asked any questions about them. The officer nevertheless discovered that the apparent servant had been placed in the best bed, which he held as tolerably good proof of the real character of that person, and he acted accordingly. Kingsburgh was sent prisoner to Fort Augustus, and treated with great severity : thence he was removed to Edinburgh Castle, where he suffered a whole year's confinement. Macleod of Talisker, captain of a militia company, caused a message to be sent, desiring the presence of Flora Macdonald. She consulted with her friends, who recommended her not attending to it ; but she herself determined to go. On her way she met her step-father returning home, and had not gone much further, when she was seized by an officer and a party of soldiers, and hurried on board Captain Ferguson's vessel. General Campbell, who was on board, ordered that she should be well treated ; and finding her story had been blabbed by the boatmen, she confessed all to that officer.

She was soon after transferred from the ship commanded by Ferguson to one commanded by Commodore Smith, a humane person, capable of appreciating her noble conduct. By the permission

of General Campbell she was now allowed to land at Armadale, and take leave of her mother: her stepfather was by this time in hiding, from fear lest his concern in the prince's escape should bring him into trouble. Flora, who had hitherto been without a change of clothes, here obtained all she required, and engaged as her attendant an honest, good girl named Kate Macdowall, who could not speak a word of any language but Gaelic. She then returned on board the vessel, and was in time carried to the south. It chanced that she here had for one of her fellow-prisoners Captain O'Neal, who had engaged her to undertake the charge of the prince. When she first met him on board, she went playfully up, and slapping him gently on the cheek with the palm of her hand, said: 'To that black face do I owe all my misfortune!' O'Neal told her that, instead of being her misfortune, it was her brightest honour, and that if she continued to act up to the character she had already shewn, not pretending to repent of what she had done, or to be ashamed of it, it would yet redound greatly to her advantage.

The vessel in which she was (the *Bridgewater*) arrived at Leith in September, and remained there for about two months. She was not allowed to land: but ladies and others of her own way of thinking were freely permitted to visit her, and she began to find that her deliverance of Prince Charles had rendered her a famous person. Many presents of value were given to her; but those which most pleased her were a Bible and prayer-book, and the materials for sewing, as she had had neither books nor work hitherto. Even the naval officers in whose charge she was were much affected in her behalf. Commodore Smith presented her with a handsome suit of riding clothes, with plain mounting, and some fine linen for riding shifts, as also some linen for shifts to her attendant Kate, whose generosity in offering to accompany her when no one else would, had excited general admiration. Captain Knowler treated her with the deference due to her heroic character, and allowed her to call for anything in the vessel to treat her friends when they came on board, and even to invite some of them to dine with her. On one occasion, when Lady Mary Cochrane was on board, a breeze beginning to blow, the lady requested leave to stay all night, which was granted. This, she confessed, she chiefly was prompted to do by a wish to have it to say that she had slept in the same bed with Miss Flora Macdonald. At this time the prince was not yet known to have escaped, though such was actually the fact. One day a false rumour was brought to the vessel that he had been at length taken prisoner. This greatly distressed Flora, who said to one of her friends with tears in her eyes: 'Alas: I fear that now all is in vain that I have done!' She could not be consoled till the falsity of the rumour was ascertained. Her behaviour during the whole time the vessel stayed in Leith Road was admired by all who saw her. The Episcopal minister of Leith, who was among her visitors, wrote about her as

follows: 'Some that went on board to pay their respects to her, used to take a dance in the cabin, and to press her much to share with them in the diversion; but with all their importunity, they could not prevail with her to take a trip. She told them that at present her dancing-days were done, and she would not readily entertain a thought of that diversion till she should be assured of her prince's safety, and perhaps not till she should be blessed with the happiness of seeing him again. Although she was easy and cheerful, yet she had a certain mixture of gravity in all her behaviour, which became her situation exceedingly well, and set her off to great advantage. She is of a low stature, of a fair complexion, and well enough shaped. One would not discern by her conversation that she had spent all her former days in the Highlands; for she talks English (or rather Scots) easily, and not at all through the Earse tone. She has a sweet voice, and sings well; and no lady, Edinburgh-bred, can acquit herself better at the tea-table than what she did when in Leith Road. Her wise conduct in one of the most perplexing scenes that can happen in life, her fortitude and good sense, are memorable instances of the strength of a female mind, even in those years that are tender and inexperienced.'

The *Bridgewater* left Leith Road on the 7th of November, and carried her straightway to London, where she was kept in a not less honourable captivity in the house of a private family till the passing of the act of indemnity in July 1747, when she was discharged without being asked a single question. The ministers, we may well believe, had found that to carry further the prosecution of a woman whose guilt consisted only in the performance of one of the most generous of actions, would not conduce to their popularity.* Her story had by this time excited not less interest in the metropolis than it had done in Scotland. Being received after her liberation into the house of the Dowager-lady Primrose of Dunnipace, she was there visited by crowds of the fashionable world, who paid her such homage as would have turned the heads of ninety-nine of a hundred women of any age, country, or condition. It is said that the street in which Lady Primrose lived was sometimes completely filled with the carriages of ladies and gentlemen visiting the person called the Pretender's Deliverer. On the mind of Flora these flatteries produced no effect but that of surprise: she had only, she said, performed an act of common humanity, and she had never thought of it in any other light till she found the world making so much ado about it. It has been stated that a subscription to the amount of £1500 was raised for her in London.

Soon after returning to her own country, she was married

* It has been stated that Frederick Prince of Wales, father of George III., did not scruple to avow his admiration of Flora's conduct. His consort having one day expressed some disapprobation of her interference in behalf of 'the Pretender,' the prince, whose heart was better than his head, said: 'Let me not hear you speak thus again, madam. If you had been in the same circumstances, I hope in God you would have acted as she did!'

(November 6, 1750) to Mr Alexander Macdonald, son of the worthy Kingsburgh, and who in time succeeded to that property. Thus Flora became the lady of the mansion in which the prince had been entertained; and there she bore a large family of sons and daughters. As memorials of her singular adventure, she preserved a half of the sheet in which the prince had slept in that house, intending that it should be her shroud; and also a portrait of Charles, which he had sent to her after his safe arrival in France. When Dr Samuel Johnson, accompanied by his friend Boswell, visited Skye in 1773, he was hospitably entertained at Kingsburgh, and had the pleasure (for so it was to him) of sleeping in the bed which had accommodated the last of the Stuarts: he remarked that he had had no ambitious thoughts in it. In his well-known book respecting this journey, he introduces the maiden name of his hostess, which he says is one 'that will be mentioned in history, and, if courage and fidelity be virtues, mentioned with honour.' He adds, 'she is a woman of middle stature, soft features, gentle manners, and elegant presence'—a picture the more remarkable, when it is recollected that she was now fifty-three years of age.

Soon after this period, under the influence of the passion for emigration which was then raging in the Highlands, Kingsburgh and his amiable partner went to North Carolina, where they purchased and settled upon an estate. She carried with her the sheet in which the prince had slept, determined that it should serve the purpose which she contemplated, wherever it might please Providence to end her days. But this event was not to take place in America. Her husband had scarcely settled there when the war of independence broke out. On that occasion the Highlanders shewed the same faithful attachment to the government (being now reconciled to it by mild treatment) which they had formerly manifested for the House of Stuart. Mr Macdonald, being loyally disposed, was imprisoned by the discontented colonists as a dangerous person; but he was soon after liberated. He then became an officer in a loyal corps called the North Carolina Highlanders, and he and his lady passed through many strange adventures. Towards the conclusion of the contest, abandoning all hopes of a comfortable settlement in America, they determined to return to the land of their fathers. In crossing the Atlantic, Flora met with the last of her adventures. The vessel being attacked by a French ship of war, nothing could induce her to leave her husband on deck, and in the course of the bustle she was thrown down and had her arm broken. She only remarked, that she had now suffered a little for both the House of Stuart and the House of Hanover.

She spent the remainder of her life in Skye, and at her death, which took place March 5, 1790, when she had attained the age of seventy, was actually buried in the shroud which she had so strangely selected for that purpose in her youth, and carried with her through

FLORA MACDONALD.

so many adventures and migrations. Her grave may be seen in the Kingsburgh mausoleum, in the parish churchyard of Kilmuir; but a stone which was laid by her youngest son upon her grave, being accidentally broken, has been carried off in pieces by wandering tourists. Flora Macdonald retained to the last that vivacity and vigour of character which has procured her so much historical distinction. Her husband, who survived her a few years, died on the half-pay list as a British officer; and no fewer than five of her sons served their king in a military capacity. Charles, the eldest son, was a captain in the Queen's Rangers. He was a most accomplished man. The late Lord Macdonald, on seeing him lowered into the grave, said: 'There lies the most finished gentleman of my family and name.' Alexander, the second son, was also an officer: he was lost at sea. The third son, Ranald, was a captain of marines, of high professional character, and remarkable for the elegance of his appearance. James, the fourth son, served in Tarlton's British Legion, and was a brave and experienced officer. The last surviving son was Lieutenant-Colonel John Macdonald, who long resided at Exeter, and was the father of a numerous family. The engraving prefixed to this sketch is taken from a portrait of Flora, which was originally in his possession, and which he approved of as a likeness. There were, moreover, two daughters, one of whom was the late Mrs Major Macleod of Lochbay, in the Isle of Skye.

Such is an authentic history of the heroic and amiable Flora Macdonald. Like all incidents equally romantic, the aid she extended to the prince, which unquestionably saved him from captivity and a violent death, has given rise to various poetical effusions. One of the most pleasing of these pieces, from the pen of James Hogg, narrating, however, an incident as well as sentiments purely imaginary, and entitled *Flora Macdonald's Lament*, may here be appended:

Far over yon hills of the heather so green,
And down by the Corrie that sings to the sea,
The bonnie young Flora sat sighing her lane,
The dew on her plaid and the tear in her e'e.
She looked at a boat with the breezes that swung
Away on the wave like a bird of the main;
And aye as it lessened, she sighed and she sung,
Fareweel to the lad I shall ne'er see again!
Fareweel to my hero, the gallant and young!
Fareweel to the lad I shall ne'er see again!

FLORA MACDONALD.

The moorcock that craws on the brow of Ben Connal,
He kens o' his bed in a sweet mossy hame ;
The eagle that soars on the cliffs of Clanronald,
Unawed and unhunted his eyrie can claim :
The solan can sleep on his shelve of the shore,
The cormorant roost on his rock of the sea,
But oh ! there is one whose hard fate I deplore,
Nor house, ha', nor hame, in his country has he.
The conflict is past, and our name is no more ;
There's nought left but sorrow for Scotland and me !





‘IT’S ONLY A DROP!’

AN IRISH TALE, BY MRS S. C. HALL.*

T was a cold winter’s night, and though the cottage where Ellen and Michael, the two surviving children of old Ben Murphy, lived, was always neat and comfortable, still there was a cloud over the brow of both brother and sister, as they sat before the cheerful fire; it had obviously been spread not by anger but by sorrow. The silence had continued long, though it was not bitter. At last Michael drew away from his sister’s eyes the checked apron she had applied to them, and taking her hand affectionately within his own, said: ‘It isn’t for my own sake, Ellen, though I shall be lonesome enough the long winter nights and the long summer days without your wise saying, and your sweet song, and your merry laugh, that I can so well remember—ay, since the time when our poor mother used to seat us on the new rick, and then, in the innocent pride of her heart, call our father to look at us, and preach to us against being conceited, at the very time she was making us proud by calling us her blossoms of beauty.’

‘God and the blessed Virgin make her bed in heaven now and for evermore, amen!’ said Ellen, at the same time drawing out her beads. ‘Ah, Mike,’ she added, ‘that *was* the mother, and the father too, full of grace and godliness.’

‘True for ye, Ellen; but *that’s* not what I’m afther now, as you

* Part of this tale appeared originally in *Chambers’s Edinburgh Journal* some years ago; a large portion has since been added.—*Ed.*

well know, you blushing little rogue of the world ; and sorra a word I'll say against it in the end, though it's lonesome I'll be on my own hearth-stone, with no one to keep me company but the ould black cat, that can't see, let alone hear, the craythur !

'Now,' said Ellen, wiping her eyes, and smiling her own bright smile, 'lave off ; ye're just like all the men, purtending to one thing whin they mane another ; there's a dale of desate about them—all—every one of them—and so my mother often said. Now, you'd better have done, or maybe I'll say something that will bring, if not the colour to your brown cheek, a dale more warmth to yer warm heart than would be convanient, just by the mention of one Mary. Mary ! what a purty name Mary is, isn't it?—it's a common name too, and yet you like it none the worse for that. Do you mind the ould rhyme?—

“Mary, Mary, quite contrary.”

Well, I'm not going to say she is contrary—I'm sure she's anything but *that* to you, anyway, brother Mike. Can't you sit still, and don't be pulling the hairs out of Pusheen cat's tail ; it isn't many there's in it ; and I'd thank you not to unravel the beautiful English cotton stocking I'm knitting : lave off your tricks, or I'll make common talk of it, I will, and be more than even with you, my fine fellow ! Indeed, poor ould Pusheen,' she continued, addressing the cat with great gravity, 'never heed what he says to you ; he has no notion to make *you* either head or tail to the house, not he ; he won't let you be without a misthress to give you yer sup of milk or yer bit of sop ; he won't let you be lonesome, my poor puss ; he's glad enough to swop an Ellen for a Mary, so he is ; but that's a sacret, avourneen ; don't tell it to any one.'

'Anything for your happiness,' replied the brother somewhat sulkily ; 'but your bachelor has a worse fault than ever I had, notwithstanding all the lecturing you kept on to me ; he has a turn for the drop, Ellen ; you know he has.'

'How spitefully you said that !' replied Ellen ; 'and it isn't generous to spake of it when he's not here to defend himself.'

'You'll not let a word go against him,' said Michael.

'No,' she said, 'I will never let ill be spoken of an absent friend. I know he has a turn for the drop, but I'll cure him.'

'After he's married,' observed Michael not very good-naturedly.

'No,' she answered ; '*before*. I think a girl's chance of happiness is not worth much who trusts to *after*-marriage reformation. *I won't*. Didn't I reform you, Mike, of the shockin' habit you had of putting everything off to the last ? and after reforming a brother, who knows what I may do with a lover ! Do you think that Larry's heart is harder than *yours*, Mike ? Look what fine vegetables we have in our garden now, all planted by yer own hands when you come home from work—planted during the very time which you

used to spend in leaning against the door-check or smoking your pipe, or sleeping over the fire : look at the money you got from the Agricultural Society.'

'That's yours, Ellen,' said the generous-hearted Mike; 'I'll never touch a penny of it; but for you I never should have had it; I'll never touch it.'

'You never shall,' she answered; 'I've laid it every penny out; so that when the young bride comes home, she'll have such a house of comforts as are not to be found in the parish—white table-cloths for Sunday, a little store of tay and sugar, soap, candles, starch; everything good, and plenty of it.'

'My own dear, generous sister!' exclaimed the young man.

'I shall ever be your sister,' she replied, 'and hers too. She's a good *colleen*, and worthy my own Mike, and that's more than I would say to e'er another in the parish. I wasn't in earnest when I said you'd be glad to get rid of me; so put the pouch, every bit of it, off yer handsome face. And hush!—whisht! will ye? there's the sound of Larry's footstep in the bawn—hand me the needles, Mike.' She braided back her hair with both hands, arranged the red ribbon that confined its luxuriance, in the little glass that hung upon a nail on the dresser, and, after composing her arch, laughing features into an expression of great gravity, sat down and applied herself with singular industry to take up the stitches her brother had dropped, and put on a look of right maidenly astonishment when the door opened, and Larry's good-humoured face entered with the salutation of 'God save all here!' He 'popped' his head in first, and, after gazing round, presented his goodly person to their view; and a pleasant view it was; for he was of genuine Irish bearing and beauty—frank, and manly, and fearless-looking. Ellen, the wicked one, looked up with well-feigned astonishment, and exclaimed: 'O Larry, is it you, and who would have thought of seeing you this blessed night? Ye're lucky—just in time for a bit of supper afther your walk across the moor. I cannot think what in the world makes you walk over that moor so often; you'll get wet feet, and yer mother'll be forced to nurse you. Of all the walks in the county, the walk across that moor's the dreariest, and yet ye're always going it! I wonder you haven't better sense; ye're not such a chicken now.'

'Well,' interrupted Mike, 'it's the women that bates the world for desaving. Sure she heard yer step when nobody else could; its echo struck on her heart, Larry—let her deny it; she'll make a shove off if she can; she'll twist you, and twirl you, and turn you about, so that you won't know whether it's on your head or your heels ye're standing. She'll tossicate yer brains in no time, and be as composed herself as a dove on her nest in a storm. But ask her, Larry, the straightforward question, whether she heard you or not. She'll tell no lie—she never does.'

IT'S ONLY A DROP.

Ellen shook her head at her brother, and laughed. And immediately after the happy trio sat down to a cheerful supper.

Larry was a good tradesman, blithe, and 'well to do' in the world; and had it not been for the one great fault—an inclination to take the 'least taste in life more' when he had already taken quite enough—there could not have been found a better match for good, excellent Ellen Murphy, in the whole kingdom of Ireland. When supper was finished, the everlasting whisky-bottle was produced, and Ellen resumed her knitting. After a time, Larry pressed his suit to Michael for the industrious hand of his sister, thinking, doubtless, with the natural self-conceit of all *mankind*, that he was perfectly secure with Ellen; but though Ellen loved, like all my fair countrywomen, *well*, she loved, I am compelled to say, *unlike* the generality of my fair countrywomen, *wisely*, and reminded her lover that she had seen him intoxicated at the last fair of Rathcoolin.

'Dear Ellen!' he exclaimed, it was "only a drop," the least taste in life that overcame me. It overtook me unknownst, quite against my will.'

'Who poured it down yer throat, Larry?'

'Who poured it down my throat, is it? why myself, to be sure; but are you going to put me to a three months' penance for that?'

'Larry, will you listen to me, and remember that the man I marry must be converted before we stand before the priest. I have no faith whatever in conversions after'—

'O Ellen!' interrupted her lover.

'It's no use O Ellen-ing me,' she answered quickly; 'I have made my resolution, and I'll stick to it.'

'She's as obstinate as ten women!' said her brother. 'There's no use in attempting to contradict her; she always has had her own way.'

'It's very cruel of you, Ellen, not to listen to *raison*. I tell you a tablespoonful will often upset me.'

'If you know that, Larry, why do you take the tablespoonful?'

Larry could not reply to this question. He could only plead that the drop got the better of him, and the *temptation* and the *overcomingness* of the thing, and it was very hard to be at him so about a trifle.

'I can never think a thing a trifle,' she observed, 'that makes you so unlike yourself; I should wish to respect you always, Larry, and in my heart I believe no woman ever could respect a drunkard. I don't want to make you angry; God forbid you should ever be one; and I *know* you are not one yet; but sin grows mighty strong upon us without our knowledge. And no matter what indulgence leads to bad; we've a right to think anything that *does* lead to it sinful in the prospect, if not at the present.'

'You'd have made a fine priest, Ellen,' said the young man, determined, if he could not reason, to laugh her out of her resolve.

IT'S ONLY A DROP.

'I don't think,' she replied archly, 'if I were a priest, that either of you would have liked to come to me to confession.'

'But, Ellen, dear Ellen, sure it's not in positive downright *earnest* you are; you can't think of putting me off on account of that unlucky drop, *the least taste in life*, I took at the fair. You could not find it in your heart. Speak for me, Michael; speak for me. But I see it's joking you are. Why, Lent'll be on us in no time, and then we must wait till Easter—it's easy talking'—

'Larry,' interrupted Ellen, 'do not you talk yourself into a passion; it will do no good; none in the world. I am sure you love me, and I confess before my brother it will be the delight of my heart to return that love, and make myself worthy of you, if you will only break yourself off that one habit, which you qualify to your own undoing, by fancying, because it is *the least taste in life* makes you what you ought not to be, that you may still take it.'

'I'll take an oath against the whisky, if that will plase ye, till Christmas.'

'And when Christmas comes, get twice as tipsy as ever, with joy to think yer oath is out—no!'

'I'll swear anything you plase.'

'I don't want you to swear at all; there is no use in a man's taking an oath he is anxious to have a chance of breaking. I want your reason to be convinced.'

'My darling Ellen, all the reason I ever had in my life is convinced.'

'Prove it by abstaining from taking even a drop, even *the least drop* in life, if that drop can make you ashamed to look your poor Ellen in the face.'

'I'll give it up altogether.'

'I hope you will, from a conviction that it is really bad in every way; but not from cowardice, not because you darn't trust yerself.'

'Ellen, I'm sure ye've some English blood in yer veins, ye're such a raisoner. Irish women don't often throw a boy off because of a drop; if they did, it's not many marriage-dues his reverence would have, winter or summer.'

'Listen to me, Larry, and believe that, though I spake this way, I regard you truly; and if I did not, I'd not take the throuble to tell you my mind.'

'Like Mick Brady's wife, who, whenever she thrashed him, cried over the blows, and said they were all for his good,' observed her brother slyly.

'Nonsense!—listen to me, I say, and I'll tell you why I am so resolute. It's many a long day since, going to school, I used to meet—Michael minds her too, I'm sure—an old bent woman; they used to call her the Witch of Ballaghton. Stacy was, as I have said, very old intirely, withered and white-headed, bent nearly double with age, and she used to be ever and always muddling about the

IT'S ONLY A DROP.

strames and ditches, gathering herbs and plants, the girls said to work charms with; and at first they used to watch, rather far off, and if they thought they had a good chance of escaping her tongue and the stones she flung at them, they'd call her an ill name or two; and sometimes, old as she was, she'd make a spring at them sideways like a crab, and howl, and hoot, and scrame, and then they'd be off like a flock of pigeons from a hawk, and she'd go on disturbing the green-coated waters with her crooked stick, and muttering words which none, if they heard, could understand. Stacy had been a well-reared woman, and knew a dale more than any of us; when not tormented by the children, she was mighty well-spoken, and the gentry thought a dale about her more than she did about them; for she'd say there wasn't one in the country fit to tie her shoe, and tell them so too, if they'd call her anything but Lady Stacy, which the *rare* gentry of the place all humoured her in; but the upstarts, who think every civil word to an inferior is a pulling down of their own dignity, would turn up their noses as they passed her, and maybe she didn't bless them for it.

'One day Mike had gone home before me, and, coming down the back bohreen, who should I see moving along it but Lady Stacy; and on she came, muttering and mumbling to herself, till she got near me, and as she did, I heard Master Nixon (the dogman*)'s hound in full cry, and seen him at her heels, and he over the hedge encouraging the baste to tear her in pieces. The dog soon was up with her, and then she kept him off as well as she could with her crutch, cursing the entire time, and I was very frightened; but I darted to her side, and, with a wattle I pulled out of the hedge, did my best to keep him off her.

'Master Nixon cursed at me with all his heart; but I wasn't to be turned off that way. Stacy herself laid about with her staff; but the ugly brute would have finished her, only for me. I don't suppose Nixon meant that; but the dog was savage, and some men, like him, delight in cruelty. Well, I bate the dog off; and then I had to help the poor fainting woman; for she was both faint and hurt. I didn't much like bringing her here, for the people said she wasn't lucky; however, she wanted help, and I gave it. When I got her on the floor,† I thought a drop of whisky would revive her, and accordingly I offered her a glass. I shall never forget the venom with which she dashed it on the ground.

"Do you want to poison me," she shouted, "after saving my life?" When she came to herself a little, she made me sit down by her side, and fixing her large gray eyes upon my face, she kept rocking her body backwards and forwards, while she spoke, as well as I can remember—what I'll try to tell you—but I can't tell it as she did

* Tax-gatherers were so called some time ago in Ireland, because they collected the duty on dogs.

† In the house.

—that wouldn't be in nature. "Ellen," she said, and her eyes fixed in my face, "I wasn't always a poor lone creature, that every ruffian who walks the country dare set his cur at. There was full and plenty in my father's house when I was young; but before I grew to womanly estate, its walls were bare and roofless. What made them so?—drink!—whisky! My father was in debt: to kill thought, he tried to keep himself so that he could not think; he wanted the courage of a man to look his danger and difficulty in the face, and overcome it; for, Ellen, mind my words—the man that will look debt and danger steadily in the face, and resolve to overcome them, *can do so*. He had not means, he said, to educate his children as became them: he grew not to have means to find them or their poor patient mother the proper necessities of life, yet he found the means to keep the whisky cask flowing, and to answer the bailiff's knocks for admission by the loud roar of drunkenness, mad as it was wicked. They got in at last, in spite of the care taken to keep them out, and there was much fighting, ay, and blood spilt, but not to death; and while the riot was afoot, and we were crying round the death-bed of a dying mother, where was he?—they had raised a ten-gallon cask of whisky on the table in the parlour, and astride on it sat my father, flourishing the huge pewter funnel in one hand, and the black jack streaming with whisky in the other; and amid the fumes of hot punch that flowed over the room, and the cries and oaths of the fighting, drunken company, his voice was heard swearing 'he had lived like a king, and **WOULD** die like a king!'"

"And your poor mother?" I asked.

"Thank God! she died that night—she died before worse came; she died on the bed that, before her corpse was cold, was dragged from under her—through the strong drink—through the badness of him who ought to have saved her—not that he was a bad man either, when the whisky had no power over him, but he could not bear his own reflections. And his end soon came. He didn't die like a king; he died smothered in a ditch, where he fell; he died, and was in the presence of God—how? Oh, there are things that have had whisky as their beginning and their end, that make me as mad as ever it made him! The man takes a drop, and forgets his starving family; the woman takes it, and forgets she is a mother and a wife. It's the curse of Ireland—a bitterer, blacker, deeper curse than ever was put on it by foreign power or hard-made laws!"

"God bless us!" was Larry's half-breathed ejaculation.

"I only repeat ould Stacy's words," said Ellen; "you see I never forgot them. "You might think," she continued, "that I had had warning enough to keep me from having anything to say to those who war too fond of drink; and I thought I had; but somehow Edward Lambert got round me with his sweet words, and I was lone and unprotected. I knew he had a little fondness for the drop; but in him, young, handsome, and gay-hearted, with bright eyes and

sunny hair, it did not seem like the horrid thing which *had made me shed no tear over my father's grave*. Think of that, young girl: the drink doesn't make a man a beast *at first*, but it will do so before it's done with him—it will do so before it's done with him. I had enough power over Edward, and enough memory of the past, to make him swear against it, except so much at such and such a time; and for a while he was very particular; but one used to entice him, and another used to entice him, and I am not going to say but I might have managed him differently; I might have got him off it—gently, maybe; but the pride got the better of me, and I thought of the line I came of, and how I had married him who wasn't my equal, and such nonsense, which always breeds disturbance betwixt married people; and I used to rave, when, maybe, it would have been wiser if I had reasoned. Anyway, things didn't go smooth—not that he neglected his employment: he was industrious, and sorry enough when the fault was done; still he would come home often the worse for drink—and now that he's dead and gone, and no finger is stretched to me but in scorn or hatred, I think maybe I might have done better; but, God defend me, the *last* was hard to bear." Oh, boys!' said Ellen, 'if you had only heard her voice when she said *that*, and seen her face. Poor ould Lady Stacy! no wonder she hated the drop; no wonder she dashed down the whisky.'

'You kept this mighty close, Ellen,' said Mike; 'I never heard it before.'

'I did not like coming over it,' she replied; 'the last is hard to tell.' The girl turned pale while she spoke, and Lawrence gave her a cup of water. 'It must be told,' she said; 'the death of her father proved the effects of deliberate drunkenness. What I have to say, shews what may happen from being even once unable to think or act.

"I had one child," said Stacy; "one, a darlint, blue-eyed, laughing child. I never saw any so handsome, never knew any so good. She was almost three years ould, and he was fond of her—he said he was; but it's a quare fondness that destroys what it ought to save. It was the Pattern of Lady-day, and well I knew that Edward would not return as he went: he said he would; he *almost* swore he would; but the promise of a man given to drink has no more strength in it than a rope of sand. I took sulky, and wouldn't go; if I had, maybe it would not have ended so. The evening came on, and I thought my baby breathed hard in her cradle; I took the candle and went over to look at her; her little face was red; and when I laid my cheek close to her lips so as not to touch them, but to feel her breath, it was hot—very hot; she tossed her arms, and they were dry and burning. The measles were about the country, and I was frightened for my child. It was only half a mile to the doctor's; I knew every foot of the road; and so, leaving the door on the latch, I resolved

to tell him how my darlint was, and thought I should be back before my husband's return. Grass, you may be sure, didn't grow under my feet. I ran with all speed, and wasn't kept long, the doctor said—though it seemed long to me. The moon was down when I came home, though the night was fine. The cabin we lived in was in a hollow; but when I was on the hill, and looked down where I knew it stood a dark mass, I thought I saw a white light fog coming out of it; I rubbed my eyes, and darted forward as a wild bird flies to its nest when it hears the scream of the hawk in the heavens. When I reached the door, I saw it was open; the fume cloud came out of it, sure enough, white and thick. Blind with that and terror together, I rushed to my child's cradle. I found my way to *that*, in spite of the burning and the smothering. But, Ellen—Ellen Murphy—my child, the rosy child whose breath had been hot on my cheek only a little while before, she was nothing but a cinder. Mad as I felt, I saw how it was in a minute. The father had come home, as I expected; he had gone to the cradle to look at his child, had dropt the candle into the straw, and, unable to speak or stand, had fallen down and asleep on the floor not two yards from my child. Oh, how I flew to the doctor's with *what* had been my baby; I tore across the country like a banshee; I laid it in his arms; I told him if he did not put life in it, I'd destroy him in his house. He thought me mad; for there was no breath, either cold or hot, coming from its lips *then*. I couldn't kiss it in death; *there was nothing left of my child to kiss*—think of that! I snatched it from where the doctor had laid it; I cursed him, for he looked with disgust at my purty child. The whole night long I wandered in the woods of Newtownbarry with that burden at my heart."

'But her husband—her husband?' inquired Larry in accents of horror; 'what became of him; did she leave him in the burning without calling him to himself?'

'No,' answered Ellen; 'I asked her, and she told me that her shrieks she supposed roused him from the suffocation in which he must but for them have perished. He staggered out of the place, and was found soon after by the neighbours, and lived long after, but only to be a poor heart-broken man; for she was mad for years through the country; and many a day after she told me that story, my heart trembled like a willow leaf. "And now, Ellen Murphy," she added, when the end was come, "do ye wonder I threw from yer hand as poison the glass you offered me? And do you know why I have tould you what tares my heart to come over?—because I wish to save you, who shewed me kindness, from what I have gone through. It's the only good I can do ye, and indeed it's long since I cared to do good. Never trust a drinking man; he has no guard on his words, and will say that of his nearest friend that would destroy him, soul and body. His breath is hot as the breath of the plague; his tongue is a foolish as well as a fiery serpent. Ellen,

let no drunkard become your lover ; and don't trust to promises ; try them, prove them all before you marry."

'Ellen, that's enough,' interrupted Larry. 'I have heard enough—the two proofs are enough without words. Now, hear me. What length of punishment am I to have? I won't say that, for, Nelly, there's a tear in your eye that says more than words. Look—I'll make no promises—but you shall see ; I'll wait yer time ; name it ; I'll stand the trial.'

Ellen named the period, and Lawrence, of course, declared it was the next thing to murder—it was murder itself to keep him so long—but he'd 'put up with it'—he'd 'brave it !'—he'd 'walk straight into a sea of boiling hot whisky punch until it touched his lips—flowed over his lips. And see ! look there now ! he'd never let it pass them—never, barring the one tumbler. She wouldn't say against *one* tumbler, would she?'

Ellen shook her head. Though this occurred before Father Mathew regenerated his country, she knew that the *only safeguard*, where there is a tendency to habits of intoxication, or even to take 'only a drop'—where 'the drop' is more than the head will bear—is TOTAL ABSTINENCE. She knew that the liquid fire was as dangerous to sport with as the fire which destroyed the sleeping child ; and she told him so ; and he, lover-like, vowed that, though it would be 'mighty hard,' and very unneighbourly, to drink 'cowl'd wather'—fornint a 'hot tumbler' of the 'mountain-dew,' still, if it was her wish, he'd do it—he'd do anything for a 'short day.' But Ellen had more forethought than belongs to her countrywomen in general, and she remained firm.

'You've wonderful houlding out in you, sister dear,' said Michael : 'I'm sure he'll never touch another drop.'

'I wish I felt assured of it, Michael,' replied Ellen. 'Even while the story I told him was beating about his heart, he wouldn't give me the promise. Sure it's woeful to see how hard the habit is—he would not give the promise only for a short day—though, before I told him of Lady Stacy, he said he would. The *grip* it takes, the *houl't* it gets after a while, is wonderful ; and sure it's so with other habits that people can't get *shut* of. Why, there's yourself, Micky, has a wonderful fidgety way with you—notching the table with a knife, or churning the salt, or twisting the buttons off yer shirt sleeves—anything on earth to fiddle with—never can keep yer fingers aisy one single minute : it's Saint Vitus's dance you have in them ; oh ! then dear, that saint must have been mighty unaisy in himself, to be so shaking ever and always.'

'There,' said her brother, throwing down the knife and pushing away the salt, 'anything for peace and quietness. I wonder will Larry be as aisy with you as I am. I often take pride in myself for being such an angel. Ellen, I wonder how Larry will behave at the fair of Birr—will he *hould* out there?'

'He will,' answered Ellen; 'I'm not fearful of Larry in a great temptation, but I doubt him in little ones. I wish masters would pay their men at twelve o'clock on Saturdays instead of in the evening, and let them take their money where they work, instead of paying them in public-houses: *that's* the ruin of many a fine boy; for it's counted mean to go into the public and not take something; and the boys hate meanness as bad as murder.'

'Oh! save us!' ejaculated Michael.

'Some of them do, anyhow,' said Ellen.

'Set a case,' commenced Michael with a very wise look—'that Larry really did break out once or twice—only now and then—would you give him up?'

Ellen became pale, then red; but after a pause, she replied: 'I think I would—I *think I could not make a drunkard happy*—no woman could—it would be impossible; and whatever love he has for me would wear out, and soon; for though I hope I should never forget the duty I owed as a wife, one of her duties is to seek a husband's good in all things, and the highest step towards a man's earthly good is—sobriety.'

'Bedad!' replied her brother, 'you did not go to school for nothing, I see that.'

'It was you, dear, that sent me there,' she said; 'and I owe to you what I can never repay.'

The fair of Birr came and went, and Larry behaved like a hero. His 'big-coat' was thrown back with an air of determined self-confidence (the most dangerous confidence in the world—certain in the long-run to get a man into trouble); his hat put on with a jaunty air; his crimson-silk 'Barcelona' tied with a knot and floating ends; his scarlet-cloth waistcoat peeped from beneath the body-coat of blue, whose brass buttons glittered like gold. 'Brogues!' Larry disdained them!—his '*neat*' feet were encased in black shining leather, so that he was ready for a jig—if he could only get Ellen to dance one, but she would not: she did not like dancing in 'a tent'; nor was she foolishly jealous or angry when her betrothed attended to the curtsy of a 'little cousin of her own,' and danced her down, amid the vigorous applause of the company. On that occasion Lawrence certainly behaved like a very hero! not a drop would he touch 'beyant' the one tumbler; and when he walked home with Ellen in the evening, he felt almost inclined to quarrel with her, because she remained firm to the time she had originally named for their union.

The victory Lawrence achieved at Birr uplifted him sadly. He had hitherto kept a wakeful guard over himself; and whenever inclination put in its plea for another 'drop,' resolution said 'No,' and fidelity whispered 'Ellen; but Birr 'birred' in his ears. 'Think of me there,' thought Lawrence; 'just look at me, when every boy in the fair was "blind" or "reeling," able to walk a chalked line from

this to Bantry ; up before the lark, and working *alone* at my trade in the morning.' Perhaps Lawrence had never read : 'Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall ;' or if he had, he had forgotten ! It was within a week of his 'statute of limitation'—one single week ! Saturday came as usual, and Lawrence went to receive his wages at the public-house. Some of his old friends were there, steady-headed men, who could drink 'a deal' without shewing it, and made a boast that they could do so—a strange boast, is it not ?—and often made by men whose families, if not absolutely clotheless and foodless, are without the comforts of life : yet their husbands and fathers, those who are bound by every law human and divine to protect them, can make a *boast*—of what ?—of drinking ; that is, of absolutely swallowing the pence, shillings, and pounds which would feed, clothe, and educate them respectably ; a strange boast ! Such a man might just as well say : 'My wife has no shoes, my baby no clothes, the fire on my hearth burns low, there is little food for ourselves, and if our neighbour wants, there is none to give him ; yet I am a good workman, I earn good wages, I could give my wife good shoes, and my baby clothes ; they might warm themselves at a cheerful fire, that would join them in giving me a welcome those dreary nights ; there would be abundant food for ourselves, and something to spare for a poor neighbour or a houseless wanderer, so that the blessings they returned might be treasured up in heaven, a dower for me and my children hereafter ! But if I did this, I should not be able to shew that I could drink ten or twelve tumblers with a steady eye and a steady hand. Yet, let me think ! my hand is *not* steady ; and though my eyes are steady enough, I can't see much out of them ; but then I *can* drink the ten tumblers without a reeling head ; though it may be bothered, it doesn't reel. Hurra !—isn't that a glorious thing ? I can swallow wife's shoes, baby's clothes, blazing fire, plenty of unblest food, and my own credit, in ten strong tumblers of punch. Hurra !—there's a head !—isn't that a FINE THING ?'

Lawrence met one or two of these very tremendous ten and twelve tumbler men, and other poor weak-headed fellows, who reeled and staggered, and made fools of themselves upon the value of a single shoe, or a new apron, while the mighty drinkers sneered and laughed at them. And then Lawrence was induced to boast that his head was as hard and as strong as e'er a head there. His companions did not at all doubt its hardness, but they doubted its strength ; and they told him so : they were sure a wine-glassful beyond his quantity—his stint—would 'knock him over ;' and to prove it would not, Lawrence took another wine-glassful ; and those who were anxious he should be overthrown like themselves, pushed the jug of punch close to him ; and the talking and singing, the increased stimulant of the glass, led him to pour out another unconsciously ; then, as his spirit mounted, companioned by the other spirit he had imbibed, he

declared that he could drink as much as any of them without being touched or 'staggered.'

There are always, unfortunately, a number of persons who take a mischievous pleasure in setting, not wrong right, but right wrong; and such were delighted at making Lawrence—'steady Lawrence, sober Lawrence'—the same as themselves. His was precisely a case where it was easier to *abstain* than to *refrain*; he could do the one, but not the other; he lacked that greatest of all commands—SELF-COMMAND. If roused, like all his countrymen he was equal to anything—brave, earnest, self-denying, silent, strong-hearted; but when once the watch and ward slumbered, he sunk. Once thrown off his guard, Lawrence plunged still more deeply into the pit. Drop by drop he went on until his head turned—and amid the uproarious mirth, little remained of his real nature. He was angry with himself; the hour was past when he had promised to meet Ellen; and when, having stood up to ascertain, with a species of drunken stupidity, if he could walk, he was hailed with a shout of triumphant laughter, he turned upon his tempters like a baited lion, fierce and desperate, and a violent conflict ensued. Larry, from the circumstance of being from a distant part of the country, had no 'faction' to take his part, and so stood a chance of being murdered; but Michael Murphy, who, astonished at his intended brother-in-law's loitering, had come to the public-house to inquire why he tarried, hearing the riot within, rushed forward, and, but for his raising the well-known cry: 'A Murphy, a Murphy, hirroo! here's for a Murphy!' there is little doubt that Lawrence would have been sent, unprepared and unrepentant, out of the world, whose peace and harmony is destroyed by the vices and intemperance of those whom the Almighty created for far different purposes.

'I could,' said Ellen on the following morning—'I could have followed him with a less heart-broken feeling in poverty through the world: I could have begged with him, begged for him, worked my fingers to the bone, and at the last, if it had been the will of Heaven, have sat a mourning widow on his grave—ay, to the end of my own days—rather than have seen him as I did last night; not so crushed in body as in mind; unable to speak three plain words, or call me by my own name, while every drunkard in the parish shouted at his disgrace. Och, Michael dear, your poor sister's heart is broken intirely! I took too much pride out of him! I thought at the fair of Birr how grand he looked, taking the shine out of every one; and he so sober, his eyes as pure as crystal, his head strong, and his hand ready to save others from the usage which every *spalpeen* in the place was able to give him last night—and all through "*the drop!*"'

Poor Ellen felt her lover's degradation more than he felt it himself; though he *did* feel it when he saw that, however others might think of it who were as bad, or worse than he, Ellen's pale cheek and

IT'S ONLY A DROP.

wasted form proved how much she suffered. It was nearly four weeks before Lawrence was able to resume his employment, and during that time Ellen never reproached him—never said a word that could give him pain—but when he was quite recovered, and again spoke of their marriage, she at first turned away to weep bitterly, and then firmly told him ‘that her mind was fixed;’ she never would marry him until he took ‘an obligation’ on himself ‘at the priest’s knee’ never to touch spirits of any kind from that day to the day of his death. There might have been a struggle in Larry’s mind as to which he would give up, Ellen or the whisky. Ellen, however, triumphed; he practised total abstinence for three months. When, from faith in his oath, she married him, experience had convinced him that his tower of strength was *total abstinence*, his guardian angel his firm yet gentle wife. He never tasted whisky from that time, and Ellen has the proud satisfaction of knowing she had saved him from destruction. I wish all Irish maidens would follow Ellen’s example. Women could do a great deal to prove that ‘*the least taste in life*’ is a large taste too much—that ‘ONLY A DROP’ is a temptation fatal if unresisted.

Since the foregoing story was written, a great change has taken place in Ireland,* and, by the blessing of God, in England and in

* The following particulars may here be advantageously introduced from the work on Ireland by Mr and Mrs S. C. Hall: ‘In reference to the extent to which sobriety has spread, it will be almost sufficient to state that during our recent stay in Ireland, from the 10th of June to the 6th of September 1840, we saw but six persons intoxicated; and that for the first thirty days we had not encountered one. In the course of that month we had travelled from Cork to Killarney—round the coast: returning by the inland route, not along mail-coach roads, but on a ‘jaunting-car,’ through byways as well as highways; visiting small villages and populous towns, driving through fairs, attending wakes and funerals (returning from one of which, between Glengariff and Kenmare, at nightfall, we met at least a hundred substantial farmers, mounted; in short, wherever crowds were assembled, and we considered it likely we might gather information as to the state of the country, and the character of its people. We repeat, we did not meet a single individual who appeared to have tasted spirits; and we do not hesitate to express our conviction, that two years ago, in the same places, and during the same time, we should have encountered many thousand drunken men. From first to last, we employed perhaps fifty car-drivers; we never found one to accept a drink: the boatmen of Killarney, proverbial for drunkenness, inubordination, and recklessness of life, declined the whisky we had taken with us for the hagle player, who was not ‘pledged,’ and after hours of hard labour, dipped a can into the lake, and refreshed themselves from its waters. It was amusing as well as gratifying to hear their new reading of the address to the famous echo: “Paddy Blake, please yer honour, the gentleman promises ye some coffee whin ye get home;” and on the Blackwater, a muddy river, as its name denotes, our boat’s crew put into shore, midway between Youghal and Lismore, to visit a clear spring, with the whereabouts of which they were familiar. The whisky-shops are closed, or converted into coffee-houses; the distilleries have, for the most part, ceased to work; and the breweries are barely able to maintain a trade sufficient to prevent entire stoppage. Of the extent of the change, therefore, we have had ample experience; and it is borne out by the assurances of so many who live in towns as well as in the country, that we can have no hesitation in describing sobriety to be almost universal throughout Ireland.’ Mr Hall, at a meeting in Exeter Hall on behalf of Father Mathew, related the following anecdote illustrative of the great moral change which had taken place in Ireland. ‘About seven or eight years ago he had visited a friend of his at Limerick, intending to enjoy the sport of fishing in the Shannon. In order that the man whom his friend employed to attend the

IT'S ONLY A DROP.

Scotland also: there are many thousands at this moment who, instead of striving to content themselves with 'only a drop'—an experiment that failed in nine cases out of ten—never taste or touch the liquid poison. What has been the consequence? Their comforts have augmented fourfold; they are bringing up their families respectably, giving them better clothes, better food, and better education, than their means could have permitted them to do, had they spent what they once did upon strong drinks. Many, many are the blessings they hourly enjoy, arising out of the moneys of which drinking-houses are deprived. Their heads are cool, while their hands are strengthened by industry sevenfold productive—industry born of temperance. Moreover, there are very few members of temperance societies who have not laid by a little at least against 'a rainy day.' Proud and happy men are they who once a week visit THE SAVINGS-BANK, that tower of the working-man's strength. Proudly yet humbly do they pass by the 'gin-palaces,' whose glaring lights and broad windows shine in bitter mockery upon the rags, the violence, the evil-speaking, the debilitated forms and emaciated countenances of those who are there ruining bodies and perilling souls by the most debasing and least defensible of all bad habits. Of such unhappy fellow-creatures the upholders of temperance may well say, though with an unblamable and truly Christian feeling: 'God be thanked that we are not as other men are.'

But the hero of total abstinence will not be satisfied with this; he will not be content with his own prosperity; he will not say: 'Stand back, I am holier than thou'—not he. He will call to mind when he too was one of the 'unclean;' he will prove his gratitude for the saving knowledge he has acquired by endeavouring to impart it to others; and he will do this gently and without self-exaltation. He will be ready at all times and in all places to give a reason unto all men, to shew why he is more comfortable than his neighbours; and why, despite the 'hardness of the times,' he is able to multiply his 'little' by the self-restraint that renders it 'much.' I look upon the temperance movement as one of the greatest glories of the age we

boat should appear as decent as possible, a new suit of clothes had been given to him the day previous to that appointed for the fishing. The man, however, appeared in his usual rags, and after some prevarication, confessed that he had pawned them to get drink. The wife and family of this man were in the most abject state of wretchedness, having neither clothes, furniture, nor even potatoes; and before he left Limerick, this same man was in prison for an assault. Two years since he again visited his friend, and what was his surprise to find the same man healthy, well clad, his wife and children comfortable, and having money in the savings-bank. And how was this change brought about? Why, the man had taken the pledge, and kept it. His master had given him five shillings to go to Cork and take the pledge; but before he got there, not only had he spent the five shillings in drink, but had pawned his clothes; and when he took the pledge, Father Mathew gave him half-a-crown to help him on his road back. No man loved Ireland or the Irish character more than he did; and he should always endeavour to place that character in its best and truest position before Englishmen; and now that the Irishman had added to his many high and good qualities the greatest of all virtues next to religion, temperance, they might indeed he was now to be trusted at all times and under all circumstances.'—*Note by Editors.*

IT'S ONLY A DROP.

live in. It was preached unto the poor by a few good men, and the poor adopted it; its influence spread *upwards*, and the rich have since followed the example of the humblest class.

But while I rejoice at the spread of temperance in England, and hope it may be as widely extended in Scotland, I find it difficult to write dispassionately of the *self-denial* practised by the peasantry of my own dear country, giving up what might be termed, and with perfect truth, their only luxury—relinquishing what, according to one of their popular songs, was

‘Sister and brother,
And father and mother;
My Sunday coat, *I have no other*’—

discarding a habit, the growth of centuries, suddenly, and yet faithfully—is enough to warm even a stranger’s heart towards the country, despite all that is said against it. The fact that they made a resolution to which they have adhered, and gave a pledge which they have kept faithfully for a number of years, will surely be accepted as sufficient proof that the Irish may be trusted fully in even higher matters—that they are capable of any effort for the social elevation of their country—and that the poverty and misery which have been for a series of years proverbial, cannot be much longer their burden and reproach.

A. M. H.





SELECT POETICAL PIECES OF COWPER.

WILLIAM COWPER, born November 15, 1731, and whose life was extended to April 25, 1800, was one of the most popular English poets of his day, and his pieces still enjoy a high reputation for their truthfulness to nature, piety, and good sense; also for the smoothness and finish of their versification. Written towards the close of the eighteenth century, they may be considered to form a link between the era of Pope, Johnson, Goldsmith, and others, and that of the modern poets, including Byron and Scott. Unfortunately, Cowper suffered under a poor state of health for many years before his death; and his life was spent chiefly in rural retirement, of which there are various evidences in his writings.

ON THE RECEIPT OF HIS MOTHER'S PICTURE.

O that those lips had language ! Life has passed
 With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
 Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smiles I see,
 The same that oft in childhood solaced me ;
 Voice only fails, else, how distinct they say :
 ' Grieve not, my child ; chase all thy fears away !'
 The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
 (Blest be the art that can immortalise,
 The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim
 To quench it) here shines on me still the same.

Faithful remembrancer of one so dear ;
 O welcome guest, though unexpected here !
 Who bidd'st me honour with an artless song,
 Affectionate, a mother lost so long.
 I will obey, ~~not~~ willingly alone,
 But gladly, as the precept were her own :
 And, while that face renews my filial grief,
 Fancy shall weave a charm for ~~my~~ relief ;
 Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
 A momentary dream, that thou art ~~she~~.

My mother ! when I learned that thou wast dead,
 Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed ?
 Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
 Wretch even then, life's journey just begun ?
 Perhaps thou gav'st me, though unfelt, a kiss ;
 Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss.
 Ah, that maternal smile ! it answers—Yes.
 I heard the bell tolled on thy burial-day,
 I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
 And, turning from my nursery window, drew
 A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu !
 But was it such ? It was. Where thou art gone,
 Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
 May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
 The parting word shall pass my lips no more !
 Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern,
 Oft gave me promise of a quick return :
 What ardently I wished, I long believed,
 And, disappointed still, was still deceived ;
 By expectation every day beguiled,
 Dupe of to-morrow even from a child.

SELECT POETICAL PIECES OF COWPER.

Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrows spent,
I learned at last submission to my lot,
But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.

Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more,
Children not thine have trod my nursery floor ;
And where the gardener Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapped
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet-capped,
'Tis now become a history little known,
That once we called the pastoral house our own.
Short-lived possession ! But the record fair
That memory keeps of all thy kindness there,
Still outlives many a storm, that has effaced
A thousand other themes less deeply traced.
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou mightst know me safe and warmly laid ;
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
The biscuit, or confectionary plum ;
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestowed
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glowed :
All this, and more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love; that knew no fall,
Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and breaks,
That humour interposed too often makes :
All this, still legible in memory's page,
And still to be so to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honours to thee as my numbers may ;
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
Not scorned in heaven, though little noticed here.

Could Time, his flight reversed, restore the hours,
When, playing with thy vesture's tissue'd flowers,
The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
I pricked them into paper with a pin
(And thou wast happier than myself the while,
Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head, and smile) ;
Could those few pleasant days again appear,
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here ?
I would not trust my heart—the dear delight
Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might.
But no ; what here we call our life is such,
So little to be loved, and thou so much,

SELECT POETICAL PIECES OF COWPER.

That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast
(The storms all weathered, and the ocean crossed)
Shoots into port at some well-havened isle,
Where spices breathe, and brighter seasons smile,
There sits quiescent on the floods, that shew
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
While airs impregnated with incense play
Around her, fanning light her streamers gay ;
So thou, with sails how swift ! hast reached the shore
'Where tempests never beat nor billows roar ;'
And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide
Of life long since has anchored at thy side.
But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
Always from port withheld, always distressed—
Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest-tossed,
Sails ript, seams opening wide, and compass lost ;
And day by day some current's thwarting force
Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.
But oh ! the thought that thou art safe, and he !
That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
My boast is not that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth ;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise—
The son of parents passed into the skies.
And now, farewell !—Time unrevoked has run
His wonted course, yet what I wished is done.
By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
I seem to have lived my childhood o'er again ;
To have renewed the joys that once were mine,
Without the sin of violating thine :
And while the wings of fancy still are free,
And I can view this mimic show of thee,
Time has but half succeeded in his theft—
Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.

THE ROSE.

THE rose had been washed, just washed in a shower,
Which Mary to Anna conveyed,
The plentiful moisture encumbered the flower,
And weighed down its beautiful head.

SELECT POETICAL PIECES OF COWPER.

The cup was all filled, and the leaves were all wet,
And it seemed, to a fanciful view,
To weep for the buds it had left with regret,
On the flourishing bush where it grew.

I hastily seized it, unfit as it was
For a nosegay, so dripping and drowned,
And swinging it rudely, too rudely, alas!
I snapped it—it fell to the ground.

‘And such,’ I exclaimed, ‘is the pitiless part
Some act by the delicate mind,
Regardless of wringing and breaking a heart
Already to sorrow resigned.

‘This elegant rose, had I shaken it less,
Might have bloomed with its owner a while;
And the tear, that is wiped with a little address,
May be followed perhaps by a smile.’

THE NEGRO'S COMPLAINT.

FORCED from home and all its pleasures,
Afric's coast I left forlorn;
To increase a stranger's treasures,
O'er the raging billows borne.
Men from England bought and sold me,
Paid my price in paltry gold;
But, though theirs they have enrolled me,
Minds are never to be sold.

Still in thought as free as ever,
What are England's rights, I ask,
Me from my delights to sever,
Me to torture, me to task?
Fleecy locks and black complexion
Cannot forfeit nature's claim;
Skins may differ, but affection
Dwells in white and black the same.

Why did All-creating Nature
Make the plant for which we toil?
Sighs must fan it, tears must water,
Sweat of ours must dress the soil.

SELECT POETICAL PIECES OF COWPER.

Think, ye masters iron-hearted,
Lolling at your jovial boards,
Think how many backs have smarted
For the sweets your cane affords.

Is there, as ye sometimes tell us,
Is there One who reigns on high?
Has He bid you buy and sell us,
Speaking from His throne the sky?
Ask Him, if your knotted scourges,
Matches, blood-extorting screws,
Are the means which duty urges
Agents of His will to use?

Hark! He answers—Wild tornadoes,
Strewing yonder sea with wrecks;
Wasting towns, plantations, meadows,
Are the voice with which He speaks.
He, foreseeing what vexations
Afric's sons should undergo,
Fixed their tyrants' habitations
Where His whirlwinds answer—No.

By our blood in Afric wasted,
Ere our necks received the chain;
By the miseries we have tasted,
Crossing in your barks the main;
By our sufferings since ye brought us
To the man-degrading mart;
All sustained by patience, taught us
Only by a broken heart.

Deem our nation brutes no longer,
Till some reason ye shall find
Worthier of regard, and stronger
Than the colour of our kind.
Slaves of gold, whose sordid dealings
Tarnish all your boasted powers,
Prove that you have human feelings,
Ere you proudly question ours!

THE NIGHTINGALE AND GLOW-WORM.

A NIGHTINGALE, that all day long
Had cheered the village with his song,
Nor yet at eve his note suspended,
Nor yet when eventide was ended,

SELECT POETICAL PIECES OF COWPER.

Began to feel, as well he might,
The keen demands of appetite ;
When, looking eagerly around,
He spied far off, upon the ground,
A something shining in the dark,
And knew the glow-worm by his spark ;
So, stooping down from hawthorn top,
He thought to put him in his crop.
The worm, aware of his intent,
Harangued him thus, right eloquent :
‘ Did you admire my lamp,’ quoth he,
‘ As much as I your minstrelsy,
You would abhor to do me wrong,
As much as I to spoil your song ;
For ’twas the self-same Power divine
Taught you to sing, and me to shine ;
That you with music, I with light,
Might beautify and cheer the night.’
The songster heard his short oration,
And warbling out his approbation,
Released him, as my story tells,
And found a supper somewhere else.

Hence jarring sectaries may learn
Their real interest to discern ;
That brother should not war with brother,
And worry and devour each other ;
But sing and shine by sweet consent,
Till life’s poor transient night is spent,
Respecting in each other’s case
The gifts of nature and of grace.

Those Christians best deserve the name
Who studiously make peace their aim ;
Peace, both the duty and the prize
Of him that creeps and him that flies.

JOHN GILPIN.

JOHN GILPIN was a citizen
Of credit and renown,
A train-band captain eke was he
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin’s spouse said to her dear :
‘ Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

SELECT POETICAL PIECES OF COWPER,

'To-morrow is our wedding-day,
And we will then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton
All in a chaise and pair.

'My sister and my sister's child,
Myself and children three,
Will fill the chaise ; so you must ride
On horseback after we.'

He soon replied : ' I do admire
Of womankind but one,
And you are she, my dearest dear,
Therefore it shall be done.

'I am a linendraper bold,
As all the world doth know,
And my good friend the calender
Will lend his horse to go.'

Quoth Mrs Gilpin : ' That's well said ;
And for that wine is dear,
We will be furnished with our own,
Which is both bright and clear.'

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife ;
O'erjoyed was he to find
That, though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
But yet was not allowed
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stayed,
Where they did all get in ;
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,
Were never folk so glad,
The stones did rattle underneath,
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side
Seized fast the flowing mane,
And up he got, in haste to ride,
But soon came down again ;

SELECT POETICAL PIECES OF COWPER.

For saddle-tree scarce reached had he,
His journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came ; for loss of time,
Although it grieved him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers
Were suited to their mind,
When Betty screaming came down-stairs :
'The wine is left behind !'

'Good lack !' quoth he ; 'yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword
When I do exercise.'

Now Mrs Gilpin (careful soul)
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she loved,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side,
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
Equipped from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brushed and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which galled him in his seat.

So 'Fair and softly,' John he cried ;
But John he cried in vain ;
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein.

SELECT POETICAL PIECES OF COWPER.

So stooping down, as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasped the mane with both his hands,
And eke with all his might.

His horse, which never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought ;
Away went hat and wig ;
He little dreamt, when he set out,
Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
Like streamer long and gay,
Till, loop and button failing both,
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
The bottles he had slung ;
A bottle swinging at each side,
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children screamed,
Up flew the windows all ;
And every soul cried out ' Well done !'
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he ?
His fame soon spread around ;
' He carries weight ! he rides a race !'
'Tis for a thousand pound !'

And still, as fast as he drew near,
'Twas wonderful to view
How in a trice the turnpike-men
Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down
His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
Were shattered at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
Most piteous to be seen,
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
As they had basted been.

SELECT POETICAL PIECES OF COWPER.

But still he seemed to carry weight,
With leathern girdle braced ;
For all might see the bottle-necks
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
These gambols he did play,
Until he came unto the Wash
Of Edmonton so gay ;

And there he threw the wash about
On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife
From the balcony espied
Her tender husband, wondering much
To see how he did ride.

‘Stop, stop, John Gilpin ! Here’s the house,’
They all aloud did cry ;
‘The dinner waits, and we are tired :’
Said Gilpin : ‘So am I.’

But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclined to tarry there ;
For why ?—His owner had a house
Full ten miles off at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,
Shot by an archer strong ;
So did he fly—which brings me to
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin out of breath,
And sore against his will,
Till at his friend the calender’s
His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amazed to see
His neighbour in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him :

‘What news ? what news ? your tidings tell ;
Tell me you must and shall ;
Say why bare-headed you are come,
Or why you come at all ?’

SELECT POETICAL PIECES OF COWPER.

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
And loved a timely joke ;
And thus unto the calender
In merry guise he spoke :

‘ I came because your horse would come ;
And, if I well forebode,
My hat and wig will soon be here—
They are upon the road.’

The calender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,
Returned him not a single word,
But to the house went in ;

Whence straight he came with hat and wig :
A wig that flowed behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear,
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn
Thus shewed his ready wit :
‘ My head is twice as big as yours,
They therefore needs must fit.

‘ But let me scrape the dirt away
That hangs upon your face ;
And stop and eat, for well you may
Be in a hungry case.’

Said John : ‘ It is my wedding-day,
And all the world would stare
If wife should dine at Edmonton,
And I should dine at Ware.’

So, turning to his horse, he said :
‘ I am in haste to dine ;
’Twas for your pleasure you came here,
You shall go back for mine.’

Ah, luckless speech, and bootless boast !
For which he paid full dear ;
For while he spake, a braying ass
Did sing most loud and clear ;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
Had heard a lion roar,
And galloped off with all his might,
As he had done before.

SELECT POETICAL PIECES OF COWPER.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig :
He lost them sooner than at first ;
For why?—They were too big.

Now Mrs Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting down
Into the country far away,
She pulled out half-a-crown ;

And thus unto the youth she said
That drove them to the Bell :
'This shall be yours when you bring back
My husband safe and well.'

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
John coming back amain !
Whom in a trice he tried to stop,
By catching at his rein :

But not performing what he meant,
And gladly would have done,
The frightened steed he frightened more,
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went post-boy at his heels,
The post-boy's horse right glad to miss
The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With post-boy scampering in the rear,
They raised the hue and cry :

'Stop thief ! stop thief !—a highwayman !'
Not one of them was mute ;
And all and each that passed that way
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike-gates again
Flew open in short space ;
The tollmen thinking, as before,
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did ; and won it too ;
For he got first to town ;
Nor stopped till where he had got up
He did again get down.

SELECT POETICAL PIECES OF COWPER.

Now let us sing, long live the king ;
And Gilpin, long live he ;
And when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see !

LOVE OF NATURE.

NOR rural sights alone, but rural sounds,
Exhilarate the spirit, and restore
The tone of languid Nature. Mighty winds,
That sweep the skirt of some far-spreading wood
Of ancient growth, make music not unlike
The dash of Ocean on his winding shore,
And lull the spirit while they fill the mind ;
Unnumbered branches waving in the blast,
And all their leaves, fast fluttering, all at once.
Nor less composure waits upon the roar
Of distant floods, or on the softer voice
Of neighbouring fountain, or of rills that slip
Through the cleft rock, and, chiming as they fall
Upon loose pebbles, lose themselves at length
In matted grass, that, with a livelier green,
Betrays the secret of their silent course.
Nature inanimate employs sweet sounds,
But animated Nature sweeter still,
To soothe and satisfy the human ear.
Ten thousand warblers cheer the day, and one
The livelong night : nor these alone whose notes
Nice-fingered art must emulate in vain,
But cawing rooks, and kites that swim sublime
In still repeated circles, screaming loud,
The jay, the pie, and even the boding owl,
That hails the rising moon, have charms for me.
Sounds inharmonious in themselves, and harsh,
Yet heard in scenes where peace for ever reigns,
And only there, please highly for their sake.

Like a coy maiden, ease, when courted most,
Farthest retires—an idol, at whose shrine
Who oftenest sacrifice, are favoured least.
The love of Nature, and the scenes she draws,
Is Nature's dictate. Strange there should be found
Who, self-imprisoned in their proud saloons,
Renounce the odours of the open field
For the unscented fictions of the loom ;
Who, satisfied with only pencilled scenes,
Prefer to the performance of a God

SELECT POETICAL PIECES OF COWPER.

The inferior wonders of an artist's hand !
 Lovely indeed the mimic works of art ;
 But Nature's works far lovelier. I admire,
 None more admires, the painter's magic skill,
 Who shews me that which I shall never see,
 Conveys a distant country into mine,
 And throws Italian light on English walls :
 But imitative strokes can do no more
 Than please the eye—sweet Nature, every sense.
 The air salubrious of her lofty hills,
 The cheering fragrance of her dewy vales,
 And music of her woods—no works of man
 May rival these ; these all bespeak a power
 Peculiar, and exclusively her own.
 Beneath the open sky she spreads the feast ;
 'Tis free to all—'tis every day renewed ;
 Who scorns it, starves deservedly at home.
 He does not scorn it who, imprisoned long
 In some unwholesome dungeon, and a prey
 To sallow sickness, which the vapours, dank
 And clammy, of his dark abode have bred,
 Escapes at last to liberty and light :
 His cheek recovers soon its healthful hue ;
 His eye relumines its extinguished fires ;
 He walks, he leaps, he runs—is winged with joy,
 And riots in the sweets of every breeze.
 He does not scorn it who has long endured
 A fever's agonies, and fed on drugs ;
 Nor yet the mariner, his blood inflamed
 With acrid salts, his very heart athirst
 To gaze at Nature in her green array ;
 Upon the ship's tall side he stands, possessed
 With visions prompted by intense desire :
 Fair fields appear below, such as he left
 Far distant, such as he would die to find—
 He seeks them headlong, and is seen no more.

The spleen is seldom felt where Flora reigns ;
 The lowering eye, the petulance, the frown,
 And sullen sadness that overshadow, distort,
 And mar the face of beauty, when no cause
 For such immeasurable woe appears ;
 These Flora banishes, and gives the fair
 Sweet smiles, and bloom less transient than her own.
 It is the constant revolution, stale
 And tasteless, of the same repeated joys
 That palls and satiates, and makes languid life
 A pedler's pack, that bows the bearer down.

SELECT POETICAL PIECES OF COWPER.

Health suffers, and the spirits ebb ; the heart
Recoils from its own choice—at the full feast
Is famished—finds no music in the song,
No smartness in the jest ; and wonders why.
Yet thousands still desire to journey on,
Though halt, and weary of the path they tread.
The paralytic, who can hold her cards,
But cannot play them, borrows a friend's hand
To deal and shuffle, to divide and sort
Her mingled suits and sequences ; and sits,
Spectatress both and spectacle, a sad
And silent cipher, while her proxy plays.
Others are dragged into the crowded room
Between supporters ; and, once seated, sit
Through downright inability to rise,
Till the stout bearers lift the corpse again.
These speak a loud memento. Yet even these
Themselves love life, and cling to it, as he
That overhangs a torrent to a twig.
They love it, and yet loathe it ; fear to die,
Yet scorn the purposes for which they live.
Then wherefore not renounce them ? No ; the dread,
The slavish dread of solitude, that breeds
Reflection and remorse, the fear of shame,
And their inveterate habits, all forbid.

TOWN LIFE.

GOD made the country, and man made the town.
What wonder, then, that health and virtue—gifts
That can alone make sweet the bitter draught
That life holds out to all—should most abound,
And least be threatened, in the fields and groves ?
Possess ye therefore, ye who, borne about
In chariots and sedans, know no fatigue
But that of idleness, and taste no scenes
But such as art contrives, possess ye still
Your element ; there only can ye shine ;
There only minds like yours can do no harm.
Our groves were planted to console at noon
The pensive wanderer in their shades. At eve
The moonbeam, sliding softly in between
The sleeping leaves, is all the light they wish ;
Birds warbling all the music. We can spare
The splendour of your lamps ; they but eclipse
Our softer satellite. Your songs confound

SELECT POETICAL PIECES OF COWPER.

Our more harmonious notes : the thrush departs
Scared, and the offended nightingale is mute.
There is a public mischief in your mirth ;
It plagues your country. Folly such as yours,
Graced with a sword, and worthier of a fan,
Has made—what enemies could ne'er have done—
Our arch of empire, steadfast but for you,
A mutilated structure, soon to fall.

WAR—SLAVERY.

O FOR a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumour of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful or successful war,
Might never reach me more. My ear is pained,
My soul is sick, with every day's report
Of wrong and outrage with which earth is filled.
There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart—
It does not feel for man : the natural bond
Of brotherhood is severed as the flax
That falls asunder at the touch of fire.
He finds his fellow guilty of a skin
Not coloured like his own ; and having power
To enforce the wrong, for such a worthy cause
Dooms and devotes him as a lawful prey.
Lands intersected by a narrow frith
Abhor each other. Mountains interposed
Make enemies of nations, who had else,
Like kindred drops, been mingled into one.
Thus man devotes his brother, and destroys ;
And, worse than all, and most to be deplored
As human nature's broadest, foulest blot,
Chains him, and tasks him, and exacts his sweat
With stripes, that Mercy with a bleeding heart
Weeps when she sees inflicted on a beast.
Then what is man ? And what man, seeing this,
And having human feelings, does not blush
And hang his head to think himself a man ?
I would not have a slave to till my ground,
To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
That sinews bought and sold have ever earned.
No : dear as freedom is, and in my heart's
Just estimation prized above all price,
I had much rather be myself the slave,

SELECT POETICAL PIECES OF COWPER.

And wear the bonds, than fasten them on him.
We have no slaves at home. Then why abroad?
And they themselves, once ferried o'er the wave
That parts us, are emancipate and loosed.
Slaves cannot breathe in England: if their lungs
Receive our air, that moment they are free:
They touch our country, and their shackles fall.
That is noble, and bespeaks a nation proud
And jealous of the blessing. Spread it then,
And let it circulate through every vein
Of all your empire; that, where Britain's power
Is felt, mankind may feel her mercy too.

BELIEF IN GOD.

HAPPY the man who sees a God employed
In all the good and ill that checker life!
Resolving all events, with their effects
And manifold results, into the will
And arbitration wise of the Supreme.
Did not His eye rule all things, and intend
The least of our concerns (since from the least
The greatest oft originate); could chance
Find place in His dominion, or dispose
One lawless particle to thwart His plan;
Then God might be surprised, and unforeseen
Contingence might alarm Him, and disturb
The smooth and equal course of His affairs.
This truth Philosophy, though eagle-eyed
In nature's tendencies, oft o'erlooks;
And, having found his instrument, forgets,
Or disregards, or, more presumptuous still,
Denies the power that wields it.

LOVE OF ENGLAND.

ENGLAND, with all thy faults, I love thee still—
My country! And, while yet a nook is left,
Where English minds and manners may be found,
Shall be constrained to love thee. Though thy clime
Be fickle, and thy year most part deformed
With dripping rains, or withered by a frost,
I would not yet exchange thy sullen skies,
And fields without a flower, for warmer France
With all her vines; nor for Ausonia's groves

SELECT POETICAL PIECES OF COWPER.

Of golden fruitage, and her myrtle bowers.
To shake thy senate, and from heights sublime
Of patriot eloquence to flash down fire
Upon thy foes, was never meant my task :
But I can feel thy fortunes, and partake
Thy joys and sorrows, with as true a heart
As any thunderer there. And I can feel
Thy follies too; and with a just disdain
Frown at effeminates, whose very looks
Reflect dishonour on the land I love.

ENGLISH LIBERTY.

WE love

The king who loves the law, respects his bounds,
And reigns content within them; him we serve
Freely, and with delight, who leaves us free :
But recollecting still that he is man,
We trust him not too far. King though he be,
And king in England too, he may be weak,
And vain enough to be ambitious still;
May exercise amiss his proper powers,
Or covet more than freemen choose to grant :
Beyond that mark is treason. He is ours
To administer, to guard, to adorn the state,
But not to warp or change it. We are his
To serve him nobly in the common cause,
True to the death, but not to be his slaves.
Mark now the difference, ye that boast your love
Of kings, between your loyalty and ours !
We love the man, the paltry pageant you ;
We the chief patron of the commonwealth,
You the regardless author of its woes ;
We, for the sake of liberty, a king,
You chains and bondage for a tyrant's sake :
Our love is principle, and has its root
In reason—is judicious, manly, free ;
Yours, a blind instinct, crouches to the rod,
And licks the foot that treads it in the dust.
Were kingship as true treasure as it seems,
Sterling, and worthy of a wise man's wish,
I would not be a king to be beloved
Causeless, and daubed with undiscerning praise,
Where love is mere attachment to the throne,
Not to the man who fills it as he ought.
'Tis liberty alone that gives the flower

SELECT POETICAL PIECES OF COWPER.

Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume ;
And we are weeds without it. All constraint,
Except what wisdom lays on evil men,
Is evil ; hurts the faculties, impedes
Their progress in the road of science, blinds
The eyesight of discovery, and begets
In those that suffer it a sordid mind,
Bestial, a meagre intellect, unfit
To be the tenant of man's noble form.
Thee therefore still, blameworthy as thou art,
With all thy loss of empire, and though squeezed
By public exigence till annual food
Fails for the craving hunger of the state,
Thee I account still happy, and the chief
Among the nations, seeing thou art free.
My native nook of earth ! thy clime is rude,
Replete with vapours, and disposes much
All hearts to sadness, and none more than mine :
Thine unadulterate manners are less soft
And plausible than social life requires ;
And thou hast need of discipline and art
To give thee what politer France receives
From nature's bounty—that humane address
And sweetness, without which no pleasure is
In converse, either starved by cold reserve,
Or flushed with fierce dispute, a senseless brawl :
Yet, being free, I love thee : for the sake
Of that one feature can be well content,
Disgraced as thou hast been, poor as thou art,
To seek no sublunary rest beside.
But once enslaved, farewell ! I could endure
Chains nowhere patiently ; and chains at home,
Where I am free by birthright, not at all.

EPITAPH ON TINEY,

A HARE WHICH THE AUTHOR TAMED AND DOMESTICATED.

HERE lies, whom hound did ne'er pursue,
Nor swifter greyhound follow,
Whose foot ne'er tainted morning dew,
Nor e'er heard huntsman's hollo.

Old Tiney, surliest of his kind,
Who, nursed with tender care,
And to domestic bounds confined,
Was still a wild Jack-hare.

SELECT POETICAL PIECES OF COWPER.

Though duly from my hand he took
His pittance every night,
He did it with a jealous look,
And, when he could, would bite.

His diet was of wheaten bread,
And milk, and oats, and straw ;
Thistles, or lettuces instead,
With sand to scour his maw.

On twigs of hawthorn he regaled,
On pippins' russet peel,
And, when his juicy salads failed,
Sliced carrot pleased him well.

A Turkey-carpet was his lawn,
Whereon he loved to bound,
To skip and gambol like a fawn,
And swing his rump around.

His frisking was at evening hours,
For then he lost his fear,
But most before approaching showers,
Or when a storm drew near.

Eight years and five round-rolling moons
He thus saw steal away,
Dozing out all his idle noons,
And every night at play.

I kept him for his humour's sake ;
For he would oft beguile
My heart of thoughts that made it ache,
And force me to a smile.

But now beneath his walnut shade
He finds his long last home,
And waits, in snug concealment laid,
Till gentler Puss shall come.

He, still more aged, feels the shocks
From which no care can save,
And, partner once of Tiney's box,
Must soon partake his grave.

TALKERS.

THE emphatic speaker dearly loves to oppose,
 In contact inconvenient, nose to nose,
 As if the gnomon on his neighbour's phiz,
 Touched with a magnet, had attracted his.
 His whispered theme, dilated and at large,
 Proves after all a wind-gun's airy charge—
 An extract of his diary—no more—
 A tasteless journal of the day before.
 He walked abroad, o'ertaken in the rain,
 Called on a friend, drank tea, slept home again ;
 Resumed his purpose, had a world of talk
 With one he stumbled on, and lost his walk ;
 I interrupt him with a sudden bow,
 Adieu, dear sir, lest you should lose it now.

Some men employ their health—an ugly trick—
 In making known how oft they have been sick,
 And give us in recitals of disease
 A doctor's trouble, but without the fees ;
 Relaté how many weeks they kept their bed,
 How an emetic or cathartic sped ;
 Nothing is slightly touched, much less forgot ;
 Nose, ears, and eyes seem present on the spot.
 Now the distemper, spite of draught or pill,
 Victorious seemed ; and now the doctor's skill ;
 And now—alas for unforeseen mishaps !—
 They put on a damp nightcap, and relapse :
 They thought they must have died, they were so bad ;
 Their peevish hearers almost wish they had.

Some fretful tempers wince at every touch ;
 You always do too little or too much :
 You speak with life, in hopes to entertain—
 Your elevated voice goes through the brain ;
 You fall at once into a lower key—
 That's worse, the drone-pipe of a humble-bee.
 The southern sash admits too strong a light ;
 You rise and drop the curtain—now 'tis night.
 He shakes with cold—you stir the fire, and strive
 To make a blaze—that's roasting him alive.
 Serve him with venison, and he chooses fish ;
 With sole—that's just the sort he would not wish.
 He takes what he at first professed to loathe,
 And in due time feeds heartily on both ;
 Yet still, o'erclouded with a constant frown,
 He does not swallow, but he gulps it down.

SELECT POETICAL PIECES OF COWPER.

Your hope to please him vain on every plan;
Himself should work that wonder—if he can.
Alas ! his efforts double his distress.
He likes yours little, and his own still less.
Thus always teasing others, always teased,
His only pleasure is to be displeased.

THE LACE-WORKER AND VOLTAIRE.

YON cottager, who weaves at her own door,
Pillow and bobbins all her little store ;
Content though mean, and cheerful if not gay,
Shuffling her threads about the livelong day,
Just earns a scanty pittance, and at night
Lies down secure, her heart and pocket light.
She, for her humble sphere by nature fit,
Has little understanding, and no wit ;
Receives no praise ; but though her lot be such
(Toilsome and indigent), she renders much ;
Just knows, and knows no more, her Bible true—
A truth the brilliant Frenchman never knew ;
And in that charter reads, with sparkling eyes,
Her title to a treasure in the skies.
O happy peasant ! O unhappy bard !
His the mere tinsel, hers the rich reward ;
He praised, perhaps, for ages yet to come,
She never heard of half a mile from home ;
He lost in errors his vain heart prefers,
She safe in the simplicity of hers.

WINTER EVENING IN THE COUNTRY.

HARK ! 'tis the twanging horn o'er yonder bridge,
That with its wearisome but needful length
Bestrides the wintry flood, in which the moon
Sees her unwrinkled face reflected bright :
He comes, the herald of a noisy world,
With spattered boots, strapped waist, and frozen locks ;
News from all nations lumbering at his back.
True to his charge, the close-packed load behind,
Yet careless what he brings, his one concern
Is to conduct it to the destined inn ;
And, having dropped the expected bag, pass on.
He whistles as he goes, light-hearted wretch !
Cold and yet cheerful : messenger of grief

SELECT POETICAL PIECES OF COWPER.

Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to some ;
 To him indifferent whether grief or joy.
 Houses in ashes, and the fall of stocks,
 Births, deaths, and marriages, epistles wet
 With tears, that trickled down the writer's cheeks
 Fast as the periods from his fluent quill,
 Or charged with amorous sighs of absent swains,
 Or nymphs responsive, equally affect
 His horse and him, unconscious of them all.
 But oh, the important budget ! ushered in
 With such heart-shaking music, who can say
 What are its tidings ? Have our troops awaked ?
 Or do they still, as if with opium drugged,
 Snore to the murmurs of the Atlantic wave ?
 Is India free ? and does she wear her plumed
 And jewelled turban with a smile of peace,
 Or do we grind her still ? The grand debate,
 The popular harangue, the tart reply,
 The logic, and the wisdom, and the wit,
 And the loud laugh—I long to know them all ;
 I burn to set the imprisoned wranglers free,
 And give them voice and utterance once again.

Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
 Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
 And while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn
 Throws up a steamy column, and the cups,
 That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,
 So let us welcome peaceful evening in. . . .
 This folio of four pages, happy work !
 Which not even critics criticise ; that holds
 Inquisitive attention, while I read,
 Fast bound in chains of silence, which the fair,
 Though eloquent themselves, yet fear to break ;
 What is it but a map of busy life,
 Its fluctuations, and its vast concerns ?
 Here runs the mountainous and craggy ridge
 That tempts ambition. On the summit see
 The seals of office glitter in his eyes ;
 He climbs, he pants, he grasps them ! At his heels,
 Close at his heels, a demagogue ascends,
 And with a dexterous jerk soon twists him down,
 And wins them, but to lose them in his turn.
 Here rills of oily eloquence in soft
 Meanders lubricate the course they take ;
 The modest speaker is ashamed and grieved
 To engross a moment's notice, and yet begs,
 Begs a propitious ear for his poor thoughts,

SELECT POETICAL PIECES OF COWPER.

However trivial all that he conceives.
 Sweet bashfulness ! it claims at least this praise—
 The dearth of information and good sense
 That it foretells us, always comes to pass.
 Cataracts of declamation thunder here ;
 There forests of no meaning spread the page,
 In which all comprehension wanders lost ;
 While fields of pleasantry amuse us there,
 With merry descants on a nation's woes.
 The rest appears a wilderness of strange
 But gay confusion : roses for the cheeks,
 And lilies for the brows of faded age,
 Teeth for the toothless, ringlets for the bald,
 Heaven, earth, and ocean plundered of their sweets,
 Nectareous essences, Olympian dews,
 Sermons, and city feasts, and favourite airs,
 Æthereal journeys, submarine exploits,
 And Katterfelto, with his hair on end
 At his own wonders, wondering for his bread.
 'Tis pleasant through the loopholes of retreat
 To peep at such a world ; to see the stir
 Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd ;
 To hear the roar she sends through all her gates
 At a safe distance, where the dying sound
 Falls a soft murmur on the uninjured ear.
 Thus sitting, and surveying thus at ease
 The globe and its concerns, I seem advanced
 To some secure and more than mortal height,
 That liberates and exempts me from them all.
 O Winter ! ruler of the inverted year,
 I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,
 And dreaded as thou art ! Thou hold'st the sun
 A prisoner in the yet undawning east,
 Shortening his journey between morn and noon,
 And hurrying him, impatient of his stay,
 Down to the rosy west ; but kindly still
 Compensating his loss with added hours
 Of social converse and instructive ease,
 And gathering, at short notice, in one group
 The family dispersed, and fixing thought,
 Not less dispersed by daylight and its cares.
 I crown thee king of intimate delights,
 Fireside enjoyments, home-born happiness,
 And all the comforts that the lowly roof
 Of undisturbed retirement, and the hours
 Of long uninterrupted evening, know.
 No rattling wheels stop short before these gates ;

SELECT POETICAL PIECES OF COWPER.

No powdered pert, proficient in the art
 Of sounding an alarm, assaults these doors
 Till the street rings ; no stationary steeds
 Cough their own knell, while, heedless of the sound,
 The silent circle fan themselves, and quake :
 But here the needle plies its busy task,
 The pattern grows, the well-depicted flower,
 Wrought patiently into the snowy lawn,
 Unfolds its bosom : buds, and leaves, and sprigs,
 And curling tendrils, gracefully disposed,
 Follow the nimble finger of the fair ;
 A wreath, that cannot fade, of flowers, that blow
 With most success when all besides decay.
 The poet's or historian's page by one
 Made vocal for the amusement of the rest ;
 The sprightly lyre, whose treasure of sweet sounds
 The touch from many a trembling chord shakes out ;
 And the clear voice symphonious, yet distinct,
 And in the charming strife triumphant still,
 Beguile the night, and set a keener edge
 On female industry : the threaded steel
 Flies swiftly, and unfelt the task proceeds.
 The volume closed, the customary rites
 Of the last meal commence. . . .

Discourse ensues, not trivial, yet not dull,
 Nor such as with a frown forbids the play
 Of fancy, or proscribes the sound of mirth :
 Nor do we madly, like an impious world,
 Who deem religion frenzy, and the God
 That made them an intruder on their joys,
 Start at His awful name, or deem His praise
 A jarring note. Themes of a graver tone,
 Exciting oft our gratitude and love,
 While we retrace with memory's pointing wand,
 That calls the past to our exact review,
 The dangers we have 'scaped, the broken snare,
 The disappointed foe, deliverance found
 Unlooked for, life preserved and peace restored,
 Fruits of omnipotent eternal love.

Come, Evening, once again, season of peace ;
 Return, sweet Evening, and continue long !
 Methinks I see thee in the streaky west,
 With matron-step slow-moving, while the Night
 Treads on thy sweeping train ; one hand employed
 In letting fall the curtain of repose
 On bird and beast, the other charged for man
 With sweet oblivion of the cares of day :

SELECT POETICAL PIECES OF COWPER.

Not sumptuously adorned, nor needing aid,
 Like homely featured Night, of clustering gems ;
 A star or two, just twinkling on thy brow,
 Suffices thee ; save that the moon is thine
 No less than hers : not worn indeed on high
 With ostentatious pageantry, but set
 With modest grandeur in thy purple zone,
 Resplendent less, but of an ampler round.
 Come then, and thou shalt find thy votary calm,
 Or make me so. Composure is thy gift ;
 And whether I devote thy gentle hours
 To books, to music, or the poet's toil ;
 To weaving nets for bird-alluring fruit ;
 Or twining silken threads round ivory reels,
 When they command whom man was born to please,
 I slight thee not, but make thee welcome still.

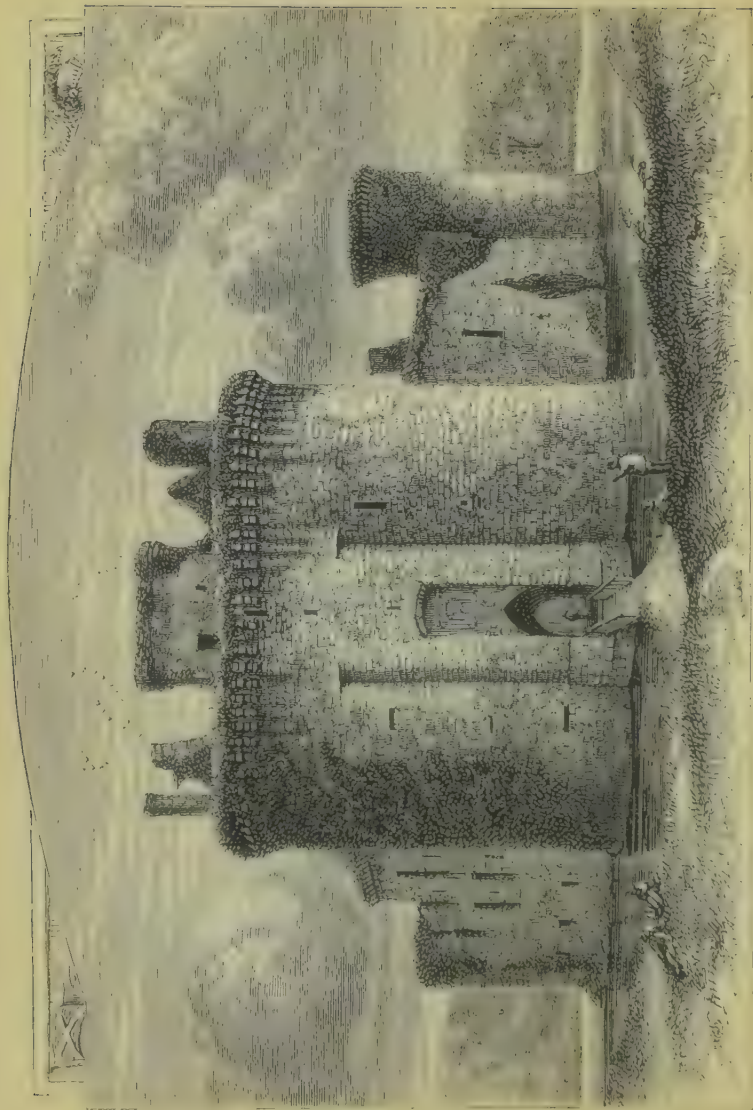
In such a world, so thorny, and where none
 Finds happiness unblighted, or, if found,
 Without some thistly sorrow at its side,
 It seems the part of wisdom, and no sin
 Against the law of love, to measure lots
 With less distinguished than ourselves ; that thus
 We may with patience bear our moderate ills,
 And sympathise with others suffering more. . . .

Poor, yet industrious, modest, quiet, neat,
 Such claim compassion in a night like this ;
 And have a friend in every feeling heart.
 Warmed, while it lasts, by labour, all day long
 They brave the season, and yet find at eve,
 Ill clad, and fed but sparely, time to cool.
 The frugal housewife trembles while she lights
 Her scanty stock of brushwood, blazing clear ;
 But dying soon, like all terrestrial joys.
 The few small embers left she nurses well ;
 And, while her infant race, with outspread hands
 And crowded knees, sit cowering o'er the sparks,
 Retires, content to quake, so they be warmed.
 The man feels least, as more injured than she
 To winter, and the current in his veins
 More briskly moved by his severer toil ;
 Yet he too finds his own distress in theirs.
 The taper soon extinguished, which I saw
 Dangled along at the cold finger's end
 Just when the day declined, and the brown loaf
 Lodged on the shelf, half-eaten without sauce
 Of savoury cheese, or butter, costlier still.
 Sleep seems their only refuge ; for, alas !

SELECT POETICAL PIECES OF COWPER.

Where penury is felt, the thought is chained,
 And sweet colloquial pleasures are but few !
 With all this thrift, they thrive not. All the care
 Ingenious parsimony takes, but just
 Saves the small inventory—bed and stool,
 Skillet and old carved chest—from public sale.
 They live, and live without extorted alms
 From grudging hands ; but other boast have none
 To soothe their honest pride, that scorns to beg,
 Nor comfort else, but in their mutual love.
 I praise you much, ye meek and patient pair,
 For ye are worthy ; choosing rather far
 A dry but independent crust, hard earned,
 And eaten with a sigh, than to endure
 The rugged frowns and insolent rebuffs
 Of knaves in office, partial in the work
 Of distribution ; liberal of their aid
 To clamorous importunity in rags,
 But oftentimes deaf to suppliants who would blush
 To wear a tattered garb, however coarse,
 Whom famine cannot reconcile to filth :
 These ask with painful shyness, and, refused
 Because deserving, silently retire !
 But be ye of good courage ! Time itself
 Shall much befriend you. Time shall give increase ;
 And all your numerous progeny, well trained,
 But helpless, in few years shall find their hands,
 And labour too.





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CONTENTS OF VOLUME V.

	No.	Page
LOUIS NAPOLEON, EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH.....	33	I
LOVE IS POWER.....	34	I
ANECDOTES OF SPIDERS.....	35	I
ADVENTURES OF ROBERT DRURY.....	36	I
ACCOUNT OF THE BORDERS.....	37	I
THE PLAGUE IN LONDON.....	38	I
NARRATIVE OF THE MUTINY OF THE BOUNTY.....	39	I
SELECT POETRY OF SCOTT.....	40	I



LOUIS NAPOLEON, EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH.

TWAS early on the morning of the 20th of April 1808, that the roar of cannon announced to the people of Paris that a second heir-presumptive to the imperial throne of France was born ; and his birth was hailed with joy through the length and breadth of France. Its people were proud of the emperor of their choice ; and in this child they recognised a fresh pledge of the permanence of that dynasty which they identified with the honour and happiness of the nation.

The child of whom we write is the youngest and only surviving son of Louis, younger brother of the Emperor Napoleon, the same

who, by favour of his brother, was for some years king of Holland, but who resigned his throne, not long after the birth of this child, in consequence of an honourable and high-minded feeling, that he could not hold it consistently with the interests of Holland and the ties which bound him to his brother and, through him, to France. His mother was Queen Hortense, the beautiful, amiable, and accomplished daughter of the Empress Josephine by her first husband, the Vicomte de Beauharnais. The marriage of Hortense de Beauharnais with Louis Bonaparte was blessed by the church in the person of the Cardinal Caprera; for the stepfather of the bride, as First Consul, had already become convinced of the expediency of ecclesiastical re-establishment in France. The marriage, however, was not a happy one. At first the newly wedded pair resided in a small house situated in the Rue de la Victoire in Paris (the same house, in fact, as that which had been the home of Napoleon and Josephine during the first years of their own wedded life); but it was at the Tuileries, and in the society of her mother, that Hortense first became a popular favourite in Paris. Her husband, though possessed of many good and even great qualities, was shy and reserved in manner; and his outward appearance scarcely partook of the lustre which then began to display itself in a social point of view at the court of his brother; for his scholastic tastes were not in harmony with the martial display in which the first Napoleon delighted. But Hortense, young, handsome, a poetess, a musician, graceful and kind in manner, like her mother, and soon known to the people of France as the composer of the song and march entitled *Va t'en Guerrier*—at the stirring tones of which the heart of many a brave man thrilled both in the camp and at the court of France—she, Hortense, soon became an object of popular enthusiasm; and all the more so because she was the daughter of Josephine, the childless empress, who, up to and for some time after his accession to the throne of France, was habitually spoken of by the emperor as the guiding star of his eventful life, the brightest ornament of his dazzling destiny. Napoleon I. knew that Hortense, by obedience to his will regarding her marriage with his brother Louis, had in some sort been made a sacrifice to his own political expediency; and, as though to compensate to her for this sacrifice on the one hand, and at the same time to strengthen his own interests on the other, he eagerly showered down upon her husband various honours and emoluments. At first, Louis Bonaparte was appointed grand *connétable* of France, by which rank he occupied a marked place near the imperial throne; afterwards he was created governor of Piedmont; and subsequently, when great part of Europe was partitioned out amongst the various members of the modern Cæsar's family, he, as we have said, was made king of Holland.

Meantime, three sons were successively born to Louis and Hortense. The first of these sons first saw the light about the time

of the coronation of Napoleon I. and Josephine ; and the pope, who had come to Paris to perform that ceremony, supplemented it by subsequently baptising the infant nephew of the newly-made emperor and empress at St-Cloud. This child, however, was destined not long to survive. His early death (from measles) was a heavy blow not only to his parents and to the emperor and empress themselves, but to all ardent imperialists who desired the perpetuation of the then newly founded dynasty in France ; for during his short life he had been looked upon as the heir-presumptive to the throne. Certainly, as before said, two other sons were born to Hortense ; but, after the death of the eldest, Napoleon seems to have regarded their lives as too precarious for the stability of his own political views, and it was then that he resolved on divorcing Josephine, with a view to forming another alliance which should make him the father of a son.

One year before that divorce was carried into effect, the subject of this present memoir was born. It was in Paris, and at the palace of the Tuileries, that he was born ; and it was at the palace of Fontainebleau, one of the most ancient and historical in France, that he was baptised on the 10th of November 1810, by the names of Charles Louis Napoleon. Napoleon I. as his godfather, and Marie Louise, the then new empress, as his godmother, presented him at the font : and the ceremony was performed by Cardinal Fesch. The first of his three names seems soon by family consent to have been dropped ; and it was therefore by the latter two names, now familiar to the whole world, that the prince, who was destined to play so remarkable a part in the world, was known in childhood. And here it may be observed that the greater part of that childhood, at least in its earliest phases, was passed in the country over which he was one day to be called to reign ; for when King Louis abdicated his throne of Holland, Queen Hortense found herself free to return to her native France.

From infancy upwards, Louis Napoleon was strongly attached to his uncle, the emperor ; and as the young prince increased in years, strength, and intelligence, it was the delight of his imperial majesty to make him take part in the martial pageantry which represented to the delighted eyes of France the glory which he had achieved for her. Nor, despite the emperor's second marriage, was the young son of Hortense excluded from the presence of his grandmother, the gracious ex-empress, who then resided chiefly at the château of Malmaison, situated within an easy distance from Paris. Josephine, though divorced for political reasons, as above glanced at, was still dear as ever to the heart of France. Her deeds of charity, her beneficent acts of kindness to all classes of French subjects, caused her popularity to remain undiminished ; and in the society of her daughter Hortense, and Hortense's two surviving sons (the younger especially), did she seek consolation for the fact that political

circumstances had separated her from the illustrious man to whom in heart she was still devoted.

Louis Napoleon, indeed, was at that early period of his life a link between the emperor and the ex-empress ; and his affections seem to have been almost equally divided between them ; for many readers will here remember that, whilst his whole life has been consecrated by act, word, and deed to his uncle's memory, it was in the name of his grandmother, Josephine, as we shall see hereafter, that he first formally announced to the senate of France his own intended marriage with his present empress.

But to return to the childhood of Louis Napoleon. His father, after his abdication from the throne of Holland, lived the life of a private gentleman ; at first at Grätz in Styria, and afterwards in Italy. Queen Hortense, as has been stated, resided chiefly in Paris, where, when the restoration of the Bourbons was effected (1814), she was known as Duchesse de St-Leu—a territorial title derived from an estate formerly purchased by her husband.

The Empress Josephine died at Malmaison in 1814, at the very time when the allied sovereigns of Europe had succeeded in overthrowing, for a time, the power of Bonaparte. Of a broken heart, it is supposed, she died ; for, although no longer by his side as his wife, Josephine loved the emperor too well to survive his abdication and exile to Elba. Her son, Eugène de Beauharnais—he who long since, as a mere youth, had begged his father's sword from Bonaparte—had been made Viceroy of Italy. The restoration of the Bourbons to the throne of France recalled the brave Eugène to Paris, and there every honour due to a noble enemy was paid to him, as well as to his sister Hortense and her sons ; and it was at that time that the child Louis Napoleon was saluted as 'Your Imperial Highness' by the Emperor Alexander of Russia and the King of Prussia.

The boy looked from the Russian emperor to the Prussian king, who stood near him, and then turning to Mademoiselle de Cochelet, his governess, he asked : 'Mademoiselle, are these two gentlemen my uncles also ? How must we call them ?' She told him that they, unlike the monarchs he had been accustomed to see, were not his uncles ; but that, nevertheless, he must address them as 'Sire.' 'But are they the enemies of my uncle ?' asked the boy. 'If so, why did the Emperor of Russia embrace me ?' Mademoiselle de Cochelet explained to the young prince that the Emperor of Russia was a private friend, although a political enemy ; and with such success did she make her charge understand this lesson, never afterwards to be forgotten by him, that upon the next occasion when Alexander reappeared at Malmaison the boy voluntarily presented his imperial majesty with the thing which at that time he most valued, namely, a ring which his uncle Eugène de Beauharnais had given to him. This ring the Emperor of Russia fastened to his watch-chain, and cherished for the sake of its young donor as long as he lived.

When, in the year 1815, Napoleon escaped from Elba, and re-appeared before the dazzled eyes of his subjects for the 'Hundred Days,' Queen Hortense did the honours of the palace of the Tuileries. The ex-empress Josephine, as above mentioned, was then dead; the Empress Marie Louise had fled from Paris, with her infant son, the king of Rome (afterwards called Duc de Reichstadt), and had placed herself under the protection of her father, the Emperor of Austria. To Hortense and her children, therefore, was left the duty and the privilege of consoling Napoleon I. for the defalcation of some whom he had trusted when at the height of his glory.

Hortense and her two sons were with him when, on the eve of his departure for Waterloo, he distributed the imperial eagles of France to his troops on the Champ de Mars. The young Louis Napoleon beheld and participated in that celebrated scene, and was close to his illustrious kinsman when, with drums beating, bells ringing, and martial music resounding, all France seemed to echo with the shouts of 'Vive l'empereur!' They were with him too when, defeated at Waterloo, he returned for a brief moment to France, and then prepared to leave her for his last exile; they were with him at the last moment when he bade farewell for ever to that country which by him had for a time been made almost omnipotent—that country which to the last he loved with a love which perhaps by a great conqueror can be given only to a land to which he has also given glory.

It was from Malmaison, the late home of the dead Empress Josephine, that Napoleon I. started on the fatal journey which resulted in his captivity at St Helena. Louis Napoleon then beheld the tears of his mother, the sombre aspect of his illustrious uncle; he was too young to comprehend all the dire purport of that dread farewell; but when the moment came for him to share by word in it, he clung, it is said, in childish agony to the man he loved, and to whose name as emperor he was destined to succeed. The story is told that on this occasion Louis Napoleon, then a boy of seven years old, climbed on the emperor's knee, and entreated him to remain at home; for that if he went, his enemies would take him away, and that he should never see him again. The emperor was much affected by the child's speech, and handed him back to his mother, saying: 'Take your son, Hortense, and look well to him; perhaps after all he is the hope of my race.' What a comment on these prophetic words the after-life of the nephew has proved, we will presently go on to shew.

Like the rest of the Bonapartes, the ex-king of Holland and his queen Hortense found themselves obliged to withdraw from Paris. The mother now retired to Bavaria, taking with her the two children, and the subject of our memoir studied for some time at the Gymnasium of Augsburg. But political bitterness pursued her thither, and the court of Munich was compelled, by the emissaries

LOUIS NAPOLEON, EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH.

of Louis XVIII., to insist on the departure of the illustrious exiles. Forced to seek another refuge, Hortense and her children sojourned for a time in Switzerland, and then withdrew to Rome. After a time, however, circumstances permitted them to return to the north of the Alps, and they established themselves at the castle of Arenenberg, in Switzerland, where, on the heights which look down on the Lake of Constance, Hortense, like a loving and tender mother, devoted herself to the education of her children. From the plain and simple people among whom their lot was cast, the noble qualities of the ex-queen, and the manly and generous, though somewhat reserved character of her sons, attracted general esteem. That Louis Napoleon's studies at this time, under his mother's guidance and superintendence, were solid and useful, and such as would fit him for whatever state of life it should be his destiny to hold hereafter, be it the highest or lowest, is proved by the fruits which his after-years disclosed, but the seeds of which must have been sown in that early and somewhat unpromising spring-time of adversity. As a boy, Louis Napoleon became a proficient in mathematics and fortification, and especially in the science of government, of political and military organisation; he read much, and thought more, upon all subjects connected with the material and social happiness of nations; he had studied history, both ancient and modern, and with a watchful eye as to the true application of its lessons and warnings; and on reaching manhood, though deficient in that practical experience which is learned in the busy world alone, he was probably better versed in the politics of Europe than many a gray-haired statesman.

But at Arenenberg he learned more than this. It was the aim and study of Hortense to train up her son so as to serve his country either as its sovereign—if such should be the will of Providence—or as a simple soldier in the ranks; and so it was that her son took advantage of the military camp at Thun to make himself practically acquainted with the duties of a private soldier. Every summer he carried the knapsack on his back, ate the soldier's fare, handled the shovel, the pickaxe, and the wheelbarrow; learned to scale the heights of the mountains, and followed the marches of the soldiers, and returned at night to repose under a soldier's tent. Such were the lessons of self-command, of willing submission to hardship and discipline, which the prince, at his mother's wish, imposed on himself, in pursuit of that practical experience which, in every path of life, is the secret of success, and without which even the highest scientific attainments are so often valueless. It is well that those who aspire to command should first learn to obey; that those who look forward to administering the discipline of an army or a nation, should first submit to discipline in their own persons. Had the Bourbons known, or been taught to follow such a course, it is possible that the French Revolution, the Consulate, and the Empire

would never have arisen, and that the line of Capet would still have been seated in the court of the Tuileries.

Louis XVIII., who had been placed by England and the allies on the throne, after the fall of the great Napoleon, was a pedant; he died in 1824, and was succeeded by his brother, Charles X., a man of very ordinary qualities, lethargic temperament, and great bigotry in matters of religion. Of neither of those sovereigns could it be said that, though their right to the hereditary throne of France was beyond question, they were at all men after the hearts of the French people. The French, as a nation, love enterprise, display, ambition, glory, war; and they have but little reverence for a sovereign who lags behind in the race for military distinction. The tame and dull routine of affairs contrasted sadly in their minds with the memories of the glory and greatness of the Empire; at all events they were dissatisfied with the Bourbon rule; and so, when a revolution in 1830 broke out at Brussels, it was a matter of little or no wonder that the uproar spread to Paris, and that the populace threw up barricades in the streets, and resolved on a change of government. They were not ripe, it is true, for a return to the imperial *régime*, at the present at least; but they determined that the elder Bourbons should no longer reign. And England, which, fifteen years before, had taken, at so heavy a cost of lives and of money, so active a part in imposing the Bourbons upon France, resolved to act a wiser part, and left the French people free to choose and to change their own dynasty, as England had changed its own a century and a half before. As our readers are aware, a younger branch of the House of Bourbon was now substituted for the elder, in the person of Louis, Duc d'Orleans, who now ascended the throne as Louis Philippe, 'King of the French.'

The news of the revolution of 1830 broke suddenly in upon the retired life which Louis Napoleon had been leading at Arenenberg, and changed his studies, and fired the aspirations which he had always cherished of returning to France, and being of service to the land and country of his birth. The prince and his mother too, very naturally imagined that, together with the nominal abolition of the anti-national system of 1815, such accompaniments of it as the exile and proscription of the Bonapartes might be removed. But it was their fate to be disappointed—at present. A meeting of some members of the imperial family took place at Rome; the government now in power took alarm; and in obedience to a strong wish expressed from the Tuileries, the prince was conducted under a military escort beyond the pale of the papal territory. It was not long before a revolution broke out in Italy; and in this Louis Napoleon and his elder brother took part, forming a moving column, and otherwise promoting the popular efforts. Assisted by General Sercognani, they defeated the papal troops, and alarm and confusion filled the Vatican. But soon the policy of

France and Austria prevailed against the people : the two princes were deprived of their command, and banished from the soil of Italy. The elder of the brothers died shortly afterwards of fever, at Faenza, March 27, 1831 ; and so Louis Napoleon became the only surviving child of his parents.

The prince was now in a critical position. In the territory of his enemies, and hemmed in by Austrian soldiers, who never relaxed their vigilance and their efforts to capture him, he was only rescued by the address of his mother, who helped him to escape in the livery of a servant. Hortense and her son landed at Cannes ; and though in danger of arrest—for the proscription of the Bonaparte family still held good—they made their way to Paris ; the prince resolved to throw himself at the feet of Louis Philippe, requesting only that he might be allowed to serve France in the capacity of a private soldier ; while his mother desired only leave to live and die upon French soil. It was hoped, and not without good reason, that if the king would not listen to the request of the young prince, at all events he would not turn a deaf ear to his mother, the ex-queen, to whom he was, or ought to have been personally bound by the strongest ties of gratitude.* But Louis Philippe was not remarkable for generosity or gratitude. Besides, when a ruling power sees danger to its stability, state necessity is held to supersede all personal considerations ; and the only reply vouchsafed to the appeal of the mother and son was an order to leave the French territory forthwith.

Returning to the land of his adoption, Switzerland, the prince was formally admitted to the rights of citizenship by the canton of Thurgau, within which Arenenberg is situated. This was in the year 1832 ; and towards the close of the year, the death of his cousin, the Duc de Reichstadt (only son of the emperor by Marie Louise), drew the prince into closer relationship to the rights and traditions inherited from the Empire, as the nearest representative of his uncle, the great Napoleon. He consequently became an object of proportionally greater fear, and therefore of greater dislike, to the Bourbonist and Orleanist parties.

While still very young, Louis Napoleon had composed a work on Artillery, which obtained warm encomiums from high authorities on the subject ; but it was only in 1832-3 that his name became at all widely known as an author. In the former year he published his *Rêveries Politiques*, to which he appended the outline of a constitution in many respects greatly resembling that which he was afterwards mainly instrumental in bestowing on France, and in the course of which, after declaring that ‘the end of the Republic was to establish the reign of equality and liberty ;’ that ‘the nature of the

* It was mainly at her request that the emperor had allowed the mother and aunt of Louis Philippe to reside in France, at a time when all the Bourbon branches were conspiring against the Empire ; and it was in a great measure her intercession which procured for them annuities sufficient to maintain them in comfort, and in a position to some extent suited to their rank.

Empire was to consolidate a throne based on the principles of the Revolution, to heal the wounds of France, and to regenerate the people ;' while 'its passions were love of country, love of glory, love of honour ;' he goes on to avow his strong conviction that the secret of the regeneration of France is to be found in a 're-combination of the two popular causes of the day—that of the Empire and that of the Republic.' He adds—and it must be remembered that when he wrote, the king of Rome still lived—'the son of the first Napoleon is the sole representative of the highest amount of glory ; just as the Republic is the embodiment of the greatest amount of natural liberty.'

This constant reference to the restoration of the Empire as the great national object of aspiration to all patriotic Frenchmen, is remarkable ; and so far is personal ambition, in the vulgar sense of the term, from being the ruling passion of Louis Napoleon, that in this work he perpetually dwells on his cousin's claims as the 'sole representative' of the Empire—a title to which he never presumed to assert any claim, on his own part, until death had removed the brother and the cousin who stood between himself and the imperial line of succession. Asserting plainly that his own 'principles' are 'republican,' he 'gives the preference' to 'the monarchical form of government,' because he considers such a form the best adapted to France, as 'giving more and greater guarantees of strength and liberty than any other.'

The prince followed up this work by another, which appeared in 1833, entitled *Considérations Politiques et Militaires sur la Suisse*. In this book—the result, it need hardly be said, of a close study and constant observation of the people among whom his lot was cast—he analyses the social, political, and industrial position of Switzerland, pointing out those portions of the Helvetic system which, in his opinion, called for amendment or abolition, and offering those suggestions which appeared to him calculated to increase the happiness of the people of Switzerland, and to promote the stability of the Confederation. He reminded the Swiss of the extent to which they were indebted for the improvement which had taken place in their position to the good offices of the great Napoleon, whose general system of finance, and of including in his views the good of all classes of the community, instead of legislating for the benefit of the privileged classes alone, he holds up as models to be admired and followed by statesmen. Proceeding from these to other subjects, he goes on to treat of his favourite topic of military organisation, and of the measures necessary in order to create an effectual system of armed national defence which shall be readily available in emergencies. In these sections of his book the prince shewed an intimate acquaintance with all the various branches of the science of war, bestowing particular attention on the arm of artillery. And it is only fair to add that, whatever their feelings may be towards the writer, the military section of these *Considérations* has always been

LOUIS NAPOLEON, EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH.

regarded by competent judges as a valuable addition to that class of literature.

About this time, it was suggested in more quarters than one that Louis Napoleon would be a most suitable husband for the young queen of Portugal, Donna Maria, who had lately been left a widow. There were many competitors for her hand; but few were thought more eligible partners than a prince who, whilst free of all engagements which could create any political complications, was closely related to an imperial House and heir to its honours. The queen herself, it was confidently stated at the time, was not averse to the proposal; but Louis Napoleon took pains to make known not merely the fact that he declined the proffered honour, but the reason why he had resolved to refuse to share a foreign throne. He wrote: 'The noble conduct of my father, who abdicated a throne, in 1810, because he could not unite the interests of France with those of Holland, has not left my memory. My father, by his example, proved to me how far the claims of one's native land are to be preferred even to a throne in a foreign country. I feel in fact that, trained as I have been from infancy to cherish the thought of my own country above every other consideration, I should not be able to hold anything in higher esteem than the interests of France. Persuaded as I am that the great name which I bear, and which must ever recall the memory of fifteen years of glory, will not always be proscribed by my countrymen, I wait with patience in a free and hospitable land the arrival of the day when the French nation will call back to its bosom those who, in 1815, were driven into exile by the will of 200,000 strangers. This hope of being able to serve France even yet as a citizen and a soldier, is that which gives strength to my soul, and, in my opinion, is worth all the thrones in the world.'

When six years had passed after the revolution of 1830, it is not too much to say that the government of Louis Philippe had made itself most distasteful to the French people, and that the feelings of hope which had helped to seat the Duc d'Orleans on the throne of France had been thoroughly disappointed. In proportion to the wide spread of this feeling of disgust was the insecurity of the throne to which Louis Philippe had—not succeeded by right, but—been 'elected;' and the weakness of the reigning king was obviously the strength of all who wished to see a restoration of either the Republic or the Empire. Especially did it tend to increase the strength of the party who, more or less in secret, attached themselves to the cause of the House of Bonaparte. Prince Louis Napoleon, though exiled from France, still resided near the borders of his 'native land,' whose fair fields he could almost see before him from the Swiss heights near Arenenberg. The curt and ungracious refusal of his own and his mother's request by 'the Citizen King' had sunk deep in his heart; and he considered himself quite at liberty

LOUIS NAPOLEON, EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH.

not merely to watch the course of events in France—with respect to which he took care to be well advised—but also to profit by any revulsion of the national feeling. The noblest minds in France saw their hopes and expectations not only disappointed, but warred against. The suffrage was a mockery, the number of electors throughout the entire kingdom being only about a quarter of a million. By the creation of petty offices beyond all number, and by a profligate waste of money, the court might be said to have carried these votes in its pocket, and the ‘national will’ was a nullity, for there was no means of testing it or ascertaining it. The prince knew all this, and was resolved to turn his knowledge to account; although it is generally admitted that his proceedings were rash and inconsiderate—perilous they certainly were. On the 30th of October 1836, after a day or two spent in concerting measures with a few friends, the prince, accompanied by about a dozen officers, appeared at Strasbourg, presented himself at the quarters of the 10th Regiment of artillery, the same in which the great Napoleon had served as captain some fifty years before. He displayed before the soldiers the imperial eagle, the ‘symbol of military glory,’ and in a few brief words called them to follow his standard. They accepted the omen, and obeyed his call; and if it had not been for an untoward accident, the arrival of a certain general officer, who called out to them that they were being deceived, and that he who called on them in the name of the great Napoleon was not that Napoleon’s nephew, nor a Bonaparte, but an impostor, there is little doubt that in a few hours he would have had possession of the town, and that the example of the 10th Regiment would have been widely followed throughout France. As it turned out, the effort of the prince was paralysed: a struggle ensued between the prince’s friends and the soldiers under command of General Voirol, and in a few minutes the ‘eagle’ was captured and the prince made a prisoner.

Taken to Paris, he was accused of treason, and, in spite of his mother’s earnest entreaties, was denied the privilege of a trial, and pronounced guilty. His life was spared, but he was ordered to be ‘deported’ to America, as, in the opinion of Louis Philippe, his presence in Europe was a constant source of alarm to the court of the Tuileries. In vain did he protest against the sentence. He entreated, he demanded to remain in France, to be allowed to stand his trial, and to take his chance of life and death, side by side with those friends who had taken part in ‘the affair.’* But all in vain. Terms indeed were offered him; but the conditions were such that he could not and would not accept them. He was seized, therefore, and forcibly ‘deported’ to America, where he remained for some months, spending his time in rendering himself acquainted

* They were brought to trial, and eventually acquitted.

with the practical working of the republican system of the United States. It has been said indeed that he gave to the government of Louis Philippe a promise that, if his life were spared, he would remain in perpetual exile on the other side of the Atlantic, and that when he returned, as he did return, to Europe in the following year, it was in violation of his word of honour. Such was not the case; he returned to Europe in the hope of seeing Hortense once more, and (as he says himself) of being allowed to close his mother's dying eyes. Happily he came back in time to perform this last office of filial duty. Queen Hortense died in October 1837, amid the regrets of all who had known her when, in the flower of her life, she graced the courts of the Hague and the Tuileries, and of her friends and neighbours in the land of her adoption.

After paying the last honours to his mother, the prince continued to reside in Switzerland till the following year (1838), when he found himself compromised in the eyes of the French king and his ministry by an indiscreet publication by one of his adherents,* relating to the 'Affair at Strasbourg,' which was pronounced seditious, and brought upon its author a sentence of fine and imprisonment. The French government, not content with punishing the writer, followed up their triumph by a pressing demand to the Helvetic Confederation for the expulsion of the illustrious exile who had made Switzerland his home. The Confederation refused to comply with a demand so harsh and unreasonable, and were even ready to support their refusal by taking up arms in his defence; but the prince was unwilling that he should be made a party to any step which should entail war, especially against a far stronger power, on a people who had given him a hospitable asylum for so many years. He therefore resolved on exchanging Arenenberg for England, feeling sure that Louis Philippe would never dare to demand from the strong nation of England what he had not scrupled to demand from the weaker hands of Switzerland. Accordingly, he landed in England, and took up his abode in London, residing for more than a year in a house on the north side of King Street, St James's Square.

In London, Louis Napoleon mixed much in society, though he did not appear at court or attract the attention of royalty. He made, however, many firm and fast friends, who became so impressed with the energy of his character, and that inflexible and indomitable belief in his own high destiny, which has ever attended him throughout all his trials and troubles, that they have always since remained his faithful adherents, and no doubt would not shrink from that position even if his sun should again become overclouded by adversity. The English people at large, as represented by the public press, came now to regard the illustrious stranger in his

* Lieutenant Laity. The book was published with the 'concurrence' of the prince.

exile with an amount of respect which they rarely shew except to qualities of the highest order; and this too not merely on account of the name which he bore and the cause with which that name was identified—for as yet his prospects were but far off and indistinct, and his chance of sitting on the throne of France was most problematical—but mainly because they admired his unconquerable spirit and devotion and self-denial, and saw in him the promise of future greatness. How, indeed, could they fail to admire and respect the man who, for the love which even in exile he bore towards his ungrateful country, had refused to share one of the thrones of Europe, and had refused to purchase immunity from punishment for the ‘Affair of Strasbourg’ by a pledge and a promise to withdraw from Europe, and so betray the cause which he embodied in his person? Indeed, there were few sights that would touch the hearts of Englishmen more deeply than that of a man, the nephew and heir of the great man whom England had humbled, living in retirement, occupying a few humble rooms in an ordinary London street, carefully noting and studying the history and politics of that kingdom against which his uncle had lived in constant war, and learning how in time to come, when, as he firmly believed, his turn would arrive to sit upon the throne of France, he might best treat with those haughty islanders, whose greatness and strength had worked his uncle’s downfall.

That, even while resident in London, he never abandoned those aspirations which he had so fondly cherished amongst the mountains of Switzerland, may be gathered from the following extract from a letter which about this time he addressed to a friend in France. ‘You will be asked, as already some of the newspapers begin to ask, where is the Napoleonite party? Reply to this: “The party is nowhere, but the cause everywhere.” The party is nowhere, because my friends have not mustered; but the cause has partisans everywhere, from the workshop of the artisan to the council-chamber of the king; from the barrack of the soldier to the palace of the marshal of France. Legitimists, republicans, disciples of the *juste milieu*, all who wish to see strong government and constitutional liberty, an imposing attitude on the part of authority—all these, I say, are Napoleonists, whether they avow it or not. . . . Perhaps, even yet, if, accustomed as they have been to despise authority, my countrymen should undermine the foundations of the social system, the name of Napoleon may prove an anchor of safety for all that is noble and worthy and serviceable in France.’

But not only while resident in London did the prince devote much time to a careful study of the English constitution, both in theory and in practice, but he took care to mix with men of thoughtful and philosophic minds, both English and foreign. From them he gleaned much valuable information, which a man seated high on an imperial or royal throne must of necessity be precluded

from obtaining ; and it was in London that he fully formed those views of political philosophy which we find elaborated in his later published works, and especially in his *Idées Napoléoniennes*, which first saw the light in a collective form in 1839.

The object of this work, which occupied his leisure hours for considerably more than a year, was to correct the many misconceptions—as they appeared to him—which were abroad both in England and upon the continent as to the career of the great Napoleon ; to give a correct idea not only of all that he really accomplished in the midst of war, and in the face of enemies on every side, but also of that which he ever had at heart, and which no doubt he would have accomplished in fact, if he had not been prevented by the force of circumstances too powerful for mortal genius and energy to contend against. Identifying himself, as he ever has striven to identify himself, with the policy of the first Napoleon, in this important work we see the prince who was destined in due time to re-establish and to develop the imperial policy as a whole, labouring to impress the world at large with what he conceived to be its real tendencies, aims, and objects. ‘The emperor is no more,’ he remarks in his introduction to this book, ‘but his spirit survives. Deprived of the power of defending his tutelary power with my sword, I can at least defend his memory with my pen. To enlighten public opinion by developing the thoughts which presided over his high conceptions, to recall the memory of his vast projects, this is a task which gladdens my heart and consoles me in my exile.’ After some preliminary remarks upon the forms and principles of government in general, he proceeds : ‘Advancing upon the stage of the world, Napoleon saw that it was his part to be the testamentary executor of the Revolution. The destructive fire of parties was not extinct ; and when the Revolution, dying but not vanquished, bequeathed to Napoleon the accomplishment of his last wishes, it might have been said to him : “Concentrate upon solid foundations the principal results of my exertions ; reunite the divided people of France ; repulse feudal Europe, leagued against me ; heal my wounds ; enlighten the nations ; extend in breadth that which I have done in depth. Be for Europe what I have been to France ; and even though you water with your blood the tree of civilisation, though you see your projects misrepresented, and your family wandering about the world without a native land to own them, never abandon the sacred cause of the French people, but lead it to triumph by all means which genius calls into being, and which humanity approves.”’ And again he writes : ‘The Emperor Napoleon contributed more than any other man to accelerate the reign of liberty, by preserving the moral influence of the Revolution, and by diminishing the fears which it inspired. But for the Consulate and the Empire, the Revolution would have been merely a great drama, leaving behind it grand memories, but few traces. The Revolution would have been

drowned in the counter-revolution ; whereas the precise contrary took place, because Napoleon planted in France and spread in Europe the principal advantages of the grand crisis of '89, and because—to employ one of his own expressions—he sobered the Revolution, consolidated the dynasties of kings, and elevated the people.’ Declaring that the secret and source of all the imperial power lay in the deep convictions of the people of France, and in fact was but the expression of the popular will ; then vindicating the memory of his uncle from the charge of having followed the dictates of mere personal vanity, he argues that ‘to obviate that want of fixity and continuity, the absence of which is the great defect of republics, it had become necessary to create an hereditary family, to be the conservator of the interests of the people at large ;’ he dwells with affectionate reverence on the tolerant and comprehensive spirit in which the first Napoleon ever exercised his power, ruling, or aiming at ruling, for the benefit, not of a class, but of all his people, never exclusive, never intolerant, bent always rather on recalling exiles and enfranchising those who were deprived of their rights, than on punishing or excluding any from their homes or their rights as citizens ; he urges that under and by means of Napoleon the nation was ‘gradually approaching, without shock or agitation, to a normal state, in which liberty would have been the support of power and the guarantee of the general well-being, instead of being a weapon of war and a torch of discord ;’ that it was he, and none but he, who ‘closed the yawning gulf of revolution.’ Next, vindicating the general wisdom of his uncle’s administration, he urges that the Empire of the first Napoleon was not really warlike but peaceful in its intention, that the emperor desired nothing so much as an honourable peace with the rest of Europe, and especially with England, and that his ultimate object was ‘to substitute among the nations of Europe the social state for the state of nature, making the interests of the individual subordinate to his municipal and civil interests, these to national interests, and national to European interests, and all to the highest interests of humanity.’ In fine, according to the prince, the emperor, ‘if fortune had not abandoned him, would have reconstructed Europe. To cement the European association, he would have caused the adoption of a European code, correcting the judicial errors of European countries, much as the Court of Cassation corrects the errors of the tribunals of France. He would have founded a European institute, to animate, direct, and bring into harmonious co-operation all the learned institutions of Europe ; and further, the uniformity of moneys, weights, and measures ; and last of all, the uniformity of legislation would have been secured by his intervention.’ And then he draws out, in the following terse and pregnant phrases, the general tendency of those ‘ideas which animated the emperor. ‘The *Idées Napoléoniennes* bear the character of ideas which regulate the movement of societies, since they

advance of their own force, though deprived of their author, like a mass which, launched into space, must arrive by its own gravity at its destined goal. There is no need to reconstruct the system of the emperor; be patient, and it will reconstruct itself. Sovereigns and peoples all will aid in working out its re-establishment, because every sensible man will see in it a guarantee of order, of peace, and of prosperity.' And thus he sums up the result of his retrospect. 'The period of the Empire was the period of war against the old European system. The old system triumphed; but notwithstanding the fall of Napoleon, his "Ideas" have spread and are still spreading in every direction. The conquerors themselves have adopted the ideas of the conquered; and nations are wearying themselves with efforts to restore that which Napoleon established, or at least sought to establish among them. In France, especially, there is an incessant demand, under other names and other forms, for the realisation of the ideas of the emperor. Whenever a great work or a great public measure is to be carried into effect, it is generally a project of Napoleon that is executed, or merely completed. Every act of power, every proposition of the Chamber, is made in some way or other to refer to Napoleon, in order to obtain popularity. From one word which falls from his lips men now construct an entire system.'

From the middle of the year 1838 down to the month of August 1840, when he left England for Boulogne, not for the purpose of exciting a sanguinary revolution, as has sometimes been asserted, but simply with the hope and object of eliciting a spontaneous expression of the national will of the French people in reference to the government of Louis Philippe, and to the form and principles of government most in harmony with the wishes and interests of the nation at large, Louis Napoleon continued to live in England; and here he imbibed those amicable feelings which he has ever cherished, both as a member of the Republic and as head of the Empire of France, towards the country which extended to him the ægis of its hospitality and protection when exiled and hunted from the land of his adoption. These feelings of sincere friendship, it is only right to remark here, he has never been contented with professing, but has always carried out in fact; and if ever he has alluded to the necessity of 'revenging the defeat of Waterloo,' it is scarcely necessary to remark that there is a peaceful as well as a warlike manner in which retaliation may be made for every defeat.

And if, while resident in London, the prince did not spend his time in indolence, still less did he make use of it in order to take note of our weak points, so as to profit hereafter by his knowledge of them. It was never said or breathed against him that he went down surreptitiously to Portsmouth or Plymouth, in order to ascertain the weakness of our national defences, with a view to attack us hereafter. On the contrary, he studied English men, English women, and English literature; studied our countrymen in themselves and as

they are ; mingling in general society with but little reserve, and endeavouring to gain that stand-point from which he could take an intelligent and appreciative view of our thoughts, our habits, our laws, and our institutions. He was to be seen at our theatres, our operas, our concerts, and on our race-courses, and he played his part, as one of the contending knights, in the revival of that display of mediæval chivalry, the Eglinton tournament, in the autumn of 1839.

It was while he was thus living in England that the Socialist *émeute* under Barbès occurred in France. It was scarcely to be supposed that any movement of the kind could fail to interest the prince ; but he speedily saw through its meaning, and refused in any way to countenance it. He had plenty of enemies, indeed, ready to accuse him of complicity in it ; and one at least of the London daily papers did not hesitate to express its belief that he was at the bottom of the plot. But he publicly and emphatically denied the charge by a letter published at the time in the public journals, so that, with all well-informed and well-meaning persons of every shade of opinion, he was acquitted of all connection with the levelling and bloodthirsty objects of such a Socialist conspiracy. In his letter on this occasion, the prince remarked, that ‘if he were the life and soul of a conspiracy, he would dare to be the leader of it in the day of danger, and would not deny it after a defeat.’ It was felt that these indeed were words of truth and sincerity. He had shewn them once to be true at Strasbourg, and the day was perhaps nearer than either he or any one else then thought, when he should be called to prove them true again. Indeed, it must be owned that, without perfect truthfulness and sincerity, he never could have achieved that success which has ultimately astonished the world.

On the 6th of August 1840, with but little preparation and concerted action, and attended only by Count Montholon and General Voison, and a few faithful followers, Louis Napoleon ventured upon an enterprise even more rash and inconsiderate than that of Strasbourg—nothing less than a hostile invasion of France. Overcome by the intensity of his convictions, and apparently not reckoning the consequences, he crossed over to Boulogne from the English coast, and landed on the shore of France, in order, as it appeared, to make an experiment on the feelings of the nation towards the imperial House and the eagle of the Empire. He scattered around him a few copies of a printed proclamation announcing a change in the government. The little party marched through the town to the guard-house, shouting the well-remembered cry of ‘Vive l’Empereur.’ The soldiers were called out to join the prince’s standard ; but probably on account of the suddenness of the *coup de main*, and a doubt as to the identity of the newly landed stranger with the nephew of the great Napoleon, the main body of soldiers, and their officers, with the exception of a single subaltern,

refused to follow his lead. The prince therefore retreated towards the Column of Napoleon, and there planted the imperial flag. As it was yet very early in the morning, but few people were about in the streets; and so the prince, finding himself all but hemmed in by the soldiery and gens d'armes, thought it prudent to beat a retreat. It was too late, however, to make good his escape to the boat from which he had landed; and without much difficulty, and with the loss of only one or two lives, the prince and his two comrades were taken prisoners. They were hurriedly conveyed to Paris; and as the government of Louis Philippe felt more safe than it had done four years before, they were ordered to be brought to trial on a charge of treason before the Chamber of Peers.

Like the 'Affair of Strasbourg,' the attack on Boulogne was the result, not of an idle and chimerical dreamer, nor of a disordered brain, but of a 'profound conviction,' to use the prince's own words, 'that though his party was nowhere, his cause was everywhere,' and that such a step was necessary in order to elicit an expression of genuine feeling, if not in order to keep alive the cause which ever lay nearest to his heart. These efforts, crude and hasty as they were, must be regarded as the offspring of generous and confiding impulses, which would fain have believed that all who entertained the same opinions with himself were inspired with equal devotion to the imperial cause. His object was not to force himself into the imperial seat against the will of the nation, much less 'to wade through slaughter to a throne,' but simply to give his fellow-countrymen an opportunity of recording their verdict in favour of the imperial or the Orleanist *régime*; and there can be little doubt that if the nation at large could then have expressed its will, the verdict would have been largely in favour of the Empire, and probably of himself also as its embodiment. There were many who called him a 'madman' when he failed in this enterprise, who, as he himself remarked, would have praised him without measure if he had triumphed. It was to obey his destiny, to follow his star, to sound France with the sword of Napoleon, to bring to light what feelings of affection its people cherished for the once magic name of Bonaparte and the Empire, and to call upon the people, as one man, to declare their verdict upon the system which, he firmly believed, was most dear to them—this was the object which Louis Napoleon had in view when he landed on the shore at Boulogne on that August morning in 1840. Still, it is obvious that, on the mere strength of an idea, he attempted to subvert a settled government, and had consequently rendered himself amenable to the existing law of the country.

At Paris, the prosecution of the prince and his friends was conducted in a harsh and severe manner by the law-officers of the government, who were resolved to resort to every means in order to insure a conviction: at the same time, we have to bear in mind that

there was nothing singular in this; all dynasties which feel themselves unsafe are naturally jealous and vengeful. The prince was defended by M. Berryer; and when called on for his defence, he pleaded the twenty years of unmerited and cruel proscription through which he had passed, and his love of France in spite of all that he had suffered. He avowed that he, and he alone, was responsible for the abortive effort which he had made to ascertain the will of the French people with respect to the Empire, and to give them an opportunity of replying to the question: 'Republic or Monarchy? Empire or Kingdom?' and of recovering for France her lost place in the scale of European nations. He ended his speech thus: 'One word more, gentlemen. I represent before you a principle, a cause, and a defeat. The principle is the sovereignty of the people; the cause is that of the Empire; the defeat is that of Waterloo. The principle—you have recognised it; the cause—you have served it; the defeat—you would revenge it. No, then, there is no discord between you and me. . . . Representing a political cause, I cannot accept a political tribunal as the judge of my intentions and of my acts. Nobody will be imposed on by your forms. In the struggle which is taking place, there will be but one conqueror and one vanquished party. If you are in the ranks of the conqueror, I cannot expect justice at your hands, and I will not accept your generosity.'

M. Berryer's eloquence was exerted in the cause of the prince, but in vain. After some days, the court delivered its judgment and sentence. It is almost needless to state that the prince and his companions were found guilty. Count Montholon was sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment; the young officer who had responded to Napoleon's call at Boulogne, to transportation; and Prince Louis Napoleon himself to imprisonment for life in a French fortress.

It was towards the close of the same year (1840) that he found himself the inmate of two lonely and dreary rooms in the fortress of Ham, in Picardy, not far from the frontiers of Belgium.

For a forced seclusion that was destined to be life-long, he at once began to prepare himself, if not with content, at all events with dignity, declaring in harmony with his constant assertion that the knowledge that he was breathing the air of France and treading its soil would be ample solace in his solitude. His active and well-disciplined mind, too, found employment in pursuits worthy of one who had ever looked to political science as his *rôle*, and who, even in a prison, was far from abandoning the hopes and aspirations which belonged to a great cause. In the solitude of his prison he wrote a pamphlet on *The Extinction of Pauperism*, and a book entitled *Fragments Historiques*. Meantime, he found means to keep up some correspondence with friends outside the fortress, and in these he never failed to allude to the cause and the principle which he held to be committed to his keeping. Being subjected, by

the ministers of Louis Philippe, to certain indignities from which his rank as a prince ought to have exempted him, he protested against them in the strongest terms, as unfair to one who was 'born on the steps of a throne.' 'The sovereignty of the people made my uncle an emperor, my father a king, and me a prince by birth. Have I not, then, even as a prisoner, a right to the respect and regard of all those in whose eyes the voice of a great people, glory and misfortune, are everything?'

Two, three, four years passed by without bringing any change to the 'prisoner of Ham,' though from time to time the continued imprisonment of the prince was made the subject of not very complimentary remarks by the English journals, whose writers remarked that it was no very strong proof of the security of the throne of Louis Philippe. During this time, more than once he received messages sounding him as to his willingness to accept a pardon upon the condition of quitting France and abandoning his pretensions and claims; but to all such offers he turned a deaf ear, or rather regarded them as insults. Either he would be released by death, or by the king without terms; else he would be contented to live on even within the gates of a prison.

At this time he wrote to a friend as follows: 'If to-morrow the doors of my prison were to be opened to me, and I were told: "You are free; come and seat yourself as a citizen amid the hearths of your native country—France no longer repudiates her children," ah! then indeed a lively feeling of joy would seize my soul. But if, on the contrary, they were to come to offer me to exchange my present condition for that of an exile, I should refuse such a proposition, because it would be in my view an aggravation of punishment. I prefer being a captive on the soil of France to being a free man in a foreign land. . . . In a word, I should repeat—supposing that the occasion presented itself to me—that which I declared before the Court of Peers—"I will not accept of generosity, because I know how much it costs."'

In 1845 he applied to the French government for leave to hasten to the bedside of his father at Florence, promising on his honour to return to his prison on receiving notice from the government; but his request was curtly and peremptorily refused by Louis Philippe, except upon terms by which he refused to be bound. Attempts were made by several kind and well-meaning friends to obtain some concession in the prince's interest; but he declined to avail himself of their offices, for fear of being thought even for a moment to compromise those principles which had been the guide of his life. One advantage, however, he gained from his petition and its refusal—a knowledge of the true position in which he stood to Louis Philippe, and a feeling that henceforth there must be uncompromising war between the imperial name and the House of Orleans.

In the following May (1846), the prince's desire to see his father before he died led him to meditate an escape from the durance of his prison. This was no easy task, as the walls of the fortress of Ham are high, and surrounded by a fosse, and at the time of which we speak were guarded by four hundred men, sixty of whom in turn stood sentry day by day outside its walls. Moreover, the chief gate was guarded by three jailers, two of whom were on constant duty. In order to escape, it was necessary first to elude their vigilance; then to pass through the inside court, under the windows of the governor's house; and lastly, to pass through a gate well guarded by soldiers. The prince, however, shall tell the story of his escape in his own words. He writes:

'Not wishing to communicate my design to any one, it was necessary to disguise myself. As several rooms in that part of the prison which I occupied were under repair, it was not difficult to assume the dress of a workman. My good and faithful valet, Charles Th  lier, procured a smock-frock and a pair of sabots; and after shaving off my moustaches, I took a plank on my shoulders.

'On Sunday morning I saw the workmen enter at half-past eight o'clock. Charles took them some drink, in order that I should not meet any of them on my way. He was also to call one of the turnkeys, whilst Dr Conneau conversed with the others. Nevertheless, I had scarcely got out of my room before I was accosted by a workman, who took me for one of his comrades; and at the bottom of the stairs I found myself in front of the keeper. Fortunately, I placed before my face the plank which I was carrying, and succeeded in reaching the yard. Whenever I passed a sentinel or any other person, I always kept the plank before my face.

'Passing before the first sentinel, I let my pipe fall, and stopped to pick up the bits. There I met the officer on duty; but as he was reading a letter, he paid no attention to me. The soldiers at the guard-house appeared surprised at my dress, and a chasseur turned round several times to look at me. I next met some workmen, who looked very attentively at me. I placed the plank before my face, but they appeared to be so curious, that I thought I should never escape, until I heard them say: "Oh! it is Bertrand!"

'Once outside, I walked quickly towards the road to St Quentin. Charles, who had the day before engaged a carriage, shortly overtook me, and we arrived at St Quentin. I passed through the town on foot, after having thrown off my smock-frock. Charles procured a post-chaise, under pretext of going to Cambrai. We arrived, without meeting any obstacles, at Valenciennes, where I took the railway. I had procured a Belgian passport, but I was nowhere asked to shew it.

'During my escape, Dr Conneau, always so devoted to me, remained in prison, and caused them to believe that I was unwell, in order to give me time to reach the frontier. Before I could be

persuaded to quit France, it was necessary that I should be convinced that the government would never set me at liberty, if I would not consent to dishonour myself. It was also a matter of duty that I should exert all my efforts in order to be enabled to solace my father in his old age.'

It is impossible to speak too highly of the devotion of the prince's medical attendant, Dr Conneau, who, by feigning the continued illness of his illustrious patient, gained for him time to make good his escape beyond the French frontiers; and not content with this service, voluntarily remained in the prison, ready to bear his share of punishment, when he might have walked out free. He was tried for complicity in the escape of his charge, but was acquitted, the government probably not wishing to enforce a penalty against one who, if he had erred, had erred right nobly.

Having once gained the Belgian territory, the prince took ship for England. Foiled by the escape of the noble 'prisoner of Ham,' the French government had the meanness to use its influence to prevent him from seeing his dying parent; and the Austrian ambassador, who likewise represented Tuscany at St James's, was instructed to refuse him the necessary passports. His venerable parent, therefore, was robbed of the solace of a last sight of his son, and thus far the immediate object of the prince's escape from Ham was frustrated.

What we have said, however, by no means applies to the remoter consequences of his escape, which before long made themselves felt through the length and breadth of France, although the prince continued for nearly another two years to make England his home, dividing his time between London and a country place which he hired near Sevenoaks, in Kent, and patiently waiting the turn which events should take in that native land to which he always turned his eyes. He had not very long to wait.

In February 1848 the government of Louis Philippe was overthrown, after a few days, or rather a few hours, of insurrection, by the indignation of the people whom it had failed to conciliate. We need not repeat here the story of the outbreak: how barricades were suddenly thrown up in the streets of Paris, the National Assembly broken up, the government declared to be at an end, and Louis Philippe only too glad to find himself able to effect his escape in disguise to the coast, and to land as an exile on those very shores to which in effect he had confined the prince whom he dreaded as the one formidable rival of his throne. The prince was in London; but he lost no time in making up his mind to go where duty called him. The 24th of February was the great day of the revolution; Louis Napoleon was in Paris on the 28th, in spite of the sentence of proscription against himself and his family being still unrepealed. He proceeded to pay his respects to the Provisional Government such as it was; but finding that his presence was likely to prove an embarrassment, he at once withdrew from the city, and returned

to London. Always the friend and supporter of order and law, in the following April he gave a new pledge of his opposition to the views of the friends of anarchy, by enrolling himself as a special constable on an occasion when it was expected that the peace would be broken in the streets of London by organised bands of agitators.

A proposal was now made in the National Assembly of France to repeal the proscription against the Bonaparte family, with *the single exception of the prince himself*. This led to a strong protest from the prince, who wrote to the 'Citizens Representatives' asking the grounds of this invidious distinction, adding: 'The same reasons which have made me ere this take up arms against the government of Louis Philippe, would lead me, if my services were required, to devote myself to the defence of the Assembly, as being the result of universal suffrage. . . . In the presence of the national sovereignty I cannot and will not claim more than my rights as a French citizen; but these I will ever demand with an energy which an honest heart must desire, from the knowledge that it has never done anything to render it unworthy of its country.'

The fact is that men of every shade of opinion were agreed in one point, that of opposing the one man who was the special object of their fears, and whose independent position made him the antagonist of all petty intrigues and sectional manœuvres. In spite of the proscription which stood still unrepealed, the prince had been elected as their representative by several important constituencies; and it was not until Paris had been sickened of the anarchy and bloodshed which came to a head in the Red and Socialist insurrection of the following June, when Cavaignac and Lamartine, the former as 'dictator,' and the latter by his magic eloquence, helped to calm the storm, that any chance seemed to be offered to the prince to return to Paris.

In the following September, five different departments returned Louis Napoleon as their representative, by majorities so emphatic that it was impossible any longer to enforce the proscription against him. He took his seat in the Assembly on the 26th of the same month; and after two months wasted in the struggles of party against party, the conviction gradually forced itself upon the minds of all that his name was the only one which offered a chance of annihilating discord by reconciling parties and interests. From being, therefore, an outcast and proscribed citizen, to use a common phrase, he had rapidly become 'a necessity;' and when it was resolved that a president of the republic should be chosen in the following December, the choice of the people, whose votes were given by universal suffrage, fell on him by an overwhelming majority; the issue of the voting was as under: Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, 5,434,226; General Cavaignac, 1,448,107; M. Ledru Rollin, 370,119; M. Raspail, 36,900; M. A. de Lamartine, 17,910; General Changarnier, 4790.

This response of the people of France to the name of Louis

Napoleon Bonaparte was rendered the more emphatic by the fact that Cavaignac was regarded as the 'official' candidate, and that his respected name and the fresh memory of his recent services as president of the council and dictator must have secured to him many votes. But Louis Napoleon was looked upon as the living embodiment of a principle—a principle for which he had lived and had suffered—the principle of which his name was the symbol, and which, it was clear, was still as deeply rooted as ever in the affections of the people of France.

In his new capacity as President of the new republic, he never compromised the opinions which he had ever avowed by deed or word. His opinion was unchanged that the imperial system, with an imperial head, was the best system for France. But he had found a republican form of government established; and his real and sincere desire was that this form should be administered in its integrity, irrespective of factions and parties. He called on all Frenchmen who loved their country to 'unite in promoting the stability and prosperity of the republic;' but he felt, and he told the Assembly that this result never would or could be attained unless the person intrusted with the chief authority should be honestly and heartily supported by the leading members of their body. It was in vain to administer a republic, if Orleanists, and Legitimists, and Socialists were allowed each to pull in a different direction. It was in good faith that Louis Napoleon promised his adhesion to the republican experiment; and long and hard were his struggles to effect the fulfilment of the conditions under which he had accepted the office of president; and it was only when his exertions failed, and it was shewn by experience that some higher and stronger sanction than that of the presidential chair was needed in order to control the eccentricities of individuals and the strife of parties, which had been largely fostered by the clubs, that he resolved on following another course.

For two years, however, this chaotic state of things continued; and even after the election of a new chamber, the Prince President found it a most difficult task to give unity to its counsels, or to hold rival parties in check. He therefore now commenced a series of tours in the provinces, in each of which he shewed himself to the people as the advocate of sound social measures, and anxious to redress all local grievances, and to develop the internal resources of the country. These tours brought out more and more strongly the popular sentiments in his favour as the true representative of the national glory. Meantime, the Socialists and the clubs were not idle in their work of sowing dissensions, and perplexing the president of the newly chosen chamber, in the hope of driving him to throw down the reins of state, and to allow them to go on in their anarchical designs. This state of things reached its crisis early in 1851, when the systematic opposition of conflicting parties, and the menacing

LOUIS NAPOLEON, EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH.

attitude assumed by General Changarnier, as commander of the army of Paris, in whom were centered the hopes of the Bourbons and Orleanists, brought matters to a 'dead-lock;' and, to add a fresh source of complication, it was announced that in the following year the Prince de Joinville, one of the sons of the exiled king, Louis Philippe, would be set up against the president as a rival candidate for the chair, with the programme of 'war to the knife against England.' The Socialists, too, it was known, were looking forward to the presidential election of 1852 as a convenient opportunity for overturning society at large.

It would be impossible, within the space of this paper, to give an account of the successive steps by which the president of the republic was led to seek the realisation of his favourite theory in his own person, and to exchange the chair of a president for the crown and the throne of an emperor. The factions and intrigues of the last three years had taught him that the republic was a 'delusion and a sham,' or, at all events, that it contained within itself no element of permanence; and that, in reality, however grandly the name of a republic might sound, it was as contrary to the genius as to the desires of the heart of France as a nation. It was also growing clearer to him day by day that his own power as president was far from sufficient to restrain the various discordant elements that were at work within the state, and, in fact, that it was morally impossible to reach the end of his term of office as president without a fresh outbreak and fresh bloodshed. 'Having cherished, though in vain, a hope of ruling France, as a republic, in a way conducive to its real interests,' we may suppose him to have said to the French people, 'I have found that I am myself mistaken, and that that form of government is not acceptable to the nation; I therefore throw myself again upon you; I ask you to restore France to that condition in which she stood under the first Empire. I firmly believe the policy of that Empire to be the only one under which France can reach the highest degree of prosperity, and accomplish her high destiny. If such be your opinion too, let that Empire be restored. I do not wish to represent any faction or party in the state; my aim is to be the representative of France in its entirety. I place my hopes, my intentions, my desires, in your hands; and if it be your will that the Empire should be restored, and in my person, then I believe that she will rise to a higher prosperity than she has as yet attained; and that the nations of Europe will be found to acquiesce in your decision.'

This was, in effect, the appeal which Louis Napoleon made to the French people. The result was that by an almost unanimous vote he was raised to the Empire; and if there be any one man of whom it can ever be said that he represents a nation, it must be owned that that man is Louis Napoleon. This was shewn by the *coup d'état*, for which he has been so severely criticised.

At the commencement of December, it was clear that the French

executive possessed no power to provide for the public safety. The choice was anarchy or despotism. The fact is not to be disguised that Louis Napoleon was under no obligation to shelter the French from the consequences of their perversity. As simply President of the Republic, he was at liberty to resign office if circumstances shewed that his rule was no longer practicable or acceptable. That is the strictly logical view of the matter. Why, then, did he not retire from his comfortless position, and leave France to its fate? We can only understand that, by taking an irregular step, he hoped to avert the threatened dissolution of society. He seemed to perceive that there was but one course to follow for this purpose—a *coup d'état*. The resolution once formed, the measures necessary to give it effect were framed with a completeness and precision which insured success.

On the night of December 1 the prince president held a grand reception at the Elysée. When the citizens of Paris awoke on the 2d, they found a presidential decree posted on the walls announcing the step which had been taken; and also proclamations addressed to the people, calling on them to affirm or negative the step. The Assembly was declared to be dissolved, and universal suffrage re-established. In his address to the nation, the president said: 'Persuaded that the instability of the government and the preponderance of a single Assembly are permanent causes of trouble and disorder, I submit to your wills the following basis of a constitution: 1. A responsible head, named for two years. 2. Ministers dependent on the executive power alone. 3. A council of state formed of the most eminent men, preparing the laws, and supporting the discussion of them before the legislative body. 4. A legislative body discussing and voting laws, and to be nominated by universal suffrage without *scrutin de liste*, which falsifies the election. 5. A second Assembly, formed of all the eminent men in the country, a preponderating power, guardian of the fundamental compact and of public liberties.

'The system founded by the First Consul at the commencement of the century has already given to France repose and prosperity; and it would again guarantee them to it. Such is my profound conviction. If you share in it, declare it by your suffrages. If, on the contrary, you prefer a government without strength, monarchical or republican, borrowed from I know not what past, or from some chimerical future, reply negatively. Thus, then, for the first time since 1804, you will vote with a knowledge of what you are doing, knowing well for whom and what. If I do not obtain the majority of your suffrages, I will then call for the meeting of a new Assembly, and I will give up the charge which I have received from you. But if you believe that the cause, of which my name is the symbol—that is to say, France regenerated by the Revolution of '89, and organised by the emperor—is still your own, proclaim it by consecrating the

LOUIS NAPOLEON, EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH.

powers which I ask from you. Then will France and Europe be preserved from anarchy; obstacles will be removed, rivalries will have disappeared, for all will respect, in the decision of the people, the decree of Providence.'

Such was the famous *coup d'état*, a step which, according to some persons, was one of unmixed treachery, fraud, injustice, and spoliation; but which others regard as not only necessary in the state of parties and the general 'dead-lock' to which the government had come, but also as one of the wisest and most salutary measures that have ever been recorded in history, and thoroughly justified by the good results which followed on its adoption.

Early in the morning, a number of officers, deputies, and other individuals who were likely to offer resistance to the object in view, were arrested. Several members of the Assembly, who, on going to the chamber, found it occupied by troops, met at the mairie of the tenth arrondissement, were bidden to disperse, and on refusing to do so, were placed under arrest. On the two following days, some blood was shed in the streets of Paris, in repressing the first symptoms of a Socialistic outbreak. But this summary proceeding averted still greater evils; and it is certain that had it not been executed thus suddenly, the streets of Paris once more would have run red with blood.

The next step was to ascertain, by universal suffrage, the real verdict of the nation at large upon the important measures which the president had found it necessary to take for the interests of the country. On the 20th and 21st, the vote was taken by ballot, and the *coup d'état* was approved by a majority of votes, still more overwhelming than that which had raised the prince to the presidential chair—namely, 7,439,219 against 640,737.

On the 16th of the following month of January (1852), the official journal of Paris contained a proclamation in which the president laid down the heads of the new constitution. The system now inaugurated was that of the Empire, the grand principle of the constitution being the responsibility of the head of the state to the people of France—in a word, to the national will. It was but a revival of the design of the first Napoleon, with slight modifications; and the prince avowed that with its adoption his own most ardent hopes would be fulfilled, and his 'mission' be 'accomplished.'

The imperial system being thus inaugurated, Louis Napoleon at once commenced a series of measures for the encouragement of industry and of public works, which have always been a conspicuous feature in his policy, as they were in that of his uncle. France soon began to feel the benefits of the change. Vigour, energy, and consistency of action took the place of inertness, distraction, and discord both in the city and the provinces. Commerce gradually revived, and industry began to flourish.

The year 1852 was pre-eminently one of revival and progress

throughout France, and these benefits were largely increased by the heartiness and sincerity of the pacific policy which the prince adopted in all his dealings with England. Meantime, though grateful for the benefits which it had already begun to reap from the adoption of the imperial system, the nation felt one ground of uncasiness in the thought that as yet the power which wielded it was not as complete and permanent as was desirable. An imperial system without an imperial head was an anomaly. In a word, the mind of the people went on from the idea of the 'Empire' to that which it logically implied—an 'emperor.' Accordingly, wherever and whenever the prince appeared in public, he found himself addressed by municipal and other bodies in terms which implied a desire that the Empire should be fully restored in his person. In the autumn, his tour or progress was one continuous ovation, and the crowds of all classes, ranks, and sexes as with one voice exclaimed: '*Vive l'empereur!*' On his return to Paris, deputations, addresses, memorials from every part of France, poured in upon him at the Tuileries, demanding formally 'the restoration of the Empire.'

It was not likely that Louis Napoleon would long hesitate to accept the gift thus forced upon him, the end and aim as it had been of his every aspiration in exile or in prison, at home or abroad. He convoked the Senate, and communicated to it the national desire, expressing his own strong wish that the constitution of 1852 should be maintained as the basis of the Empire. He laid down also the memorable maxim, *L'Empire c'est la Paix*; and publicly declared that while the re-establishment of that form of government 'satisfied the just pride of the nation,' it also enabled France *nobly to avenge its former reverses* without shedding any blood, or making a single victim, or threatening the peace of the world.

On the 25th of November he addressed the Legislative Assembly in similar terms, begging it also to 'attest the spontaneous nature of that national movement which was bearing him to the imperial crown.' An appeal on the question forthwith made to the country, as before, by universal suffrage, shewed the following result of votes: affirmative, 7,864,180; negative or neutral, 316,471. History records no more marked example of unity in the expression of a national feeling. Deeply impressed with the sense of the responsibilities of his position, the emperor elect declared that nothing cheered him so much as the perfect concord of the national voice. 'In order to aid you, sire, in this great work,' said the president of the legislative body, 'France surrounds you with all her sympathies; she commits herself freely to you. Take then, sire, from the hands of France, that glorious crown which in our person she offers you. Never has a royal brow worn one more legitimate or more popular.'

Unwilling to seem to ignore the title, 'regular though ephemeral,' of his cousin, the Duc de Reichstadt, the prince took the oath of loyalty to France under the title of Napoleon III.; and then,

addressing the Senate, he said: 'Assist me, messieurs, all of you, to establish in this land, harassed by so many revolutions, a stable government, based on religion, justice, and probity, and on the love of the humbler classes. And here receive my oath that I will use every exertion to insure the prosperity of the country; and that, whilst maintaining peace, I will never yield anything which affects the honour and dignity of France.'

Early in the following year, he gave a proof of his belief that the country with whose destinies he had always identified himself so closely had at length attained an assured and secure position. On the 22d of January following (1853), he announced to the Senate his intention to marry the Countess Eugénie de Thèba, a lady of princely though scarcely of royal descent, and in whose veins flowed some of the best blood of Spain and Scotland. In announcing to the Senate his marriage, he paid a graceful tribute to the memory of the Empress Josephine, the first consort of his uncle, as 'the one woman, not the issue of royal blood, but modest and good, who alone seemed to bring happiness, and to live more than all others in the memory of the people;' and then he proceeded as follows: 'She who has been the object of my preference is of princely descent. French in heart, by education, and the recollection of the blood shed by her father in the cause of the Empire, she has, as a Spaniard, the advantage of not having in France a family to whom it might be necessary to give honours and fortune. Endowed with all the qualities of the mind, she will be the ornament of the throne. In the day of danger, she would be one of its courageous supporters. A Catholic, she will address to Heaven the same prayers with me for the happiness of France. In fine, by her grace and her goodness, she will, I firmly hope, endeavour to revive in the same position the virtues of the Empress Josephine.'

Without delay the emperor proceeded to the cathedral of Notre-Dame in state, and presented the empress to the people and the army. The marriage was celebrated in the midst of general rejoicing at Notre-Dame, on the 29th of the same month. The only issue of the marriage, as our readers are aware, is a son, known as the 'Prince Imperial,' who was born at the Tuileries on the 16th of March 1856, and baptised by the name of Napoleon-Eugène-Louis-Jean-Joseph.

The rest of the history of the French emperor is so thoroughly mixed up with the history of the people over whom he rules, and in its chief events it stands in such close proximity to the days in which we live, that we are obliged to content ourselves with the briefest possible outline of its leading features.

Towards the close of 1853, rumours arose of a difficulty that had arisen between Russia and Turkey, which threatened to increase and spread until it assumed the proportions of a European war, and involved the western powers as well as the eastern. The

Emperor Nicholas made overtures to France (as indeed he had done to England) to 'settle' Turkey comfortably by a private understanding or arrangement. But the emperor, who had always declared himself most desirous of being at peace with England, most honourably refused to act in concert with Russia or to desert his ally; and joining his policy and his forces with those of Great Britain early in the following year, he heartily united with England in its crusade against the spread of the Russian power in the Black Sea and the Baltic. Jointly with England he sent out an army to the Crimea, Marshal St Arnaud, and, after his death, Marshal Pelissier being united in the command with Lord Raglan, and after his death, with Generals Simpson and Codrington. His troops joined heart and soul with England in the battle of the Alma and the siege of Sebastopol, and fought side by side with the English flag at Inkermann and Balaklava. With England they stormed the Redan and the Malakoff, and in perfect concert with England, the emperor made peace with Russia, when the objects of that war had been fully attained. While that war was still pending, in the early summer of 1855, the emperor and his empress paid a state visit to London and Windsor. And it may be supposed that an immense change had come over the feelings of the English people in the interim, when we state that the visit of that same individual who was regarded with suspicion and almost with hatred by our countrymen in 1852, as president, was greeted in 1855 with a hearty festivity—not a mere outward display of courtly hospitality, but really and truly with a popular ovation. The merchant princes of London addressed him formally, as men of business expressing their sense of the benefits which had arisen from the imperial policy, and their sincere hope for the continuance of those blessings. In his reply the emperor said: 'I am grateful that your Queen has allowed me such an opportunity of paying my respects to her, and of shewing my sentiments of sympathy and esteem towards the English people. I hope that the two nations will always continue united in peace as in war; for I am convinced it will be for the welfare of the whole world and for their own prosperity.'

Scarcely had he quitted our shores and returned to France when Englishmen learned, with horror and disgust, that the emperor's life, on which the peace of the world so greatly depended, had been attempted by an assassin; and we then began to realise how valuable was the life of so faithful an ally, not only to France, but to England and the world.

On the 30th of March in the following year (1856) peace with Russia was signed at the Tuileries between the plenipotentiaries of the eastern and the western powers; and it was not without good reason that our government declared in parliament that 'the happy termination of a season of trial, suffering, and sacrifice must be ascribed in a very great measure to the cordial co-operation and

generous confidence of our faithful ally, the Emperor of the French.'

In the beginning of 1858, an attempt was made on the emperor's life by a miscreant named Orsini, who was executed in consequence. It appeared, however, that the plot was contrived in London, and a Dr Bernard was tried at the Central Criminal Court for complicity in it. His acquittal caused a temporary coolness between the two countries, which was increased by the rejection of a bill introduced into parliament by Lord Palmerston for altering the law relating to such conspiracies.

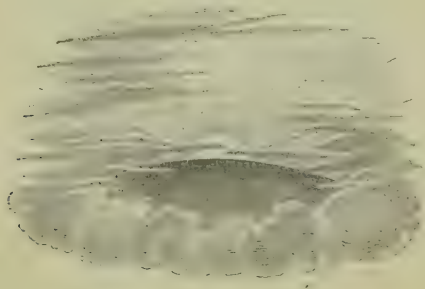
The year 1859 and the following year were occupied by a war in Italy, in which the emperor took the field in person, in order to assist Victor Emmanuel in ridding the north of Italy from the Austrian rule. He aided Victor Emmanuel to gain the victories of Magenta and Solferino, and he 'dictated' to the Austrians the peace of Villafranca, which ceded to Victor Emmanuel both Lombardy and the Duchies, while leaving Venetia still subject to Austria. In recognition of his services on this occasion, Louis Napoleon gained Savoy for France; and in 1861 the emperor recognised his old ally as 'King of Italy.' In the following years the French emperor joined his forces with those of England in China and in Mexico; but the events which resulted thence belong less to an outline of his life than to history. In September 1864, he concluded with the king of Italy a treaty in which he pledged himself to withdraw the French troops from the occupation of Rome, if the papal government by that time should prove able to organise an army sufficient for the defence of its territories, which at the same time the king of Italy guaranteed to protect from external attack. Under the terms of this treaty, the French troops were withdrawn in the winter of 1866-7; but before the close of the following summer, they were obliged to return to Rome to defeat an ill-advised assault of Garibaldi and his followers, which was repressed, though not till after considerable blood had been shed on the fields of Mentana and Monte Rotondo.

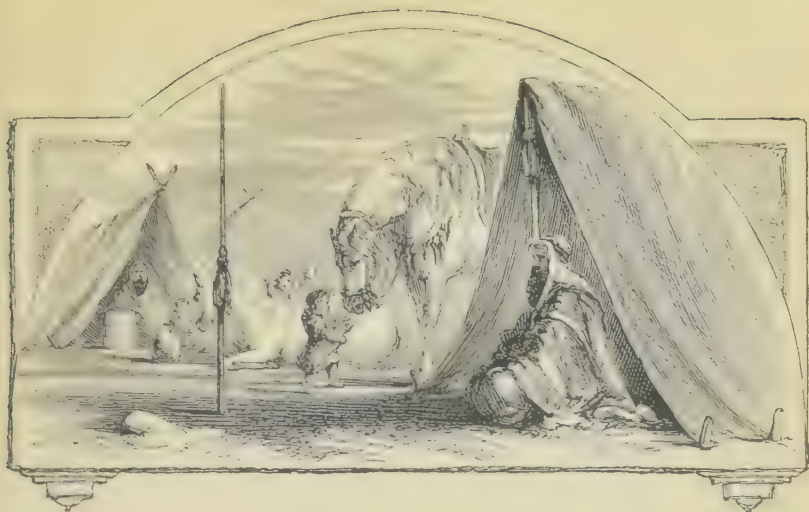
It is perhaps needless to state here, that opinions must differ as to the imperial policy of Louis Napoleon, especially with regard to his conduct in the Mexican affair, which was so fatal to Maximilian; blinded by the dust of contemporary conflict, we live too near the facts, the secret policy of which has yet to be revealed, for us to view them with that distinctness which hereafter will fall to the lot of some impartial historian.

On the whole, it may safely be said, looking back upon the career of Louis Napoleon, that he was born to be a leader of men. If not the most successful general of his day, he is one of the ablest administrators of the internal affairs of a kingdom, one of the first diplomatists, weightiest speakers, and best political writers of his age. His character is manly and upright, and we as a nation have found that implicit reliance may be placed on his word.

Generous and magnanimous, he has ever shewn himself incapable of petty jealousy and revenge, and merciful to a fallen foe. While the English press lampooned him most severely, he not only never attempted to resent the affront, but remained our firmest and truest ally. And as to France itself, his reign has brought the most solid advantages to the country which he rules. When he ascended the throne, he found France distracted at home, and without power or influence abroad. Her exchequer was empty, her army was disorganised, her government corrupt, self-seeking, and arbitrary; commerce, the arts, and works of industry all languished. Under his rule, France has grown steadily richer, greater, and more powerful. The counsels of her ministers, on the whole, have been supreme in Europe. Like his uncle the great emperor, he has ever been ready to find out, recognise, and reward high abilities when joined with honesty and integrity, and in consequence he has been served by brilliant and able ministers. The consequence is that the ancient renown of the arms of France under the former Empire has been revived, and the name of France itself held in honour and respect in every quarter of the world.

While we write (July 1869) the last act of Napoleon III. has been the concession of certain constitutional arrangements, which, properly followed out, will go far towards assimilating the civil liberty of France to that of Great Britain, and may tend to consolidate the controlling power in the family of the emperor. Let us hope that the French people are sufficiently chastened and qualified to appreciate and make a good use of the political privileges thus granted by the good-will of the sovereign.





LOVE IS POWER.

WHEN one person expresses hatred to another, or attempts to injure him, the first feeling of the person so hated, or liable to be injured, is usually of an angry kind. He hates in turn, or he stands indignantly up for his rights. This is natural, just as it is natural for a child to creep before he can walk, or lisp before he can speak. But as creeping and lisping at first do not form any objection to walking and speaking afterwards, so are those angry feelings which so readily occur to us, no argument why we should not come to treat those who hate or injure us in a different manner. If we always find that kindling up in anger, and returning evil for evil, prolongs mischief to ourselves as well as to the other party, but that we stop mischief, and make ourselves happy, by a kind and forgiving behaviour, there is no reason why we should not prefer the latter mode. The one plan is, in fact, as natural as the other, although with most persons it is not the one first thought of.

But is it really best to treat our enemies kindly? This is the great question. We shall endeavour to prove that such is the case.

It is matter of common observation that, when unloving words or looks are resented by the like, a complete division takes place between the parties. The hatred of the first person is deepened: he becomes a more unpleasant neighbour than he was before. And, because bad words have been used to him, his pride is touched, and he determines to shew no symptom of relenting. But if, on the contrary, the object of his antipathy had refrained from angry words

or looks, and addressed him in a friendly manner, his first feelings, which were probably of a slight kind, would have given way, and he would have been at once reconciled. Thus the evil would have been cut short at the very first, and those would have been friends who otherwise would be sure to become enemies, perhaps for the remainder of their lives. Now, if we consider how many disadvantages attend our having the ill-will of our neighbours, we shall be at no loss to see how important it is for us to prevent them by all proper means from becoming our enemies. And not only this, but let us also reflect on the sad fact, that our neighbour is unhappy in being our enemy; we are concerned to see that we do not become, however innocently, as we may think, the cause of his being haunted by unpleasant feelings. We are therefore bound, out of kindness to him, to act in such a way as to save him from the wretchedness of becoming our enemy. People will say it is difficult to be kind to one who has looked, or spoken, or acted harshly towards us. But a moment's reflection on what are *his* interests in the case, will go a great way to enable us to check angry feeling, and to call up the kind forgiveness which is so sure to win him to our friendship. It is not, in reality, difficult to act in this way when the other party has no just cause for being angry with us. The serenity of a mind at peace with itself rather disposes us to be forgiving. Should the case be otherwise, and we feel any cause for reproaching ourselves, then we are doubly called upon, by due expressions of contrition, to do all that in us lies to restore the broken peace. Though the anger of the offended person should appear unreasonably great, still it is our duty to seek to appease it, so that permanent enmity should be prevented.

It is equally evident that little or no good is ever got by using force, or even threatening to use it, for the assertion of our rights. Questions about right usually arise without any ill design on either side. The circumstances are usually such as to make it difficult to say how the right lies. At first there is mere difference of opinion on the subject. It would then be easy to come to a friendly agreement about it, or to find a friend to decide between the parties, to the satisfaction of both. But if one shews undue eagerness about the matter, the other is apt to become keenly interested also. The selfish feelings are then called into play. If the love of property does not take the lead, pride will do so; and each thinks it would be disgraceful to give in to the other. Thus arise fights among children and savages, wars among the so-called civilised nations, and lawsuits among individuals who think themselves Christians. Immense damage is the consequence to all, happiness is put to flight for the time, and often the object of dispute is lost to both parties. Now, if any one were to make a point of always trusting to reason and good feeling alone, if it became understood regarding him that he would take no other means of prosecuting his own interests,

LOVE IS POWER.

would it be for his hurt or his advantage? The just answer to this question, in our opinion, is, that a few very bad people would now and then take advantage of his gentleness to injure him, but the most would act quite differently. Their benevolence, their sense of justice, their very pride would be engaged to make them treat the rights of that person tenderly. In the long-run he would find himself a gainer, if not in actual property, at least in the comparative peace of his life; for he would have avoided many troublesome contentions, and enjoyed a more than usual share of the esteem of the good, besides possessing, what is more precious than all, the consciousness of having done his best to promote sweetness, instead of sourness, in society.

LOVE IS POWER—BETWEEN MAN AND MAN.

An affecting and beautiful example occurs in the history of David. Pursued by Saul in the wilderness of Engedi, he was lying concealed with his few followers in a cave, when the king and his party entered. David might have killed the king if he had chosen, and his friends advised him to do it. But he resolved upon a better course. He only cut off the skirt of Saul's robe. When the king had departed, David followed and called after him. The rest may be told in the language of Scripture. 'And when Saul looked behind him, David stooped with his face to the earth, and bowed himself. And David said to Saul, Wherefore hearest thou men's words, saying, Behold, David seeketh thy hurt? Behold, this day thine eyes have seen how that the Lord had delivered thee to-day into mine hand in the cave: and some bade me kill thee; but mine eye spared thee: and I said, I will not put forth mine hand against my lord; for he is the Lord's anointed. Moreover, my father, see, yea, see the skirt of thy robe in my hand: for in that I cut off the skirt of thy robe, and killed thee not, know thou and see that there is neither evil nor transgression in mine hand, and I have not sinned against thee; yet thou huntest my soul to take it. The Lord judge between me and thee, and the Lord avenge me of thee: but mine hand shall not be upon thee. As saith the proverb of the ancients, Wickedness proceedeth from the wicked: but mine hand shall not be upon thee. After whom is the king of Israel come out? after whom dost thou pursue? after a dead dog, after a flea. The Lord therefore be judge, and judge between me and thee, and see, and plead my cause, and deliver me out of thine hand. And it came to pass when David had made an end of speaking these words unto Saul, that Saul said, Is this thy voice, my son David? And Saul lifted up his voice, and wept. And he said to David, Thou art more righteous than I: for thou hast rewarded me good, whereas I have rewarded thee evil. And thou hast shewed this day how that thou hast dealt well with me: forasmuch as when the Lord had delivered

me into thine hand, thou killedst me not. For if a man find his enemy, will he let him go well away? wherefore the Lord reward thee good for that thou hast done unto me this day.'*

What took place on this occasion is accordant with what we know of human nature in all ages and nations. Seneca relates an anecdote of the Roman emperor Augustus, which comes to precisely the same purpose. After many plots had been formed against him, and suppressed by the usual forcible means, the emperor was informed of one planned by Cinna, for putting him to death when engaged at sacrifices in the temple. He was greatly disquieted; and the more so, as a young nobleman, for whom he had a regard, was engaged in the conspiracy. It distressed Augustus to find that the taking of his life should be thought good service by however small a portion of the Roman people. He almost thought it would be better for him to die at once, than retain a life which only could be preserved by continually visiting others with death. Finding him so much troubled, his wife Livia entreated that he would for once hear a woman's counsel. 'Do,' said she, 'like a physician who, when common remedies fail, tries the contrary. You have got nothing hitherto by severity. Try now what mercy will do. Forgive Cinna, who, being discovered, can now do you no harm. The act will reward itself in reputation.' (It is a pity she thought not of superior motives.)

Augustus resolved to follow his wife's advice. He called Cinna before him, and, dismissing all attendants, told him that the plot was discovered. He then reminded him of former clemency, and lectured him on the folly as well as wickedness of his design. 'Well, Cinna,' said he at last, 'the life I gave you once as an enemy, I will now give you as a traitor and parricide, and this shall be the last reproach I shall ever address to you. For the time to come, there shall be no other contention betwixt you and me than which shall outdo the other in point of friendship.'

The intending parricide was confounded by this generosity. Promoted by Augustus to the consulship, he became faithfully attached to him, and in the end made the emperor his heir. *And this was the last conspiracy ever formed against Augustus.*

During the early years of the reign of Louis Philippe in France, similar conspiracies were of continual occurrence, and the intending assassin was invariably punished with death. At length a more merciful plan was adopted; the criminal was only condemned to imprisonment. From that time, as in the case of Augustus, *attempts to cut off the king's life totally ceased.* What force could not do, was accomplished by gentleness.

To shew the same principle in a totally different sphere of life, we quote from the *Manchester Times* an anecdote of the late William

* 1 Samuel, xxiv. 8—13.

Grant, of the firm of Grant Brothers, a man remarkable for the great liberality of his nature. "Many years ago, a warehouseman published a scurrilous pamphlet, in which he endeavoured, but very unsuccessfully, to hold up the house of Grant Brothers to public ridicule. William remarked that the man would live to repent what he had done; and this was conveyed by some tale-bearer to the libeller, who said: "Oh, I suppose he thinks I shall some time or other be in his debt; but I will take good care of that." It happens, however, that a man in business cannot always choose who shall be his creditors. The pamphleteer became a bankrupt, and the brothers held an acceptance of his which had been indorsed to them by the drawer, who had also become a bankrupt. The wantonly libelled men had thus become creditors of the libeller! They now had it in their power to make him repent of his audacity. He could not obtain his certificate without their signature, and without it he could not enter into business again. He had obtained the number of signatures required by the bankrupt law, except one. It seemed folly to hope that the firm of "the brothers" would supply the deficiency. What! they who had cruelly been made the laughing-stocks of the public, forget the wrong, and favour the wrong-doer? He despaired. But the claims of a wife and children forced him at last to make the application. Humbled by misery, he presented himself at the counting-house of the wronged. Mr William Grant was there alone, and his first words to the delinquent were: "Shut the door, sir!"—sternly uttered. The door was shut, and the libeller stood trembling before the libelled. He told his tale, and produced his certificate, which was instantly clutched by the injured merchant. "You wrote a pamphlet against us once?" exclaimed Mr Grant. The suppliant expected to see his parchment thrown into the fire. But this was not its destination. Mr Grant took a pen, and writing something upon the document, handed it back to the bankrupt. He, poor wretch, expected to see "rogue, scoundrel, libeller," inscribed; but there was, in fair round characters, the signature of the firm. "We make it a rule," said Mr Grant, "never to refuse signing the certificate of an honest tradesman, and we have never heard that you were anything else." The tears started into the poor man's eyes. "Ah," said Mr Grant, "my saying was true! I said you would live to repent writing that pamphlet. I did not mean it as a threat; I only meant that some day you would know us better, and be sorry you had tried to injure us. I see you repent of it now." "I do, I do!" said the grateful man; "I bitterly repent it." "Well, well, my dear fellow, you know us now. How do you get on? What are you going to do?" The poor man stated that he had friends who could assist him when his certificate was obtained. "But how are you off in the meantime?" And the answer was, that, having given up every farthing to his creditors, he had been compelled to stint his family of even common necessities, that he might be

enabled to pay the cost of his certificate. "My dear fellow, this will not do; your family must not suffer. Be kind enough to take this ten-pound note to your wife from me. There, there, my dear fellow. Nay, don't cry, it will be all well with you yet. Keep up your spirits, set to work like a man, and you will raise your head among us yet." The overpowered man endeavoured in vain to express his thanks: the swelling in his throat forbade words. He put his handkerchief to his face, and went out of the door crying like a child.'

Still further to vary the ground, and yet shew the principle triumphant, let us cite a little story which originally appeared in an American school journal. At a common school convention in Hampden county, Dr Cooley stated that, many years ago, a young man went into a district to keep a school, and before he had been there a week, many persons came to see him, and kindly told him that there was one boy in the school whom it would be necessary to whip every day; leading him to infer that such was the custom of the school, and that the inference of injustice towards the boy would be drawn whenever he should escape, not when he should suffer. The teacher saw the affair in a different light. He treated the boy with signal kindness and attention. At first this novel course seemed to bewilder him: he could not divine its meaning: but when the persevering kindness of the teacher begot a kindred sentiment of kindness in the pupil, his very nature seemed transformed. Old impulses died, and a new creation of motives supplied their place. Never was there a more diligent, obedient, and successful pupil. Now, said the reverend gentleman, in concluding his narrative, that boy is the chief-justice of a neighbouring state. The relator of this story, though he modestly kept back the fact, was himself the actor. If the Romans justly bestowed a civic crown upon a soldier who had saved the life of a fellow-comrade in battle, what honours are too great for a teacher who has thus rescued a child from ruin?

The author of an excellent little book,* into which the above story has been transferred, expresses his belief, and we think justly, that 'there was never yet an instance in which kindness has been fairly exercised, but that it has subdued the enmity opposed to it. Its first effort may not succeed, any more than one shower of rain can reclaim the burning desert; but let it repeatedly shed the dew of its holy influence upon the revengeful soul, and that soul will soon become beautiful with every flower of tenderness. An individual can no more oppose the kindness which is continually and steadily manifesting itself towards him, than he can fan the flame of violent anger in his soul when the most pure and charming music is flooding his senses with its rich harmony. He will as certainly submit to

* *Illustrations of the Law of Kindness*. By the Rev. G. W. Montgomery. Republished by Wiley and Putnam. London, 1845.

its winning power, as the compass-needle yields to the influence of magnetism. It is not in human nature to withstand a long course of kindness. Pride and stubbornness may for a time stay the tide of better feelings, like the waters of the stream pent up by gathering masses of ice; but those better feelings will accumulate and increase, until they break down pride and stubbornness, and cause the repentant to exclaim, like one of old: "Thou knowest that I love thee!" Let any person put the question to his soul, whether, under any circumstances, he can deliberately resist continued kindness? and a voice of affection will answer, that good is omnipotent in overcoming evil. If the angry and revengeful person would only govern his passions, and light the lamp of affection in his heart, that it might stream out in his features and actions, he would soon discover a wide difference in his communion with the world. The gentle would no longer avoid him, friends would not approach him with a frown, the weak would no longer meet him with dread, children would no longer shrink from him with fear; he would find that his kindness wins all by its smile, giving them confidence, and securing their friendship. Verily I say to you, that kindness is mightier than the conqueror; for the conqueror subdues only the body—kindness subdues the soul.'

The general truth of these observations will, we think, be generally acknowledged. How much must it, therefore, be lamented, that not only do individuals remain sources of terror and vexation to each other, in consequence of hostility, when they might interchange such blessings merely by a little mutual kindness, but that large sections of people, calling themselves political parties, or religious sects, and even whole nations, do thus deprive themselves of much happiness. The very history of the quarrels, litigations, party bickerings, and national jealousies which are daily occurring, has a bad effect in keeping up the idea that it is the natural and only possible course of human conduct. Who would think, for instance, from what we hear of the Irish peasantry, that any kind feeling could ever be interchanged between them and the English soldiery, who are stationed here and there all over their country to keep them in a kind of forced peace? Yet these parties are, after all, men. They have, on both sides, the ordinary human sympathies; and the officer who to-day, perhaps, could hardly appear singly in a lonely part of the country without danger of life, might to-morrow, if standing in a different relation to these people, find them his faithful friends. Only a few years ago, the following paragraph, illustrating a possibility of this kind, appeared in a newspaper, entitled the *Westmeath Guardian*: 'We learn that Captain Atkinson, the celebrated sportsman, who some years ago resided at Clanlough, in this neighbourhood, and afterwards at the Cottage, Rathowen, was surrounded by a large party of the Molly Maguires, whilst shooting on a bog in the neighbourhood of Carrick-on-Shannon, last week, and ordered to

LOVE IS POWER.

deliver up his fowling-piece. This he refused to do, and drew a pistol from his breast to fire at the fellows ; it missed fire, and the Mollies immediately wrested both the gun and pistol from him, and would in all probability have given him something not very agreeable in return, had not a resident on the bog come to the rescue with a short gun, and swore he would shoot some of the party if the arms were not restored ; telling them at the same time of the generosity of the captain towards him and his wife. The gallant captain and true sportsman, it appeared, was on the bog a week previously, and "convenient" to the hut of this poor man (whose wife was in her confinement at the time). He requested that the captain would not fire "convenient" to the house, explaining the delicate state of his wife. Captain Atkinson instantly retired to a distant part of the bog, and after returning home from his day's sport, despatched a messenger to the hut with many comforts that the poor family were strangers to, and called a few days after to inquire for the patient. On hearing of his generous kindness to the poor man, the Mollies instantly returned the arms to Captain Atkinson, and cheered him lustily, promising to protect the game for him, and that no person would be allowed to shoot there but himself. The Mollies then straight betook themselves away, wishing him long life, and cheering him as they went along.'

LOVE IS POWER—WITH INFERIORS.

There is a prevalent notion that the only way to manage inferiors properly is to keep them in strong subjection by severe, or at least rigid treatment. This we believe to be a prejudice, arising in this way—namely, that in the midst of a generally bad management of inferiors, any relaxation is usually attended by bad consequences. The cause is here in the bad management, not in the relaxation. Supposing inferiors to be treated uniformly on the principles of justice and kindness, with judgment and good sense as regulating powers over all, it will never be found that the kindness does any harm, but rather the reverse.

In England, complaints regarding servants are often heard. But as far as these are even ostensibly well founded, the cause may be discovered in the whole relation of the class of servants towards the class of masters and mistresses. There is too great a space between them as members of the human family. Placed so far away from the sympathies of their employers, and from the more direct influence which the higher and more cultivated natures are designed to have over the rest, servants labour under a deficiency of motive to cordial good service, to cleanliness, to integrity, or any of the other virtues desired in their situation. In America, whose institutions promote self-respect among the humbler classes, there is an independence of feeling in servants which English people generally behold

with ridicule, and deem highly inconvenient to their employers ; but which, in reality, is an enviable peculiarity in the class, seeing that it is so essentially connected with good conduct. When our pride shrinks from any marks of 'spirit' on the part of a servant, we little think what the reverse costs us ; and that where there is an enforced servility, there can scarcely exist any of the hardy virtues. It may not be possible for individuals entirely to avoid, in their own case, the evils which arise from national errors ; but undoubtedly 'love' will have its power with English servants as it has with all other human beings. A kindly manner of dealing with them, demonstrations of an unaffected concern for their interests, behaviour calculated to foster, and never to wound or bruise their self-respect, must always tend, if consistently, perseveringly followed out, to evoke the better nature of servants, and make them agreeable and obliging inmates.

Perhaps those who at present experience the greatest annoyances from their servants, would be astonished to find how little is required on many occasions to bring out their better qualities. A story is told in the French army, that a company of soldiers conducted themselves gallantly, and always behaved well under one captain, and in the reverse manner under his successor ; when, on inquiry, it was ascertained that the sole cause was in a small difference of manner between the two officers. The one always said : '*Allons, mes enfants*' (Come on, my children) ; and the other : '*Allez, mes enfants*' (Go on, my children). The one captain put himself on a human level with his men, and thus won their regard ; the other acted as if he had stood on a height above them. It is exactly so with servants. Where their feelings of self-esteem—feelings as sure to be planted in them as in the highest nobility on earth—are respected, and an appeal made to their kindly sympathies, they are *forced by something in their own bosoms* to act as duty requires. In the other case it will always be 'up-hill work.' It is not from any want of real benevolence that masters and mistresses fail in this respect. They are often seen to mean well, but to be prevented from taking right methods by the effects of prejudice and habit, or to be turned aside from a right course by disappointment at little failures. They may depend upon this, that there will never be perfect comfort in their connections with servants while they stand upon pride, or force, or self-defence, or anything, in short, but the kindly sympathies which God has designed all his creatures to feel for each other.

Joseph Holt, who acted as general to the rebel peasantry of Ireland in 1798, was withheld from execution, and only banished, in consequence of his having, by humane interference, saved the life of an English officer. Carried to Australia, he was there employed as an overseer on the estate of a Mr Cox, where he had under his charge forty-five convicts and twenty-five freemen. In his life of himself, which was published in 1838, he says : 'It required all

my energies to keep them in proper order. My freemen I always employed by the piece, &c. As to the convicts, there was a certain quantity of work which, by the government regulations, they must do in a given time ; and this may be given to them by the day, week, or month, as you pleased, and they must be paid a certain price for all the work they did beyond a certain quantity. If they were idle, and did not do the regulated quantity of work, it was only necessary to take them before a magistrate, and he would order them twenty-five lashes of the cat on their backs for the first offence, fifty for the second, and so on ; and if that would not do, they were at last put into a jail-gang, and made to work in irons from morning till night.

‘In order to keep them honest, I paid them fully and fairly for everything they did beyond their stipulated task at the same time I paid the freemen ; and if I thought the rations not sufficient for their comfortable support, I issued to each man six pounds of wheat, fourteen of potatoes, and one of pork, in addition. By this means the men were well fed ; for the old saying is true : “Hunger will break through stone walls ;” and *it is all nonsense to make laws for starving men*. When any article was stolen from me, I instantly paraded all hands, and told them that if it were not restored in a given time, I would stop all extra allowances and indulgences. “The thief,” said I, “is a disgrace to the establishment, and all employed in it ; let the honest men find him out, and punish him among yourselves : do not let it be said that the flogger ever polluted this place by his presence. You all know the advantages you enjoy above gangs on any other estate in the colony ; do not then throw them away. Do not let me know who the thief is, but punish him by your own verdict.” I then dismissed them.

‘The transports would say among themselves, that *what I had told them was all right*. “We won’t,” they would reason, “be punished because there happens to be an ungrateful thief among us.” They then called a jury, and entered into an investigation ; and on all occasions succeeded in detecting and punishing the offender. I was by this line of conduct secure from plunder ; and the disgusting operation of flaying a man alive with a cat-o-nine-tails did not disgrace the farms under my superintendence. Mr Cox said one day to me : “Pray, Joseph, how is it that you never have to bring your men to punishment ? You have more under you than, I believe, any man in the colony, and, to the surprise of all, you have never had one flogged, or, indeed, have made a complaint against one. They look well, and appear contented, and even happy.” “Sir,” said I, “I have studied human nature more than books. I had the management of many more men in my own country, and I was always rigidly just to them. I never oppressed them, or suffered them to cheat their employers, or each other. They knew if they did their duty they would be well treated ; and if not, sent to the right about. I follow the same course with the men here. . . . I should think

myself very ill qualified to act as your overseer were I to have a man or two flogged every week. Besides the horrible inhumanity of the practice, the loss of a man's week or fortnight's work will not be a trifle in the year, at twelve and sixpence per week; for a man who gets the cat is incapable of work till his back is well; so, in prudence, as well as in Christian charity, it is best to treat our fellow-creatures like men, although they be degraded to the state of convict slaves."

Mr Holt also gives the following account of Colonel Collins, governor of the settlement at the Derwent River in Van Diemen's Land from 1804 till his death in 1810: 'This gentleman had the good will, the good wishes, and the good word of every one in the settlement. His conduct was exemplary, and his disposition most humane. His treatment of the runaway convicts was conciliatory, and even kind. He would go into the forests among the natives to allow these poor creatures, the runaways, an opportunity of returning to their former condition; and, half-dead with cold and hunger, they would come and drop on their knees before him, imploring pardon for their behaviour.

"Well," he would say to them, "now that you have lived in the bush, do you think the change you made was for the better? Are you sorry for what you have done?" "Yes, sir." "And will you promise never to go away again?" "Never, sir." "Go to the store-keeper, then," the benevolent Collins would say, "and get a suit of slops and your week's ration, and then go to the overseer, and attend to your work. I give you my pardon; but remember that I expect you will keep your promise to me."

'I never heard of any other governor or commandant acting in this manner, nor did I ever witness much leniency from any governor. I have, however, been assured that *there was less crime and much fewer faults committed among the people* under Governor Collins than in any other settlement; which I think is a clear proof that mercy and humanity are the best policy.'

Miss Martineau, in her works on America, gives several delightful illustrations of this principle, which almost sound like oddities. She speaks of a Tunker, a kind of Baptist, whom she found in the enjoyment of considerable wealth on a farm settlement near Michigan City. 'He had gone through life on the non-resistance principle; and it was animating to learn how well it had served him—as every high exercise of faith does serve every one who has strength and simplicity of heart to commit himself to it. It was animating to learn not only his own consistency, but the force of his moral power over others; how the careless had been won to thoughtfulness of his interests, and the criminal to respect of his rights. He seemed to have unconsciously secured the promise and the fruit of the life that now is, more effectually than many who think less of that which is to come. *It was done*, he said, *by always supposing that the good was*

*in men.** In her notice of the relation between mistresses and servants in America, Miss Martineau states that much of what English people have to complain of in that country in respect of servants arises from their imperious and exacting habits, irreconcilable as these are with the natural rights of their fellow-creatures. Where servants are treated upon a principle of justice and kindness, they live on agreeable terms with their employers, often for many years.† But even slaves may be made more useful, as well as more agreeable companions, when treated in such a way as to call forth their better feelings. 'A kind-hearted gentleman in the South, finding that the laws of his state precluded his teaching his legacy of slaves according to the usual methods of education, bethought himself at length of the moral training of task-work. It succeeded admirably. His negroes soon began to work as slaves are never, under any other arrangement, seen to work. Their day's task was finished by eleven o'clock. Next they began to care for one another: the strong began to help the weak; first, husbands helped their wives; then parents helped their children; and at length the young began to help the old. Here was seen the awakening of natural affections which had lain in a dark sleep.'‡

'The vigour,' says Miss Martineau elsewhere, 'which negroes shew when their destiny is fairly placed in their own hands, is an answer to all arguments about their helplessness, drawn from their dullness in a state of bondage. A highly satisfactory experiment upon the will, judgment, and talents of a large body of slaves was made a few years ago by a relative of Chief-justice Marshall. This gentleman and his family had attached their negroes to them by a long course of judicious kindness. At length an estate at some distance was left to the gentleman, and he saw, with much regret, that it was his duty to leave the plantation on which he was living. He could not bear the idea of turning over his people to the tender mercies or unproved judgment of a stranger overseer. He called his negroes together, told them the case, and asked whether they thought they could manage the estate themselves. If they were willing to undertake the task, they must choose an overseer from among themselves, provide comfortably for their own wants, and remit him the surplus of the profits. The negroes were full of grief at losing the family, but willing to try what they could do. They had an election for overseer, and chose the man their master would have pointed out; decidedly the strongest head on the estate. All being arranged, the master left them, with a parting charge to keep their festivals, and take their appointed holidays, as if he were present. After some time he rode over to see how all went on, choosing a festival-day, that he might meet them in their holiday gaiety. He was surprised, on approaching, to hear no merriment; and on

* *Society in America*, i. 333.

† *Ibid.* iii. 136.

‡ *Ibid.* ii. 157.

entering his fields, he found his "force" all hard at work. As they flocked round him, he inquired why they were not making holiday. They told him that the crop would suffer in its present state by the loss of a day, and that they had therefore put off their holiday; which, however, they meant to take by-and-by. Not many days after, an express arrived to inform the proprietor that there was an insurrection on his estate. He would not believe it; declared it impossible, as there was nobody to rise against: but the messenger, who had been sent by the neighbouring gentlemen, was so confident of the facts, that the master galloped with the utmost speed to his plantation, arriving as night was coming on. As he rode in, a cry of joy arose from his negroes, who pressed round to shake hands with him. They were in their holiday clothes, and had been singing and dancing; they were only enjoying the deferred festival. The neighbours, hearing the noise on a quiet working-day, had jumped to the conclusion that it was an insurrection.

'There is no catastrophe yet to this story. When the proprietor related it, he said that no trouble had arisen; and that for some seasons—ever since this estate had been wholly in the hands of his negroes—it had been more productive than it ever was while he managed it himself.'

It is particularly striking to find the principle thus exemplified in dealings with convicts and slaves; for if there successful, it has surely a chance of being still more so amongst classes less degraded.

In the well-meant efforts of the affluent classes to improve the condition of their poorer neighbours, there is often an experience of disappointment, from the little effect which immediately follows. They find, perhaps, the bad habits kept up, notwithstanding all their exhortations; or that arrangements which they have been at pains to introduce are neglected and overlooked. Sometimes prejudice starts up to oppose the best designs of the philanthropic gentleman or lady; and then they give up the matter in despair or in disgust, and the ancient evils are allowed to remain in full luxuriance. Now, the difficulties thus experienced are to be deplored; but if the philanthropic would reflect a little, they would see that, to work out such ends, much patience must ever be required. Nor are they themselves always free of blame. They often come forward with their suggestions in a manner that piques their poor neighbours, as implying that these persons have only to listen and obey. The honest cottager does not like to be treated as if he were a child. The common feelings of human nature must be studied, if we would be successful in such efforts. Not that cajolery is to be called into exercise; that were immoral, and probably would defeat its own end. But to shew what sort of appeal will be successful, we will relate an instance in which a kindly expression, even casually dropped, had a good effect.

In a certain part of the Highlands of Scotland, the people were

LOVE IS POWER.

exceedingly backward in all matters of tidiness about their houses and gardens, notwithstanding the almost constant advices and reprimands of the proprietor of the estate. On one occasion, the proprietor, who was very much vexed about the slovenliness of his tenantry, went to visit the estate of another proprietor, a lady of considerate and benevolent disposition. To his extreme surprise, he found all the cottages and gardens in the district neat and orderly, the gardens universally blooming with the prettiest flowers. 'How have you managed to bring all this about?' asked the surprised visitor. 'All you see,' replied the lady, 'is the result, I may say, of one kind word. You shall hear how it took place. One day, happening to visit one of my cottagers, I observed in the wretched garden behind the house a single marigold: it was blooming amidst a crowd of weeds. "What a very beautiful marigold you have got there!" said I to the cottager. The man was delighted with the notion of possessing what I seemed to prize so highly; and, without recommendation on my part, commenced to dig and clean his garden, and plant flowers. Others did the same; a general improvement of taste ensued; and that man who possessed the marigold lately gained the highest prize from a society for the finest flowers grown in the district.'

LOVE IS POWER—IN PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

There is no moral principle applicable to private or domestic life, which is not equally applicable in public affairs, whether between one little society and another, or between state and state. This is not generally seen or acknowledged; but as it is quite true, the world is rapidly becoming aware of the fact.

When one nation is contentious and troublesome towards another, there is the same duty upon that other nation to take calm and gentle measures, as there is upon an individual to try by soft words to turn away the wrath of his brother. And any nation which acts in this amiable manner will have as good a chance of escaping wars, as a private person by similar conduct will have of escaping common quarrels. Supposing one nation to form an unkind law or regulation with respect to the people of another state, and that other nation were to meet it with a law of quite the opposite nature with respect to its neighbour, there would be the same likelihood of the ungenerous policy being abandoned, as there is that an individual will relent when he finds that his injured or insulted neighbour returns only good for evil. Nations, in fact, are liable to exactly the same emotions as single persons. With them, too, the law of kindness has a certain and definite sway.

Unfortunately, we have as yet few instances of nations acting towards each other on the principle of love. Hitherto, they have been more accustomed to look to the hurt of their neighbour as their

own benefit, than to the opposite principle, which is the only true one. We therefore can only point to illustrations of the law of hate in their case; but these are immensely numerous. The wars which have been their bane from the beginning, and the commercial hostilities which have latterly been hardly less injurious, are all of them evidences of the evils which arise to nations from not loving their neighbours as themselves.

Mrs Child, an American writer, has related an instance of the benefits of the law of kindness in an affair approaching to the character of public. She tells us that, some years ago, she met a hard-working, uneducated mechanic of the state of Illinois, who pleased her greatly by what he told her of his past life. He was one of thirty or forty New Englanders who had, about twelve years before, associated themselves as friends of a Christian peacefulness, and gone forth to make a settlement of their own in the western wilderness. In their new home they were industrious and frugal, and all things prospered under their hands. But soon wolves came near the fold in the shape of reckless unprincipled adventurers; believers in force and cunning, who acted according to their creed. The colony of practical Christians spoke of their depredations in terms of gentlest remonstrance, and repaid them with unvarying kindness. They went further—they openly announced: "You may do us what evil you may choose; we will return nothing but good." Lawyers came into the neighbourhood, and offered their services to settle disputes. They answered: "We have no need of you. As neighbours, we receive you in the most friendly spirit; but for us, your occupation has ceased to exist." "What will you do if rascals burn your barns and steal your harvests?" *"We will return good for evil. We believe this is the highest truth, and therefore the best expediency."* When the rascals heard this, they considered it a marvellous good joke, and said and did many provoking things which to them seemed witty. Barns were taken down in the night, and cows let into the corn-fields. The Christians repaired the damage as well as they could, put the cows in the barn, and at twilight drove them gently home, saying: "Neighbour, your cows have been in my field. I have fed them well during the day; but I would not keep them all night, lest the children should suffer for want of their milk."

'If this were fun, those who planned the joke found no heart to laugh at it. By degrees a visible change came over these troublesome neighbours. They ceased to cut off the horses' tails and break the legs of the poultry. Rude boys would say to a younger brother: "Don't throw that stone, Bill! When I killed the chicken last week, didn't they send it to my mother, because they thought that chicken-broth would be good for poor Mary? I should think you'd be ashamed to throw stones at their chickens." Thus was evil overcome with good, till not one was found to do them wilful injury.

'Years passed on, and saw them thriving in worldly substance beyond their neighbours, yet beloved by all. From them the lawyer and the constable obtained no fees. The sheriff stammered and apologised when he took their hard-earned goods in payment for the war-tax. They mildly replied: "'Tis a bad trade, friend. Examine it in the light of conscience, and see if it be not so." But while they refused to pay such fees and taxes, they were liberal to a proverb in their contributions for all useful and benevolent purposes. At the end of ten years, the public lands which they had chosen for their farms were advertised for sale by auction. According to custom, those who had settled and cultivated the soil were considered to have a right to bid it in at the government price, which at that time was one dollar twenty-five cents per acre. But the fever of land speculation chanced then to run unusually high. Adventurers from all parts of the country were flocking to the auction, and capitalists in Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, and Boston were sending agents to buy up western lands. No one supposed that custom or equity would be regarded. The first day's sale shewed that speculation ran to the verge of insanity. Land was eagerly bought in at seventeen, twenty-five, and forty dollars an acre.

'The Christian colony had small hopes of retaining their farms. As first settlers, they had chosen the best lands; and persevering industry had brought them into the highest cultivation. Its market value was much greater than the acres already sold at exorbitant prices. In view of these facts, they had prepared their minds for another remove into the wilderness, perhaps to be again ejected by a similar process. But on the morning that their lot was offered for sale, they observed with grateful surprise that their neighbours were everywhere busy among the crowd begging and expostulating—"Don't bid on *these* lands! These men have been working hard on them for ten years. During all that time they never did harm to man or brute. They are always ready to do good for evil. They are a blessing to any neighbourhood. It would be a sin and a shame to bid on *their* lands. Let them go at the government price.' The sale came on; the cultivators of the soil offered one dollar twenty-five cents, intending to bid higher if necessary. But among all that crowd of selfish, reckless speculators, *not one bid over them*. Without one opposing voice, the fair acres returned to them! I do not remember a more remarkable instance of evil overcome with good. The wisest political economy lies folded up in the maxims of Christ.

'With delighted reverence,' says Mrs Child, 'I listened to this unlettered backwoodsman as he explained his philosophy of universal love. "What would you do," said I, "if an idle, thieving vagabond came among you, resolved to stay, but determined not to work?" "We would give him food when hungry, shelter him when cold, and

always treat him as a brother." "Would not this process attract such characters? How would you avoid being overrun with them?" "Such characters would either reform, or not remain with us. We would never speak an angry word, or refuse to minister to their necessities; but we would invariably regard them with the deepest sadness, as we would a guilty but beloved son. This is harder for the human soul to bear than whips or prisons. They could not stand it: I am sure they could not. It would either melt them, or drive them away. In nine cases out of ten, I believe it would melt them." I felt rebuked for my want of faith, and consequent shallowness of insight. That hard-handed labourer brought greater riches to my soul than an eastern merchant laden with pearls.'

To this day, when a civilised people go into a savage country to form settlements in it, they do not in general take much care to conciliate the natives. Either they take the land from them by force, or they do not bargain for it in such a way as to satisfy the original people; and thus the hostility of these rude beings is secured at the very first. Where a satisfactory arrangement has not been made at first, the settlers are almost sure to fall sooner or later into disputes with the natives. These they seek to determine by the law of force; and thus wars arise, which are sure to retard their progress, and occasion them great misery. An invariable course of justice and kindness, and a total abstinence from warlike practices, would have a very different effect, as was proved in the noble instance of William Penn and his followers when they founded the state of Pennsylvania.

Penn, who was one of the society of Friends or Quakers, went to America in the reign of Charles II., determined to deal with the Indians as he would with any of his own people. To quote Mr Montgomery's volume: 'He bought their land, and paid them; he made a treaty with them, and observed it; and he always treated them as men. As a specimen of the manner in which he met the Indians, the following instance is very striking. There were some fertile and excellent lands which, in 1698, Penn ascertained were excluded from his first purchase; and as he was very desirous of obtaining them, he made the proposal to the Indians that he would buy those lands if they were willing. They returned for answer that they had no desire to sell the spot where their fathers were deposited; but, 'to please their father Onas,' as they named Penn, they said that he should have some of the lands. This being decided, they concluded the bargain, that Penn might have as much land as a young man could travel round in one day, 'beginning at the great river Cosquanco (now Kensington), and ending at the great river Kallapingo (now Bristol):' and as an equivalent, they were to receive a certain amount of English goods. Though this plan of measuring the land was of their own selection, yet they were greatly dissatisfied with it after it had been tried; for the young

Englishman chosen to walk off the tract of land, walked so fast and far as to greatly astonish and mortify them. The governor observed this dissatisfaction, and asked the cause. "The walker cheated us," said the Indians. "Ah, how can that be?" said Penn. "Did you not choose yourselves to have the land measured in this way?" "True," replied the Indians; "but white brother make a big walk."

'Some of Penn's commissioners waxing warm, said the bargain was a fair one, and insisted that the Indians ought to abide by it; and if not, should be compelled to it. "Compelled!" exclaimed Penn; "how *can* you *compel* them without bloodshed? Don't you see this looks to murder?" Then turning with a benignant smile to the Indians, he said: "Well, brothers, if you have given us too much land for the goods first agreed on, how much more will satisfy you?"

'This proposal gratified them; and they mentioned the quantity of cloth and the number of fish-hooks with which they would be satisfied. These were cheerfully given; and the Indians, shaking hands with Penn, went away smiling. After they were gone, the governor, looking round on his friends, exclaimed: "Oh, how sweet and cheap a thing is charity! Some of you spoke just now of *compelling* these poor creatures to stick to their bargain; that is, in plain English, to fight and kill them, and all about a *little piece of land*."

'For this kind conduct, manifested in all his actions to the Indians, he was nobly rewarded. The untamed savage of the forest became the warm friend of the white stranger. Towards Penn and his followers they buried the war-hatchet, and ever evinced the strongest respect for them. And when the colony of Pennsylvania was pressed for provisions, and none could be obtained from other settlements—which scarcity arose from the increasing number of inhabitants not having time to raise the necessary food—the Indians cheerfully came forward and assisted the colony by the fruits of their labours in hunting.'

When the French took possession of what is now the colony of Algeria, it was by force of arms. The war which they carried on for this purpose was attended by frightful evils on both sides. The villages of the natives were destroyed, thousands of the French troops perished, and a vast sum of money was expended annually, with but a doubtful prospect of ultimate benefit to France. It is a most fatal plan thus to go into the country of a half-barbarous people with arms in our hands. It will be found that the true means of conciliating such a people is to appeal to the gentler feelings, of which the merest savages have their share, as well as the most civilised nations. It is very common, when such a doctrine is advanced, for persons to say: 'Oh, that is all well-meaning enthusiasm: it has not experience in its favour: experience proves quite the contrary.' But this is far from being true; for, while we

LOVE IS POWER.

have numberless cases to prove the obstruction which force creates for itself, we have also some which shew that gentle means have a contrary tendency. There are only fewer illustrations of the power of gentleness than of the slow efficacy of the law of force, because gentleness has been so seldom tried. But in those instances where it has been tried, and fully carried out, it has usually succeeded brilliantly. Few, we believe, are aware that the very commencement of the British empire in India was laid, not in an example of the law of force, but of that of gentleness. The Company had struggled for forty years for liberty to make a permanent settlement and build a factory, but in vain. At length this was obtained from the native princes by Dr Boughton, a physician, in gratitude for the successful exertion of his medical skill amongst them. They could resist everything but the appeal of humanity. We have seen the British power since then spread over nearly the whole of Hindustan; and history would probably make it appear as chiefly the result of certain battles, followed by treaties. But while these means have certainly been attended by certain definite effects, there has also been a less visible, though powerful agency at work, in as far as the English have proved mild and just superiors, and exemplified before the eyes of the natives the maxims of humanity. A bright illustration of the power of humane deeds over a people in a situation analogous to that of the Hindus, was presented some time ago in the consequences attending the establishment of an ophthalmic hospital at Canton, in 1835, by Mr Parker, an American missionary. The principle on which this hospital was founded is *kindness*—to heal the afflicted without expense to them. At first, only the lower orders came for relief; but gradually, as the fame of the institution spread abroad, men of the upper ranks came also. In the first two years, upwards of two thousand persons were treated, many of whom experienced benefit. The effect of this in doing away with the prejudices of the Chinese was most remarkable; our national name acquired a respect which the victories of terror could never have produced. One man of rank, to whom sight was restored, could scarcely be withheld from worshipping the kind-hearted missionary. When England possesses such ample means of this kind for conciliating the nations with whom our commerce brings us into connection, is it not a pity that they are not more used?

LOVE IS POWER—IN SITUATIONS OF COMMAND.

The greater power of love than of fear in maintaining command is beginning to be acknowledged. In former times, command was kept up in the army and navy almost wholly by the terror of severe punishment. The lash, the black-hole, and other barbarous and degrading inflictions, were the main trust of the officers for maintaining discipline. In the whole conduct of the officers to the private

men there was no trace of kindly feeling. The cane was liberally used in drilling ; and it was thought indispensably necessary, in speaking to a soldier, to swear at him. The effect of this treatment was to degrade the men, and make them the more frequently liable to punishment. In fact, the treatment and its consequences acted and reacted upon each other, until, in many unfortunate cases, a regiment or a ship would become nearly useless to the service.

These facts are strongly stated in a book, written by one well acquainted with military affairs—Mr Henry Marshall.* He quotes from the work of an old officer, published in 1761, the following just sentiments : ‘Abuse deadens the heart ; kindness wins the affections. Threatenings infuse into the obdurate bosom a callous indifference ; whilst calm admonition sucks the sting from the most hardened mind. *Severity creates hatred—mercy, love.* I have known private and parental admonitions by commanding officers wean the most desperate dispositions, on which severity had exercised its greatest power, without reforming : each blow of retribution stole from the heart the few remaining sparks of manhood, and the debased individual at last fell like a brute into the grave. *Kindness will ever be found the best antidote to crime—severity its most active source.*’

The same old officer tells us an anecdote which forcibly illustrates the superior power of gentle methods. It refers to a man of bad habits, upon whom punishment had been found to have no effect. ‘The commander observing that, notwithstanding all his vices, he possessed some valuable qualifications, resolved to try another mode than whipping. It was not long before he had an opportunity of putting his scheme into execution ; for the next fault, instead of being punished, to the fellow’s great surprise he appointed him sergeant ! This opened his eyes ; he applied himself diligently to his duty, and became as remarkably sober and good as he had been the contrary before.’

It is not surprising to hear Mr Marshall stating, as an observation made by many excellent officers, ‘that those regiments in which flogging has been least practised have been the best behaved. A low degree of discipline not unfrequently exists with a high degree of flogging—a circumstance which shews that the fear of the lash is precarious, little to be trusted, and will not stand the test of temptation.’ ‘Real improvement,’ says Mr Marshall, ‘consists in the formation of better and purer principles, and a realisation of them in the life and conduct—a result which cannot be obtained without self-respect, and without a prospect of some portion of happiness coming along with it. It is difficult, therefore, to perceive the wisdom of confining men long in a “black-hole”—a place where soldiers are rarely, if ever, reformed, where the health of persons of a nervous temperament may be destroyed, the spirits prostrated, the intellect

* *Military Miscellany; comprehending a History of Recruiting in the Army, Military Punishments, &c.* By Henry Marshall, F.R.S.E. London : John Murray. 1846.

LOVE IS POWER.

clouded, and the heart broken. All punishments are attended with serious evils, but none are so bad as those which have a tendency to destroy the mind, on whose improvement we rest our hopes of instilling the principles of subordination.*

Of late years, severe punishments have almost disappeared from the army and navy. It has been found that, where they are greatly necessary, the fault lies more with the officers than the men. The soldier is not now, as formerly, received as an outcast or blackguard, who is to be only turned to use and kept in order by terror. Some deference is paid to his feelings; means for improving his mind are adopted; his little interests are strictly respected; and certain honours and rewards are put before him as the prizes of good conduct. In short, the system of 'love' is gradually supplanting that of force and fear, and its good effects tell upon the poor soldier as upon all other human beings.

LOVE IS POWER—AMONGST CHILDREN.

The return of anger for anger, bad words for bad words, a blow for a blow, is usually the first impulse. Children being extremely liable to follow their first impulses, it follows that enmities and fightings are very apt to arise amongst them. There was more of this evil a few years ago than there is now, because grown people were not so careful as they ought to have been to preserve peace and good feeling amongst the young. Even now, it is too common to see brothers in one family, or boys attending the same school, or young persons generally at their play, fall into quarrels, and come to blows. Fortunately, youthful feelings of any kind being very transient, these hatreds and hostilities are seldom kept up for any length of time. Yet there can be no doubt that great harm often ensues from them, and that they take much from the happiness which the young might enjoy. With boys and girls it is just as true as with their elders—that all angry passion produces wretchedness; while kind feelings, and a mild and forgiving behaviour, tend to make life pass agreeably.

We shall illustrate this by a few anecdotes, taken from an American book written for children, entitled *A Kiss for a Blow*;* but we are sure that everybody must remember scores of facts of a similar kind.

'Two boys, named Abel and George, were at the same school in New York. Each was about ten years old: they were not brothers, but schoolmates and classmates. Both of them had irritable tempers, and had been taught to think that they must resent injuries, and defend their rights at all hazards. Playing *pin* was a common

* By Henry C. Wright, a temperance lecturer. This volume, of which it were to be wished that every family in the country had a copy, was reprinted in Dublin (Webb and Chapman). It is an invaluable little book.

amusement in the school. They played in this way: two boys would take a hat, and set it down between them, crown upward. Each boy would lay a pin on the crown of the hat, and push it; first one boy would push the pin, and then the other. He who could push the pins so as to make them lie across each other, became entitled to them both. One day, during play-hour, Abel and George were playing pin. They pushed the pins about for some time. Both became much excited by the game. At last Abel pushed the pin, so that, as he said, one lay across the point of the other. George denied it. Abel declared they did, and snatched up both pins. George's anger broke forth in a moment, and he struck Abel in the face with his fist. This excited Abel's wrath. They began to fight—the other boys clustering around, not to part them, but to urge them on. Some cried: "Hit him, Abel!" and some: "Give it to him, George!" thus stimulating them to quarrel. The boys seized each other, and finally came tumbling to the ground, Abel uppermost. Then Abel, in his fury, beat George in the face till the blood spouted from his nose and mouth, and he lay like one dead. Then the boys pulled Abel off. But George could not get up. The boys began to be alarmed. They were afraid Abel had killed him. The teacher was called. He carried George in, and washed the blood from his face and head, which he found bruised in a shocking manner. One of his eyes was so hurt and swollen that he could not open it; and from that day the sight of it grew more and more dim, till it became blind.

Here was a dreadful mischief produced by the angry style of conduct. Now hear, in contrast with this, an anecdote in which the opposite plan was pursued.

Thomas and Gerald lived in Rhode Island, and were brothers. One cold day, when the ground was frozen, they were out driving a hoop. Both boys were following and driving the same hoop. This is rather dangerous, as the boy who runs behind is in danger of throwing the other down. As they were driving their hoop down the street, running as fast as they could, Thomas, who was foremost, struck his foot against a stone, and fell headlong upon the frozen ground, coming down with violence upon his bare hands and face. Gerald, being close behind, and running fast, could not stop, but came down with his whole weight on Thomas. This hurt Thomas still more, and he was angry with Gerald for falling on him.

'They both rose. Thomas began to scold and storm at his brother, and to beat him. What did Gerald do? Did he cry out, and strike in return? He did no such thing. He put his hand into his pocket hurriedly, rummaged about, and soon drew out a stick of candy, which he thrust into his brother's mouth as he was scolding and beating him. Thomas instantly stopped scolding and beating Gerald, and looked confused and ashamed. His brother urged him to take the candy. He took it, and began to eat—evidently feeling very sorry that he had struck his generous brother.

‘Thus his wrath was disarmed, and his blows were staid, by love and kindness.’

It is the same as to the angry assertion of supposed rights: in proof of which, let us read the following little story, and the sound reflections which the author makes upon it.

‘Ruth and Amy were sisters, and lived in Pennsylvania. In early spring, as the violets began to bloom, they were playing in a meadow near their father’s house. They both happened at the same time to see a violet before them. Both ran to it. Ruth, the elder sister, came to it first, and plucked it. Amy was angry, and cried out: “I saw it first, and it belongs to me.” “No, it is not yours; it is mine,” said Ruth; “for I saw it as soon as you did, and I got to it first, and plucked it: so I have got it, and you shall not have it.” Amy was quite furious, snatched at the flower, and struck her sister. Then Ruth became angry, and struck Amy. So they fought about it, and screamed, and beat each other. Their mother heard them, and came to see what was the matter. She found her little daughters tearing and beating each other.

“What does this mean?” asked the mother.

“Ruth got my flower,” said Amy.

“No, I did not, mother,” said Ruth. “It was mine. I saw it first, and plucked it.”

“But where is the flower?” asked their mother.

‘Lo! it had been torn to pieces in the fight! Thus each claimed the flower by right of first discovery; and in fighting to decide who saw it first, and who should have it, both lost it!’

‘How could this fight have been prevented, and the sweet violet, and the sweeter spirit of sisterly love and affection, been preserved? Ruth said she saw it first, and claimed it. Amy said she saw it first, and claimed it. Now, though Ruth had the violet in her hand, if, when Amy said: “It is mine—I saw it first—I will have it,” Ruth had said to her: “Sister, if you think the pretty flower is yours, you may have it; I should rather let you have it than keep it myself; *I would rather have your love than all the flowers that grow,*” would there have been any fight—any coldness or unkindness between the sisters? None. They would have saved their sisterly affection from so rude a shock, and the sweet violet too; and Amy would not have cared whether the flower had been in her sister’s hand or in her own. She would have enjoyed it just as much—nay, more—had it been in her sister’s. The sweet and pretty flower belonged to Him who made it. God made it to delight the two sisters. How wicked in them to get angry and to fight about it!’

‘Our heavenly Father made the earth and all the beautiful things that adorn it. They are all his. He invites all his children to come and enjoy them. We admire them; we see that there is more than enough for all; and it would seem that, as children of a common

Father, we might look at them, and use and enjoy them, in love and peace. Yet as soon as we see the beautiful things our Father has laid before us, to please us and make us happy in his love, and in each other's love, we begin to fight for them, as Ruth and Amy did for that pretty violet.

'One says: "This land is mine—I found it first." Another says: "No, it is mine—I found it first."

"This gold and silver are mine," says one; "let none dare touch them without my leave." "They are mine," angrily responds another; "I will 'kill, slay, and destroy' all who touch them without consulting me."

'One gets possession of the treasure first. The other comes up, and tries to snatch it away. The first struggles to keep it—the other to take it. One strikes the other. The other strikes in return. Both get enraged. Blows follow. Love gets out—wrath comes in. Blood flows, limbs are broken, and bodies torn to pieces. Thus these brothers and sisters—children of the same family—fight about the sweet and pleasant things their kind and loving Father has given them! Can it be? It would be far better for them to say in such a case: "If you think this land, grove, spring, river, ocean, mountain, or valley is yours, take it and keep it; only love me, and give me a brother's love. I would rather have the affection of one kind and loving heart, than all the gold and silver of the earth."

The monkeys in Exeter 'Change menagerie were placed in a row of cages, with only thin partitions between each other. Before each cage was a pan for the monkey's food, and these pans were supplied several times a day. Now, the behaviour of the monkeys at their meals was one of the amusing sights of the place. It was this: no sooner had the food been placed in the pans, than these foolish creatures began to eat, not out of their own pans, but out of those of their neighbours. Each stretched his paw obliquely along to his neighbour's pan, in order, if possible, to filch a little from him, expecting to have his own pan to empty at leisure besides. But as every monkey did the same, it happened that, while one was attempting to steal from his neighbour, his neighbour on the other side was taking the opportunity, while his attention was thus engaged, to steal from him. So no one was the better for it. The result was quite the reverse; for whenever any one found his pan invaded by a neighbour, he tried to get a bite at him, or to filch from his pan in return; and thus splutterings and fights took place, in the course of which a great quantity of the food was cast out, and lost upon the ground. In short, the simple effect of the plan of mutual aggression was to make the whole of the monkeys have uncomfortable instead of comfortable meals, and much less to eat than they otherwise would have had. Had each been content with his own pan, the general happiness would have been greatly increased.

Now, monkeys are only poor dumb animals, from whom hardly any better is to be expected. But human beings have superior principles to act upon if they choose, and reason to enable them to see how much better it is for them to do good instead of evil to their neighbours. Yet is it not true that, in many families, we see the various children looking jealously at any distribution of food or good things amongst them, to see that their neighbours do not get an over-proportion, and setting up a great clamour if they think they have got a particle less than their neighbours? Do not children, indeed, often fight about shares on such occasions, and thus make themselves as unhappy as the monkeys? The author of *A Kiss for a Blow* tells us of a father who complained to him of the quarrelsome dispositions of his children. It turned out that this gentleman was particularly careful in training his children always *to stand up for their rights*, and never to submit to insults or injuries without shewing a proper resentment. He thought he was teaching them a *proper spirit*, when he was in reality training them to fight about every trifling difference that might happen amongst them. In another family which Mr Wright visited, there took place at supper exactly such a scene as often occurs in families where the feelings of the children have never been rightly regulated. The mother had helped her young people to pieces of custard-pie. Each looked keenly at the others' pieces, to see if none were better off than another. Charles, who had got the largest, boasted of it, which was an additional provocation to James and Jane. James, after in vain requesting a larger piece from his mother, tried to snatch Charles's piece. Being prevented, he struggled and kicked, struck at his brother and sister, and finally tumbled the pie over upon the floor. When the uproar had subsided, and peace been restored, Mr Wright told the family the following anecdote, which, notwithstanding the largeness of former quotations, we are tempted to give in his own words :

‘Last evening I supped with Lydia’s father and mother. Before supper, Lydia, her parents, and myself, were sitting in the room together, and her little brother Oliver was out in the yard drawing his cart about. Their mother went out and brought in some peaches, a few of which were large red-checked *rare-ripes*, the rest small ordinary peaches. The father handed me one of the rare-ripes, gave one to the mother, and then one of the best to his little daughter, who was eight years old. He then took one of the smaller ones and gave it to Lydia, and told her to give it to her brother, who was about four years old. Lydia went out, and returned in about ten minutes.

“Did you give your brother the peach I sent him?” asked her father.

‘Lydia blushed, turned away, and did not answer.

“Did you give your brother the peach I sent him?” asked her father again a little sharply.

"No, father," said she, "I did not give him *that*."

"What did you do with it?" he asked.

"I ate it," said Lydia.

"What! did you not give your brother any?" asked her father.

"Yes, I did, father," said she; "I gave him mine."

"Why did you not give him the one I told you to give?" asked her father rather sternly.

"Because, father," said Lydia, "I thought he would like mine better."

"But you ought not to disobey your father," said he.

"I did not mean to be disobedient, father," said she; and her bosom began to heave and her lips to quiver.

"But you were, my daughter," said he.

"I thought you would not be displeased with me, father," said Lydia, "if I gave my brother the larger peach;" and the tears began to roll down her cheeks.

"But I wanted you to have the larger," said her father; "you are older and bigger than he is."

"I want you to give the best things to my brother!" said the noble girl.

"Why?" asked her father, scarcely able to contain himself.

"Because," answered this generous sister, "I love him so dearly—I always feel happier when he gets the best things."

"You are right, my precious daughter," said her father, as he fondly and proudly folded her in his arms—"you are right, and you may be certain your father can never be displeased with you for wishing to give up the best of everything to your brother. He is a dear little boy, and I am glad you love him so. Do you think he loves you as well as you love him?"

"Yes, father," said the girl, "I think he does; for when I offered him the larger peach, he would not take it, and wanted me to keep it; and it was a good while before I could get him to take it."

When Mr Wright had concluded this story, he asked his young friends if they knew Lydia and Oliver. They answered they did. "Did you ever see them quarrel?" "No." "Why do they not quarrel?" Charles and James hung down their heads; but Jane said: "They don't quarrel because they give the best things to each other." Jane spoke the truth. There would be no quarrelling of this kind if we were as happy to see our neighbour well served as ourselves. And were this the general spirit, no one would need to have any fear of being partially dealt with, for then he might be confident that his interests were as safe with others as with himself. It is the spirit diffused by such means that is important. When any member of a family says a kind thing to the rest, or acts with a greater regard to their interests than his own, he throws them all upon the exercise of their best feelings. He produces, as it were, an atmosphere of kind and just feeling, which disposes all to promote each other's comfort.

LOVE IS POWER.

On the contrary, a single ungracious word, one jealous look, will make all uneasy. The genial feelings wither and shrink up, and the selfish ones begin to rush forth. How blessed is he who can bring moral sunshine into a house by his good words and deeds ; or who, when the inferior feelings have spoken or acted in others, can keep away the gathering darkness by trying to overcome evil with good !

LOVE IS POWER—WITH THE LOWER ANIMALS.

In past time, man's unkindness to man has not been more conspicuous than his unkindness to the lower animals. In most parts of the earth these have constantly been sufferers from his rude impulses and recklessness ; and the consequence is, that most animals have acquired, from the effect of habit transmitted through generations, a fear and hatred of man ; which we ought to be humiliated in contemplating, and which is, in itself, a negative, if not positive evil, since there is a great pleasure to be derived from the kindly companionship of animals ; and of all this we are deprived, except when we take pains with some special creature. It is by many thought probable that, from the dragooning system which we pursue towards animals, we have never yet realised one-half of the benefits which the domestic races are calculated to confer upon us. Take the horse alone for an example, and hear what a contemporary writer* has said about him. ' In Europe, the sagacious powers of this noble animal are most imperfectly developed. In fact, notwithstanding his outward beauty and his pampered form, he exists here in a state of utter degradation ; for he is generally under the power and in the company of beings of the very lowest grade—ignorant, brutal, capricious, and cruel—coachmen, cabmen, grooms, carmen, horse-jockeys, post-boys, butchers, and black-legs ; many of them without sense, temper, or feeling—fellows, in the scale of creation, infinitely below the generous creatures they torment. Some are well fed, it is true, and duly exercised—and happy their fate : the rest are abused with a cruelty that has become proverbial. Now, what knowledge can a horse acquire under such treatment?—how is he to display, to exercise, to increase the powers bestowed on him by nature?—from whom is he to learn ? Being gregarious by nature, he is here secluded from his own species ; he is separated, except for a short time, from his master, who attends only to his animal propensities : when not employed about a heavy, cumbersome machine—"dragging his dull companion to and fro"—he is shut up in the walls of a stable. But this beautiful creature, we repeat, is existing all this time in a degraded state : or, as the newspapers call it, in a *false position*. Who does not know how soon the horse will meet every advance of kindness and attention you make to him—how

* Review of Jesse's *Gleanings of Natural History* ; *Gentleman's Magazine*, November 1835.

LOVE IS POWER.

grateful he will be—how studious of your will—how anxious to understand you—how happy to please and satisfy you! We have possessed two horses at different times, which, with only the treatment that they would experience from a master fond of the animals under his protection, would follow us with the attention of dogs; sometimes stopping to graze on the banks of the road till we had advanced many hundred yards, and then, of their own accord, and apparently with delight, canter forward and rejoin us. In fact, they were gentle, intelligent, and pleasing companions; and this was produced rather by total abstinence from harsh treatment, than from any positive solicitation or great attention on our parts.' The writer proceeds to remark the great gentleness, sagacity, and serviceableness which mark the horse in the East, particularly in Arabia, and which qualities seem to depend entirely on the better treatment which the horse there receives. The Arab makes his horse a domestic companion. He sleeps in the same tent with the family. Children repose upon his neck, and hug and kiss him without the least danger. He steps amongst their sleeping forms by night, without ever injuring them. When his master mounts him, he manifests the greatest pleasure; and if he by any chance falls off, he instantly stands still till he is again mounted. He has even been known to pick up his wounded master and carry him in his teeth to a place of safety. Unquestionably these beautiful traits of character have been developed in the animal by a proper course of treatment. The same law holds good here as amongst men. Treat these in a rational, humane, and confiding manner, and you bring forth their best natural qualities; but, on the contrary, visit them with oppression and cruelty, and you either harden and stupefy them, or rouse them to the manifestation of wrathful feelings, which may prove extremely uncomfortable to yourself. It is probable, then, that, from the way in which we use most animals, we never have experienced nearly so much advantage from their subserviency as we might have done.

LOVE IS POWER—BETWEEN NATION AND NATION.

Under this head we propose to say a few words on war.

War may be defined as a people's expedient for accomplishing a purpose by violence. It is expressly so; and all the ingenuity in the world would fail to make it out as anything else. What a strange idea! A man who would seek to assert a right, or even to defend himself from wrong, by violence—that is, by taking arms, and wounding or killing those opposed to him—would be regarded as an intolerable barbarian. The laws of his country would hold him as guilty of a capital offence, and he would suffer the severest penalty they were empowered to inflict. But when a collection of men, forming what is called a nation, have a right to be asserted, or

a wrong to be redressed, or perhaps only an opinion to be advanced, it is thought quite fair and reasonable that they should use these violent and murderous means. What is forbidden to individuals in every state above the most savage, and hardly tolerated even there, is freely granted to civilised nations, which, accordingly, are every now and then seen falling into bloody fights about matters which, with private men, would be settled by a friendly arbitration, or at most a decision in a law-court. There is nearly perfect machinery for keeping individuals at peace; but scarcely any arrangement whatever for maintaining the same relations amongst states, though states are in no respect different, but in their being composed of a plurality of individuals.

Our being accustomed to see force resorted to by nations, and the enginery of it kept up as a great department of public service, blinds us very much to the real character of war. A father might be seen amongst us taking the greatest pains to repress in his sons the disposition to fight out any dispute that might arise respecting their rights, telling them that they ought to bring the case to him, and he would settle it for them, and make them friends again; and next hour it would not be surprising to hear this man asking one of these sons if he would like to go into the army; that is to say, become a part of the mechanism by which nations seek a bloody adjustment of exactly similar quarrels. He would with one breath say it was contrary to the laws of God and man for brothers to fight, and the next he would be heard gravely counselling his children to fight, with firmness and bravery, the precisely similar quarrels of a state.

A rural clergyman might in like manner be heard deploring the unholy contentions which occasionally take place amongst his flock. Suppose he had amongst them a number of working-people, who had fallen out about wages, and proscribed and maltreated each other, the minister would doubtless express the greatest grief at what was going on, and deem himself called upon by every tie of duty to seek to restore peace; but if, next day, a pair of new colours were to be bestowed upon a regiment, the same man would have no scruple to invoke a blessing upon them—to consecrate them, as it is called; at least such ceremonies frequently take place, and no condemnation of the practice has ever been uttered in this country. Yet these colours are identified with operations of precisely the same nature as a village fight or the contentions regarding wages. They only differ in their taking place on a comparatively great scale, and involving infinitely more misery in their results.

Bewildered by this wonderful contrariety, some readers will be disposed to say: 'There surely is some difference; the mass of mankind cannot be so far wrong.' This, we fear, is fallacious reasoning. What prevents national war from being seen in the same light as private war, is the difficulty of getting a similar point of view from which to see it. We look coolly down upon a pair, or other small

number of combatants, and deplore their rage and its consequences. As to national war, we are perhaps involved in it as parties, and therefore cannot look upon it from without. Or even though it be taking place between nations apart from us, we still are far from being able to take a wide and contemplative survey of it. To see it in exactly the same light, we should almost require to see it as inhabitants of a different and more happy planet.

If we be right in thus regarding war, it follows that everything connected with it is liable to exactly the same reprobation as private outrages of whatever kind. To wreak out a quarrel with another nation by sending armaments against it, is precisely the same thing as to go to a neighbour who had injured or otherwise offended us, and break down his fences, fire his house, and slay himself and his servants. Two rude men may fight with, and bite and scratch each other at a fair, quite as justifiably. There may be less ready access in the one case than in the other to a tribunal which would settle the dispute without violence ; but this does not alter the character of the action. Supposing that private persons had no law-courts to which to refer their quarrels, would they not be grievously wrong in bringing them to the law of the strongest ? Say, then, that there is nothing analogous to a law-court for national disputes, surely nations are fearfully wrong to put these to the arbitrament of the sword, which will decide without the least regard to right. But, in reality, even nations are not without some resource for peaceably adjusting their differences. An arbitration may always be obtained from some third party, if there be a sincere wish for it on both sides. And any want in this respect might easily be remedied if nations were to come, as they ought to do, into greater union with each other, and act more in a harmonious concert. There might then be a public opinion amongst, as there is at present within, nations, to which any refractory member of the set would be obliged to submit.

Some of the evils of war are so manifest, as to need only to be mentioned. Such is the destruction of life which it occasions, always followed, of course, by misery to many survivors. Such is the devastation it often introduces into a country which is its seat. The injury it does by misapplying the national energies and funds, is less apt to be understood. Yet this is one of its greatest evils. War destroys—it never creates or produces. All it does is in the way of subtraction—nothing in the way of addition. The men who become soldiers are laid idle from useful employment ; the money spent in their pay, accoutrements, and all the appurtenances of war, is laid out on what makes no return, and is gone for ever as truly as if it had been thrown into the sea. The persons, indeed, who furnish the articles required for war, have lived upon the profits of their work ; but their work has been unserviceable, whereas it might have been otherwise. Their talents and labour have all been

misdirected. Thus, in every point of view, the money spent in war is misspent. And how surprising do some of the facts of this expenditure appear! The expenditure on the British army and navy in 1868, for instance, was nearly three times the amount of all the government grants for the promotion of education in England and Scotland during the thirty previous years. The United States, during the fifty years following 1789, spent, in military and naval equipments (which were only employed one or two years in actual war), *three hundred and sixty millions* sterling; being seven times more than what they spent on all other national affairs whatever. Our own debt of above eight hundred millions represents only a part of our expenditure in war during the last hundred years.

War not only takes largely of our existing means, besides anticipating the future, but it paralyses and blights the powers by which means are acquired. The commerce of a country is usually much deranged by war, in consequence of the shutting up of certain markets, and the danger incurred in reaching others. Manufacturers are consequently thrown idle. All this descends in incalculable miseries upon the humbler classes.

But perhaps the most fatal effect of war is the lowering of the moral tone of a people. It introduces a new set of objects to public notice, and sets all their sympathies into wrong directions. Idle parade and gewgaws take the place of solidly useful matters; men worship what destroys; merit is estimated, not by the extent of good that a man does, but by his power of inflicting evil. The modest benefactors of their race are overlooked; while praise is heaped upon him who has shewn an unusual amount of perhaps merely animal courage, or at best exercised ingenuity in inflicting suffering upon his fellow-creatures. In the progress of such a dispute with another nation, the selfish feelings are called into powerful play. We wish for victory, and seek to obtain it, without the least regard to the merits of the case. 'Our own country and cause, right or wrong,' is practically the maxim of all belligerent parties. This selfishness and injustice diffuses itself into the administration of the government, and even into private affairs; so that corruption, speculation, contrabandism, and fraud abound on all hands. In such a state of things, all that conduces to moral progress is sensibly checked; and it may be said that, for every year spent in war, we should require five to do away with its bad effects, and enable us to start at the point where we formerly were.

It is not wonderful that war should be so disadvantageous; for men are constituted in such a way as to be benefited only by mutual kindness and a firm union, and not by doing each other harm. It is a great mistake to suppose even that we can be benefited in the long-run by only consulting our own interests; a much greater mistake is it to suppose that we can, as a rule, derive good from what does harm to our neighbours. All our highest gratifications

LOVE IS POWER.

are found in the efforts we make to give happiness to others ; it is a thing which requires to come, either originally or by reflection, from a fellow-creature ; it has no spontaneous fount in ourselves. A nation, therefore, on the outlook for happiness to itself, would need to promote the benefit of its neighbours ; it should seek to form friendly relations with them, to promote an interchange of benefits by commerce and other means ; to do them, in short, all the good in its power. By these, but by no other means can nations experience benefit from each other's neighbourhood. It is to be lamented that this principle has not as yet been much acted upon ; but wherever it has in any degree been put in practice, it has succeeded. As yet, we see governments for the most part disposed to take precautionary measures against each other, as more fearing each other as enemies, than disposed to trust each other as capable of being made friends. And thus a policy of suspicion, attended with immense expense, is established amongst states. France keeps up an army and navy, lest Britain should some day fall upon her. Britain does the same, dreading some outbreak on the part of France. Forts are raised beside harbours, to protect shipping from these imaginary hostilities. Half the men who are at the prime of life are obliged to go into discipline as soldiers for a month per annum, that they may be ready to repel any assault from their neighbours, who are drilling under the same terror for them. Thus money is misexpended, and human labour misapplied, to an enormous amount, from a mere sentiment of jealousy—a fear which actually engenders its own assailants. How strange that no people have ever yet been found capable of the gallantry of saying to a neighbour : ' We arm not, for we mean no harm, and wish to apprehend none : here we offer you love instead of hostility : you are too magnanimous, in such circumstances, to refuse the one or offer the other ! ' No nation civilised to the degree of those in Western Europe, could withstand a communication of this nature : it would, like Orlando, blush and hide its sword. There is nothing Quixotic in this doctrine. It proceeds upon the most familiar principles in human nature ; namely, that an honest good-will generates the same in the bosoms to which it is addressed. Would governments but try the relaxation of an import duty instead of the putting a war-vessel into commission, would they but hold out a friendly hand in any case of exigency—such as occurred when Hamburg was burnt—instead of raising up jealous forts and martello towers, they would find how much better it was to do good than to threaten or presume evil, and how truly

LOVE IS POWER.



ANECDOTES OF SPIDERS.



WITH the appearance and workmanship of the little creatures called spiders, every one must be more or less familiar. They belong to the great division of Invertebrate Animals called *Articulata*. At one time they were included by naturalists in the class of Insects; but a more minute examination of their form and general development has caused them to be disjoined from the *Insecta*, and formed, along with mites, ticks, and scorpions, into a separate class, called *Arachnida*, intermediate between *Insecta* and *Crustacea*.

There are several hundred species of spiders—some large, some small; some of a dull sombre hue, others brilliantly coloured; some that abide in human dwellings, others that inhabit the fields and forests; some that have the means of floating themselves through the air, others whose means of locomotion are confined to their legs. At first sight, the body of the spider appears to be a roundish soft ball, supported on long jointed legs; but, on narrow inspection, the ball-like mass constitutes only the abdomen or hinder portion, the true body and head

ANECDOTES OF SPIDERS.

forming the anterior portion, which is small in comparison. To this section the legs are attached, these being eight in number—two more than insects are furnished with. Spiders are destitute of antennæ—those feelers which proceed from the heads of insects—but are provided with a pair of saw-like pincers, which terminate in sharp points. These points are perforated by a small hole, through which the animal emits a poison, which is eminently fatal to most of the smaller insects. These pincers lie folded one upon the other, and are never extended unless in defence, or in the capture of prey. The eyes are simple, and not compound, like those of insects; and are generally six or eight in number, dispersed over the head so as to command a wide range of vision. The arrangement of the eyes varies much in the different families and genera which are distinguished by naturalists. Spiders are all strictly air-breathing animals, and their apparatus for this purpose differs from that of insects. Their skin, or crust, is more leathery than horny; and this they cast periodically during their lifetime. Like crabs and some other animals, they have the power of reproducing lost limbs—a casualty to which their predatory habits render them frequently liable.

One of the most remarkable features in the structure and economy of spiders is the power which many of them possess of emitting slender threads of a silk-like substance, of which they construct nets, or long dangling cables; and on these some of them, as the gossamer-spiders, are buoyed through the air with nearly as much facility as though they had been furnished with wings. The apparatus provided by nature for elaborating and emitting the spider's web is a beautiful piece of mechanism. Within the animal there are several little bags or vesicles containing a gummy matter; and these vesicles are connected with a circular orifice situated at the abdomen. Within this orifice are five little teats, or *spinnerets*, through which the thread is drawn, as represented in the accompanying figure; and on its exposure to the air, the soft gummy substance immediately hardens into a thread. It must not be concluded, how-



ever, that there is only a simple thread produced by each spinneret; the fact is, these teats are studded with thousands of minute tubes, too small for the naked eye to perceive, and each of these emits a thread of inconceivable fineness. These minute tubes are known as *spinnerules*, and the films which proceed from them unite like so many strands of a rope, to form the thread by which a

ANECDOTES OF SPIDERS.

spider suspends itself, or of which it forms its net. The finest thread which human mechanism can produce, is like a ship's cable compared with the delicate films which flow from the spinnerules of the largest spider. These films are all distinctly separate on coming from the spinneret; but unite, as shewn in the adjoining cut, at a short distance, not by any twisting process, but merely by their own glutinous or gummy nature. Thus, the spinning apparatus of the disdained spider, when viewed by the eye of science, becomes one of the most wonderful pieces of animated mechanism, and is of itself sufficient to establish that nothing short of Divinity could have framed it. The animal has great command over this apparatus, and can apply it at will so long as the receptacles within are replenished with the gummy fluid; but as soon as this gum is exhausted, all its efforts to spin are fruitless, and it must wait till nature, by her inscrutable chemistry, has secreted it from the food which is devoured.



With regard to the sexes, male spiders are always much smaller than the females of the same species, being sometimes not more than one-fourth the size. The female lays a considerable number of round whitish eggs, which, by some species, are merely dropped into a crevice, without any protection; by others they are enclosed in a globular cover of web; and by many they are deposited in an irregular mass, and then worked over with a soft envelope. The attention which they pay to these cocoons almost equals that of the ant for its larvæ. A spider may be often seen dragging a ball of eggs much larger than its own body; and though scared, will return again and again to secure its charge. We once deprived a garden-spider of its eggs, and covered them slightly with earth; the animal scampered away for a few feet, and then gathered up its legs, and lay down as if dead. In a short time, when all was quiet, it returned to the spot, and searched round every clod and pellet till it ultimately discovered the object of its search, which it gently uncovered, cleaned, enveloped with a few rounds of fresh web, and then bore rapidly away to a secret crevice. So powerful, indeed, is the spider's affection for her young, that, according to Professor Hentz, 'all her limbs, one by one, may be torn from her body without forcing her to abandon her hold. But if, without mangling the mother, the cocoon be skilfully removed from her, and suddenly thrown out of sight, she instantaneously loses all her activity, seems paralysed, and coils her tremulous limbs as if mortally wounded. If the bag be returned, her ferocity and strength are restored the moment she has any perception of its presence, and she rushes to her treasure to defend it to the

ANECDOTES OF SPIDERS.

last.' The young of some species are fed for a short while by the parent ; but the majority, we believe, shift for themselves on leaving the envelope, and soon arrive at maturity.

Thrown early on their own resources, the young spiders commence a solitary life, lurking in holes and corners for the prey which may fall within their reach. Everywhere are they seen fabricating their snares—in the fields, on trees and shrubs, on the grass, and in the earth ; and if we watch their proceedings, we may sometimes see them ascend into the air, where, borne by their webs as by an air-balloon, they can elevate themselves to a great height. In this manner they often appear in vast numbers, and at a great distance from land. In 1811, the river Tagus was covered for more than half an hour with their floating webs ; and in October 1826, Mr Blackwall found every field and hedge in his neighbourhood covered with a confused network of shining lines, thickly coating his feet and ankles as he walked across a pasture. In the autumn of 1831, we were one morning absolutely enveloped in an atmosphere of gossamer, which not only carpeted the ground, but rose to the height of thirty or forty feet, and which could only have been produced by countless myriads of the little field-spider. Mr Darwin, in his voyage round the globe, noticed thousands of the gossamer-spider on the rigging of his ship when sixty leagues from any shore ; and found other species in abundance on island patches so desolate and remote as Keeling's Isle and St Paul's.

These animals, thus widely distributed, are strictly carnivorous in their habits, feeding only upon prey which they have themselves killed. When they have got an insect between their claws, either by entrapping it in their web, or by their stealthy mode of pursuit, they plunge their poisoned pincers into his body, and the bite is usually soon fatal. Sometimes, however, the insect has strength enough to resist its enemy, and to prevent the infliction of the fatal wound ; and as a prolonged struggle might be very injurious to the spider, on account of the softness of its body, it generally retires from the combat, if not speedily successful. Where its prey has been entangled in its web, however, the spider still further encloses it by a thread, and then retires till the insect has exhausted its strength by ineffectual struggles, when it soon despatches its victim. Those species which ensnare their prey by webs are generally termed sedentary spiders ; those that seize it by running or leaping, are distinguished as wanderers ; and a third group, which, like the second, do not construct webs, but merely fashion a den in which they lie in wait, may be termed lurkers. Their habits, however, will be more fully detailed when we come to speak of particular species. Meanwhile, it may be observed that, though some of them are night or day workers indifferently, the greater number of them are on the chase during the day, when their prey is most abundantly abroad.

ANECDOTES OF SPIDERS.

Such are the prominent characteristics of spiders as to their structure and organisation. We shall now consider the habits and economy of some of the more remarkable species—illustrating, when possible, by appropriate anecdote.

THE HOUSE-SPIDER.

The house-spider (*Aranca domestica*), though not the most abundant, is perhaps the best known of our native species—being very common in neglected houses, where it spreads its web unmolested for the capture of flies, moths, and other insects. The site of its operations is generally chosen for the double purpose of plunder and security—a fact which will account for its web being often found in retired and shady nooks, the most unlikely places for a fly to enter. The shape of the web is in a great measure determined by the nature of the spot in which it is spread; for the most part we see it of a triangular form in corners, with the den or funnel placed at the farthest angle, in which the creature lies on watch for its prey. In commencing this structure, the spider passes from side to side till it has fixed several strong threads, or chains, which serve as the basis of the web. These it doubles and redoubles, and tightens by stays, which are often carried out to some distance; indeed, no suspension-bridge was ever constructed on more correct principles of strain and tension. The framework being hung, the creature next proceeds to lay the warp and woof—we say *lay*, for these are not interlaced like the warp and woof of the human artist, but simply cross each other, their glutinous nature giving them sufficient adhesion. Great ingenuity is often displayed in rendering this web equally strong on all sides. Thus the strands of the outer extremity are always thicker than those upon which there is less strain; and if the wind agitates it more on one side than another, that side is sure to have additional stays thrown out to keep it steady. When the web is accidentally injured or torn during the capture of some large fly, the spider soon renews it: but there is no foundation for the story that she sweeps the dust from it by shaking it with her paws. The truth is, that when it becomes much defiled with dust, it is deserted for a new habitation.

It has been stated that the house-spider forms a funnel, or cell, at the interior angle of this web, in which it lies in wait, and into which it drags its prey, to devour it at leisure. To this cell all the rays of the web converge; so that if a line at the farthest extremity be touched, the vibration is instantaneously conveyed to the centre. A poor fly, therefore, no sooner impinges upon the net, than out the spider springs to reconnoitre the cause of the disturbance. If it be a fly or moth of ordinary dimensions, the spider bounds boldly forward, grasps it in its claws, and sends its poisoned fangs into its body; and so fatal is this operation, that a few seconds terminate

ANECDOTES OF SPIDERS.

the struggle. If the game be of larger size—a gnat or boisterous blue-bottle—the wily hunter either cuts part of the meshes, to prevent the destruction of the whole, or begins to entangle the struggling captive with fresh lines, and then leaves him to exhaust himself in fruitless efforts. ‘I once saw in a hot-house in Shropshire,’ says Mr Darwin, ‘a large female wasp caught in the irregular web of a quite small spider; and this spider, instead of cutting the web, most perseveringly continued to entangle the body, and especially the wings of its prey. The wasp at first aimed in vain repeated thrusts with its sting at its little antagonist. Pitying the wasp, after allowing it to struggle more than an hour, I killed it, and put it back into the web. The spider soon returned; and an hour afterwards, I was much surprised to find it with its jaws buried in the orifice through which the sting is protruded in the living wasp.’ Once thus secured, the prey is generally dragged into the den, where its juices are sucked at leisure, and its remains piled away; for spiders are particularly careful to allow no spoils to cumber the surface of their nets.

Destructive as the house-spider is to most of the smaller insects, there are some whose defensive powers are more than a match for it. We have often dropped the common turf-ant on the web of a full-grown spider, which instantly sprang from its den to seize the intruder; but, on perceiving the nature of the game, it invariably retired, and allowed the ant to struggle through the web, or fatigue itself to death. The lightning-bug of America seems also to be more than a match for this so-called ‘ruthless tyrant,’ as we learn from the following memorandum in Featherstonhaugh’s Journal: ‘Walking on the piazza of my house at Washington, I noticed that one of the lightning-bugs had become entangled in a spider’s web. The spider instantly attacked him, and endeavoured to secure his wings. The bug emitted his light very rapidly, the spider alternately attacking and retreating, until at length it appeared distressed, and sustained itself upon the web with difficulty, staggering and tumbling in its last retreat from the contest, until it gained the wall, from which it frequently fell, suspended by one limb. At length it appeared to recover, and remained quiet. In the meantime the bug ceased struggling, and merely emitted its light; the web soon gave way, and it escaped.’

It is not always, however, that insects even many times larger than the spider thus happily escape. If the wily trapper has not the bodily strength, and if his coils be too slender, he will in general fall upon some device by which the prey may be enticed, as it were, to its own destruction. The following anecdote, from the *Natchez Galaxy*, illustrates the abilities of the house-spider in this respect, in a manner that, had not evidence of a similar nature come under our own observation, we would have been greatly inclined to discredit: ‘A spider of moderate size had fortified himself within a very

ANECDOTES OF SPIDERS.

formidable web in a corner of our office, where he was suffered to remain, for no other reason than his predilection for mosquitoes. His taste for variety, however, was very soon developed. We observed him one morning making very rapid preparations to attack an enormous beetle, whose peregrinations had extended into his neighbourhood. The web was made fast to two of his legs at the first onset. Mr Beetle, apparently not altogether satisfied with these attentions, bade him good-morning, and marched off, carrying his chains with him, in doing which he had well nigh demolished the fortress itself. In a few moments, however, the beetle repeated his visit. In the meantime the spider had repaired damages, and was prepared for the reception of the formidable stranger. The web was about eighteen inches from the ground; the spider precipitated himself from it, but stopped suddenly when within about two inches of the floor. As this feat was again and again repeated, we have no doubt that it was an experiment to try the strength of his cord. At length he threw himself upon the back of the beetle, attached the web to the posterior extremities, and then retreated. Mr Beetle's suspicions of the purity of the intentions of his long-legged host were now confirmed; and, apparently with no small degree of displeasure, he turned his back upon the spider, the frailty of whose web, notwithstanding his precaution, not interfering in the slightest degree with the dignity of Mr Beetle's measured tread; the spider, convinced that open attack was altogether unavailable, resorted to stratagem. With rather an eccentric manœuvre, he fastened the attention of Mr Beetle upon himself, and then commenced a retreat up the surface of a somewhat rough wall. Whether Mr Beetle mistook this trick of the spider for politeness, under the impression that he was conducting him to his castle, or whether it was a matter of sheer curiosity that induced him to follow his betrayer, we are not able to decide; it is sufficient that the decoy was successful. Mr Spider was vastly civil to Mr Beetle; court language was used on the occasion, without doubt, until they reached a point directly over the web, when, like another Roderick Dhu, he threw off his disguise, and in a trice mounted upon the back of Mr Beetle, disengaged his feet from the wall, and they tumbled together into the web. With the rough legs of the beetle, and being unable to obtain foothold, extrication was impossible—escape hopeless; he surrendered at discretion, and on the following evening was found dead in his chains.'

If the little creature thus often gains its purpose by cunning and device, it can also accomplish much through mere resolute perseverance—a trait happily illustrated by the often-told anecdote of the Scottish monarch and the cottage-spider. While wandering on the wild hills of Carrick, in order to escape the emissaries of Edward, Robert the Bruce on one occasion passed the night under the shelter of a poor deserted cottage. Throwing himself down on a heap of

ANECDOTES OF SPIDERS.

straw, he lay upon his back, with his hands placed under his head, unable to sleep, but gazing vacantly upwards at the rafters of the hut, disfigured with cobwebs. From thoughts long and dreary about the hopelessness of the enterprise in which he was engaged, and the misfortunes he had already encountered, he was roused to take interest in the efforts of a poor industrious spider, which had begun to ply its vocation with the first gray light of morning. The object of the animal was to swing itself, by its thread, from one rafter to another ; but in this attempt it repeatedly failed, each time vibrating back to the point whence it had made the effort. Twelve times did the little creature try to reach the desired spot, and as many times was it unsuccessful. Not disheartened with its failure, it made the attempt once more, and lo ! the rafter was gained. 'The thirteenth time,' said Bruce, springing to his feet. 'I accept it as a lesson not to despond under difficulties, and shall once more venture my life in the struggle for the independence of my beloved country.' The result is well known.

A curious instinct displayed by the house-spider, and indeed by most of the family, is the simulation of stupor or death. If you touch a spider, it instantly scampers away with great rapidity ; but if you hem it in so that escape seems impossible, then straightway it gathers up its limbs, and lies motionless as death. You may turn it over and over with the point of your pencil, but it will exhibit no symptoms of life ; to all appearance it is as dead as the withered skeleton of the fly that hangs dangling from its net. 'In this situation,' says Mr Smellie, 'I have pierced spiders with pins, and torn them to pieces, without their discovering the smallest marks of pain. This simulation of death has been ascribed to a strong convulsion or stupor occasioned by terror ; but this solution of the phenomenon is erroneous. I have repeatedly tried the experiment, and uniformly found that, if the object of terror be removed, in a few minutes the animal runs off with great celerity. Some beetles, when counterfeiting death, will suffer themselves to be gradually roasted without moving a single joint.'

Besides the common house-spider, there are other species which seem partial to the shelter of human dwellings, and may be regarded as in some measure dependent upon civilisation for their development and increase. There is a small light-gray spider with long legs, which constructs a very diminutive web, and subsists chiefly on small flies and moths. This species is of more rambling habits than the true house-spider, and appears to unite in its person the character both of trapper and hunter. Another species, seemingly a large kind of gossamer-spider, may often be seen dangling for hours together from a single thread, as if it were as much in love with swinging as the ploughboy, who thought the summit of human felicity to consist in liberty to swing on a gate all day. There is a third sort, so curious that it claims a special notice. This is

ANECDOTES OF SPIDERS.

THE CARDINAL-SPIDER,

a large and hideous species, found very generally in the palace of Hampton Court. They are called there 'cardinals,' having, it is supposed, been first seen in Cardinal Wolsey's Hall. They are fully an inch in length, according to Mr Jesse's description, and many of them of the thickness of a finger. Their legs are about two inches long, and their body covered with thick hair. They feed chiefly on moths, as appears from the wings of these insects being found in great abundance under and amongst their webs. In running across the carpet in an evening, with the shade cast from their large bodies by the light of the lamp or candle, they have been mistaken for mice, and have occasioned no little alarm to some of the more nervous inhabitants of the palace. This spider is considered a curiosity, and Hampton Court is the only place in which Mr Jesse has met with it.

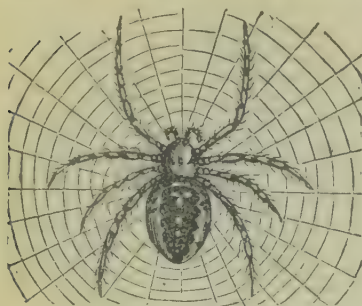
One cannot read the preceding account without calling to mind the gigantic spider found in the church of St Eustace, at Paris, and which seems to have belonged to the same species. It is told that the sexton of this church was surprised at very often discovering a certain lamp extinguished in the morning, notwithstanding it had been duly replenished with oil the preceding evening. Curious to learn the cause of this mysterious circumstance, he kept watch several evenings, and was at last gratified by the discovery. During the night he observed a spider, of enormous dimensions, come down the chain by which the lamp was suspended, drink up the oil, and, when gorged to satiety, slowly retrace its steps to a recess in the fretwork above. A similar spider is said to have been found, in 1751, in the cathedral church of Milan. It was observed to feed also on oil. When killed, it was sent to the Imperial Museum at Vienna.

THE GARDEN-SPIDER.

The garden-spider (*Epeira diadema*) is one of the most interesting of the family, both as regards the beauty of its form and that of the web, or rather net, which it weaves. It is the circular net of this species which we so often see glittering among the branches of shrubs and trees, formed with as much art and regularity as the figures which adorn the finest lacework. The manner in which this net is suspended and stayed on every side displays even greater ingenuity than is to be found in the web of the house-spider. When desirous of forming a net, the epeira fixes one end of her thread to the place where she is seated, and then elevating her spinnerets,

ANECDOTES OF SPIDERS.

throws from them a continued jet of thread, which floats onward until it reaches some adjoining branch, to which by its glutinous nature it adheres. By occasionally feeling the tightness of the



Epeira diadema.

thread, the spider knows when it has fastened, and then she walks backward and forward over it, each time strengthening it by an additional strand. In this way she lays several suspension chains, each properly stayed and tightened, and then proceeds to weave such a network as is shewn in the accompanying figure. We have admitted the ingenuity of the garden-spider in the extension and structure of her net, but can scarcely receive what is stated by Professor Weber of Leipsic in

reference to one which he witnessed constructing its meshes between two trees. The three principal points to which it was attached formed, as usual, an equilateral triangle. The two upper threads were fixed to the trunks of the trees; but not finding a point to fix the lower upon, the spider suspended from its extremity a little pebble by way of counterpoise!—the pebble being heavier than the insect, kept the web perfectly extended.

When on the watch for her prey, the epeira sometimes takes her stand motionless in the centre, but more frequently under some leaf, or in some adjoining crevice, to which she has several leading lines directed. She seizes her victim much in the same manner as the house-spider, but is more careful, if possible, of her net. We once discovered a very large net suspended in front of a summer-house, which was trellised with a rose-bush: the spider was sheltered in a crevice, but the web was exposed and free. Upon throwing a large lively fly on the net, the lurker was instantly out, threw round the buzzing wings of his game a few coils of gossamer, and then seized him, and struck the fatal wound. By struggling, the fly had entangled itself pretty largely in the net, so that it could not be dragged to the den without rending the net from the centre to the circumference. The spider perceiving this dilemma, cut the surrounding meshes, and the fly fell—not to the ground, however; for a strong thread had been provided, and it merely dangled a few inches under the net. The spider then hurried to the mouth of its den, and drew up the fly without difficulty or impediment. Could human reason have done more? This spider we watched for three successive weeks in the same den, and often supplied it with food. A dead fly was apparently no treat; but we have seen it seize five live ones in succession, and drag them to its den, obviously with the

ANECDOTES OF SPIDERS.

intention of making a hearty meal at leisure. Though busily engaged in feasting, the instant that a buzz was heard on its net, out it sprang, and secured another victim—not, however, without always cautiously reconnoitring the size and strength it had to combat with.

From having frequently remarked that spiders spread their webs in solitary and confined places, to which it is sometimes difficult for flies to penetrate, M. Le Vaillant naturally concluded that these creatures must frequently remain long without food, and that, consequently, they were capable of enduring considerable abstinence. To ascertain the truth of this, he took a large garden-spider, whose abdomen was about the size of a nut, and enclosed it under a bell-glass, which he secured with cement round its bottom, and left it in this situation for ten months. Notwithstanding this deprivation of food, it appeared during the whole time equally vigorous and alert, but its abdomen decreased, till at last it was scarcely larger than the head of a pin. He then put under the bell another spider of the same species. For a little while they kept at a respectful distance from each other, and remained motionless; but presently the meagre one, pressed by hunger, approached and attacked the stranger. It returned several times to the charge; and in these different conflicts its enemy became deprived of almost all its claws: it carried these away, and retired to its former situation to devour them. The meagre one had likewise lost three of its own claws, on which also it fed; and M. Le Vaillant perceived that by this repast its plumpness was in some measure restored. The day following, the new-comer, deprived of all its means of defence, fell a complete sacrifice. It was speedily devoured; and in less than twenty-four hours the old inhabitant of the bell became as plump as it was at the first moment of its confinement. There can be no doubt that all the spider tribe are sometimes compelled to practise extreme abstinence; but this less frequently than one would suppose; for during the summer and autumn months (the period when they are chiefly abroad), there are myriads of insects continually passing and repassing on every square foot of soil.

The garden-spider is one of those that weave a bag or envelope for their eggs, in which they carry them till hatched. There is no foundation whatever for the story, told in some 'entertaining books on natural history,' that the female *epeira* lines this bag with down plucked from her own breast. The truth is, there is no down on her breast to pluck. The envelope is woven of the same material with which she constructs her web; namely, gossamer from her spinnerets. Some animals, it is true—as the eider-duck, rabbit, &c.—pluck down from their own bodies wherewith to line a nest for their young; but the garden-spider is not one of those.

Somewhat resembling the garden-spider in its habits, and constructing also a geometric net, is the

ANECDOTES OF SPIDERS.

LABYRINTHIC SPIDER.

the *Angela labyrinthica* of the systematic naturalist. The net of this species is the largest constructed by any European spider, and may be often seen towards the end of summer spread out like a broad sheet in hedges, furze, and other low bushes, and sometimes on the ground. 'The middle of this sheet,' says Mr Rennie, 'which is of a close texture, is swung, like a sailor's hammock, by silken ropes extended all around to the higher branches; but the whole curves upward and backward, sloping down to a long funnel-shaped gallery, which is nearly horizontal at the entrance, but soon winds obliquely till it becomes quite perpendicular. This curved gallery is about a quarter of an inch in diameter, is much more closely woven than the sheet part of the web, and sometimes descends into a hole in the ground, though oftener into a group of crowded twigs, or a tuft of grass. Here the spider dwells secure, frequently resting with her legs extended from the entrance of the gallery, ready to spring out upon whatever insect may fall into her sheet-net. She herself can only be caught by getting behind her, and forcing her out into the web; but though we have often endeavoured to make her construct a net under our eye, we have been as unsuccessful as in similar experiments with the common house-spider.'

THE JUMPING SPIDERS.

The jumping spiders, which form the genus *Salticus* of naturalists, do not ensnare their prey by means of a net or web, but are constrained to seize it by their own activity. They are extremely agile; running, then standing still, as if to collect their strength, springing like a grasshopper, and anon raising themselves on their limbs to look around for prey. Should one of these spiders perceive a fly, it moves stealthily and steadily in that direction, endeavouring all the while to conceal itself; and when near its object, pounces upon it, swift as lightning, and strikes the fatal wound. Should the fly move forward, the spider moves simultaneously; and should the former take wing and alight in the vicinity, the little hunter is off in an instant in that direction; and thus, by alternating watching and dodging, seldom fails in securing its prey. Evelyn, in his *Travels in Italy*, gives an interesting account of the manœuvres of one of these hunters: 'Of all sorts of insects,' says he, 'there is none has afforded me more divertisement than the *venatores* (hunters), which are a sort of *lupi* (wolves), that have their dens in rugged walls and crevices of our houses—a small, brown, and delicately spotted kind of spiders, whose hinder legs are longer than the rest. Such I did frequently observe at Rome, which, espying

ANECDOTES OF SPIDERS.

a fly at three or four yards' distance upon the balcony where I stood, would not make directly to her, but crawl under the rail, till, being arrived to the antipodes, it would steal up, seldom missing its aim; but if it chanced to want anything of being perfectly opposite, would at first peep, immediately slide down again, till, taking better notice, it would come the next time exactly upon the fly's back. But if this happened not to be within a competent leap, then would this insect move so softly, as the very shadow of the gnomon seemed not to be more imperceptible, unless the fly moved; and then would the spider move also in the same proportion, keeping that just time with her motion, as if the same soul had animated both these little bodies; and whether it were forward, backward, or to either side, without at all turning her body, like a well-managed horse. If, however, the capricious fly took wing, and pitched upon another place behind our huntress, then would the spider whirl its body so nimbly about as nothing could be imagined more swift; by which means she always kept the head towards her prey, though, to appearance, as immovable as if it had been a nail driven into the wood, till, by that indiscernible progress (being arrived within the sphere of her reach), she made a fatal leap, swift as lightning, upon the fly, catching him in the pole, where she never quitted hold till her belly was full, and then dragged the remainder home.'

A correspondent of the *Zoologist* for 1844 corroborates this account of old Evelyn's, by an anecdote of one of our native hunting spiders (*Salticus scenicus*)—a species with black and white zebra-looking stripes on the upper part of the abdomen, and very common in shrubberies and hedgerows: 'He (the spider) was a very fine fellow, and very lively, and was running about on a large leaf, apparently on the look-out for food. When near the tip of the leaf, a fly alighted at its base: in an instant the spider turned and faced the fly. After steadily *pointing* for a short time, he sidled off towards the edge of the leaf, but with a motion so slow as to be almost imperceptible, and still keeping his head directed towards the fly. On reaching the edge of the leaf, he quickly turned over, and crept along on the under side, every now and then popping up his head to see how near he could get to his intended victim. When he arrived at what he considered a convenient distance, he returned to the upper side of the leaf, and with one bound cleared the distance (nearly two inches) between himself and the fly; the latter, however, was too quick for him, and flew off at the moment he made his spring, otherwise, so well directed was his aim, that he must have alighted on the fly's back. Poor fellow! he appeared much ashamed of his failure, and slunk away to the shelter of a leaf which hung down on the one where he had been hunting.'

Evelyn also ascribes to these spiders the property of instructing their young how to hunt; but this we consider as apocryphal, believing that their natural instinct is all-sufficient in this respect.

ANECDOTES OF SPIDERS.

Leapers of all kinds are liable to falls ; and to prevent accidents from this source, nature has been very beneficent in her endowments. The cat kind invariably alight on their feet, let the height from which they fall be what it may ; the impetus of the grasshopper is broken by the spread of her sheaths ; and the hunting spiders throw out a cable, by which they dangle in the air, and can speedily recover their original position.

WANDERING SPIDERS.

The common wandering spider (*Aranea viatica*) is an active, lively hunter, which may be said to run down its game rather than lie in wait for or ensnare it. It is ever on the move, and, being remarkably quick-sighted, is not long in discovering its game, which it grasps in its feathered arms. Occasionally it seizes a fly stronger than itself, and then the two may be seen rolling and tumbling about—the spider holding on with convulsive grasp, and the fly struggling and buzzing in an agony of terror. The struggle is usually soon over ; for what the spider wants in mere bodily strength, is more than made up for by his poisoned fangs, which are sunk at the first opportunity into the breast of his victim. There are numerous species of wanderers, all rather large, and beautifully marked—the ground colour being generally tawny, and the linear bands of orange and changing green, with small black dots between. It is asserted by some that they sit on their eggs, and by others that they carry them about in little balls, like the epeiræ. Both assertions we doubt : they may watch beside their eggs, but assuredly they do not sit on them for the purpose of hatching ; and the dragging of a ball behind them for three weeks or more, would be destructive of their capabilities as hunters. We believe that they make use of a fixed envelope of web, as many other of the field-spiders do, and trust to the natural warmth of the season for the development of their brood.

THE GOSSAMER-SPIDER.

Though perhaps the smallest, gossamer-spiders are among the most active and most widely distributed of the tribe. In favourable autumns they are found in myriads, scattered everywhere, and borne everywhere on their airy webs—it may be to hundreds or even thousands of miles distant from the spot whence they arose. One of the most common of the gossamer-spiders of Europe (*Aranea obtextrix*) is about the size of a pin's head, and of a shining dark-brown colour, with yellowish legs. These little creatures have the power of shooting out lines of gossamer from their spinnerets, so as to render themselves buoyant in the air ; and these lines, being borne upward and onward by aerial currents, float the aeronauts with as

great safety as if they had wings. They can also coil and thicken these lines when in the air; and by this means, as well as by the lines crossing and tangling with each other, showers of cobwebs have been occasioned, which, till the cause was discovered, gave rise to strange suppositions. By one of these showers in September 1741, which extended for many miles, Mr White of Selborne was prevented from hunting, his dogs being blinded and hoodwinked.

These spiders, according to Dr Bechstein, who has closely studied their habits, first appear, towards the end of September, in woods, gardens, and uplands, where their eggs are hatched in safety; thence they spread themselves over whole districts, and during October, and till the middle of November, may be found in dry fields throughout Europe. At that season extensive tracts of land are sometimes seen swarming with them. In the beginning of October, when but few are hatched, some single threads of their webs, extending from twig to twig, are seen only in the sunshine; about the middle of the month, their threads are more perceptible; and towards the end, if a person stand in such a position as to see the sunbeams play on the slender threads, hedges, meadows, corn-fields, stubble-land, and even whole districts, appear covered with a fine spangling silvery gauze. These little animals do not weave webs, but only extend their threads from one place to another. These threads are so delicate, that not one can be seen unless the sun shines upon it. One of them, to be visible at other times, must be composed of at least six ordinary threads combined together. In serene calm days these spiders work with great diligence, especially after the disappearance of the morning fogs. Between twelve and two, however, their industry excites the greatest admiration. A person with a pretty quick eye, or by help of a glass, may sometimes perceive, among the barley-stubble, such a multitude of these insects extending their threads, that the fields appear to be actually alive with them. When several of the single threads become tangled together, so as to form flocks and balls, they are known in Germany by the name of 'the flying summer,' because the summer seems to fly away at the same time. None of the smaller insects can resist this all-enveloping mesh of gossamer; and, consequently, aphides, flies, and other spiders may be often seen entangled, and struggling in the same mass.

It is not in Europe alone, however, that gossamer-spiders abound. Mr Darwin found their lines coating the rigging of the *Beagle*, when lying within the mouth of the river La Plata, in South America. 'One day (November 1, 1832) I paid particular attention to this subject. The weather had been fine and clear, and in the morning the air was full of patches of the flocculent web, as on an autumnal day in England. The ship was sixty miles distant from the land, in the direction of a steady, though light breeze. Vast numbers of a small spider, about one-tenth of an inch in length, and of a dusky

ANECDOTES OF SPIDERS.

red colour, were attached to the webs. There must have been, I should suppose, some thousands on the ship. The little spider, when first coming in contact with the rigging, was always seated on a single thread, and not on the flocculent mass, which seems merely to be produced by the entanglement of the single threads. The spiders were all of one species, but of both sexes, together with young ones. These latter were distinguished by their smaller size and more dusky colour. I will not give the description of this spider, but merely state that it does not appear to be included in any of Latreille's genera. The little *aéronaut*, as soon as it arrived on board, was very active, running about, sometimes letting itself fall, and then reascending the same thread; sometimes employing itself in making a small and very irregular mesh in the corners between the ropes. It could run with facility on the surface of water. When disturbed, it lifted up its front legs in the attitude of attention. On its first arrival, it appeared very thirsty, and drank eagerly of drops of water; this same circumstance has been observed by Strack. May it not be in consequence of the little insect having passed through a dry and rarefied atmosphere? Its stock of web seemed inexhaustible. While watching some that were suspended by a single thread, I several times observed that the slightest breath of air bore them away out of sight in a horizontal line. On another occasion (25th), under similar circumstances, I repeatedly observed the same kind of small spider, either when placed or having crawled on some little eminence, elevate its abdomen, send forth a thread, and then sail away horizontally, but with a rapidity which was quite unaccountable. I thought I could perceive that the spider, before performing the above preparatory steps, connected its legs together with the most delicate threads, but I am not sure whether this observation was correct.

The mode in which the web is emitted from the spinnerets of this and other spiders, has given rise to much discussion among naturalists, but we fear to very little accurate observation in the field. Some imagine that it is forcibly ejected from the spinner, so as to shoot forth to a distance of several feet; but these lose sight of the fact, that it is impossible to propel such a light substance, even to the distance of a few inches, unless in *vacuo*. Others call in the aid of electricity; but this, so far as the animal is concerned, is wholly conjectural, though electrical conditions of the atmosphere may greatly facilitate the ascent of the silken lines. Others, again, and among them Mr Darwin, are of opinion that the creature, highly susceptible of the least current in the air, merely elevates its abdomen, and assists with its limbs the evolution of the gossamer, till the thread is caught by the current, which carries it rapidly onward to the distance of several yards. By the force which the light line of gossamer exerts on the body of the spider, it knows when there is enough to buoy it up; and then quitting hold of the

ANECDOTES OF SPIDERS.

object on which it stands, it floats away at pleasure. By lengthening this line, it can render the car more buoyant ; or by simply coiling it up, or detaching part of it, the little aéronaut can descend on terra firma. Such, we believe, is the right interpretation of the phenomenon, which is one of great interest and curiosity.

THE WATER-SPIDER.

The water-spider (*Argyroneta aquatica*) is one of our native species, and is found abundantly during summer in our fresh-water ponds and ditches. It is chiefly remarkable for its habitation, which is built in the midst of water, and, in fact, of air—a very uncomfortable one certainly, were it constantly wet ; but this the sagacious insect has the means of avoiding, and, by availing itself of some well-known philosophical principles, constructs for itself an apartment, in which it resides in comfort and security. The following is the process : It first spins loose threads, in various directions, to the leaves of water-plants—which may be called the framework of the chamber—and over them spreads a transparent varnish, resembling liquid glass, which issues from the middle of its spinners, and which is so elastic as to be capable of great expansion and contraction. The spider then spreads over its abdomen a little of the same material, and ascends to the surface. The precise mode in which a bubble of air is drawn beneath the gummy matter is not accurately known. Loaded, however, with the material for its little mansion, which to the spectator looks like shining quicksilver, the spider plunges to the bottom, and, with as much dexterity as a chemist transfers gas into a gas-holder, introduces the bubble of air beneath the roof prepared for its reception. This manœuvre is repeated ten or twelve times, until at length, in about a quarter of an hour, as much air is obtained as is sufficient to expand the apartment to its proposed extent, and the industrious little builder now finds itself in possession of a perfect air-tight dwelling, affording a commodious and dry retreat in the very midst of water. Here the inhabitant reposes, unmoved by the storms that agitate the surface of the pool, and devours its prey at ease and in safety. The water-spider becomes dormant during winter, and lodges in empty shells, which it dexterously closes up with a web.

According to Kirby and Spence, a very large aquatic spider, of undetermined species, has often been noticed in the fen-ditches of Norfolk. This creature actually forms a *raft*, for the purpose of obtaining its prey with greater facility. Keeping its station upon a ball of weeds, about three inches in diameter, probably held together by slight silken cords, it is wafted along the surface of the water upon this floating island, which it quits the moment it sees a drowning insect. The booty thus seized it devours at leisure upon its raft, under which it retires when alarmed by any danger. It

ANECDOTES OF SPIDERS.

would thus appear that we have not only weavers, trappers, hunters, aëronauts, and divers, but piratical cruisers, that act the part of sea-kings within their little domains.

THE TARANTULA.

This spider—the *Aranea tarantula* of Linnæus, and the *Lycosa tarantula* of modern naturalists—is one that can lay claim to something like a classic history, being the source of a superstition very prevalent in Southern Italy. It derives its name from Tarentum, in the neighbourhood of which it was first observed, and is regarded as the most poisonous of the family, its bite being sometimes fatal to man. The following particulars of its natural history are derived from the sketch of M. Leon Dufour, published in 1834. The tarantula, or wolf-spider, as it is also called,



Tarantula.

is chiefly met with in the south of Europe. To understand its manners fully, it is necessary to notice the peculiarities of its structure. The jaws and feet are large and strong; the second joint of the legs, and the first of the feet, are furnished with long stiff spurs, movable at their base, which are of much use to the animal in seizing

and holding its prey. The first two pair of feet are furnished underneath with a down, arranged like a brush, which the tarantula employs in making its toilet, and in assisting it to walk on smooth surfaces; finally, the feet are terminated with strong claws. It prefers inhabiting dry arid situations. The cylindrical burrow which it forms is about an inch in diameter, and sunk to the depth of a foot beneath the surface. The construction of this burrow is such as not only to protect the animal from the pursuit of its enemies, but to serve it as an observatory, whence it may dart on its prey. At first the hole sinks perpendicularly, but, at a depth of four or five inches, bends and forms an almost horizontal elbow, after which it again resumes its direction downward. It is just at this bend that the tarantula stands sentry, turning towards the mouth of its den eyes that sparkle and gleam in the dark. The external orifice of the burrow is usually surmounted by a funnel, an inch in height, and two inches in breadth, so that it is wider than the burrow itself—a circumstance that admits of the extension of the claws, necessary to enable the animal to seize its prey. The funnel is composed of pieces of dry wood, united by clay, and lined inside with a web, which is continued throughout the whole interior of the burrow. The utility of this is obvious, in preserving the hole clean, preventing the falling-in of earth, and enabling the spider, by its claws, quickly to ascend.

ANECDOTES OF SPIDERS.

The tarantula, though disagreeable in appearance, is easily tamed. M. Dufour kept one for five months in a bottle, and it would come and take a live fly out of his hand. After having destroyed its victim with the hook of its mandibles, it did not content itself, as most spiders do, with merely sucking its head, but bruised the whole body, moving it through its mouth by means of its feelers, after which it rejected the integuments, and swept them away from its dwelling. After a repast, it seldom failed to make its toilet; that is, it cleansed, with the brushes of which we have spoken, its feelers and jaws, and then resumed its attitude of immovable gravity. The evening and night were the times in which it took exercise, and attempted to escape. It seems probable that the majority of the spider tribe have the faculty of seeing both by night and by day. Six weeks after being taken, the captive changed its skin; and this moulting made no perceptible difference in the colour or size of its body. It supported, at two different periods, a fast of nine days, without appearing to suffer.

We have seen how fatal the bites of spiders are to insects, and even to birds, and from this circumstance might infer that, if the venom were inserted into any wound, it would prove more or less injurious to the higher animals. There are few opportunities of studying this effect among the brute creation; but we know for certain that it has been attended with dangerous symptoms in the human subject. The bite of the tarantula has given rise to many contradictory assertions and much discussion. Kircherus, Sir Thomas Browne, Boyle, Dr Mead, and other early writers, are unanimous in affirming that it produces inflammation of the part, which in a few hours brings on sickness, difficulty of breathing, faintness, and torpor. The person is afterwards afflicted with delirium, and sometimes seized with a deep melancholy. Music, it has been pretended, is the only cure; and for this purpose a musician is brought, who tries a variety of airs, till at last he hits upon one that urges the patient to dance, the violence of which exercise brings on a copious perspiration, which generally effects a cure. Should the patient continue in his melancholy and lethargic state, uninfluenced by the music, death, it was imagined, would be the certain consequence. Such were the early and commonly received opinions respecting the bite of the tarantula. Serao, Cirillo, and other Italian physicians, who have had ample opportunities of investigating the subject, deny entirely the cure of the tarantula's bite by the aid of music. They make no doubt but sometimes the heat of the climate contributes very much to warm the imaginations of those bitten, which may in some measure be soothed by music; but from several experiments, it was found that neither man nor animal, after the bite, had any other complaint than a very trifling inflammation upon the part, like that produced by the sting of the scorpion, and which went off without any danger. Tarantism has

ANECDOTES OF SPIDERS.

appeared in various parts of Italy, but chiefly in Apulia, where the tarantula abounds. In Sicily, the tarantula, according to Professor Cirillo, is never dangerous.

Mr Swinburne, who travelled in Italy during last century, minutely investigated every particular relative to this spider; but the season was not far enough advanced, and no tarantati (persons bitten, or pretended to have been bitten, by the tarantula) had begun to appear. He prevailed, however, upon a woman, who had been formerly bitten, to act the part and dance the tarantata before him. Many musicians were summoned, and she performed the dance, as all present assured him, to perfection. At first she lolled stupidly on a chair while the instruments were playing some dull music; they touched at length the chord supposed to vibrate to her heart, and up she sprang with a hideous yell, staggered about the room like a drunken person, holding a handkerchief in both hands, raising them alternately, and moving in very true time. As the music grew brisker, her motions quickened, and she skipped about with great vigour and variety of steps, every now and then shrieking very loud. The scene was far from pleasant, and at his desire an end was put to it before the woman was tired. Tarantism has now become very rare, if not altogether extinct in Italy.

THE THERIDION.

The genus *Theridion*, which is one of the most widely distributed, contains some species whose bite, according to report, is quite as dangerous as that of the tarantula. Thus, in 1830 and 1833, a species of theridion appeared in such vast numbers in some parts of Spain that the peasants would not go out to their field-work in consequence of the painful bite of that creature. Those bitten became feverish, and ultimately fell into a lethargic state, which continued for two or three days in the case of the healthy and robust, but which terminated in the death of those of enfeebled constitutions. So great was the consternation created by this pest, that the Medical Society of Barcelona appointed a commission to inquire into the subject, and if possible to devise a remedy. Frictions with oil and sudorifics were found to be the most effectual antidote.

Another of this genus, *T. verecundum*, is mentioned by Professor Hentz as being well known in the southern states of North America, where its bite is reputed to be very poisonous. A glass of brandy is stated, however, to produce instant relief, and to arrest the violent symptoms by inducing a reaction in the system of the patient. Indeed all spiders are considered less or more poisonous; even the humble tenants of our own island have no good name amongst the vulgar. It is evident, nevertheless, that any injury our native species may occasion arises more from the imagination of the sufferer than

ANECDOTES OF SPIDERS.

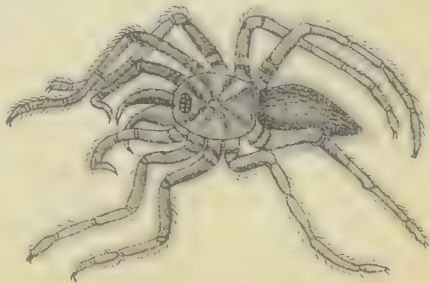
from the venom of the spider—a circumstance to which Shakspeare very happily alludes in his *Winter's Tale* :

‘ There may be in the cup
A spider steeped, and one may drink ; depart,
And yet partake no venom ; for his knowledge
Is not infected : but if one present
The abhorred ingredient to his eye, make known
How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides,
With violent hefts.’

BIRD-CATCHING SPIDERS.

That some spiders of great size occasionally prey on very small birds, was first ascertained by Madame Merian, and announced to the world in her work on the *Insects of Surinam*, published in 1705. In this work she gives a circumstantial account of the manner in which the spider seizes its prey, and a figure of a spider preying on a young humming-bird, which it seems to have taken out of its nest. As for a very long time, however, Madame Merian's statements were not confirmed by any other observer, they began to be very generally discredited ; but their accuracy has now been placed beyond dispute, and some of the great spiders of the West Indies are known to prey occasionally on young humming-birds and tree-creepers, which they seize in their nests, chiefly during the night. It is probable that some of the largest spiders of other tropical countries have similar habits ; and although Sir James Emerson Tennent tells us that he failed to obtain any evidence of the truth of the stories current as to the *Mygale fasciata* of Ceylon—a spider which, with its legs extended, covers an ordinary breakfast-plate—catching and killing birds, and is satisfied that (unless in the possible case of acute suffering from hunger) this creature shuns all descriptions of food except soft insects and annelides, yet he adds, that he was told by a lady that she saw a little house-lizard, a *gecko*, seized and devoured by one of these ugly spiders.

Bird-catching spiders belong mostly to the genus *Mygale*, none of the species of which form webs to entrap their prey, but construct a tube, which serves as their habitation, and in which they lie in wait for such animals as may come within their reach. The bird-catcher (*M. avicularia*) is the most gigantic and powerful of the genus, measuring above three inches from the



Bird-catcher.

ANECDOTES OF SPIDERS.

snout to the extremity of the abdomen, and said to be capable of extending with its feet a space of eight or ten inches. Its body is covered with a brownish down; its legs, which are as thick as a goose-quill, are closely covered with hair, and armed with claws as sharp and strong as those of some rapacious birds. It is not uncommon in South America, particularly in the tropical forests, where it fixes its tube in rents and crevices of trees, and preys on large insects, beetles, and young birds. The web with which the bird-catcher lines its den is white, of a very fine texture, and semi-transparent, like muslin.

It would seem, however, that all the bird-catching mygales are not lurkers, but that some are active hunters; for Latreille, speaking of a species found in the West Indies, says: 'It chases far and wide in search of its prey, and conceals itself beneath leaves for the purpose of surprising it; and it will climb the branches of trees to devour the young of the humming-bird. When,' continues he, 'it throws itself upon its prey, it clings to the body by means of the double hooks which terminate its tarsi, and it then strives to reach the hinder part of the head, that it may insert its fangs between the skull and the first of the cervical vertebræ. The muscular strength of this spider is very great; and it is with difficulty made to let go what it seizes, even when the surface scarcely presents a hold for the claws with which the tarsi are armed, or for the powerful fangs which assist them to kill birds and lizards. Its obstinacy and ferocity in fighting end only with its life.' We believe this is the same species to which Dampier alludes when, speaking of Campeachy, he says: 'There is a sort of spiders of a prodigious size, some nearly as big as a man's fist, with long small legs, like the spiders of England. They have two fangs, each an inch and a half long, and of a proportionable thickness, which are black as jet, smooth as glass, and, at their small end, as sharp as a thorn; these are not straight, but bending. Some persons wear them in their tobacco-pouches to pick their pipes with; others preserve them for toothpicks, especially such as are troubled with toothache, for, if report may be trusted, they will expel that pain. The backs of these spiders are covered with a dark-yellowish down, as soft as velvet. Some say they are venomous, and others that they are not; but which of these accounts is to be credited, I cannot determine.'

Besides the bird-catchers belonging to the genus *Mygale*, it would appear that other spiders, whose webs are sufficiently strong to entangle small birds, are in the habit of feasting on such prey. Thus, in 1668, a gentleman resident in Bermudas writes to his friend in England: 'Here are spiders that spin their webs betwixt trees standing seven or eight fathoms asunder; and they do their work by spirting their web into the air, where the wind carries it from tree to tree. This web when finished will snare a bird as

ANECDOTES OF SPIDERS.

big as a thrush. Yourself may prove it, for I have sent you some.' The spider here spoken of is evidently not a *Mygale*, but an *Epeira*, and the same to which Rochefort alludes in his *Natural History of the Antilles*, when he says: 'They spin webs so strong, that the little birds, when entangled therein, have much difficulty in extricating themselves.' Another writer, Percival, in his account of Ceylon, remarks: 'There is an immense spider found here, with legs not less than four inches long, and having the body covered with thick black hair. The webs which it makes are strong enough to entangle and hold even small birds, which form its usual prey.' More recently (1840), Mr M'Leay saw at Elizabeth Bay, near Sydney, 'a young bird suspended on the geometrical web of an enormous spider, which belongs to the same section as the European *Epeira diadema*. It was, when observed, already half eaten, and the spider was in the act of sucking its juices.'

MINING AND MASON SPIDERS.

These names are given to certain species of *Mygale* which burrow in the ground, and construct for themselves curious halls and galleries. They are found chiefly in South America and the West Indies, though some are natives of Southern Europe. *M. cæmentaria* constructs, in dry shelving situations exposed to the sun, a subterranean cylindrical gallery, often two feet deep, and extremely tortuous in its descent. This it lines with a tube of web, forming at its entrance a movable lid, composed of web and earth, attached to the lining by a kind of hinge; and this is adapted, by its size, situation, and weight, to close the opening so precisely as scarcely to allow its entrance to be distinguished from the neighbouring soil. When the spider enters its retreat, or passes out of it, the door shuts itself. Mr Rennie thus describes the nest of a West Indian mason spider (*M. cratiens*), which was presented to him by a friend: 'The nest is composed of very hard argillaceous earth, deeply tinged with brown oxide of iron. It is in the form of a tube, about one inch in diameter, between six and seven inches long, and slightly bent towards the lower extremity—appearing to have been rimed into the clay rather than built. The interior of the tube is lined with a uniform tapestry of silken web, of an orange-white colour, with a texture intermediate between India-paper and very fine glove-leather. But the most wonderful part of this nest is its entrance, which we look upon as the perfection of insect architecture.'



Mygale fodiens.

ANECDOTES OF SPIDERS.

A circular door, about the size of a crown-piece, slightly concave on the outside and convex within, is formed of more than a dozen layers of the same web which lines the interior, closely laid upon one another, and shaped so that the inner layers are the broadest, the outer being gradually less in diameter, except towards the hinge, which is about an inch long; and in consequence of all the layers being united there, and prolonged into the tube, it becomes the thickest and strongest part of the structure. The elasticity of the materials also gives to this hinge the remarkable peculiarity of acting like a spring, and shutting the door of the nest spontaneously. It is, besides, made to fit so accurately to the aperture, which is composed of similar concentric layers of web, that it is almost impossible to distinguish the joining by the most careful inspection. To gratify curiosity, the door has been opened and shut hundreds of times without in the least destroying the power of the spring.' There are many others of this genus whose habitations display equal ingenuity, but our limits will not permit of their description.

THE GALEODES.

A spider known as the *Galeodes vorax* is common to India and the adjoining countries of Southern Asia. It is one of the most active and voracious, as its name implies, of the spider family; and presents so many peculiarities in its habits and mode of life, that we shall transcribe at length the interesting description given by Captain Hutton in the *Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal*: 'My first observations on this species were made in 1832, at Mirzapore, where it is very abundant, and of large size. During the rainy season, it was my constant habit, on a fine evening, to spread a sheet upon the ground near my house, upon which was placed a small lantern, to attract insects. In a very short time two or three of these ravenous spiders would make their appearance at the edge of the sheet, but at a respectful distance from each other; and no sooner did a moth, or a beetle, or a cricket alight upon it, than it was snapped up and devoured before I could lay hold of it. There seemed, indeed, to be no end to the appetite of these creatures; for they continued to seize and devour everything indiscriminately that came within their reach, even to large and hard-winged beetles, cutting them to pieces with their powerful jaws with the greatest ease. Many were the deadly fights I witnessed among these marauders, as they trespassed upon each other's beats, to get possession of some newly alighted prey, and often was I obliged to kill them, in order that I too might in turn obtain some share of the booty. This species is, strictly speaking, nocturnal, though I have sometimes seen them active in the daytime; they live beneath stones, and in holes in the ground, and never construct a net or

ANECDOTES OF SPIDERS.

other trap for their prey, seizing everything by main force, as they roam about in search of food.

‘Again I fell in with this species abundantly at Neemuch, where they were also sometimes of large size. One of these I kept for some time in a vessel, the bottom of which was well supplied with earth, which had been purposely hardened by pouring water on it, and then allowing it to dry. The galeodes soon began to dig a hole, and in a very short time succeeded in making itself a subterranean retreat, in which it usually resided, seldom coming forth beyond the mouth of its den. It proceeded to dig out the earth at first with its strong jaws, cutting it away in a circle; and having thus loosened the soil, gathered it together into a heap with its anterior palpi, and threw it out behind, as a dog does in scratching a hole. When it had by this means succeeded in excavating a hole sufficiently large for it to enter, instead of throwing out the loose earth, as at first, it gathered a quantity together, and surrounding or embracing it with the anterior palpi, shoved the load by main force before it up the mouth of the cave, and then returned for more. Having completed its task, it remained for a few days stationary, and refused to feed, although previously it would devour several insects at a meal, and even small house-lizards. I now perceived that it was a female, the ova being distinctly visible through the skin of the abdomen, which was much distended.

‘The ova were deposited in the cave, to the number of more than fifty, the parent being motionless amidst them. In the course of a fortnight, these, which were of the size of a largish mustard-seed, and of whitish hue, were all hatched.

‘The young are at first motionless, and appear devoid of animation, until the period of three weeks has elapsed, at which time they cast the first skin. Their colour, which up to this time was pure milky white, now gave place to a faint tinge of pale brown, and the jaws and palpi became deep brown. They now threw off their lethargy, and began to move about, and occasionally sallied forth from the den, but instantly retreated on the slightest appearance of danger. All this time, however, they took apparently no food whatever, and yet they continued to grow both in size and activity.

‘It was indeed very interesting to watch the motions of the parent at this season. From the generally bad and ferocious character which the spider tribe bears, I fully expected to see the parent, at the first craving of appetite, commence an attack upon her own family, and devour them; but the All-wise Creator has endowed even this ferocious spider with that most powerful feeling—maternal love; and thus is the galeodes, the very tiger of the insect world, subdued at this period into the anxious and tender mother. Placing herself in front of the aperture of the cave, she seized and examined between her anterior palpi everything that entered. I tried repeatedly to arouse her anger by thrusting in straws, hoping to make

ANECDOTES OF SPIDERS.

her forget her good behaviour ; but all in vain ; for though she bit and pulled at the straws in evident anger, not once did she turn upon her offspring, although crowding round, and crawling over her very body. I then threw in some beetles and flies, upon which she vented her fury by speedily devouring them ; and I thought by this means to play her a trick. Accordingly, I withdrew two or three of the young ones from the cave, and threw in alternately a beetle and a young galeodes, thinking to deceive the parent, and make her, in the blindness of her fury, *commit infanticide*. But nature was not to be thus deceived. The unfortunate beetles were instantly seized and devoured ; but the mother knew her offspring, and drew them into the den without the slightest injury. The beetles were gathered into her jaws, but her own offspring were merely seized between the anterior palpi, and allowed to pass on unhurt.

‘ This species is extremely voracious, feeding at night upon beetles, flies, and even large lizards ; and sometimes gorging itself to such a degree as to render it almost unable to move. A lizard, three inches long, *exclusive of tail*, was entirely devoured ; the spider sprung at it, and made a seizure immediately behind the shoulder, never quitting its hold until the whole was consumed. The poor lizard struggled violently at first, rolling over and over in its agony, but the spider kept firm hold, and gradually sawed away with its double jaws into the very entrails of its victim. The only parts uneaten were the jaws and part of the skin, although the lizard was at least five inches long from nose to extremity of tail. After this meal, the spider remained gorged and motionless for about a fortnight, being much swollen and distended.

‘ A young sparrow, about half-grown, was placed under a bell-glass with a galeodes ; the moment the luckless bird moved, the spider seized him by the thigh, which he speedily sawed off, in spite of the sparrow’s fluttering ; and then, as the poor bird continued to struggle in pain, the savage seized him by the throat, and soon put an end to his sufferings by cutting off the head. It did not, however, devour the bird, nor any part of it, but seemed satisfied with having killed it.

‘ On another occasion I gave it a large garden-lizard, which was instantly seized by the middle of the body ; the lizard, finding that it could not shake off its adversary, turned its head, and bit the galeodes on one leg, which obliged it immediately to quit its hold and retreat. On another occasion, my friend, Dr Baddeley, confined one of these spiders in a wall-shade with two young musk-rats (*Sorex Indicus*), both of which were killed by it.

‘ When two of these spiders are confined in a vessel together, both endeavour to make their escape, as if conscious of their mutual danger. If, in their efforts to get away, they are brought into contact, the one instantly seizes the other, and devours him, the

ANECDOTES OF SPIDERS.

victim making no struggles whatever ; but if they meet face to face, both enter into a wrestling-match for life or death.

‘They plant their true feet firmly on the ground, the body at the same time being elevated, and the two pair of palpi held out in front to ward off the attack. In this attitude they advance and retire, according as either gains a slight advantage, endeavouring to throw each other to one side, so as to expose some vulnerable part, or form an opening for attack ; and when this is once effected, the fortunate wrestler instantly takes advantage of it, and rushing in, seizes his adversary behind the thorax, and the combat is ended ; the vanquished victim yielding himself without further struggle to his inevitable fate.

‘The usual size of an adult specimen of *Galeodes* is about $2\frac{1}{2}$ to $2\frac{3}{4}$ inches long, and the body or abdomen equal to a thrush’s egg. When in motion, the body is elevated off the ground, and the two pair of palpi, or feelers, are stretched out, ready to make a seizure ; it progresses therefore solely upon the true legs, which spring from the thorax, and are six in number. The head is armed with two strong and formidable chelæ, or double jaws, answering to the long cheliform fore-arms of the scorpion . . . eyes two, and placed on the top of the head, between the base of the jaws ; the colour generally is sandy-brown, and the body soft, and clothed with short mouse-coloured hairs ; the limbs, and especially the palpi, are furnished with long coarse hairs. . . . In seizing its prey, one pair of jaws keeps hold, while the other is advanced to cut ; and they thus alternately advance and hold till the victim is sawed in two. The only sound they emit is a hissing or rustling, caused by the friction of the two pair of chelæ, as they are advanced and withdrawn ; this is only heard when the spider is suddenly disturbed or irritated.’

Such are the habits and peculiarities of the *Galeodes vorax*—a species generally regarded with disgust and aversion. It is found in most parts of India, in the Burman empire and in Afghanistan, where it has been mistaken for the tarantula. In cases where they fix their habitation in a garden, these great spiders have been known to render good service by devouring larvæ, grubs, cockroaches, and other noxious insects ; and there is no reason to doubt that they serve some wise and useful purpose in the general economy of nature.

FOREIGN SPIDERS OF VARIOUS GENERA.

Speaking of the zoology of Rio de Janeiro, Mr Darwin observes that the number of spiders, in proportion to insects, is there, as compared with England, very much larger. ‘The variety of species among the jumping spiders appears almost infinite. The genus, or rather family, of *Epeira* is here characterised by many singular

ANECDOTES OF SPIDERS.

forms : some species have pointed coriaceous shells, others enlarged and spiny limbs. Every path in the forest is barricaded with the strong yellow web of a species belonging to the same division with the *E. clavipes* of Fabricius, which was formerly said by Sloane to make, in the West Indies, webs so strong as to catch birds. A small and pretty kind of spider, with very long fore-legs, and which appears to belong to an undescribed genus, lives as a parasite on almost every one of these webs. I suppose it is too insignificant to be noticed by the great epeira, and is therefore allowed to prey on the minute insects which, adhering to the lines, would otherwise be wasted. When frightened, this little spider either feigns death by extending its front legs, or suddenly drops from the web.

‘A large epeira, of the same division with *E. tuberculata* and *conica*, is extremely common, especially in dry situations. Its web, which is generally placed among the great leaves of the common agavé, is sometimes strengthened near the centre by a pair or even four zigzag ribbons, which connect two adjoining rays. When any large insect, as a grasshopper or wasp, is caught, the spider, by a dexterous movement, makes it revolve very rapidly, and at the same time emitting a band of thread from its spinners, soon envelops its prey in a case like the cocoon of a silk-worm. The spider now examines the powerless victim, and gives the fatal bite on the hinder part of its thorax ; then, retreating, patiently waits till the poison has taken effect. The virulence of this poison may be judged of from the fact, that in half a minute I opened the mesh, and found a large wasp quite lifeless. This spider always stands with its head downward near the centre of this web. When disturbed, it acts differently according to circumstances. If there is a thicket below, it suddenly falls down ; and I have distinctly seen the thread from the spinners lengthened by the animal, while yet stationary, as preparatory to its fall. If the ground is clear beneath, the spider seldom falls, but moves quickly through a central passage from one to the other side. When still further disturbed, it practises a curious manœuvre : standing in the middle, it violently jerks the web, which is attached to elastic twigs, till at last the whole acquires such a rapid vibratory movement that even the outline of the spider's body becomes indistinct.’

Though it is thus omnipotent over the majority of insects, there are some of these more than a match for the most ferocious spiders, even making their carcasses a regular article of dietary. The same authority mentions a deadly contest which he once witnessed between a pepsis and a large spider of the genus *Lycosa*. ‘The wasp made a sudden dash at its prey, and then flew away. The spider was evidently wounded ; for, trying to escape, it rolled down a little slope, but had still strength sufficient to crawl into a thick tuft of grass. The wasp soon returned, and, surprised at not immediately finding its victim, it then commenced as regular a hunt as ever

ANECDOTES OF SPIDERS.

hound did after fox; making short semicircular casts, and all the time rapidly vibrating its wings and antennæ. The spider, though well concealed, was soon discovered; and the wasp, evidently still afraid of its adversary's jaws, after much manœuvring, inflicted two stings on the under side of its thorax. At last, carefully examining with its antennæ the now motionless spider, it proceeded to drag away the body.'

The species of which we have yet spoken are strictly solitary in their habits; indeed, we question whether all spiders are not the same in this respect, being only brought into proximity by favourable locality or abundance of food. Mr Darwin, however, states that he found, near St Té Bajada, many large black spiders, with ruby-coloured marks on their backs, having *gregarious* habits. 'The webs,' says he, 'were placed vertically, as is invariably the case with the genus *Epeira*. They were separated from each other by a space of about two feet; but were all attached to certain common lines, which were of great length, and extended to all parts of the community. In this manner the tops of some large bushes were encompassed by the united nets. Azara has described a gregarious spider in Paraguay, which Walckenaer thinks must be a theridion, but probably it is an *epeira*, and perhaps even the same species with mine. I cannot, however, recollect seeing a central nest as large as a hat, in which during autumn, when the spiders die, Azara says the eggs are deposited. As all the spiders which I saw were of the same size, they must have been nearly of the same age. This gregarious habit in so typical a genus as *Epeira*, among creatures which are so bloodthirsty and solitary that even the two sexes attack each other, is a very singular fact.'

The singularity of the webs of several foreign species has attracted much attention. In Java, some of these are said to be so strong and tough that they are not easily divided without a knife, and in this case quite capable of entangling not only insects, but birds and small quadrupeds. In the Cordilleras, Mr Darwin found nets constructed after the manner of those of our garden-spider; but instead of all the rays being netted, only two were woven together, so that the web was of a wedge-shape. Perhaps the most ingenious exhibition of net-working which we have read is that of an Australian spider, related by a correspondent of the *Zoologist* for January 1846: 'In the middle of last April I was particularly struck with the singular habits of a spider, which had constructed his web between a high fence and the gable-end of my house [in Sydney]; these being about ten yards from each other, and the web being about midway between them. As soon as the web was finished, the spider procured a leaf, and having rolled it up in the form of an extinguisher, he fixed it in the very centre of the web, with the point upwards. In this domicile he remained at rest until some prey was entangled in the web, when he immediately pounced upon it, and conveyed it to his mansion to be

ANECDOTES OF SPIDERS.

devoured. Whether the object of this singular contrivance was protection from the weather, or concealment from his prey, or both combined, I am unable to say; but it struck me as very ingenious. Had the domicile been placed at the extremity of the lines, the spider would have had at least five yards of line to traverse before reaching the centre of the web, and of course the same distance to return with his prey. One wet and windy night spider and all disappeared.'

With the exception of the Javanese spiders, all that we have yet mentioned weave comparatively small and slender fabrics. This is not the case, however, with a Brazilian spider noticed by Dr Walsh, and apparently the same with the large *Epeira* found by Mr Darwin in the neighbourhood of Rio de Janeiro; at least both weave strong yellow webs, and have semi-gregarious habits. The doctor's account of it is as follows: 'Among the insects is an enormous spider, which I did not observe elsewhere. In passing through an opening between some trees, I felt my head entangled in some obstructions, and on withdrawing it, my straw-hat remained behind. When I looked up, I saw it suspended in the air, entangled in the meshes of an immense cobweb, which was drawn like a veil of thick gauze across the opening, and was expanded from branch to branch of the opposite trees, as large as a sheet ten or twelve feet in diameter. The whole of this space was covered with spiders of the same species, but different sizes; some of them, when their legs were expanded, forming a circle of six or seven inches in circumference. They were particularly distinguished by bright spots. The cords composing the web were of a glossy yellow, like the fibres of silk-worms, and equally strong. I wound off several on a card, and they extended to the length of three or four yards.' Sir James Emerson Tennent tells us of a spider of Ceylon—the *Olios Trapobanius*—very common in that island, and remarkable for the fiery-red hue of its under surface, that 'it spins a moderate-sized web, hung vertically between two sets of lines, stretched one above the other athwart the pathways.' 'Some of the cords,' he adds, 'thus carried horizontally from tree to tree at a considerable height from the ground, are so strong as to cause a painful check across the face when moving quickly against them; and more than once in riding I have had my hat lifted off my head by a single line.' One cannot read these accounts without concluding that such a product, if found in abundance, might be successfully applied to some economical purpose. Indeed, the application of spider-web has already been attempted, with various success, to the manufacture of a kind of silk, of which we shall now give some account.

SPIDER-SILK.

The idea of obtaining silk from the produce of the spider occurred first, we believe, to Reaumur, who for that purpose collected the egg-bags or cocoons, and not the webs, of the common garden-spider.

ANECDOTES OF SPIDERS.

Having obtained, with some trouble, thirteen ounces of these bags, he had them beaten and washed, to free them from extraneous impurities. After this they were steeped in a solution of soap, nitre, and gum-arabic, and then boiled in the same mixture over a slow fire. Clean warm water was then used to free them from the soap, &c.; and having been laid for some days to dry, they were loosened with the fingers previously to being carded by the common silk-carders. By this process a beautiful ash-coloured silk is said to have been obtained, easy to be spun, and much stronger in the thread than that of the silk-worm. This was woven in a stocking-weaver's loom. The thirteen ounces of bags yielded about four ounces of silk, three of which were sufficient for the manufacture of a pair of stockings. This experiment fully demonstrated the capabilities of spider-silk; but the impossibility of obtaining abundance of the raw material precluded any further application of the discovery. Naturally, the substance is concealed, or torn and scattered about in insignificant quantities; and to rear spiders artificially, as we do the silk-worm, has been found impossible, in consequence of their hostile and ferocious natures. Reaumur placed 5000 in fifty different cells, and fed them on insects and proper juices; notwithstanding, the larger devoured the smaller, till in a short time only two or three were left in each compartment.

More recently, a gentleman of the name of Rolt received an honorary medal from the London Society of Arts for obtaining silk from the produce of the same spider. In Mr Rolt's experiment, the silk was obtained directly from the spinnerets of the animal, and not from its egg-bags or cocoons. He connected a small reel with the steam-engine of the factory in which he was occupied, and putting it in motion, at the rate of 150 feet per minute, found that a full-grown spider would thus continue to afford an unbroken thread during from three to five minutes. The specimen of this silk which Mr Rolt presented to the Society was wound off from twenty-four spiders in two hours. Its length was estimated at 18,000 feet, its colour was white, and its lustre of metallic brilliancy, owing probably to its great opacity. Mr Rolt did not attempt to combine two or more filaments into one winding, nor to form it into thread by throwing. The thread of the garden-spider is so much finer than that of the silk-worm, that the united strength of five of the former is, according to Mr Rolt, equal only to one of the latter; and assuming that the weight is in proportion to the strength, and that a spider will yield twice a year a thread 750 feet in length, while that produced by a single silk-worm is 1900 feet, it follows that the produce of one silk-worm is equal to that of $6\frac{1}{2}$ spiders. 'Now,' says the Report in the Society's Transactions, 'as on an average it takes 3500 silk-worms to produce a pound of silk, it would take about 22,000 spiders to produce an equal quantity. Besides, spiders are not so easily confined as silk-worms, and whenever two come in contact, a battle

ANECDOTES OF SPIDERS.

ensues, which ends in the destruction of the weaker one. Spiders kept for silk must therefore be each in separate dens or cells; and the apparatus contrived by Mr Rolt for this purpose, though very ingenious, and well adapted to carry on a course of experiments with a hundred or two, would manifestly be wholly inapplicable to any purpose of commercial utility.' Such has been the result of the experiments to obtain silk from spiders. The scantiness of the produce, the impossibility of rearing the animals in communities, and, above all, the difficulty of supplying them with food, leave little or no hope of amendment.

Strange as it may seem, spiders have otherwise had, or still have, some economical importance attached to them. 'Medicinally,' says Hentz, 'the web is narcotic, and has been administered internally in some cases of fever with success.' The web of the common house-spider has long been employed in stopping the effusion of blood. 'Good Master Cobweb,' says Bottom, 'if I cut my finger, I will make bold with thee.' Though spiders are regarded by us with aversion, there are savage tribes who eat them. Sparman says that the Bashie men consider them as dainties; and Labillardière asserts that the inhabitants of New Caledonia seek for and devour large quantities of a spider nearly an inch long, which they roast over a fire.





ADVENTURES OF ROBERT DRURY.

VOYAGE TO INDIA.

I WAS born on the 24th of July 1687, in Crutched Friars, London, where my father then lived; but soon after, he removed to the Old Jewry, near Cheapside, where he kept, for several years afterwards, that noted house called the *King's Head*, a famous beef-steak house in its day, and a great resort of merchants and other gentlemen. Reared in London, and often about the Thames, I acquired an unconquerable desire to go to sea; and though my parents did everything in their power to give me a good education, and promised to push me on in the world, if I would abandon this notion, I persevered in my obstinate resolution. Not all the entreaties of my poor dear mother, though she once begged me on her knees, nor the persuasions of my father or any other friends, could make the least impression on me.

When they found their endeavours were ineffectual, they formed a new scheme to wean me from a sea-life. This was to procure me a short voyage, hoping that the many dangers and hardships to which I should be exposed, and should see others undergo, would deter me from persevering in that course of life.

As wilful persons never want woe, such was my obstinacy, that

nothing would content me but what contributed to my ruin ; and Providence justly frustrated all my hopes, by indulging me in the choice I had so foolishly and ungratefully made, in direct opposition to my duty to my affectionate parents. When it was proposed that I should take a short voyage, I insisted that nothing but a voyage to the East Indies would please me ; for no other reason that I can think of, than that I had a cousin in the East India Company's service at Calcutta. It was accordingly resolved to gratify this whim. My father, however, shewed a due concern for my comfort and welfare, by the manner in which he fitted me out. He supplied me plentifully with provisions, clothes, and other necessaries for the voyage ; besides which, I had a cargo to trade on, to the value of a hundred pounds, which was a large trust for a boy of not yet fourteen years of age. I went as a passenger, well recommended to Captain William Younge, with whom my passage and the freight of my cargo were agreed for, and we soon after embarked.

The vessel Captain Younge commanded was the *Degrave*, of 700 tons burden, and carrying 52 guns. She was a regular India trader, and, like all others of her class, required to be well armed for the sake of defence. The parting with my mother was not without pain ; but I was a giddy boy, and soon recovered my spirits. The ship dropped pleasantly down the Thames to the Nore, and passed through the Downs on February 19, 1701. Nothing remarkable occurred during the outward-bound voyage. In our route, we stopped a week at the Canaries, and arrived at Fort George, in the East Indies, in three months and twenty days from the Downs. Two days after, we weighed anchor, and sailed to Mastapatan, where we staid a month, and then proceeded to complete our voyage to Bengal.

On arriving at Calcutta, my cousin came on board, and offered to assist in disposing of my goods ; but the captain discovering that he was far from being trustworthy, took charge of my cargo, and sold the whole to good advantage, taking in exchange the commodities of the country. While lying at this port, we lost many of our crew by fever ; and, worst of all, at length Captain Younge also died, leaving his son, who was second-mate, to take charge of the ship. This was a serious disaster, for our new commander was an inexperienced young man, not fit for so important a trust. The number of deaths on board caused us to wait a considerable time to recruit the ship's company. During this period of inaction, I learned to swim, and frequently amused myself by swimming in the Hooghly. I became so exceedingly expert in this art, that I could swim several miles up or down the river.

Our business being finished at Bengal, and our crew greatly renewed, we sailed on our homeward voyage, having on board 120 hands, some of them Lascars, besides two women and myself, and a few other passengers. As we were going down the river, our ship ran aground, and stuck fast ; but there being a very strong tide, it

turned her round, and we got off the next high water without any damage, as we imagined. This accident proved the cause of the sad misfortune which soon after overtook us. On getting out to sea, the vessel was found to have sprung a leak, and we were obliged to keep two chain-pumps continually at work. We were two months in this distressing condition, every man taking his turn at the severe labour of pumping. It was a joyful sight to see the island of Mauritius rising on the horizon, and we were all still more delighted to arrive at the island, which lies about 600 miles to the east of Madagascar. This fine island was inhabited by the Dutch,* who treated us with great kindness and humanity, assisting us with whatever was in their power. We made a tent on shore, in which we stowed great part of our cargo, in order to lighten the ship, and discover the leak. In this search, which could not have been properly performed, the sailors were unsuccessful, and the captain gave it up as hopeless. A month was spent on the island. Having taken on board plenty of good fish, turtle, and goats, with some beef, we departed, shaping our course directly for the Cape of Good Hope.

The infatuation of going to sea with a leaky vessel is more than I can possibly account for. Whatever motive urged the captain to do such an act of folly, he and all of us were severely punished for it. When we had been gone a few days from Mauritius, the leak gained on us more and more, and it was with great difficulty the ship could be kept above water. Young as I was, I saw that we were on the verge of destruction, and now repented in tears the madness of putting myself in the way of such a catastrophe. It was dreadful to see the exertions which the men made to keep the vessel from sinking. They wrought incessantly at the pumps; but the water came in as quickly as it was pumped and bailed out, and gained gradually, in spite of every effort. All were spent with fatigue, and despair settled on every countenance. According to our reckoning, we were a hundred leagues southward of Madagascar; and to lighten the ship, several guns and much of the heavy goods were heaved overboard. The captain was for continuing our course to the Cape, 600 leagues distant, but the ship's company in general opposed it, being of opinion that they could not keep her above water long enough, and were in favour of running to Madagascar, which was the nearest land.

The peril we were in did not admit of delay, and by urgent persuasion the captain ordered 'bout ship, and put back for Madagascar. The wind favouring us, the water-logged vessel got on somewhat better in its new course; and on the third day I was sent along with the captain's boy up to the mast-head to look out for land, since nobody else could be so well spared. In such apparent danger, my

* The Dutch afterwards abandoned Mauritius; and in 1721 it was taken possession of by the French, by whom it was called the Isle of France. The British took it from the French in 1810.—ED.

being a passenger was no excuse. Accordingly, I went up, and sat there two hours and a half, looking across the broad ocean for the much-desired land. At length a speck seemed to rise on the horizon, and I asked my comrade if that were land; for I feared to call out, and inspire men in such desperate circumstances with groundless hopes: they were not, I knew, in a frame of mind to be trifled with. I therefore did not call out till I could plainly discover a white cliff, and a smoke at a distance from it, whereupon I boldly shouted: 'Land! land!'

At this joyful news, several sailors immediately ran up the shrouds, and even the captain himself, to make his observations. One among them knew the land, and said it was Port Dauphin, and that the king of that part of the island—all the people being negroes, in a savage state—was an enemy to all white men, and treated all the Europeans who fell into his hands in a barbarous manner. This king, he said, was called Samuel, and he advised us by all means to avoid landing on his territories. This information put us into the utmost confusion and despair, and proved indeed our ruin. The man who made the discouraging report spoke his real sentiments; but he laboured under a mistake, as we afterwards discovered. King Samuel had, it appears, received an affront from the crew of a French vessel, and he ever afterwards attacked all French without mercy who put into his dominions; he had, however, no animosity against any other white nation, but the reverse; so that, had we put in there, we had at least saved our lives and some of our cargo. Under the erroneous impression made by the sailor, we unfortunately steered westward along the coast, to see if a proper landing-place could be found.

Crawling onward in this wretched condition, we kept a look-out for some safe spot to run the vessel aground. Nothing of the kind was to be seen; and the ship, staggering in the water, threatened every instant to be swamped. The men now went to the captain and asked him what he proposed to do, for the ship could swim no longer. He asked them if they approved of his running the vessel on shore at all risks, to which they all agreed, crying out: 'Anything to save our lives.' It would have been of great importance to get ashore in an orderly manner; but this could not be done, in consequence of another blunder of the captain. We had lost our long-boat and pinnace at Bengal, and the captain not taking the trouble to replace them, we had but one small boat left. In this juncture, an attempt was made to ease the vessel by cutting away the masts, and throwing everything overboard, hoping she would drive high on the beach. This failed, and now our only chance of getting through the breakers that dashed on the shore was by the small boat, and a raft made with some planks and yards.

While engaged making the raft, some of the natives who were fishing saw our distress, and made a smoke to guide us to the shore;

but although this looked like kindness, we entertained a poor opinion of the intentions of the savages. The raft was finished that night, and it was arranged that the attempt to land should be made in the morning.

After a dismal night, day dawned, and all prepared to leave the ill-fated vessel. The first thing done was to send Mr Pratt, our chief-mate, and four men in the boat, with a long rope for a warp, to fasten on the land. A great sea constantly runs here upon the rocks, and before they got to land, their boat was staved in pieces; however, being pretty near it, by the help of some of the natives, who were negroes, they saved that part of the boat to which the rope was fastened. We had two Englishwomen on board: one of them would not venture on the raft, nor would the captain; but the other woman and about forty or fifty of us did: I stripped off all my clothes, but took two purses of money and a silver cup, and tied them fast round my middle. We hauled by the rope towards the shore, but were no sooner among the breakers than the first sea upset the raft, and washed us off: some swam to the raft again, but were soon washed off; and though the woman was drowning just by me, yet I could not save her. I sank under every wave, and with great difficulty got on shore, as did every one else on the raft, except the woman. There was such a surf running, and the sea broke so high, that we durst not venture out with the raft again, which the captain perceiving, ordered the cable to be cut, and let the ship drive nearer the land, where she soon beat to pieces. The captain got on shore with his father's heart in his hand, which, according to his request when dying, was put into a bottle, in order to be brought to England and buried at Dover.

At length they all got on shore on pieces of the ship, planks, &c., two men only excepted, who were drowned, and the woman before mentioned: the other woman escaped, though she was so full of water, as well as some others, that we were obliged to roll and rub them well, to make them disgorge the water. We laid them also before a great fire made for that purpose, and in a little time they revived. We were in all above 160, including the Lascars.

The country now began to be alarmed, and we had already two or three hundred negroes flocking round us, picking up several pieces of silk and fine calicoes: the muslin they had little or no regard for. Our goods were driven ashore in whole bales; for what with saltpetre and other things, we reckoned there might be 300 tons left, after all that was thrown overboard at sundry times before.

One of the negroes brought an ox to us, and intimated by signs that we should kill him; but we made signs to them again to shoot him for us, we having no ammunition. When one of them perceived this, he lent us his gun, ready charged, and with it one of our men shot the bullock dead on the spot.

It was extremely shocking to see the negroes cut the beast, skin

ADVENTURES OF ROBERT DRURY.

and flesh together, then toss them into the fire, or ashes, as it happened, and eat them half roasted. I shuddered for fear they should devour us in like manner; for they seemed to me to be a kind of cannibals, of whom I had heard very dreadful stories: everything, in short, appeared horrible to nature, and excited in us the most dismal apprehensions.

Being very much at the mercy of the barbarians into whose hands we had fallen, they used no ceremony in taking possession of every article that had belonged to the ship. While some were busily engaged in opening our bales, and taking what they liked best, I observed that several of them regarded the iron they found much more than all those goods we usually look on as valuable, and took great pains to break all such pieces of timber as had iron in them. I broke open my chest, and took out only one suit of clothes, leaving the rest to those who had most mind for them.

ADVENTURES AFTER SHIPWRECK.

Our shipwreck had been conducted with so little regard to future proceedings, or even the preservation of our lives against the attacks of the natives, that the whole company were now exposed to any fresh misery that might ensue. As I was a mere boy, and had no right to advise one way or another, I necessarily submitted to the decision of others. Our captain, whose rashness and folly had caused all our disasters, proved equally incompetent in this new posture of affairs. He could give no directions; and two days and nights were spent very miserably on the shore, without coming to any resolution, or knowing what to do.

On the third evening, about nine o'clock, we heard a man call out 'Hollo!' at a great distance, like an Englishman, who, being immediately answered, came nearer, and asked who we were. Having given him the required information, he sat down with us by our fire, and told us the object of his visit. 'He was one of the crew of an English vessel, commanded by Captain Drummond, a Scotchman, which had been two months before wrecked on the island; and the captain and crew, including a Captain Steward, were now detained by the king of this part of the country, and would gladly make their escape. He, our visitant, whose name was Sam, had been deputed by the king to bring information as to who we were, and what we wanted. Sam further gave us an idea of the condition of things in Madagascar. The whole island, he said, which was as large as Great Britain, was altogether inhabited by negroes, forming a great many petty kingdoms, which were almost continually at war with each other. All were much on a level as to barbarism, but they were generally acquainted with the use of firearms and gunpowder, which, with other articles, they got from English, Dutch, and other traders, in exchange principally for slaves. The capturing of slaves,

in order to carry on this trade, was a main cause of the numerous wars between the different kings and chiefs. The only king who possessed the inclination to help distressed English sailors was King Samuel, a man who had once been in Europe, and acquired some civilised habits; and although he had a great enmity to the French, he would have succoured us had we put into Port Dauphin.

Sam having made an end of his story, to which everybody listened with the utmost attention, we parted, and went with heavy hearts to our respective quarters, which were under the bushes. It was very late, and we endeavoured to repose ourselves as well as we could. The pieces of muslin served us to spread on the ground for beds; but as for my own part, I could not close my eyes to rest. I now began to reflect on my former obstinacy and perverseness. The thought of my tender mother's begging me on her knees not to go to sea, gave me the most distracting torture. I could now see my error, and repent, but who could I blame but myself? Here were many poor men who had no other way to live, but I was reduced to no such necessity: I ran headlong into misery, and severely felt the effects of it. Tears I shed in plenty, but could not with any justice complain of fate or Providence, for my punishment was but the natural result of my own ill conduct.

We were all up by daylight, and most of my fellow-sufferers got as little rest as I; for the man's relation had made us give over all hopes of relief, and nothing but sorrow, distress, and despair appeared in all its dismal forms in each man's face, according to his different constitution. We had saved neither arms nor ammunition, the want of which completed our ruin; for nearly 170 of us would have made our way through that part of the country we wanted to travel, had we but wherewithal to defend ourselves.

About one o'clock in the afternoon, the king came down with about 200 negroes. They brought no firearms with them, lest we should seize them by force, but they were armed with lances. As soon as we saw them approaching us, we all stood together in a body, with our captain at the head of us. When they drew near, he called Sam and asked him who was our captain. As soon as he was informed, he came up to him, and took him by the hand, and said in a familiar manner: 'Salamonger, captain;' which is a term of salutation much like our saying: 'Your servant, sir.' The captain returned the compliment, Sam having informed him before in what manner he should behave himself to the king. His majesty brought with him four large bullocks, six calabashes of *toake* (a kind of drink), ten baskets of potatoes, and two pots of honey, all which he presented to our captain; and gave us, moreover, two or three earthen pots to dress our victuals in. We immediately roasted the potatoes. The king staid two hours with us before he withdrew to the cottage where he proposed to lodge that night, and asked several questions about our ship, and the manner of her being lost. He

told the captain he was heartily sorry for his misfortune, though in my opinion that was nothing but a compliment; for, as I found afterwards, he was more brutish and dishonest than most of the other kings on the island; and his whole nation were clothed for many years out of the effects they saved from our wreck.

The next morning, he paid us another visit, and then he told us that he expected we should prepare to go along with him to his town, and there we should remain till some ships should come to trade, when we might return to our own country. The captain suspecting this to be a mere artifice, told Sam to say that he would think of the proposal. Upon this, the king departed, and gave us no further trouble at that time.

As soon as he was gone, the captain called us all together, and in a very pathetic speech, addressed us as follows: 'I am now on an equality with the meanest man here present; my fortune is as low, and my life is as little to be regarded: I do not pretend, therefore, to command, but to consult with you what is most expedient to be done in the present unhappy situation of our affairs. However,' said he, 'I am happy in this, that though my own life and liberty are lost as well as yours, yet this misfortune is not anywise chargeable on me, for I would rather have kept on my course to the Cape of Good Hope in a leaky ship, than put in here; but you strenuously opposed it; for death in my opinion is to be preferred to our present and prospective condition. In death, our sorrows would have ended; but now, who can tell the troubles and torments we shall yet undergo?' At this the tears stood in his eyes. 'Consider, gentlemen,' said he, 'we have neither arms nor ammunition wherewith to defend ourselves, and I have endeavoured to prevail on the king to give us a passage through his country to a sea-port, but in vain. Think of it, therefore, and consult your own safety as well as you can: be but of one mind, and I am ready to comply with anything you would have me do. As for my own life, I set no value upon it; it would not now be worth preserving, but for the hopes I have of being serviceable to my friends. Remember, I must return an answer to-morrow morning, and I will advise nothing, nor do anything without your concurrence.'

We went together and consulted as the captain advised, and came soon to an agreement, for the matter in debate lay within a small compass. The king had refused to give us leave to go to a sea-port, and we had no arms to fight and force our way, if we could have found it. We therefore determined to go quietly up the country with the king to his place of residence, where we were in hopes of seeing and conversing with Captain Drummond, Captain Steward, and the other people, who, being gallant and courageous men, and by this time somewhat acquainted with the natives, might probably be capable of giving us some proper and seasonable advice.

Next morning, the king paid the captain a visit; they saluted each

other in the usual manner, and sat down together upon the sand, whilst we all stood round them. Soon after, the king ordered Sam to ask the captain if he was ready to go, for it would be best to walk in the cool of the morning, and rest at noon. The captain observed that he did not ask whether he was inclined to go or not, as might reasonably have been expected, since he pretended to give him time to consider of it, but peremptorily asked if he was ready to go. The captain answered that we were. At this, the king seemed fully satisfied, and ordered Sam to tell us he would breakfast first, and advised us to do so too, that we might be the better enabled to perform our journey.

We had little satisfaction, however, in eating and drinking, especially since the hour was come in which we were obliged to leave the sea-side; and it galled us severely to think how we were forced up the country like a flock of sheep, at the pleasure of a parcel of barbarous negroes, without any power to make terms for ourselves like men. The king having sent, the word was given to march. I was ready in an instant, for I carried nothing with me but what I brought ashore; but many of our people took pieces of silk and fine calico. We assembled together, and went to the place where the king's tent was pitched. We were no sooner come than he was for marching. We left the sea with heavy hearts, looking very wishfully back as long as we could discern it; and as often as we did, we observed the negroes hard at work breaking up our bales, and enriching themselves with the plunder of our goods. In short, they were so busy that but few went back with the king.

Our people were but ill disposed for travelling, since everybody was tired with working and want of rest. Many were lamed with hurts received in getting on shore; some were also without shoes, and most of us had but bad ones. Then, again, the country near the sea-side, and some few miles further, is full of short underwood and thorny shrubs, which tore our clothes to rags; for the path was very narrow, and, before this accident, but little frequented; the ground also was sandy, so that when the sun was advanced pretty high, it scorched our feet to that degree that we were scarcely able to walk.

About noon we came to one of their small mean villages, consisting of about eight or ten houses, or rather huts; for they were not above six or seven feet high, and about eight or nine feet in length, and their doors not above three or four feet high. Our people crept into these hovels to rest, and to see what they could meet with to refresh themselves. Some found honey, others milk, and others beef; for the king had given us free permission to take whatever eatables came to hand. The inhabitants were all absent, the men at the sea-side taking advantage of the wreck, and the women and children fled into the woods at our approach. We passed several of these poor villages, but saw few of the people. Here we reposed

till the heat was abated, when we made ourselves but a poor compensation by robbing them of their trifles, while they were enriching themselves with our most valuable commodities.

In the cool of the evening we marched again, and in a little time came to a more open and better road. As we were now some miles from the sea, the king left us, and went before to his seat, leaving us to march at our leisure, having taken care that we should not want provisions, and left his chief officer strict orders to supply us with whatever we wanted, and what the country could afford.

At night we came to another of these little villages, where we killed a bullock, and got a few earthen pots to cook our meat in. The water was very thick and nasty, they having none but what they brought from a great distance, out of holes and pits in the woods, and kept in calabashes, or long tubs, which hold about four or five gallons each ; however, it served our purpose, for at that time we were not very curious. We reposed ourselves on the ground in the best manner we could, and rose the next morning by daylight. We had beef for our breakfast, without any bread, or roots in the place of it, and our meat was full of sand ; however, eating and drinking was the least of our concern at that time. We passed this day much after the same manner as the one before, with this difference only, that those who wanted shoes were sadly harassed in the woods.

On the third day of our march we came to our journey's end. We were obliged to walk much faster than either of the two former, having more ground to traverse, and less time to do it in ; for we were ordered to be at the king's town before sunset. I missed one of my purses in this day's journey : the loss of it was not of any great importance to me at that time, for it would have been of little service to me had I kept it ; but the loss of a medal afterwards, which my dear mother had presented me with as a testimony of her love and a token to remember her, was no small addition to my other misfortunes.

The residence of this king is about fifty miles from the sea-side ; for I reckon we might travel sixteen or seventeen miles a day. It stands in a wood, secured with trees all round, which seem to have been planted there when very young : they grow very regular and tall, and so close together that a small dog cannot pass between them. The outworks are likewise armed with large strong thorns, so that there is no breaking through or climbing over them. There are but two passages or gates, which are so narrow that two only can go abreast. One of these is to the northward, and the other to the southward : the whole is about a mile in circumference.

When we came near our journey's end, we halted, whilst Sam went to inform the king of our arrival. We were ordered to wait till he was ready for our reception ; our captain, too, put us into the best form he could, ordering all our baggage, and such things as our people brought with them, to be lodged under a tamarind

tree, and three or four Lascars to look after them. The king soon sent for us, and we marched in order by fours. He was sitting on a mat, cross-legged, in the open air, just before the door of his palace, with a gun leaning on his shoulder, and a brace of pistols lying by his side; his sons and kinsmen sat in the same manner on the ground, on each hand of him, armed with guns and lances; the natives joined them on both sides, and formed together a semicircle; most of these were likewise furnished with guns and lances. There were mats spread from one end of the people to the other for us to sit on; so that when we had joined them, the assembly assumed a circular form. We were somewhat concerned to see them all thus in arms, till Sam informed us that they never go from one house to another without them.

As soon as we were seated, the king (by Sam) assured the captain he was welcome, and sent for ten calabashes of toake: six he gave to our people, three to his own, and one he reserved for our captain and himself. He also sent for Captain Drummond, Captain Steward, and the rest of their company. Captain Younger arose to salute them; and after the usual compliments were passed, the captains sat down together. The king ordered a servant to pour out some toake into a clean earthen cup, which he kept for his own use, and drank it up without drinking to anybody, but ordered some more to be poured out for our captain in another cup; but as it was dirty, he refused it: the king asked Sam the reason of it, who told him the truth, so he sent a man immediately to wash it. The captain indeed expected to be served out of the king's cup, but Sam informed him that neither black nor white, nor even his wives or children, ever drank out of his cup; and this is the general custom of the country.

When I saw the servant returning with the cup our captain had refused, I took out my silver one, and presented it to him. After we had all drunk out of it, the king wished to see it, and was so wonderfully pleased with it, that he desired to keep it; but the captain informed him that it was none of his, but belonged to a lad who was behind him. I called to Sam, and desired him to acquaint the king, that since so many people had drunk out of it, I humbly conceived it could not be fit for his use. At this, he and the people round him laughed heartily. He ordered me to stand up, that he might see me: however, I saved my cup this time. Night drawing on, he withdrew, ordering us a bullock for our supper. Notwithstanding his courteous reception of us, he would not trust us all to lie within the gates of the town. Our captain, Mr Pratt, our chief-mate, Mr Bembo, our second-mate, and myself, were the only persons who were so far indulged. We had a hut ordered us next to that of Captain Drummond and his companions; but the rest of the people lay without the gates under the trees. In this manner we lived for some few days.

ADVENTURES OF ROBERT DRURY.

Every morning, we went, as was expected, in a body to visit the king; but one morning he ordered Sam to inform us that he had an inveterate enemy to the westward, who had hitherto proved too powerful for him, but since his gods had been so indulgent as to send some white men into his dominions, he would embrace so favourable an opportunity once more to try his strength with our assistance. But in the meantime he should be obliged to distribute us among his sons, who lived at distant towns, not only for the convenience of providing for such a number of us (there not being room enough in this town), but to ease himself of a charge which was too great and burdensome for him to support alone. He also sent to me this night to beg the silver cup before mentioned, with which request (knowing it was in his power to take it by force, if he thought fit) I readily complied. This unexpected separation was a terrible blow to us, and we returned to our cottages with heavy hearts, well knowing if we could not find out some way to prevent it, there were no hopes of ever getting off the island.

Hereupon, the three captains, namely, Drummond, Steward, and Younge, with some of the chief of our people, entered immediately into a consultation about what was proper to be done in this emergency, and to make some bold attempt for our lives and liberty. Captain Drummond, as I heard afterwards, was the person who proposed to take the king prisoner, and by that means to make their own terms with the natives. Now, Captain Drummond and some others were men of experience and undaunted resolution: our captain, indeed, had courage enough, but he was too young. However, the proposition was universally approved of, and the time and manner of the execution were fixed. I was too young to be admitted as one of the council, therefore I shall not pretend to relate what reasons were produced either for or against the proposal. I observed Captain Younge and Mr Bembo to talk with great earnestness, but in whispers, and with the utmost precaution. As I was then a stranger to that design, I slept sound, till I was roused in the morning by a great and sudden noise in the town, occasioned by the plot being put in execution. Our people went as usual betimes in the morning to pay their compliments to the king; and whilst some of them were at the prince's house, the signal was given by one of Captain Drummond's men firing a pistol, at which the king was seized, and his son at the same time.

This instantly alarmed the whole town: I started up without my shoes, being frightened at the sudden outcry. Not knowing what was the matter, and seeing the negroes flocking out of the town, I ran with them, till I was taken notice of by one of our men, who called me back; and I was as much amazed as the natives to see the king, his consort, and one of his sons, with their hands tied behind them, under the guard of our people. They presently

rifled the king's mansion-house, and every other place where they could find any agreeable plunder. We happened to find about thirty small-arms, a small quantity of powder and shot, and a few lances. The natives, as I observed before, ran out of the town, but they did it with no other view than to procure assistance; for they soon alarmed the country, and returned with great numbers from all the adjacent towns, and immediately besieged us. They fired in upon us, and wounded one of our men in the groin, on which Captain Younge ordered Sam to tell the king if they fired any more, they would kill him that very moment. The king, hearing their resolution, called to his men, and desired them to desist, if they had a mind to save his life.

This attempt, indeed, was bold and hazardous, and some perhaps may censure it as criminal. I shall not say much in its defence; but since I have come to years of maturity, I cannot forbear reflecting that if nature, even in a Christian country, will rebel against principle, what will it not do for life and liberty under the tyranny and oppression of a barbarous and savage nation? Be this as it may, we put ourselves in a posture of defence, and marched out of the town: six men under arms marched in the front; and in the body, where the king was, six went armed before him, and six behind; three before his son, and three behind; and six brought up the rear, in which were the Lascars. Captain Younge, out of compassion, would have released the queen, and let her go wherever she pleased, but she would not abandon her husband.

We had not got above four miles on our march before our wounded companion fainted, and not being able to carry him off, we were forced to leave him by the side of a pond of water, where, as I was afterwards informed, they soon put him out of pain, by striking their lances into several parts of his body. Having marched about two or three miles farther, we got out of the woods, and found ourselves in a spacious open plain, where we could see all around us, and soon found that our enemies were not only near, but numerous, and threatened immediately to attack us. We faced towards them, our armed men being in the front, with the king bound before them. Sam was ordered at the same time to tell him that our design was not to hurt either him or his son, nor to carry them into their enemies' country, but only to detain them as hostages for our safeguard while we passed through his dominions; and that as soon as we came to the borders of Port Dauphin, we would let them go again, and give them back the arms and ammunition we had taken from them; but if the least violence was offered to us, we would sacrifice them both; and this we desired him to tell his people.

Hereupon, he called one of his generals to him, assuring him that he should receive no harm. Accordingly, he left his gun and lance behind him, and came to us, where he was informed, both by us and the king, of our resolution; upon which he told us there should not

be a gun fired whilst we preserved the king alive and gave him civil treatment.

This parley being over, we continued our march through the plain till near evening ; many of us without shoes as well as myself, and some sick, which obliged us to take up our quarters sooner than we would otherwise have done ; so that every one was almost faint, and glad of rest. The king ordered Sam to tell us that an ox should be sent to us forthwith. We made a trench like a ring, in the midst whereof we planted the black king and his son : our captain and some few others were appointed as a guard over them ; our armed men were divided into four parties, in order to secure us in the best manner they could. We had just finished our camp, when the officer who had been with us before, and three other men, brought us a bullock. He brought likewise some roasted meat in his hand, and a horn of water for the king ; so we loosed our royal prisoners' hands, that they might feed themselves. They ate some small matter, and gave the remainder to Captain Younge.

Whilst we were employed in killing the ox, we desired the king to send some of his people into the woods for some fuel to dress it, which he readily did ; and they soon brought us sufficient for our purpose. But all this time we wanted water, and complained thereof to the king, who assured us that there was none to be got near that place by several miles, and that what small quantity was given him in the horn was taken from that very pond where we left the wounded man, which could not be less than about ten miles distant. This very much disheartened us ; for we were parched with thirst, which was the more increased by the fatigue of our long march and the heat of the country. However, there was no help for us, and patience was the only remedy. When the king and his son had supped, we bound their hands before them, that they might sleep as easy as they could ; so, after we had cut up our bullock, and divided it amongst us, we broiled and ate it, though with but little satisfaction, for want of water ; and when we had made as good a supper as our unhappy circumstances would well admit of, we also used our best endeavours to repose ourselves. The three captains, however, agreed to watch alternately, and divided our people into three parties for that purpose. The king entreated his wife to go home and comfort his children, but more particularly recommended his beloved daughter to her care. She went at his request, but shed tears when departing, as did also the king and his son. Such of us as were not on the watch lay down ; but we had a wretched night, for the ground was stony, and there was but little grass ; and, what was still a greater affliction, we were excessively dry, and had nothing to quench our thirst.

At dawn of day we arose, which was the second day of our travel, and the better to support ourselves under the fatigue of it, we ate part of the remains of our beef ; but it was a miserable repast, as we had

nothing to drink. However, we put ourselves in the same order as we had done the day before, and went forward. The natives perceiving us in motion, moved too, but kept at a greater distance, and went into our camp after we had quitted it, to see what they could find. Their labour was not altogether lost, for many of our people left behind them half those India goods they had brought out of the town, that they might travel with less fatigue. We walked with more ease half this day than we did the day before, the weather being cloudy and cool. About noon, the general who had been with us before came with some roasted meat and a horn of water for the king and his son : as we did not loosen their hands, we were forced to feed them. The general ordered Sam to ask the captains if they would release the king for six guns. I perceived there was a debate between them and Mr Bembo ; some thinking the six guns would be of great service to us, especially as we should still have the king's son : others were of opinion that it would be more for our safety to keep the king : however, it was agreed at last that he should be dismissed. We informed the general, that if they would give us six very good guns, and promise on their honour not to follow us, but return with their king, we would let him go ; and that as soon as we came to the river Manderra, which divided his dominions from those of Port Dauphin, we would release the king's son, and leave all their arms behind us.

The general was startled at this unexpected condescension, and despatched one of his attendants to the king's other sons, who were not far off with their army, to acquaint them with our proposal ; and in half an hour's time, returned to us with six of the best guns. They made the more haste, lest our minds should alter : we kept them no longer in suspense than while we took the guns to pieces, to see whether they were in good condition or not ; and finding them better than we could reasonably have expected in such a country, we released their king, and sent him away with the general. He took his leave of the prince, and went directly to the army. We were so near as to see the ceremony of his meeting with his sons, who fell down and embraced his knees, and, with all the earnestness imaginable, shed tears for joy. After they had kissed and licked his knees and legs for about five or six minutes, they arose to give his head officers an opportunity of paying the like homage ; and after them, some others of an inferior station, who in general expressed a most sincere and passionate affection to his person, and shewed all the demonstrations of joy imaginable on account of his return. This ceremonial being over, they all hallooed and fired their guns, as a public testimony of their joy and satisfaction.

We now walked away on our toilsome march, still retaining the prince a prisoner as a hostage. In the course of the day, we were disconcerted to observe that a crowd still hung on our rear, and that this party came to a pause when we encamped for the night. Our

sufferings were at this point considerably increased. We could find neither victuals nor water, and were so parched with thirst, that we crawled on the ground to lick the dew; and this was all the refreshment we could then meet with.

On the third day of our march, we rose early, and went forward as well as we could. The negroes, who strictly observed our motions, were as ready as we; but we placed our armed men in the front, determined to make a bold push for it, if they attempted to obstruct our passage. They divided, and let us proceed without molestation; and though we travelled all the morning, yet we met with nothing remarkable, till we arrived at a little round hill, whereon there stood a prodigious large tub, about six feet high, which held near a hundred gallons, and was full of toake. Our people were going immediately to drain it dry; but Sam threw it down, and spilt all the liquor, asking us with some warmth if we were so blind as not to see the plot that was laid for our destruction; for it was planted there to tempt us to drink, with no other intention than to poison us all, or at least to intoxicate us to that degree that they might rescue their prince without opposition, and murder us at their pleasure.

While we were reflecting on this extraordinary action, the general and two or three more came up to us, and asked Sam what reason he could offer for spilling the toake; to which he made no regular reply, but bid him be gone about his business. The general desired to speak with the young prince; and after a little discourse with him, directed Sam to acquaint Captain Younge, that if he should think fit to release the prince, they would give him three of the head men of the country in exchange. Under the delusive idea that they followed us only on account of the prince, and that, if we should release him, they would all return back, our captain complied with the general's proposition, and in a short time three men were delivered in exchange for the prince.

All arrangements for securing the three new hostages being made, we proceeded on our journey as well as men could without provisions, and were too soon convinced of Captain Younge's mistake; for the negroes, instead of retiring, approached nearer, and some marched before us, so that we expected every minute they would attack us. We had a young lad in our company who lost his leg in Bengal. Notwithstanding he was well recovered, and supplied with a wooden one well fitted, yet it cannot be imagined that he should be able to keep up with us; for, being now surprised by their surrounding us, we doubled our pace, and, in short, were obliged to leave this poor lad behind us. We saw the barbarians come up with him, take off his wooden leg, and first insult him; then they thrust their lances into his body, and left him wallowing in his blood. Being eye-witnesses of this act of inhumanity, and apprehensive of the like treatment, we hurried on as fast as our feeble limbs would carry us till sunset, when we came to a large tamarind tree, the leaves whereof,

as they were sour, we chewed, to moisten our mouths. The fruit itself was not then in season.

The three negroes whom we had taken as hostages, observing what had passed, and thinking their lives in danger, called to Sam and the captains, and told them they had a scheme to propose, which would be for the safety of us all: which was this, that as soon as it was dark, we should keep marching on as silently as possible all night. The captains approved of this proposal, and ordered none of us to sleep, but to be ready as soon as the watchword was given. This was very grievous, considering how tired we were the day before; but we submitted cheerfully to anything that gave us hopes of escaping from the violent hands of those bloodthirsty barbarians. As soon as it was dark enough to conceal our flight, we assembled together, and took a considerable quantity of muskets and calicoes, and hung them upon the bushes, that the spies, who we knew watched us, might not anywise mistrust our sudden removal.

We walked off accordingly, undiscovered by them. Captain Drummond, however, being taken so ill that he could not walk at all, none of us being strong enough to carry him, we resolved to make the three negroes perform that office by turns. After we had thus travelled most part of the night, we came to a thicket among some cotton trees, where the man who had the charge of Captain Drummond threw him upon the ground, ran away into the wood, and we never saw him more. Upon this we had a more watchful eye over the other two, and led him whose turn it was to carry the captain with a rope about his neck.

Weak as we were, we travelled a great many miles that night, and were glad when the day broke upon us; for the negroes had told us before, that if we walked hard all night, we should be at Manderra river betimes in the morning: and their information was correct; for as soon as we came to a little hill, the sun then just rising, we had a prospect of the river, though at a considerable distance; however, the hopes we had of coming to it in a short time, and of getting water to quench our thirst, gave us no small pleasure, and our spirits began to revive at the very sight of it. It was some comfort, likewise, to think that the king's dominions extended no further, notwithstanding there were no inhabitants to protect us within several miles on the other side. Some of our people who were more tired than the rest, took liberty to sit down to refresh themselves, as taking it for granted that the negro army would never come in sight of us again.

But this vain notion of being safe and secure too quickly vanished; for as soon as they missed us in the morning, they pursued us like so many beagles, and before we got within a mile of Manderra river, overtook us. Thereupon, they began to butcher our men then resting under the trees, striking their lances into their sides and throats.

Though I was one of those who could not travel well, yet there were twenty behind me : the woman whose life was preserved in our ship was next to me. I, seeing them kill our people in this barbarous manner, threw off my coat and waistcoat, and trusted to my heels ; for the foremost of our people having passed the river, and I not being far off, took courage ; but hearing the report of a gun, I looked back, and saw the poor woman fall, and the negroes sticking their lances in her sides. My turn was next, for the same negroes pursued me, and before I reached the brink of the river, they fired a gun at me, but I jumped in. Our men who had got safe over made a stand, in order to defend those who were behind ; and notwithstanding the negroes followed me so close, I could not refrain from drinking two or three times.

Those who had got over now marched forward, and I kept up with them as well as I could. We had a wood to pass through, and the negroes, as soon as they saw us quit the banks, immediately crossed and pursued us. They got into the woods, and, firing behind the trees every now and then, they killed three or four of our men. We had not travelled above two miles in this wood, before we came to a large sandy plain, to which we could see no end ; and here they determined to stop our progress, since, if we went much farther, we should be within hearing of King Samuel's subjects, who were their mortal enemies, and would readily assist us. They divided themselves, therefore, into several bodies, in order to break in upon us on all sides ; and we being apprised of their designs, were resolved to sell our lives and liberties as dear as possible. Hereupon, our captains put us in as good a posture of defence as they could, and divided the men who bore arms into four classes ; one under the command of each of our three captains, and the other under Mr John Bembo : such as had no arms, or were disabled, were covered in a little valley, and with them were the two negro hostages.

We had not above thirty-six firearms amongst us all, and not many more persons fit to fight, so that we were a poor handful to withstand an army of two or three thousand. When they found we made a stand, they did so too, and according to their wonted manner, where it could be done, three or four of them in a place threw up the sand before them, and being also beneath us, we could see only their heads. Their shot flew very fast over us, and we kept them in play from noon till six in the evening, by which time all our ammunition was spent. Those of us who had money made slugs of it ; our next shift was to take the middle screws out of our guns, and charge our pieces with them. When we had used all these means, we knew not what to do further : now we began to reflect on those who advised us to deliver up first the king, and afterwards his son, since the keeping of them would have been our principal safeguard. The two negroes in our custody expected, no doubt, every minute to

be killed, as very justly they might ; but as their death would be of no service to us, we did them no injury.

At length it was unanimously agreed that Dudey and her husband should be sent to the enemy with a flag of truce, not only to prolong the time, but to know what they further wanted ; so we tied a piece of red silk to a lance, and sent them away. They kept firing at us all this time, not knowing what we meant by not returning it. They shot at those who carried the flag ; but perceiving that they were not armed, the prince ordered them to cease. Dudey was interpreter, and told them that our captain was inclined to make peace with them, and to deliver up the two hostages, with the guns and ammunition we took with us, as soon as we were advanced a little farther into the country. They said they would suffer us to go in the morning, in case we would deliver up our arms and the men, but not that evening, because it was dark. Their true reason was this : they knew, if we got away that night, we should send some of King Samuel's people, who were their bitter enemies, to be revenged on them for the ill treatment we had met with.

With the vain idea of appeasing them, it was resolved that next morning we should give up our arms, Captain Drummond and some of his friends, however, protesting against the folly which the party were about to commit. Morning dawned, after a dismal night, bringing with it a day of sorrow. As soon as we could see, we missed Captain Drummond, Captain Steward, Mr Bembo, Dudey and her husband, and four or five more, who deserted in the night, without communicating their intentions to us. Now we plainly saw destruction before us, and the end of this miserable journey, which, after so bold an attempt, we undertook for the preservation of our lives and liberty ; and a tragical one it was ; for no sooner was it broad daylight than the negroes came up to us, and the prince had a short conference with Sam. Captain Younge asked him the purport of their discourse ; he answered, they wanted to know what was become of Captain Drummond and the rest. The words were no sooner out of his mouth than one of the princes took hold of me, and delivered me to one of his attendants. There were three or four lads like myself, and much about my age, who were seized at the same time, and delivered to their people in the same manner, who bound our hands with cords.

There now ensued a scene of horrid butchery, every one of our unfortunate company, including Captain Younge, being killed on the spot. The bodies were next stripped of their clothing, and every article carried off as spoil. Little time was consumed in this tragical affair ; for the savages expected that the subjects of King Samuel, roused by Captain Drummond, would soon be down upon them ; and I afterwards learned that such a friendly force actually came soon after our departure. In the attack which had been made on us, Sam contrived to escape, and returned with the negroes ;

ADVENTURES OF ROBERT DRURY.

whether he was ever sincere in his friendship for us, is doubtful; however, by our infatuated simplicity, we had been our own worst enemies.

REDUCED TO SLAVERY.

I was now the captive of a naked savage, and was led away like a calf to the shambles, galled with cords, and not knowing what should be my fate. Other two lads were treated in the same manner, and soon we were parted by our respective masters. My master, or proprietor as I may call him, was named Mevarrow; he was a chief of some consequence, or rather the king of a tribe, and his design was now to return home with his booty.

All the way we went, I was shocked at observing the mangled bodies of our men, which lay exposed under the broiling sun. When we reached the river we had crossed, I was so faint for want of victuals, having had no sustenance for three days, that I could scarcely stand on my legs. Though my master expressed some little concern for me, yet he would not bait till he was past the river; however, he ordered his people to stop at the first commodious place and make a fire; and now I was in hopes of some agreeable refreshment, for some of his servants had carried beef on their backs for that purpose. Though they cut it into long pieces, with the hide, and dressed and ate it half-roasted, according to their custom, and gave it to me in the same manner, yet I thought this contemptible food—and what a beggar in England would not have touched—the most delicious entertainment I ever met with. We rested here about an hour, when he to whose care I was intrusted made signs to know if I could walk; and as I was a little refreshed, I got up, and travelled the remainder of the day with more ease than I expected, since they walked but slowly, as I perceived, on purpose to indulge me.

At night we came to a wood, the place appointed for our lodging, and there we met with three or four men whom my master had sent out foraging, and they brought in with them two bullocks, one of which my master sent to his brother, for the use of him and his people, and the other was killed for us; for the army was now disbanded, and all were marching home with their respective chiefs to their own habitations. Here my master came to me and gave me a lance, intimating that I might cut out as much as I thought proper. I cut about a pound, without any part of the hide, which he perceiving, imputed it to my ignorance, and so cut a slice with the hide, and dressed it for me, which I ate with seeming thankfulness, not daring to refuse it. As soon as supper was over, each man pulled as much grass as was sufficient for himself to lie on: my guardian, however, provided enough for himself and me: I then reposed myself accordingly, and he lay by me; but his black skin

smelled so rank that I was forced to turn my back on him all night long. I had very little rest, for the ghastly spectacle of my massacred friends was ever before me, and made me start from sleep as soon as I closed my eyes.

At break of day we arose, and after a short repast, marched on till noon, when we baited among some shady trees near a pond of water. Whilst some employed themselves in kindling a fire, others were busy in digging up and down amongst the grass. I could not at first conceive what they were doing, but I soon observed one of them pulling out of the ground a long white root, which I found was a yam, having seen many of them at Bengal. They soon furnished themselves with a sufficient quantity. I perceived they grew wild, without any cultivation. Some of them were eighteen inches long at least, and about six or seven inches in circumference. They gave me some of them, which I roasted, and ate, with a great deal of pleasure, instead of bread, with my beef. They are very agreeable to the taste, as well as wholesome food.

We arrived that evening at a small town, which we no sooner entered, than the women and children flocked round about me, pinched me, struck me on the back with their fists, and shewed several other tokens of their derision and contempt, at which I could not forbear weeping, as it was not in my power to express my feelings any other way; but when my guardian observed it, he came to my assistance, and freed me from my persecutors. All the houses that were empty were taken up by my master, his brother, and other head men, so that my guardian and I lay exposed to the open air. The ill treatment I met with from the women and children put a thousand distracting thoughts into my head: sometimes I imagined that I might be preserved alive for no other purpose than to be carried to the king and his son, who would in all probability be fired with resentment at our late seizing of them, and making them prisoners; then, again, I thought that, to gratify their pleasure and revenge, they would order me to be put to death before their faces, by slow degrees, and the most exquisite torments. Such melancholy reflections as these so disordered me, that when once, through weariness, I fell into a slumber, I had a dream which so terrified me, that I started upright, and trembled in every joint; in short, I could not get one wink of sleep all the night long.

When it was broad daylight, we marched homeward—for now I must call it so—and in three or four hours' time we arrived at a considerable town, with three or four tamarind trees before it. One of the negroes carried a large shell, which, when he blew, sounded like a postboy's horn. This brought the women to a spacious house in the middle of the town, about twelve feet high, which I soon perceived was my master's. No sooner had he seated himself at the door, than his wife came out, crawling on her hands and knees till she came to him, and then licked his feet; and when she had

thus testified her duty and respects, his mother paid him the like compliment; and all the women in the town saluted their husbands in the same manner; then each man went to his respective habitation, my master's brother only excepted, who, though he had a house, had no wife to receive him, and so he staid behind.

My mistress intimated by her motions that she would have me go in and sit down. Much serious discourse passed between my master and her; and though I knew nothing of what they said, yet, by her looking so earnestly at me whilst he was talking, I conjectured he was relating to her our tragical tale, and I perceived that the tears frequently stood in her eyes. This conference over, she ordered some *carravances* to be boiled for our dinner—a kind of pulse much like our gray pease: she gave me some, but as they had been boiled in dirty water, I could not eat them. She, perceiving I did not like them, strained them off the water, and put some milk to them, and after that I made a tolerable meal of them. She gave me not only a mat to lie down upon, but likewise a piece of calico, about two yards in length, to cover me. She intimated that she wanted to know my name, which I told her was Robin. Having received so much civility from my mistress, I began to be much better satisfied than I was at first, and then laid me down and slept, without any fear or concern, about four hours, as near as I could guess by the sun. When I waked, my mistress called me by my name, and gave me some milk to drink. She talked for some considerable time to me, but I could not understand one word she said. My master was all this time with his brother at the door, regaling themselves with toake.

Through the kindness of my mistress, who had herself been taken captive, and brought as a slave to my master's camp, I was less harshly treated than any of the other slaves in the establishment, of whom there were upwards of 200. Perhaps also I was indebted to my want of bodily strength for not being put to excessive labour. Nevertheless, my fate was most distressing and hopeless. At night, I slept in a hut without any furniture, and my clothes being taken from me, the only covering which I wore was a piece of cloth round the middle, like that worn by all the people in the country. Thus stripped of my apparel, and almost entirely naked, I was a miserable-looking object; but I suffered less from cold than heat. The sun beat on my body, blistering the skin, and covering it with freckles, while I was exposed at the same time to the bites and stings of insects, of which there is a vast variety in Madagascar.

I was first tried by my master as a labourer to hoe the weeds in the fields of *carravances*; but being awkward at that kind of work, I was made to attend on the cattle, drive them to water, and see that they did not break into any of the plantations. Besides this, I was obliged to drag home every night a tub of water for the use of the family, there being no water near my master's house. In

my employment as a neat-herd, I had the society of other boys, also attendants on their masters' cattle, and from these companions, who were natives of the country, as well as from others, I picked up a knowledge of the language, and was soon able to speak it so as to be understood.

After being some months in this kind of service, my master departed with a numerous band of followers on a warlike expedition. He was absent for more than a fortnight, and at his return, made a triumphant entry into the town, amidst the firing of guns and blowing of horns. After Mevarrow, came his brother Sambo and the attendants, followed by the cattle which had been taken from the enemy; the prisoners of war, now become slaves, brought up the rear. The great man, my master, having halted and seated himself in front of his house, his consort, attended by the women of the neighbourhood, came as usual and licked his feet.

During this ceremonial, my master, casting his eyes around, saw me at a distance, and called me to him. I approached him in a manner considered respectful, with my hands lifted up, as in a praying posture; but did not kneel down, as all the others did, having a conscientious reluctance to perform such an act: whereupon my brutal owner flew into a rage, and reproached me for not paying him the same respect as his wife, mother, and others about him. However, I peremptorily refused, and told him I would obey all his lawful commands, and do whatever work he thought proper to employ me in, but this act of divine homage I could never comply with.

On this he fell into a violent passion, upbraided me with being ungrateful, and insensible of his saving me from being killed among my countrymen, and urged, moreover, that I was his slave, &c.; but notwithstanding all this, I still continued resolute and firm to my purpose. Whereupon he arose from his seat, and with his lance made a stroke at me with all his might; but his brother, by a sudden push on one side, prevented the mischief he intended. He was going to repeat his blow, but his brother interposed, and entreated him to excuse me; but he absolutely, and in the warmest terms, refused to forgive me, unless I would lick his feet. His brother begged he would give him a little time to talk with me in private, which he did; and after he had told me the danger of not doing it, and that, in submitting to it, I did no more than what many great princes were obliged to do when taken prisoners, I found at length it was prudence to comply; so I went in, asked pardon, and performed the ceremony as others had done before me. He told me he readily forgave me, but would make me sensible I was a slave. I did not much regard his menaces; for, as I had no prospect of ever returning to England, I set but little value on my life. The next day, I incurred his displeasure again, and never expected to escape from feeling the weight of his resentment.

My master then performed the ceremony of thanksgiving to God

ADVENTURES OF ROBERT DRURY.

for his happy deliverance from all the hazards of war, and for the success of his arms ; which is done by some silly adoration before a kind of household altar, accompanied with ridiculous ceremonies. Having performed these devotions, my master would have me do the same ; but this I also firmly refused, and he was now more savage than ever. Taking hold of me by one hand, and with his lance in the other, he threatened instantly to sacrifice me. I expected nothing but death, and waited every moment in an agony for the mortal blow. Sambo, at this crisis, again humanely interfered, along with many others, all using their utmost endeavours to persuade him against so rash an action ; but to no purpose ; till his brother at last very warmly told him he would that minute depart, and see his face no more, if he offered to be guilty of such an act of inhumanity ; and rose up to be gone accordingly. When my master saw his brother was going in good earnest, he called him back, and promised to spare my life, but assured him he would punish me very severely for my contempt of his orders. Sambo told him he should submit that to his own discretion ; all he begged of him was, not to kill me. Upon this, by a secret sign, he advised me to kneel down and lick his feet, which I readily complied with, and asked his pardon. When I got up, I kneeled down to Dean Sambo of my own accord, and licked his feet, as a testimony of my gratitude and respect for thus saving my life a second time.

As soon as this storm was blown over, I was remanded to my former post of cow-keeper. I had a great deal of trouble sometimes with these cattle, for they are very unruly ; and notwithstanding they are larger beasts than any I ever saw elsewhere of the kind, they are so nimble that they will leap over high fences like a greyhound. They have an excrescence between their shoulders, somewhat like that of camels, all fat and flesh, some of which will weigh about three or four score pounds. They are also beautifully coloured : some are streaked like a tiger, others, like a leopard, are marked with various spots. Here are likewise some sheep with large heavy tails, like Turkish sheep—not woolly as ours, but more like a goat ; and also a small number of goats, resembling those of other countries. There are, besides, plenty of hogs in the country, and immense swarms of bees. These bees produce a vast abundance of honey, from which the natives make their drink called *toake*.

ESCAPE.

[What with cow-herding, gathering honey, helping to build huts with wood and clay, and going sometimes, greatly against his will, on warlike or cattle-stealing expeditions, besides doing much thankless drudgery of a miscellaneous kind, Drury informs us that twelve years were consumed. Often in his hut, in the silence of night,

he thought of his father, mother, and friends in England, and wept when he reflected on the hopelessness of his lot. He, however, felt more than he could well express, even by tears. Twelve years of slavery had changed him in a remarkable manner. He had forgotten his own language, and could no longer converse in English. The words stuck half-expressed on his tongue. From being a handsome English boy, he had grown to be a brown-skinned savage. His feelings had been changed as well as his person; and in some of his habits he was little superior to the lower animals. Yet, as has been said, he sometimes wept, and never forgot his home. The recollection of his mother's tenderness could not be obliterated from his memory. It survived all the horrors of his hapless condition, and stimulated him to attempt his escape from an odious bondage.

He pondered long on the means of absconding; and at length, by the friendly aid of a fellow-servant, he took to flight. His plan was, in the first place, to reach the territory of a chief called Afferrer, friendly to the whites, before his absence was discovered; and although this required great dexterity and toil, he effected the journey. Still, he was scarcely safe. His enraged master sent messengers to request that he should be delivered up as a runaway slave, and poor Drury trembled for the result. Afferrer appeared to be shocked at the proposal. He said that the idea of making a white man a slave was ridiculous, and that the refugee should remain with him as long as he pleased, or go wherever he thought proper. The men were therefore obliged to return disconcerted, and Drury was in the meantime secure. In this new home he was certainly not compelled to work as a slave, but neither was he altogether a freeman. The chief with whom he had taken refuge was pretty constantly at war, and his object was to make use of him in his expeditions. Constrained to appear satisfied, Drury lived with Afferrer two months, going with him on two excursions against his enemies. As this, however, was an employment not at all to the mind of the refugee, he took an opportunity of once more escaping. [We continue the narrative chiefly in his own language.]

With a bundle of dried meat, which I had contrived to conceal, I set off on my journey, walking briskly all night, and keeping in a south-easterly direction, with the hope of reaching Port Dauphin. A great river, called the Oneghaloyhe, issuing in St Augustine's Bay, I was told had to be crossed on the journey. In the morning, I saw certain mountains that had been mentioned to me; by this I perceived I had made considerable progress, and therefore would not conceal myself, as at first I proposed, but proceeded on my journey, looking sharply about me, in case of any lurking enemy. With little to fear, I went merrily on, singing Madagascar songs, for I had forgotten all my English ones. The bellowing of the wild cattle would now and then make me start, imagining they were my pursuers. When I came to a pleasant brook, I baited there, and at

sunset I looked out for a covert in a thicket to lie in; but I could not find one near at hand, so I was contented to repose myself in the open plain, pulling up a sufficient quantity of grass for a bed and a pillow, and making a small fire to warm my beef. I did not think proper to make a great one, lest it should be discerned at a distance, for in the afternoon I observed some fires to the eastward of the mountain. I was disturbed in my sleep by night-walkers, whom I imagined were my pursuers, and accordingly I took up my lances in order to defend myself; but when I was thoroughly waked, I found they were only some cattle that snorted at the smell of my fire, and ran away much more afraid of me than I was of them.

The second day, in the morning, I staid till the sun appeared before I moved forward, that I might not be deceived in my course. Nothing remarkable happened this day. I looked out early this evening for a lodging, the clouds gathering very black, and soon found a large thick tree, where I kindled a fire, warmed some meat, and hung up the remainder, to keep it as dry as I could, for I had nothing else that could be injured by the rain. At length it poured down, as I expected, in a violent manner, attended with thunder and lightning. It soon penetrated my roof; however, I crowded myself up together, with my head on my knees, my hands between my legs, and my little body-covering over my ears. The rain ran down like a flood, but as it was warm, I did not so much regard it. In three or four hours, it was fair weather again, and I laid me down and took a comfortable nap.

The next morning, I dried my beef at a fire, which I made for that purpose, for it was the third day after it was killed; but I was very careful of it, not knowing how to kill more at that time; so I put it up in clean grass, and marched forward. The mountains over which I was to pass seemed very high, craggy, and thick with wood, and no path nor opening could I find. It looked dismal enough, but I was determined to run all hazards. Those mountains seemed to me to traverse the island, and appeared, as we call it at sea, like double land—one hill behind another. I saw nothing all this day but a few wild cattle, and now and then a wild dog. The weather was fair, and I slept sound all this night.

The fourth day I walked till noon, at which time I baited. My beef was now but very indifferent. In the afternoon, as I was walking, I saw about a dozen men before me; upon this, I skulked in a bush, peeping to observe whether they had discovered me; but I was soon out of my pain, for they were surrounding some cattle a good way to the westward on a hill. I was likewise on another hill, so that I could see them throw their lances, and kill three beeves, which I was well assured were more than they could carry away with them at once. I staid where I was, proposing, when they were gone, to have some beef. To work they fell immediately,

cutting up the beasts, and each man making up his burden, hanging the remainder up in a tree, that the wild dogs might not get it, and went home to the eastward. As soon as they were gone, and I had looked well about me, I threw away my bad meat, made up to the tree, and took as much as I could well carry. Away I marched with my booty towards the mountains, not daring to rest, lest they should return and discover me. In less than an hour, I reached the foot of the hills in the thick woods, and finding no path, nor track of men, nor any hopes of any, not knowing what to do, I determined to go through all; but as I happened on a run of water, I took up my quarters near it, made a fire, cut some wooden spits, and roasted my beef. I kept my fire burning all night, lest the foxes should come and attack me.

The next morning, I made up my package with grass, binding it with the bark of trees, and moved forward up the hill. My burden was now much lighter. In an hour, though I could find no path but what some swine had made, I got to the top of it. I climbed a high tree to take a survey, but could discover no entrance, nothing but hills and vales, one beyond another; a cragged, dismal desert was all that presented itself to my view. I would have descended, had I not been in danger of being seen by the hunters; besides, I could not tell which way to look, whether east or west, for the proper pass; so setting a lance up on end, I turned the way it fell, though I imagined it was due north, or rather somewhat to the eastward. However, superstition prevailed where reason was nowise concerned, for I was as likely to be right one way as another; and in case I went to the northward, so long as I knew it, I must go as often as I could to the westward, as sailors are forced to do, run their latitude first, and their longitude afterwards. I went down this hill, and up another, which was about an hour's walk; but when I came to descend this, it was right up and down. Without due thought, I threw down my lances, hatchet, and burden, thinking to descend by a very tall tree, whose top branches reached close to the brow; but I could not do it. However, I made ropes of the bark of a tree; and fixing them to the strongest branches, I slid down, I daresay, no less than thirty feet, rather than I would lose my lances and other materials. I passed over a fine spring and run of water in the vale. Though the hill on the other side was a craggy steep rock, I found a way to ascend it; and on the top, climbed another to take my view; but had the same dismal prospect. Here I dug *faungidge*, it being sunset, and seeing a hole in a large rock, I had thoughts of taking up my lodging there; but peeping in, on a sudden I heard such an outcry, which, with the echo in the rock, made so confused a noise, that I knew not what it could be. My fears prevailed, and I imagined it might be pursuers, for it drew nearer and nearer; so, setting my back to a tree, with a lance in each hand, I waited for the murderers, when instantly came squeaking towards me a herd

of wild swine, which ran away more terrified than myself. After I was well recovered from my fright, I made two fires, for fear of the foxes, and then laid me down on my stony bed, for here was no grass.

The next morning, which was the sixth day, I made a hearty meal on roots and beef, and, the hill extending north and south, I went straight on till it declined gradually into a valley, in which was a small river that ran westward. By the time I arrived at the top of the next hill it drew towards evening, for I was not much less than two hours in ascending it; and yet, considering my burden, though it was not very heavy now, I went at a good pace. As I was looking out for a commodious lodging—that is to say, a place with the fewest stones in it—I discovered a swarm of bees. This was a joyful sight, for it was food that would not spoil with keeping. I soon cut down a tree, and smoked them out.

I made such a hearty meal this night of honey and beef, that I slept too sound, insomuch that I was waked with a severe mortification for my thoughtless security. A fox caught hold of my heel, and would have dragged me along; whereupon I started, and catching up a firebrand, gave him such a blow as staggered him; but as soon as he recovered, he flew at my face. By this time I was upon my feet, and recovered one of my lances, with which I prevented him from ever assaulting me more; but his hideous howling brought more about him. I saw three, whose eyes sparkled like diamonds: however, they kept at a distance; for, with some light dry wood that lay near me, I made a blaze directly, in order to keep a flame all night; but did not wake to renew it, as I ought to have done; so that both my fires being almost reduced to ashes, one of them boldly ventured between them; and it was very happy for me that he did not seize upon my throat, for when men have negligently slept where they haunt, I have known them meet with such a mischance. After I had made up my fires, and put my enemies to flight, I examined my heel, and found two large holes on each side where his teeth had entered. I bound it up in the best manner I could, and making a great fire, threw the fox upon it, by way of resentment. I had not so much pleasure in eating my breakfast this morning as I had in my last night's supper; besides, my beef was now a little too tender; however, as I had honey enough for a week, and here were good roots in plenty, I did not concern myself much about it.

I walked on the seventh day, and though I favoured my lame foot as much as I could, yet I rested but once all day. This way happened to be plain and easy. At evening I came to a place where lay several bodies of trees which were dead and dry. Thinking this, therefore, a proper lodging, I made four very large fires, sat me down to supper, and afterwards ventured to go to sleep with all those fires round me. But my heel now became so painful, and was swelled to that degree, that I could not go forward the next day;

ADVENTURES OF ROBERT DRURY.

but as there was faungidge enough within twenty or thirty yards of me, I dug up several, and determined to continue here till my foot grew better. My beef was soon gone, but faungidge was both meat and drink to me. I saved part of my beef-fat to dress my heel with, which, as I gave it six days' rest, took down all the swelling. During this time I made such large fires every night, that, could they have been seen, were like those of an army. I had not far to go for wood or anything else that I wanted, or at least that I could anywise expect in such a place.

Proceeding on my journey, and exposed day after day to accidents, fatigue, and often hunger, I at length, on the morning of the twenty-third day, had the joyful sight of the Oneghaloyhe, a river as broad as the Thames at London. All day I spent in contriving how I should cross so broad a stream without a canoe, and lay down at night still uncertain what I should do. In the morning I thought of looking out for some old trees, or branches that were fallen; and in a short time I met with several that were fit for my purpose—not only great arms, but trunks of trees broken off by tempests: these I dragged to the river-side. In the next place, I made it my business to find out a creeper, which is as large as a withy, but, twining round trees, is very pliant. I lopped off the superfluous branches from six long and thick arms of the trees, and placing three at bottom and three at top, I bound them together, making what we call in the East Indies a catamaran. I built it afloat in the water, for otherwise I could not have launched it, and moored it to a lance, which I stuck in the shore for that purpose. I then fixed my package, in order to preserve it as dry as I possibly could, as also my hatchet and my other lance; after that I made a paddle to row with. Then I pulled up my lance, and kept it in my hand to defend myself against the alligators, in case any of them should assault me; for I was informed they were very numerous and very fierce here. It blew a fresh gale at west against the stream, which in the middle made a sea, and gave me no small concern; for I was in great danger of being overset, and becoming a prey to the alligators. It pleased God, however, to protect me, and I landed safely on the other shore. This being a pretty good day's work, I determined not to go much further that evening before I took up my lodging.

RETURN TO ENGLAND.

[Travelling in the manner he describes, Drury had at length the good-fortune to fall in with different tribes friendly to the English, amongst whom he lived for some time, but still watched by his jealous entertainers. The great man with whom he latterly lived was named Rer Moume, and by him he was kept two years and a half, during which an incident occurred that led to his removal from the island. The court of Rer Moume being visited by a person

ADVENTURES OF ROBERT DRURY.

named William Thornbury, connected with the trade carried on upon the coast, Drury endeavoured to interest him in his behalf; nor was he unsuccessful. After a lapse of many months, two ships arrived at a place called Yong-Owl to trade.] This (continues Drury) I was overjoyed to hear, and flattered myself that William Thornbury had not forgotten me. They staid there several days, and slaves were sent to be sold, and guns and other goods were returned for them. I was at a loss how to break my mind to Rer Moume, hoping he would say something to me of his own accord; but as I was sitting with him one evening, two men came in with a basket of palmetto leaves sewed up, and delivered it to the prince, who opened it, and finding a letter, asked the men what they meant by giving him that. 'The captain,' they said, 'gave it us for your white man, but we thought proper to let you see it first.' Rer Moume now handed me the packet, which, to my great surprise, contained a letter from Captain William Macket, directed *To Robert Drury, on the island of Madagascar*. I opened it, and the contents were to the following effect: That he had a letter on board from my father, with full instructions, as well from him as his owners, to purchase my liberty, let it cost what it would; and in case I could not possibly come down myself, to send him word the reason of it, and what measures he should take to serve me.

Rer Moume perceived that my countenance changed whilst I was reading the letter, and asked me what was the matter. I told him that the captain desired to speak with me, and that my father had sent for me home, and hoped he would be pleased to give his consent. 'How do you know all this?' says the prince. 'Can you conjure?' Then turning to the messengers: 'Have you, pray, heard anything like this?' 'Yes,' said they, 'it is all the discourse at the sea-side that Robin's father sent both these ships for him.' Rer Moume took the letter, and turning it over and over, said he had heard of such methods of conveying intelligence to one another, but never actually saw it before, and could not conceive which way it could be done without conjuration. I endeavoured to demonstrate to him, as well as I could, how we learned in our infancy the characters first, and then we put them together. 'But,' says he, 'I presume you have no inclination to leave us now, since you live here so much at your ease? You have several cattle and a slave, and if you shall want more, you shall have them.' These offers I of course put aside, and besought him to let me go. I said that if he thought proper to demand any consideration of the captain for my freedom, it should be paid. Rer Moume answered, that if I wished to go, he should take nothing for my release; but that if my friends would make him a present of a good gun, he should accept of the favour, and call it *Robin*, in remembrance of me. This generous answer gave me such joy, that I immediately kneeled down and licked his feet with the utmost sincerity, as justly thinking I could never sufficiently express

ADVENTURES OF ROBERT DRURY.

my gratitude. He would not dismiss me instantly, but did in a day or two after, and ordered the messengers to be taken care of in the meantime.

How joyful were my feelings when I at length departed, and came in sight of the sea-coast, with the huts which had been erected for trading with the commanders of the vessels! At these huts, or factory, as I may call it, I met Mr Hill, the steward of the *Drake*, Captain Macket's ship, and two or three more of the crew, who took me for a wild man; and in a letter which Hill sent off by a canoe to the captain, he told him the wild Englishman was come. I desired him to say I could speak but little English; and for several days I was frequently puzzled for words to express my meaning.

Captain Macket soon came on shore, along with Captain Bloom, of the ship *Sarah*; the other ship lay in the offing. I gazed at them intently as my deliverers, but not more so than they gazed at me. I was little better than a savage; and what added to the wildness of my appearance was that I had nothing on but my *lambe*. My skin being swarthy and full of freckles, and my hair long and matted together, I really made a frightful figure. But they soon restored me to my original form. Mr Hill cut my hair off, and ordered me to be shaved, and dressed in a neat seaman's habit, light, and fit for the country. The captain asked me what ransom was expected for my freedom. I told him nothing but a gun for a present, to be kept in remembrance of me. He thereupon picked out a handsome and very good bucanier gun, as also some powder, flints, and a case of spirits, as a present to Rer Moume. He gave likewise knives and beads to his two men, and a small gun to the messengers who went for me. For my own part, I presented the captain with my slave Anthony. After this, he gave me a letter from my father, expressive of his happiness in hearing from Mr Thornbury that I was alive, and desiring me to put myself under the charge of Captain Macket, who would do everything for my comfort.

About three days after, I went abroad; but the sea and change of diet made me very sick for some time; after which, the two captains took me to another part of the coast, to help them to trade, which I was able to do, by being able to speak the language of the natives. Other two vessels also arrived at this time, and there was a great trade carried on in buying slaves.* On the 20th of January 1717, we bade adieu to the island of Madagascar. We did not touch at the Cape of Good Hope, but at St Helena; and from thence we sailed in a short time to Jamaica, where we delivered our cargo. After a stay of some time, taking in West India goods,

* It may be observed that although Drury had himself just escaped from the horrors of slavery, he does not seem to have considered that he was committing a crime in helping to reduce others to a similar condition. In this respect, however, he did not act more inconsistently than the modern upholders of negro slavery.—ED.

ADVENTURES OF ROBERT DRURY.

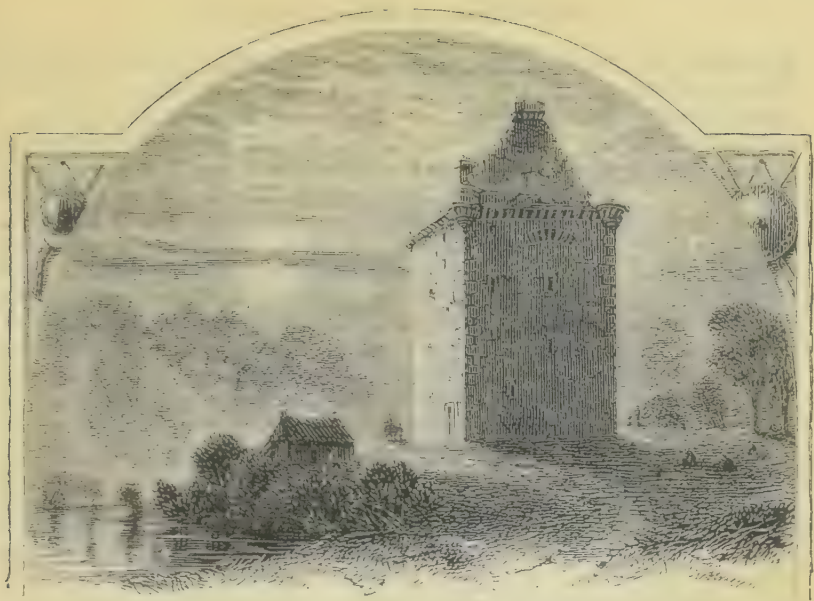
we sailed for England, and crossing the Atlantic, arrived in the Downs on the 9th of September, after I had been absent from my native country sixteen years and about nine months—fifteen years of which had been spent in captivity. By the captain's direction, I went ashore, he having previously supplied me with what was necessary for my journey to London; yet I did not set forward till I had returned thanks to God, in the most solemn manner, for my safe arrival, and for my deliverance from the many dangers I had escaped, and from the many miseries I had so long endured.

[The pleasure which Drury felt on reaching London, was greatly damped by the intelligence of the death of his father and mother, grief at his loss having for years preyed on their spirits. His father had died only lately, and left him the sum of £200, with a house at Stoke-Newington. Discouraged by the loss of his parents, he tells us that, after settling his affairs, he returned to Madagascar on a trading expedition; and having there procured a cargo of slaves, and taken them to Virginia, he came back to England in September 1720. Here his narrative terminates; and we are led to infer that, settling in London on the moderate competence he had acquired, he did not again tempt the dangers of the ocean. Some years before his death, says the editor of his volume, he was to be spoken with every day at Old Tom's Coffee-house, in Birchin Lane; at which place several inquisitive gentlemen received from his own mouth the confirmation of those particulars which seemed dubious, or carried with them the least air of a romance.

We have only to add, in regard to the present condition of Madagascar, that one of the tribes, the Hovas, who seem to be of Malay or Polynesian origin, have acquired a kind of supremacy over most of the others of African race, and that, in the beginning of this century, under a chief or king of the Hovas, Christian missionaries were established, and some progress was made in introducing European arts. The female sovereign who succeeded him endeavoured to exterminate Christianity, and banished Europeans from the island. Her son and successor (1862) gave promise of favouring European civilisation, but he soon fell a victim to a conspiracy, and further progress is in the meantime arrested. The French have formed a settlement on the islet of Sainte-Marie, on the east coast, and this will probably end in their taking possession of the whole island.]*

* The present tract is an abridgment of a somewhat scarce and curious autobiography, in one volume, published originally in London in 1743, and reprinted in 1807.—ED.





AN ACCOUNT OF THE BORDERS.

AT an early period, the boundaries of England differed considerably from their present limits. The south-eastern provinces of Lothian and Berwickshire belonged to England, while the south-western frontier of Scotland was enlarged beyond its present bounds by the possession of the ancient British kingdom of Cumberland. In the year 1018, Eadulf, Earl of Northumberland, ceded to Malcolm II. the whole district of Lothian and Berwickshire to the Tweed. But this extension of territory on the eastern frontier was balanced by the loss of Cumberland, which was wrested from Malcolm Canmore by William the Conqueror. After this period, no permanent change took place on the boundaries of the two kingdoms; and the Borders, with the exception of Berwick on the east, and the 'Debatable Land' on the west, which were constant subjects of dispute, might be considered as finally settled according to the present limits.

At the eastern extremity of the boundary-line between England and Scotland stands the town of Berwick, on the north bank of the Tweed. This ancient town was the key of the kingdom on this side, and was therefore the object of perpetual strife for several centuries. It was finally left in possession of the English about the close of the fifteenth century. In 1551 the town, and a small district adjoining to it, called Berwick Bounds—in all about eight miles—were made

independent of both England and Scotland, and in acts of parliament applicable to England and Wales, 'the good town of Berwick-on-Tweed' was always added. But this practice has been abolished, and Berwick, with its liberties, now forms part of the county of Northumberland. In consequence of this circumstance, the boundary-line between the two countries at its eastern extremity leaves the German Ocean about three miles to the north of the Tweed, and proceeding in a south-westerly direction, strikes the river about three miles from the sea. From this point the Tweed forms the line of demarcation as far as Carham, four miles west from Coldstream, when the boundary proceeds southward, inclining to the east for a distance of fifteen or sixteen miles; it afterwards turns towards the south-west, in which direction it continues nearly the whole of the remaining distance. For forty or fifty miles the dividing line runs through a wild and mountainous country, and along the highest ridges of the Cheviot Hills—the *waterbreak*, as it is called, being understood as the proper boundary. A large extent of the district through which this part of the line runs was formerly in the condition of a forest, and now consists of extensive sheep-walks. On leaving the mountain ridges which divide Northumberland from Roxburghshire, the line takes the bottom of a valley, along by a stream called the Kershope (a branch of the Liddel), and afterwards along the river Liddel, till about four miles north of Longtown, when it strikes off abruptly from the course of this stream in a direction due west, being marked by an old ditch and embankment called the Scots Dike. This dike is four miles in length, and terminates on the banks of a stream called the Sark, which flows in a southerly direction towards the Solway, and forms the boundary of the two countries between the place where the Scots Dike touches it and its efflux into the Solway. The Solway Firth, which separates Cumberland from the Scottish counties of Dumfries and Kirkcudbright, may be considered as forming the remaining portion of the boundary between the two kingdoms. In ordinary conversation it is customary to speak of the Tweed as the great dividing line of England and Scotland; but it will be observed from the above that the Tweed really forms a comparatively small part of the boundary, by far the larger portion being an ill-marked track across a mountainous country.

From the indistinctness of the line in many parts of its course, there are, in different places, disputed or debatable lands, claimed by opposite jurisdictions; but these being desolate pastoral tracts, no practical inconvenience ensues.

In consequence of the mutual discord which long unhappily subsisted between England and Scotland, as well as from the feebleness of the administrative law on both sides, the tract of country along the Borders, extending to a length of seventy or eighty miles, by an irregular breadth of from ten to thirty or forty, was distinguished as the scene of almost perpetual disturbance. Apart from that of

ACCOUNT OF THE BORDERS.

England and Scotland, the Borders may be said to have a history of their own ; for while the two conterminous nations were at peace, this central district was often engaged in its own family wars and predatory forays, over which the monarchs on either side had no vigorous control.

To remedy this state of things as far as possible, the Borders were divided into east, west, and middle marches, which were placed under the charge of officers of high rank, holding special commissions from the crown, and entitled wardens or guardians of the marches. The persons who filled this important office were usually noblemen or chiefs possessed of great personal influence in the districts committed to their jurisdiction. The duties intrusted to their charge were of a very extensive nature, comprehending the maintenance of law and good order among the inhabitants of their own districts ; the control and administration of all the crown manors within their jurisdiction ; and the power of apprehending and inflicting summary punishment on those who had been guilty of march treason and felony, or of violating any of the ancient rules and customs of the marches. In time of war, the warden was captain-general within his district, with full powers to call out all 'the fencible men,' for the purpose either of defending their own territory, or of invading that of the enemy. In time of peace, he had the difficult duty committed to him of maintaining the amicable relations between the two countries, and of redressing the various grievances arising out of the continual incursions of the moss-troopers on both sides.

The weakness of the Scottish monarchs usually compelled them to confer the office of warden on some of the chiefs of the great Border clans, who appear, without any scruple, to have employed their authority to crush their private enemies, rather than to preserve the public peace, or to secure the impartial administration of justice. The extensive power of these turbulent chieftains made it almost equally dangerous to withhold or to grant whatever boons they chose to exact. Their numerous and devoted clansmen and allies were ever ready to obey their commands, even in opposition to the royal authority ; and a combination of these formidable barons, on more than one occasion, proved too strong for the reigning sovereign.

BORDER CLANS AND FEUDS.

The system of clanship existed at a very early period on the Borders, and continued to flourish there until the union of the crowns. The frontier provinces of England and Scotland were inhabited in ancient times by several tribes of Britons or Celts, and the patriarchal form of government—a leading feature of Celtic manners—remained on the Borders long after the abrogation of the

ACCOUNT OF THE BORDERS.

other peculiar usages of the ancient inhabitants, and in despite of the feudal system, with which it was often at variance. According to this simple mode of government, which was universal among the ancient Celtic nations, the chief of the clan was supposed to be the immediate representative of the common ancestor whose name they usually bore, and from whom, it was alleged, they were all descended. He was their counsellor in peace, and their leader in war. His authority over them was absolute, and they paid the most unlimited obedience to his commands. Indeed, they respected no other authority : and so completely were they devoted to the service of their chief, that they were at all times ready to follow him against the king himself. In return for this devoted attachment to his person and interest, the clansmen looked up to their chief for advice, subsistence, protection, and revenge. He was expected to display the most profuse hospitality, and to expend his means of subsistence in the service of his clan. He seems to have had little that he could properly call his own, except his horses and his arms. However extensive his domains, he derived no advantage from them, save only from such parts as he could himself cultivate or occupy. The rest of his territories were distributed among his friends and principal followers, who repaid him by their personal service in battle, their assistance in labouring the land retained in his own possession, the payment of the various feudal casualties, and probably by a share of their plunder. Payment of rent was unknown on the Borders till after the union of the crowns. The revenues of the chieftains were therefore almost exclusively derived from their extensive flocks and herds, and from the *black-mail* which they exacted from their neighbours in payment of the protection afforded them from plunder.

As the clansmen were expected to exhibit the deepest devotion to the interests of their chief, so, in return, he was expected to extend to them his protection under all circumstances, and by all means, legal or illegal. The authority of the feudal superior was greatly inferior to that of the chief ; for, in the acts regulating the Borders, we find repeated mention of ‘clannes having captaines and chieftaines, on whom they depend, oft-times against the willes of their landeslordes.’ Consequently, these laws looked to the chieftain rather than to the feudal superior for the restraint of the disorderly tribes ; and it is repeatedly enacted that the head of the clan should be first called upon to deliver those of his sept who should commit any trespass ; and that on his failure to do so, he should be liable to the injured party in full redress. Hence, in accordance with the ancient Celtic usages, the chief not unfrequently made atonement for the murders or acts of aggression committed by his clan, by the payment of such a fine, or ‘assythement,’ as it was called, as might make up the feud. Oftener, however, the chieftains not only connived at the misconduct of their clansmen and allies, but protected

ACCOUNT OF THE BORDERS.

them in all their deeds of rapine and bloodshed ; and as the offended clan considered it a sacred duty to avenge the death of any of their number, not only upon the homicide, but, in the phrase of the time, upon 'all his name, kindred, maintainers, and upholders,' deadly feuds were of frequent occurrence, and the most savage acts of cruelty were remorselessly committed. Speaking of this custom of blood-revenge, which it justly terms most heathenish and barbarous, the statute (1594) expressly declares that the 'murders, ravage, and daily oppression of the subjects, to the displeasure of God, dishonour of the prince, and devastation of the country,' were occasioned partly by the negligence of the landlords and territorial magistrates within whose jurisdiction the malefactors dwelt, but chiefly by the chieftains, and principal leaders of the clans and their branches, who bore deadly quarrel, and sought revenge for the hurt or slaughter of any of their 'unhappy race,' although done in form of justice, or in recovery of stolen goods. 'So that the said chieftains, principals of branches, and householders worthily may be esteemed the very authors, fosterers, and maintainers of the wicked deeds of the vagabonds of their clans or surnames.'

Of the inveterate determination of the Borderers to act vengefully, we have a striking example in the case of Sir Robert Kerr, warden of the middle marches in the year 1511, who was slain at a Border meeting by three Englishmen—Heron, Starhead, and Lilburn. The English monarch delivered up Lilburn to justice in Scotland ; but the other two escaped. Starhead fled for refuge to the very centre of England, and there lived in secrecy and upon his guard. Two dependants of the murdered warden were deputed by Andrew Kerr of Cessford to revenge his father's death. They travelled through England in various disguises till they discovered the place of Starhead's retreat, murdered him in his bed, and brought his head to their master, by whom, in memorial of their vengeance, it was exposed at the Cross of Edinburgh. Heron would have shared the same fate, had he not spread abroad a report of his having died of the plague, and caused his funeral obsequies to be performed. A deadly feud of this kind, attended with all the circumstances of horror peculiar to a barbarous age, raged between the powerful families of Johnstone and Maxwell about the close of the sixteenth century. In the year 1593, Lord Maxwell, who was then warden of the west marches, armed with the royal authority, assembled all the barons of Nithsdale, and displaying his banner as the king's lieutenant, invaded Annandale at the head of two thousand men, with the purpose of crushing the ancient rival and enemy of his house. The Johnstones, however, assisted by the Scotts, Elliots, and other clans, boldly stood their ground ; and in a desperate conflict which took place at the Dryfe Sands, not far from Lockerby, gained a decisive victory. Lord Maxwell was struck from his horse, mutilated of his right hand, and then cruelly slain under a tree, still called

'Maxwell's Thorn.' His followers suffered grievously in the retreat. Many of them were slashed in the face by the pursuers; a kind of blow which to this day is called in that district 'a Lockerby lick.'

So feeble was the royal authority, that the king not only found himself unable to exact any vengeance for this outrage, but was even constrained to bestow on Johnstone the wardency of the middle marches. The feud between the Maxwells and Johnstones was carried on with every circumstance of ferocity which could add horror to civil war. The son of the slain Lord Maxwell vowed the deepest revenge for his father's death. With this view he invited Sir James Johnstone to a friendly conference, under the pretence of a desire to terminate the feud between their clans. They met, each with a single attendant, at a place called Auchmanhill, on the 6th of August 1608—fifteen years after the battle of Dryfe Sands—when Lord Maxwell, availing himself of a favourable opportunity, treacherously shot Sir James Johnstone through the back with a brace of bullets. The gallant old chief died on the spot, after having for some time bravely defended himself against the traitorous assassin, who endeavoured to strike him with his sword while he lay dying on the ground. 'A fact,' says Spottiswood, 'detested by all honest men, and the gentleman's misfortune severely lamented, for he was a man full of wisdom and courage.'

The murderer, finding no refuge in the Borders, made his escape to France; but, having ventured to return to Scotland after the union of the crowns, he was apprehended, and brought to trial at Edinburgh; and the royal authority being now much strengthened, the king caused him to be publicly executed, 21st May 1613. 'Thus,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'was finally ended, by a solitary example of severity, the "foul debate" betwixt the Maxwells and Johnstones, in the course of which each family lost two chieftains—one dying of a broken heart, one in the field of battle, one by assassination, and one by the sword of the executioner.'

In cases of deadly feud, vengeance was sought not only against the offender, but against all who were in any way connected with him. Of this the tragical fate of Anthony d'Arcy, Sieur de la Bastie, affords a melancholy example. After the execution of Lord Home by the Regent Albany in 1516, De la Bastie was appointed to succeed him as warden of the east marches. It does not appear that this gallant knight, whose talents were equally high in the cabinet and in the field, had the least concern in Lord Home's execution; but he was a friend of the regent, and that was enough to expose him to the vengeance of the ferocious Borderers, who burned to avenge the death of their chief. A plot, contrived by Home of Wedderburn and other friends of the late earl, drew De la Bastie towards Langton in the Merse. Here, ere he was aware, he found himself surrounded by his unrelenting enemies. He attempted to save himself by the fleetness of his horse; but his ignorance of the country unfortunately

ACCOUNT OF THE BORDERS.

led him into a morass near the town of Dunse. His pursuers came up, and put him to death. The ferocious Wedderburn cut off his head, tied it by its long and plaited tresses to his saddle-bow, and galloping into the town of Dunse, affixed the ghastly trophy on the market-cross.

The exaction of blood for blood to the uttermost drachm was indeed handed down from father to son as a sacred duty, which no lapse of time could set aside.

‘At the sacred font, the priest
Through ages left the masterhand unblest,
To urge with keener aim the blood-incrusted spear.’

The deadly feud between the clans of Scott and Kerr, which arose out of the slaughter of the Laird of Cessford at the battle of Melrose, in the year 1520, raged during the greater part of a century, in spite of all the efforts made to bring about an agreement. Among other expedients resorted to for this purpose, there was a bond executed in 1529 between the heads of the two clans, binding themselves to perform reciprocally the four principal pilgrimages of Scotland, for the benefit of those of the opposite name who had fallen in the quarrel. All was in vain. Sir Walter Scott of Buccleuch was slain by the Kerrs in the streets of Edinburgh, in revenge for the death of Cessford, twenty-six years after that event had taken place; and half a century later, the animosity between the families continued to rage as fiercely as ever. Well might the poet say, in reference to these long-breathed feuds:

‘Can piety the discord heal,
Or stanch the death-feud’s enmity?
Can Christian lore, can patriot zeal,
Can love of blessed charity?
No! vainly to each holy shrine
In mutual pilgrimage they drew;
Implored, in vain, the grace divine;
For chiefs their own red falchions slew:
While Cessford owns the rule of Car,
While Ettrick boasts the line of Scott,
The slaughtered chiefs, the mortal jar,
The havoc of the feudal war,
Shall never, never be forgot!’

Lay of the Last Minstrel, Canto i.

A story, which has been handed down by tradition respecting a quarrel between the Murrays and Scotts, would seem to indicate that these family feuds had sometimes a more amicable termination. During the reign of James VI., William (afterwards Sir William) Scott, eldest son of Scott of Harden, made an incursion upon the lands of Sir Gideon Murray of Elibank, afterwards deputy-treasurer of Scotland, and a great favourite of the king. But the Laird of

ACCOUNT OF THE BORDERS.

Elibank was upon his guard, and having collected his retainers, attacked the marauders when they were encumbered with their plunder, defeated them, and made young Harden prisoner. Sir Gideon conducted his captive to Elibank Tower, where his lady received him with congratulations on his victory, and inquired what he intended to do with his prisoner. 'I intend,' said the victorious laird, 'to consign him instantly to the gallows, as a man taken red-hand in the act of robbery and violence.'

'Hoot na, Sir Gideon,' answered his more considerate lady; 'that is not like your wisdom. Would you hang the winsome young Laird of Harden when ye have three ill-favoured daughters to marry?'

'Right!' answered the baron, who joyfully caught at the idea. 'He shall either marry our daughter, Mickle-mouthed Meg, or strap for it.'

When this alternative was proposed to the prisoner, he for some time stoutly preferred the gibbet to 'Mickle-mouthed Meg,' and persevered in this ungallant resolution till he was literally led forth to execution, when, seeing no other chance of escape, he consented to save his life at the expense of marrying the young lady.

The marriage contracted under such singular circumstances proved eminently happy, and it appears to have completely terminated the feud between the Murrays and Scotts. Such was the confidence which the chief of the latter clan reposed in the talents and probity of Sir Gideon, that when he was afterwards obliged to leave Scotland for some time, he committed to him the management of his affairs; and accordingly, acting as his representative, the Laird of Elibank carried five hundred of the clan of Scott to the assistance of the Johnstones at the bloody battle of Dryfe Sands.

According to a vague tradition, the number of Scottish Border clans was eighteen. The most powerful of these were the Douglasses, Homes, Kerrs, and Scotts, on the east and middle marches; and the Maxwells, Johnstones, and Jardines, on the west. The power of these mighty families was greatly increased by the bonds of alliance (or *man-rent*, as they were termed) which they were in the habit of forming with the chiefs of the smaller clans, who, in return for maintenance and protection, engaged to become their followers and liegemen. In this way several of the Border barons became possessed of such exorbitant power as to be enabled to set the royal authority at defiance. The formidable House of Douglas, in particular, on various occasions contended with the sovereign on equal terms, and had at one period nearly gained possession of the Scottish throne.

Each of these mighty chiefs, surrounded by his own officers, and supported on all occasions by a train of knights, squires, and inferior chiefs, was almost a king in miniature. Every chieftain, too, was the supreme criminal judge within his own territories, possessed the power of life and death over his own retainers, and even of reclaiming

from the supreme court any vassal who lived upon his lands. Can we wonder that privileges so extensive were often abused, and that the excesses of these petty tyrants should have frequently proved altogether intolerable.

The tradition of the country has preserved many instances of the cruel and oppressive actions perpetrated by these Border chiefs; and though it may sometimes be difficult to separate facts from fables, yet, making every allowance for popular exaggeration, enough remains behind to shew the fearful miseries which the exorbitant power of these nobles produced.* The crimes of the last Lord Soulis, a great feudal oppressor, who held extensive sway in the Borders about the beginning of the fourteenth century, have left an indelible impression on the popular mind. The scene of his cruelties is said to have been the strong castle of Hermitage in Liddesdale, the ruins of which are still regarded by the peasantry with peculiar aversion and terror. Local tradition represents him as a cruel tyrant and sorcerer, combining prodigious bodily strength with cruelty, avarice, dissimulation, and treachery; as constantly employed in oppressing his vassals, harassing his neighbours, and employing all means, human and infernal, to fortify his castle against the royal authority; invoking the fiends by his incantations; and forcing his vassals to drag materials like beasts of burden. Tradition proceeds to relate that the neighbouring Borderers having irritated the king by reiterated complaints against this oppressor, he at length hastily exclaimed: 'Fient nor he were sodden and suppit in broo!' The petitioners, satisfied with this answer, which they chose to understand literally, proceeded with the utmost haste to execute the commission, and actually, it is said, boiled Soulis upon the Nine Stane Rig—a declivity which derived its name from an old circle of upright stones, nine of which remained till a late period. Five of these stones are still visible, and two are particularly pointed out as those that supported the iron bar upon which the fatal caldron was suspended.

Shortly after the fall of the family of Soulis, Hermitage Castle passed into the possession of the Douglasses, and became the principal stronghold of the 'Black Knight of Liddesdale,' a natural son of the Good Lord James Douglas, the companion of Bruce. In 1342 it was the scene of the following terrible story. Sir Alexander Ramsay of Dalhousie was one of the bravest of the Scottish barons, and had distinguished himself by his gallant and patriotic exploits in

* It is said that an ancestor of Jardine of Applegarth had, in the time of Charles II., in the exercise of his territorial jurisdiction, imprisoned a person named Porteous in the Massy More, or dungeon of his castle of Spedlin, near Lochmaben. Being called suddenly to Edinburgh, the laird discovered, as he entered the West Port, that he had brought along with him the key of the dungeon. Struck with the utmost horror, he sent back his servant to relieve the prisoner; but it was too late. The wretched being was found lying upon the steps descending from the door of the vault, starved to death. In the agonies of hunger he had gnawed the flesh from one of his arms.

the wars with England. Having taken by storm the castle of Roxburgh, a fortress of great strength and importance, King David bestowed on him the government of the place, together with the sheriffdom of Teviotdale. Douglas, who had previously held the office of sheriff, was enraged at this act, and vowed revenge against Ramsay, his old companion in arms. He came suddenly upon him with a strong party of his vassals while he was holding his court in the open church at Hawick. Ramsay, having no suspicion of injury from his old comrade, invited him to take his place beside him; but the ferocious warrior, drawing his sword, rushed upon his victim, wounded him in a vain attempt at resistance, threw him bleeding across a horse, and carried him off to the remote and inaccessible castle of Hermitage. Here he was thrown into a dungeon, and left to perish of hunger. He is said to have prolonged his existence for seventeen days by some particles of corn which fell from a granary above his prison.

About the close of last century, a mason, digging for stones about the old castle of Hermitage, laid open a stone vault, in which, amid a great quantity of chaff, lay several human bones, along with an ancient sword and a bridle bit of uncommon size. These were conjectured, with great probability, to have belonged to the gallant but unfortunate Ramsay. 'It is a melancholy reflection,' says Mr Tytler, 'that a fate so horrid befell one of the bravest and most popular leaders of the Scottish nation, and that the deed did not only pass unrevenge, but that its perpetrator received a speedy pardon, and was rewarded by the office which had led to the murder.'

We are not to imagine that this was a solitary case. Deeds of equal atrocity were of frequent occurrence on the Border. The Douglasses, in particular, seem to have had no law but their own will, and inflicted vengeance for their real or imaginary wrongs entirely by their own authority, and according to their own arbitrary pleasure. In the year 1451, Herries of Terregles, a gentleman of ancient family and considerable influence in Dumfriesshire, having attempted to defend himself against the attacks of some of the followers of the Earl of Douglas, who were ravaging his lands, and to recover from them their plunder, was defeated, and dragged before the earl, who caused him to be hanged, although the king sent him a positive order by a herald, enjoining him to forbear any injury to the person of his prisoner.

But a still more flagrant breach of law and insult to the royal authority occurred in the following year. Maclellan, the guardian of the young lord of Bomby, ancestor of the Earls of Kirkcudbright, having refused to join Douglas in a treasonable league, was seized by him, and imprisoned in his strong fortress of Thrieve in Galloway. As Maclellan was much esteemed by the king, and the nephew of Sir Patrick Gray, captain of the royal guard, the king sent 'a sweet letter of supplication,' praying the earl to deliver his prisoner

into the hands of his kinsman. When Sir Patrick arrived at the castle of Thrieve, Douglas, who had just risen from dinner, received him with great apparent courtesy, but declined entering upon the business which had led to the visit until Gray also had dined. 'It was ill talking,' he said, 'between a fou [full] man and a fasting.' But suspecting the object of Sir Patrick's visit, and determined to defeat it, he gave private orders that Maclellan should be immediately led forth and beheaded in the courtyard of the castle.

After dinner, Sir Patrick presented the king's letter to the earl, who received and read it with great affectation of reverence. 'Sorry am I,' said he, with a look of much concern, 'that it is not in my power to give obedience to the commands of my sovereign, much as I am beholden to him for so gracious a letter to me, whom he has been pleased of late to regard with somewhat altered favour; but such redress as I can afford thou shalt have speedily.' He then took his visitor by the hand, and led him to the castle green, where the bleeding trunk of Maclellan was still lying. 'Yonder, Sir Patrick,' said he, 'is your sister's son, but unfortunately he wants the head. Take his body, however, and do with it what you will.'

'My lord,' said Gray, suppressing his grief and indignation, 'if you have taken his head, you may dispose of the body as you will.' But when he had mounted his horse, which he instantly called for, his resentment broke out in spite of the dangerous situation in which he was placed. 'My lord,' said he, 'if I live, you shall be rewarded for this deed according to your demerits.'

This expression of natural indignation, however, had nearly cost him his life; for the earl was highly offended, and gave orders for an instant pursuit; and if Gray had not been well mounted, he would, in all probability, have shared the fate of his nephew. The chase was continued almost to Edinburgh, a distance of fifty or sixty miles. It is not uninteresting to mention, that when Douglas was shortly afterwards stabbed by the king in Stirling Castle, Sir Patrick Gray, who was present, at one blow felled him with his battle-axe.

The overthrow of this great family followed soon after; but the Earl of Angus, whose share in the ruin of his kinsman led to the saying that 'the *Red* Douglas had put down the *Black*,' obtained a large portion of the forfeited domains of this mighty House, including the strong castles of Douglas, Hermitage, and Tantallon, and appears to have very soon enjoyed almost the same extensive supremacy on the Borders. The same system of rapine and bloodshed was consequently pursued. Archibald, fifth Earl of Angus, called *Bell-the-Cat*, who was at once warden of the east and middle marches, and Lord of Liddesdale and Jedwood Forest, seems to have had as little respect for law or royal authority as his kinsmen and rivals the Earls of Douglas. His share in the murder of the favourites of James III. at Lauder, and of the overthrow and death of the unfortunate monarch in the battle of Sauchieburn, is well known.

A quarrel which he fastened on Spens of Kilspindie, a favourite of James IV., cost him his lordship of Liddesdale and castle of Hermitage. Spens, who was a renowned cavalier, had been present when Angus was highly praised for strength and valour. 'It may be,' answered Spens, 'if all be good that is upcome.'

Shortly after, Angus, while hawking near Bothwell with a single attendant, met Kilspindie. 'What reason had ye,' said the earl, 'for making question of my manhood? Thou art a tall fellow, and so am I, and, by St Bride of Douglas, one of us shall pay for it!'

'Since it may be no better,' answered Kilspindie, 'I will defend myself against the best earl in Scotland.'

With these words they encountered fiercely, till Angus, with one blow, severed the thigh of his antagonist, who died on the spot. The earl then addressed the attendant of Kilspindie: 'Go thy way: tell my gossip the king that here was nothing but fair-play. I know my gossip will be offended; but I will get me into Liddesdale, and remain in my castle of the Hermitage till his anger be abated.'

James, however, took advantage of the opportunity to compel Angus, as the price of his pardon, to leave

'The dusky vale
Of Hermitage in Liddesdale,
Its dungeons and its towers,
Where Bothwell's turrets brave the air,
And Bothwell bank is blooming fair,
To fix his princely bowers;'

which was a considerable diminution to the family power and greatness. The sword with which Angus slew Spens—

'The huge and sweeping brand,
Which wont of yore in battle fray
His foeman's limbs to shred away,
As wood-knife lops the sapling spray'—

was presented by his descendant, the famous Earl of Morton, to Lord Lindsay of the Byres, when he defied Bothwell to single combat on Carberry Hill.

The grandson of old Bell-the-Cat married the widowed queen of James IV., and obtained the supreme authority in Scotland during the minority of James V. In the words of an old historian: 'He ruled all which he liked, and no man durst say the contrary. There dared no man strive at law with a Douglas, or yet with the adherent of a Douglas; for if he did, he was sure to get the worst of his lawsuit.' And he adds: 'Although Angus travelled through the country under the pretence of punishing thieves, robbers, and murderers, there were no malefactors so great as those which rode in his own company.'

The high spirit of the young king, who was now fourteen years old, was galled by the ignominious restraint in which he was held; and

ACCOUNT OF THE BORDERS.

in a progress to the Border, for the purpose of repressing some excesses of the Armstrongs, intimation was secretly given to Sir Walter Scott of Buccleuch that he should raise his clan, and rescue the king out of the hands of the Douglasses.

Buccleuch immediately levied his retainers and friends, comprehending a large body of Elliots, Armstrongs, and other broken clans, over whom he exercised great authority. Angus had passed the night at Melrose; and the Kerrs and Homes, who had accompanied him in his expedition, had taken their leave of the king, when Buccleuch and his followers suddenly appeared on an eminence called Halidon Hill, and interposed between Angus and the bridge over the Tweed. 'Sir,' said the earl to the king, 'yonder is Buccleuch, and the thieves of Annandale with him, to interrupt your passage. I vow to God they shall either fight or flee; and ye shall tarry here on this know [knoll], and my brother George with you, with any other company you please, and I shall pass and put yon thieves off the ground, and rid the gate unto your Grace, or else die for it.'

The earl with these words alighted, and hastened to the charge; and the Borderers, shouting their war-cry, immediately joined battle, and fought stoutly. The encounter was fierce and obstinate; but the Homes and Kerrs returning at the noise of the conflict, set upon the wing and rear of Buccleuch's men, and decided the fate of the day. About eighty of the Scotts were slain in this clan battle, which was fought on the 25th July 1526. The death of the Laird of Cessford, who was killed in the pursuit by a retainer of Buccleuch, occasioned the deadly feud between the Scotts and Kerrs of which we have already spoken.

BORDER CASTLES AND FORAYS.

The residences of the Border chieftains by no means corresponded to the extent of their power and the number of their retainers, and presented a striking contrast to the magnificent fortresses of the great English nobles. This, however, was not always the case. During the interval of more than a century which elapsed between the reign of William the Lion and the death of Alexander III., there was profound peace between England and Scotland; and the Borders appear to have been in a state of progressive improvement. At this period were erected several monastic edifices within the Scottish Border, which formed the refuge of learning, and whose inmates must have contributed, in ordinary times, to allay the fierce passions of the neighbouring inhabitants. Among the structures of this kind may be named the abbeys of Melrose, Dryburgh, Jedburgh, and Kelso on the eastern marches, and Lincluden on the west. These, with some other monasteries, formed seats of refinement and

peaceful contemplation, while all around was little better than a mental wilderness. Usually, these sanctuaries were respected by the hand of rapine ; but in the case of national wars, they suffered in common with other buildings, and were laid waste with fire and sword. In all cases, however, the piety of the age restored them, until they finally sunk under the violence of the iconoclasts in the sixteenth century.

In some instances, adjoining these religious houses, towns arose, and numerous strong and extensive royal and baronial castles graced and defended the frontier. There is little reason to doubt, that if the peace between England and Scotland had not been broken by the unjustifiable pretensions of Edward I., the Borders would have gradually been improved in character with the rest of Scotland, and centuries of misery would have been avoided. The war of Scottish independence, which raged throughout nearly the whole of the fourteenth century, at once stopped all advancement, and threw the Borders back into a state of disorganisation. Monasteries were destroyed, towns sacked, castles stormed, and thousands of the inhabitants killed. Perceiving that the only means of preserving the liberties of their country consisted in laying waste the district, the Scots burned and erased many dwellings, and pulled down all the strongholds of importance likely to fall into the hands of the enemy.

When the Good Lord James Douglas three several times recovered possession of his ancestral castle, upon each occasion he laid waste and demolished it, and took refuge with his followers in the hills and forests. 'He loved better,' he said, 'to hear the lark sing than the mouse squeak.' The same devastating but uncompromising and effectual system of warfare was carried on during the whole of the struggle which the Scots maintained for their independence, and was delivered by Robert Bruce as a legacy to his successors, in what is affectionately called the 'Good King Robert's Testament.' On his death-bed he enjoined his followers, in their wars, always to fight on foot ; to trust for protection to their mountains, morasses, and woods, rather than to walls and garrisons ; to employ for arms the bow, the spear, and the battle-axe ; to drive their herds into the narrow glens, and to fortify them there whilst they laid waste the plain country by fire, and compelled the enemy to evacuate it. 'Let your scouts and watches,' he concluded, 'be vociferating through the night, keeping the enemy in perpetual alarm ; and, worn out with famine, fatigue, and apprehension, they will retreat as certainly as if routed in battle.' These judicious counsels were followed by the Scots in all their wars with the English down to the days of Cromwell. Hence the great baronial and royal castles which existed on the Borders were, with very few exceptions, levelled with the ground during the wars of Bruce and Baliol. The castle of Jedburgh, one of the strongest of these fortresses, remained for a long time in

ACCOUNT OF THE BORDERS.

the hands of the English, and was a source of great annoyance to the adjacent country. On its reduction by the Scots in 1408, it was immediately ordered to be destroyed; but so strongly was it constructed, and so unskilful were the Scots in the work of destruction, that it was proposed to impose a tax of two pennies on every hearth in Scotland to defray the expense of razing and levelling the fortifications. But the regent ordered the sum required to be paid out of the royal revenues.

The lesser strengths, consisting of single towers, or peels, as they were called, each forming the lodgment of a petty chief, do not seem to have suffered the same devastation at the hands of their proprietors, who probably reckoned on defending them from all casual assaults. These towers, whose remains are now the most remarkable features in the Border landscape, were for the most part built in some situation of great natural strength; on a precipice, or on the banks of a torrent, or surrounded by woods and morasses, which rendered them almost inaccessible. The position of these Border houses, in short, so plainly indicated the pursuits and apprehensions of their inhabitants, that James V., on approaching the castle of Lochwood, the ancient seat of the Johnstones, is said to have exclaimed, that he who built it must have been a knave in his heart. The principal part of these fortresses consisted of a large square tower, called a *keep*, having walls of immense thickness, which could easily be defended against any sudden or desultory assault. The residences of the inferior chiefs, called peels or bastel-houses, were usually built upon a still smaller scale, and consisted merely of a high square tower, surrounded by an outer wall, which served as a protection for the cattle at night. The apartments were placed one above another, and communicated only by a narrow stair, which could be easily blocked up or defended; so that the garrison could hold out for a considerable time, even after the lower story was in the possession of the enemy. In such circumstances the assailants usually heaped together quantities of wetted straw in the lower apartments, and setting it on fire, drove the defenders from story to story by means of the smoke, and sometimes compelled them to surrender.

Around these fortresses were placed the habitations of the vassals and retainers of the chief, who were ready upon the first summons either to take arms for the defence of the castle, or to follow their lord to the field; and as much ground in the vicinity was cleared and cultivated as was necessary for their support.

The Border towns, before and after the war of independence, were usually furnished with a number of towers, like the peels of the inferior gentry, and were the abodes either of the wealthier burghers, or of the neighbouring proprietors, who occasionally dwelt within the town. 'In each village or town,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'were several small towers, having battlements projecting over the side

ACCOUNT OF THE BORDERS.

walls, and usually an advanced angle or two, with shot-holes for flanking the doorway, which was always defended by a strong door of oak, studded with nails, and often by an exterior grated door of iron. These small peel-houses were ordinarily inhabited by the principal feuars and their families ; but upon the alarm of approaching danger, the whole inhabitants thronged from their own miserable cottages, which were situated around, to garrison these points of defence. It was then no easy matter for a hostile party to penetrate into the village ; for the men were habituated to the use of bows and firearms, and the towers being generally so placed that the discharge from one crossed that of another, it was impossible to assault any of them individually.' In the village of Lessudden, when burned by Sir Ralph Evers in 1544, there were as many as sixteen of these strongholds, which afforded excellent posts for resisting the assaults of an enemy, even after the town was taken. On the approach of a superior army, the chieftains and their retainers usually took to the woods and mountains, leaving their habitations to the fate of war. There is scarcely a single instance known of a distinguished baron having been made prisoner in his own house.

In these dismal times all the ordinary class of houses in the Border towns were thatched ; and as it was almost certain that these would be set on fire by the enemy, it was customary for the inhabitants, at the approach of invaders, to clear off all the thatch from their dwellings, and, if possible, flee with their cattle and other property to the mountains. Still further to guard against fire, as well as rapine, the lower stories of the houses were vaulted, and accessible only by a low doorway. Domestic strongholds of this kind may still be seen in all the Border and some other of the old towns of Scotland. A few remain in Peebles, which was frequently burned in the troublous times to which we refer.

To guard against sudden attack, it was usual for the Scottish Borderers to give telegraphic warning of the approach of an enemy by means of beacon or bale fires, lighted on the tops of the hills or loftiest battlements of the principal castles. Thus signals from Berwick, up the vale of Tweed to Lanarkshire, and from the Tweed to the Forth, made the whole country aware of the coming danger.

' A sheet of flame, from the turret high,
Waved like a blood-flag on the sky,
All flaring and uneven ;
And soon a score of fires, I ween,
From height, and hill, and cliff were seen :
Each with warlike tidings fraught ;
Each from each the signal caught ;
Each after each they glanced to sight,
As stars arise upon the night.
They gleamed on many a dusky tarn,
Haunted by the lonely earn ;

ACCOUNT OF THE BORDERS.

On many a cairn's gray pyramid,
Where urns of mighty chiefs lie hid ;
Till high Dunedin the blazes saw,
From Soltra and Dumpender Law ;
And Lothian heard the regent's order,
That all should bowne them for the Border.'

Lay of the Last Minstrel, Canto iii.

The precautions taken by the English against the inroads of their northern neighbours were of a somewhat different kind, and suited to their superior wealth and civilisation. They paid greater attention to defence, as they had something of value to defend. All along the English frontiers arose baronial castles of magnificent structure, great extent, and fortified with all the art of the age. Their great strength afforded a secure asylum to their inhabitants, and enabled them to set at defiance the attacks of the Scottish Borderers. Newcastle, Hexham, Carlisle, and other towns along the English Border were in like manner much more strongly and skilfully fortified than those of the opposite frontier, and afforded therefore a much better protection from invasion. A line of communication was established along the whole Border from Berwick to Carlisle, with setters and searchers, sleuth-hounds and watchers, by day and night. The fords over the rivers were either strictly guarded, or stopped and destroyed ; and narrow defiles through the mountains were blocked up, or rendered impassable. But although these precautions served to a considerable extent to protect the English frontier from extensive invasions, they were wholly insufficient to prevent the desultory incursions of the Scottish marauders, who, making sudden and rapid inroads into particular districts, laid all waste, and returned loaded with spoil before a sufficient force could be collected to present an obstacle to their return. These unceasing *raids* were scarcely less destructive than the more extensive invasions of the English armies.

In their frequent invasions of England, the Scottish Borderers always manifested a desire of spoil rather than of slaughter. Their great object was to collect as much booty as possible. Hence it was their policy on such occasions to avoid a regular engagement, and by hasty marches to elude any hostile force that might be sent against them, in order that they might carry off, unmolested, their prisoners and plunder. Of the success of these tactics we have a striking example in the destructive inroad which Douglas and Randolph made into England about the close of the reign of Robert Bruce. For many days the English army followed the smoke of the houses and villages which the Scots had burned, without being able even to get a sight of their destroyers ; and when at length the offer of a large reward obtained for King Edward information where the enemy lay, he found them encamped in an impregnable position, which could not even be reached without the greatest danger. Here

ACCOUNT OF THE BORDERS.

the two armies lay opposite to each other for several days, the English vainly endeavouring, by manœuvres and bravadoes, to induce the Scottish leaders to abandon their strong ground and risk a battle. At length the Scots, after having in a night-attack surprised the English camp, and nearly carried off the king, decamped at midnight, and retreating through a morass in their rear, had advanced a considerable way on their march towards Scotland before the English were aware that they had quitted their position.

When the English visited the deserted camp of their nimble foes, it presented a singular spectacle. In it were found an immense number of slaughtered cattle and of red and fallow deer, and more than three hundred kettles made of skins of cattle with the hair on, suspended on stakes over the half-extinguished fires, and full of meat and water ready for boiling, with about a thousand spit-racks with meat on them, and many thousand pair of shoes made of raw hides with the hair on the outer side—a kind of buskins or *brogues* peculiar to Scotland, which procured for their wearers the name of the ‘rough-footed Scots,’ and sometimes, from the colour of the hide, ‘red-shanks.’ The only living things found in the camp were five English prisoners tied to trees, who had been commanded to say to their monarch, that ‘if he were displeased with what had been done, he might come and revenge himself on Scotland.’

The Borderers, however, did not always act with equal prudence in avoiding great battles with the English. The imprudence of their leaders, the impatient valour of the troops, or the spirit of chivalry, often induced them to risk an engagement. A memorable example of this occurred in 1388, when a battle was fought at Otterburn between the forces of Percy, son of the Earl of Northumberland, and those of Douglas, in which the latter was victorious. The shame of this disaster, as it was considered, was effaced at Homildon, where, fourteen years after, Hotspur gave a bloody defeat to the successor of the hero of Otterburn—James, the second Earl of Douglas. Thus victory sometimes inclined to one side, and sometimes to another. It was altogether a savage and unjustifiable warfare, whether carried on by the chiefs and their retainers, or at the instigation of the kings of the two countries.

BORDER MOSS-TROOPERS.

Besides the chiefs who carried on a predatory warfare for the sake of spoil or the wantonness of aggression, there were many marauders who knew no measure of law, had no mighty chieftain to whom they owed allegiance, or who would be bound for their good behaviour. These men, with their petty trains of dependants, were viewed as broken clans, and were only countenanced by the great barons when they themselves stood in need of their assistance. Living in small towers about the Border valleys, they were in the

ACCOUNT OF THE BORDERS.

habit of sallying out at night to pillage the flocks and herds of some unsuspecting neighbour; for they were by no means particular whether their prey belonged to the Scots or English.

The principal marauders of this class within the Scottish Border were the Elliots, Armstrongs, Turnbulls, Rutherfords, and Scotts. When hard pressed in pursuit by the enraged wardens of the marches, or others, they would flee for temporary refuge to mosses, inaccessible by those not acquainted with the paths, and there hold the law at defiance. One of their most noted places of refuge was the Tarras Moss in Liddesdale, a desolate and horrible morass, accessible by paths known only to themselves. Through this marsh a small river runs furiously among huge rocks. Upon its banks are found some dry spots, which were occupied by these outlaws and their families in cases of emergency. The morass is so deep, that, according to an old historian, two spears tied together would not reach the bottom. Into this inaccessible retreat the Armstrongs fled when pursued in 1588 by Archibald, eighth Earl of Angus, lieutenant on the Border. The earl used to declare that he had as much delight in hunting a thief as others in chasing a hare. But on this occasion he was completely foiled by the impracticability of the morass, and the cunning of the outlaws who harboured in it. From their frequenting morasses, these marauders came to be known by the name of moss-troopers. They were generally well mounted on horseback, with light armour or buff coats, and provided with a sword and short musket; some carried spears, which were exceedingly formidable to an enemy.

Freebooters as these men unquestionably were, we should form an incorrect estimate of their character were we to associate them in idea with the mean felons of modern days. Rapine at the time seems to have been a legalised principle; law and justice were at the lowest ebb; and many of the broken clans were men who had been ruined by national wars, and denied all form of reparation. Of the more 'respectable' heads of these freebooting bands, Walter Scott of Harden, commonly called 'Auld Wat of Harden,' may be taken as a specimen. Tradition has preserved a great variety of anecdotes respecting this redoubted chief. His castle was situated on the very brink of a dark and precipitous dell on the Borthwick, about three miles from Hawick. The spoil which he carried off from his neighbours was concealed in the recess of this deep and impervious glen. From thence the cattle were brought out one by one, as they were wanted, to supply the rude and plentiful table of the laird. When the last bullock was killed and devoured, it was the lady's custom to place on the table a dish, which, on being uncovered, was found to contain a pair of clean spurs—a hint to the riders that they must shift for their next meal. A kindred saying is recorded of a mother to her son, which has now become proverbial, 'Ride, Rowly [Rowland]; hough's i' the pot;' that is, the last piece

of beef was in the pot, and therefore it was high time for him to go and fetch more. Upon one occasion, when the village herd was driving out the cattle to pasture, the old laird heard him call loudly to drive out Harden's cow. 'Harden's cow!' echoed the affronted chief; 'is it come to that pass? By my faith, they shall soon say Harden's kye.' Accordingly, he sounded his bugle, mounted his horse, set out with his followers, and returned next day with 'a bow of kye and a bassen'd [brindled] bull.' On returning with his prey, he passed a very large haystack. It occurred to the provident laird that this would be extremely convenient to fodder his new stock of cattle; but as no means of transporting it occurred, he was fain to take leave of it with this apostrophe, now proverbial: 'Had ye but four feet, ye should not stand long there.' In short, nothing came amiss to him that was not *too heavy* or *too hot*. This renowned freebooter was married to Mary Scott, celebrated in song by the title of the Flower of Yarrow. By their marriage-contract, the father-in-law, Philip Scott of Dryhope, was to find Harden in horse-meat and man's-meat at his tower of Dryhope for a year and a day; but five barons pledged themselves that, at the expiry of that period, the son-in-law should remove without attempting to continue in possession by force—a caution strikingly illustrative of the times and of the character of the contracting parties. By the Flower of Yarrow the Laird of Harden had six sons, five of whom survived him. The sixth son was slain at a fray in a hunting-match by the Scotts of Gilmanscleugh. His brothers flew to arms; but the old laird secured them in the dungeon of his tower, hurried to Edinburgh, stated the crime, and obtained from the crown a gift of the lands of the offenders. He returned to Harden with equal speed, released his sons, and shewed them the charter. 'To horse, lads!' cried the savage warrior, 'and let us take possession! The lands of Gilmanscleugh are well worth a dead son.'

The following beautiful passage in Leyden's *Scenes of Infancy* is founded on a tradition respecting an infant captive whom Harden carried off in a predatory excursion, and who is said to have become the author of some of our most beautiful pastoral songs:

'Where Bortha hoarse, that loads the meads with sand,
Rolls her red tide to Teviot's western strand,
Through slaty hills, whose sides are shagged with thorn,
Where springs, in scattered tufts, the dark-green corn,
Towers wood-girt Harden far above the vale,
And clouds of ravens o'er the turrets sail.
A hardy race, who never shrunk from war,
The Scott, to rival realms a mighty bar,
Here fixed his mountain home; a wide domain,
And rich the soil, had purple heath been grain.
But what the niggard ground of wealth denied,
From fields more blessed his fearless arm supplied.

ACCOUNT OF THE BORDERS.

The waning harvest-moon shone cold and bright,
The warder's horn was heard at dead of night,
And as the massy portals wide were flung,
With stamping hoofs the rocky pavement rung.
What fair, half-veiled, leans from her latticed hall,
Where red the wavering gleams of torchlight fall?
'Tis Yarrow's fairest Flower, who through the gloom
Looks wistful for her lover's dancing plume.
Amid the piles of spoil that strewed the ground,
Her ear, all anxious, caught a wailing sound;
With trembling haste the youthful matron flew,
And from the hurried heaps an infant drew.

Scared at the light, his little hands he flung
Around her neck, and to her bosom clung;
While beauteous Mary soothed in accents mild
His fluttering soul, and clasped her foster-child.
Of milder mood the gentle captive grew,
Nor loved the scenes that scared his infant view.
In vales remote from camps and castles far,
He shunned the fearful shuddering joy of war;
Content the loves of simple swains to sing,
Or wake to fame the harp's heroic string.

His are the strains whose wandering echoes thrill
The shepherd, lingering on the twilight hill,
When evening brings the merry folding hours,
And sun-eyed daisies close their winking flowers.
He lived o'er Yarrow's Flower to shed the tear,
To strew the holly leaves o'er Harden's bier.
But none was found above the minstrel's tomb,
Emblem of peace, to bid the daisy bloom;
He, nameless as the race from which he sprung,
Saved other names, and left his own unsung.'

The armorial bearings adopted by many of the Border tribes were remarkably appropriate to their character, and shew how little they were ashamed of their trade of rapine. It was their vocation; and, with Falstaff, they reckoned it no sin for a man to labour in his vocation. Like this same worthy, they were 'Diana's foresters—gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon'—under whose countenance they committed their depredations. Hence the emblematic moons and stars so often charged in the arms of Border families. Their mottoes also bear allusion to their profession: 'Reparabit cornua Phœbe' (We'll have moonlight again) is that of the family of Harden, now represented by Lord Polwarth. 'Best riding by moonlight' was the ancient motto of the Buccleuch family. The crest of the Cranstouns is a crane holding a stone in his foot, with the emphatic motto, 'Thou shalt want ere I want.'

Various statutes and regulations were made for the purpose of repressing the depredations of these Border freebooters, but they remained for the most part a dead letter. It happened not unfrequently that, when the disorders caused by their marauding incursions reached a certain height, the Scottish kings or governors marched to the Borders, seized and imprisoned the chiefs, and executed without mercy the inferior captains and leaders. The most noted of these expeditions was the famous one undertaken by James V. in the year 1529. Before setting out on his journey, he very sagaciously took the precaution of putting in safe custody the principal Border chieftains—the Earl of Bothwell, Lords Home and Maxwell, and the Lairds of Buccleuch, Ferniehirst, Polwarth, and Johnstone, who were the chief protectors of the marauders. The king having thus secured the principal offenders, placed himself at the head of an army of eight thousand men, and marched rapidly forward through the disturbed districts. After visiting the upper part of Peeblesshire, Ettrick Forest (now Selkirkshire), and Teviotdale, doing justice on various parties as he proceeded, the king arrived in Eskdale, which adjoins the south-western Border. Here his army drew up in front of the tower of Gilnockie, the stronghold of Johnnie Armstrong, one of the most noted freebooters in this part of the country. Johnnie, whose exploits are celebrated in tradition and song, appears to have carried on his depredations upon a singularly magnificent scale. The whole neighbouring district of England, for many miles round, paid him *black-mail*; and the terror of his name is said to have spread almost as far as Newcastle. His tower is still extant in Eskdale, a few miles from Langholm, where its ruins yet serve to adorn a scene of exquisite loveliness (see Illustration). The evil genius of Johnnie Armstrong, or the private advice of some courtiers, or, as others allege, a determination to brave it out before the king, induced him to present himself before James with ‘a gallant companie’ of thirty-six followers, arrayed in all the pomp of Border chivalry. The spot at which the meeting took place was at Carlinrigg Chapel, ten miles south of Hawick. It turned out that Johnnie had entirely miscalculated the effect likely to be produced by the imposing appearance of his train. The king, incensed to see a freebooter so gallantly equipped, commanded him instantly to be led to execution, saying: ‘What wants this knave save a crown to be as magnificent as a king?’ But Johnnie Armstrong, says Pitscottie, made great offers to the king for his life; offering to maintain himself, with forty men, ready to serve the king at a moment’s notice at his own expense; engaging never to hurt or injure any Scottish subject—as indeed had never been his practice; and undertaking that there was not a man in England, of whatever degree—duke, earl, lord, or baron—but he would engage, within a certain time, to present to the king dead or alive. All was unavailing. James would listen to no offer, however great. At length, seeing no

hope of favour, Johnnie said very proudly : ‘ It is folly to seek grace at a graceless face ; but had I guessed you would have used me thus, I would have kept the Border side in despite of the king of England and you both ; for I know King Henry would downweigh my best horse with gold to know that I am condemned to die this day.’ Johnnie and all his retinue were immediately hanged upon some growing trees near Carlinrigg Chapel. They were buried in its deserted churchyard, where their graves are yet shewn. The country people, who hold the memory of the unfortunate marauders in very high respect, believe that, to manifest the injustice of their execution, the trees immediately withered away.

‘ Where rising Teviot joins the Frostylee,
 Stands the huge trunk of many a leafless tree ;
 No verdant woodbine-wreaths their age adorn,
 Bare are the boughs, the gnarled roots upturn.
 Here shone no sunbeam, fell no summer dew,
 Nor ever grass beneath the branches grew,
 Since that bold chief, who Henry’s power defied,
 True to his country, as a traitor died.’

Scenes of Infancy.

The extent to which James carried his severity was, without doubt, cruel and excessive. But such was the terror which he thus struck into the Border marauders, that for a season he made ‘ the rush-bush keep the cow ;’ and, according to an old history, ‘ thereafter there was great peace and rest a long time, wherethrough the king had great profit ; for he had ten thousand sheep going in the Ettrick Forest in keeping by Andrew Bell, who made the king as good count of them as they had gone in the bounds of Fife.’

Various expeditions of a similar kind were undertaken on subsequent occasions, especially by the Regent Murray, who suppressed with a firm hand the outrages of the moss-troopers, whom he caused to be hanged or drowned by dozens. But these examples of sanguinary justice had no permanent effect in tranquillising the Border districts. Hence it was found necessary to intrust the wardens of the marches with the most extensive powers for the maintenance of peace and order. These officers seem to have imitated closely the royal example in the summary execution of those marauders who fell into their hands. The next tree, or the deepest pool of the nearest stream, was indifferently used on such occasions. Great numbers of the moss-troopers are said to have been drowned in a deep eddy of the Jed near Jedburgh. The ordinary proverb of ‘ Jedburgh justice,’ where men were said to be hanged first and tried afterwards, appears to have taken its rise from these summary proceedings.

One of the most important regulations both for preventing and punishing the disorders committed by the lawless banditti on the

Borders, was the holding days of truce by the wardens on either side, in which the offences complained of by the subjects of both kingdoms were, with great solemnity, inquired into and remedied. The wardens on these occasions took the field in great state, attended by the chief men within their districts, all in their best arms, and well mounted. After an assurance had been mutually given for keeping the peace from sunrise till sunset, the two wardens met in great form, embraced each other, and then proceeded to examine the 'bills' or complaints tendered on either side. In doubtful cases, the matter was tried by a jury of twelve, chosen equally from the two nations, or was referred to an umpire mutually chosen, or in some cases to the oath of the party accused.

The wardens were bound to have the offenders against whom complaints were made in custody, in order that they might be in readiness to answer the charges brought against them. But as this would have been often difficult, and sometimes impossible, the warden usually took security from the chief or kinsmen of the accused parties, that they should be forthcoming when called for. If the persons charged were found guilty, they were delivered up to the opposite warden, by whom they were imprisoned until they had paid treble the value of the goods stolen. A kind of account-current was made up of the extent of mutual damage sustained by both kingdoms, and the complaints found proved on each side having been enumerated, the balance was struck against that country whose depredators had committed the greatest number of offences.

While the wardens were engaged in these judicial investigations, their retainers intermixed fearlessly and peaceably with each other in mutual sports and familiar intercourse—'in merchandise and merriment'—

'They met and sate them mingled down,
Without a threat, without a frown,
As brothers meet in foreign land.
The hands the spear that lately grasped,
Still in the mailed gauntlet clasped,
Were interchanged in greeting dear ;
Visors were raised, and faces shewn,
And many a friend to friend made known,
Partook of social cheer.
Some drove the jolly bowl about ;
With dice and draughts some chased the day ;
And some, with many a merry shout,
In riot, revelry, and rout,
Pursued the football play.'

Lay of the Last Minstrel, Canto v.

These peaceful meetings, however, were often converted into scenes of battle and bloodshed. Among the fiery spirits by whom each warden was respectively attended, there must often have been many

ACCOUNT OF THE BORDERS.

betwixt whom deadly feud existed, and not a few whose interest it was to instigate any quarrel which might interrupt the course of justice, and prevent their depredations from being inquired into. Among such combustible materials, the slightest spark served to kindle a flame. Hence, as the poet remarks :

‘Twixt truce and war a sudden change
Was not infrequent, nor held strange,
In the old Border-day.’

Repeated instances occur of such casual affrays happening, in which the Border chiefs, and sometimes even the wardens themselves, were wounded or slain. One of these skirmishes is vividly portrayed in the old ballad of the *Raid of the Reidswire*. On the 7th of July 1575, Sir John Carmichael, warden of the Scottish middle-marches, and Sir John Foster, the English officer on the opposite frontier, held a meeting for the regulation of Border affairs, each being as usual attended by his retinue, and by the armed clans inhabiting his district. According to the old minstrel, the Borderers of Tynedale and Reedsdale, who attended the English warden, all well armed ‘with jack, and spear, and bended bows,’ were much more numerous than the Scottish clans. The meeting began in mirth and good neighbourhood. The wardens proceeded to the usual business of the day, and their attendants engaged in sports and gaming. The pedlers erected their temporary booths, and displayed their wares; and the whole had the appearance of a peaceful holiday or rural fair.

During this mutual friendly intercourse, a dispute arose respecting one Farnsteen, a notorious English freebooter, against whom a bill at the instance of a Scottish complainer, had been ‘foaled ;’ that is, found a true bill. Foster alleged that he had fled from justice ; Carmichael, considering this as a pretext to avoid making compensation for the felony, bade him ‘play fair ;’ to which the haughty English warden retorted, by contemptuously desiring Carmichael to match himself with his equals. The English Borderers, glad of any pretext for a quarrel, immediately raised their war-cry of : ‘To it, Tynedale !’ and discharged a flight of arrows among the Scots. A warm conflict ensued, in which Carmichael was at first beaten down and taken prisoner, and the Scots, few in number, and surprised, were with difficulty able to keep their ground. But the Tynedale men beginning greedily to rifle the ‘merchant packs,’ fell into disorder ; and a band of the citizens of Jedburgh, armed with fire-arms, opportunely arriving at that instant, the skirmish terminated in a complete victory on the part of the Scots. Sir John Heron of Chipchase was slain on the spot, to the great regret of both parties ; and Sir John Foster, with many other Englishmen of rank, were made prisoners. The Scots lost but one gentleman of name.

This affray was remarkable as being the last skirmish of any

ACCOUNT OF THE BORDERS.

consequence fought on the Borders. The field of battle was called the Reidswire, a spot on the ridge of the Carter Fells, which divide England from Scotland. The prisoners were sent to the Earl of Morton, then regent, who detained them at Dalkeith, and then dismissed them with presents of choice falcons and great expressions of regard. On this a saying arose amongst the Borderers, that for this once the regent had lost by his bargain: he had given live hawks for dead Herons—alluding to the death of Sir John Heron.

A few years later, a singular incident arose out of one of these warden meetings, which had well-nigh occasioned a war between the kingdoms.

In the year 1596 there was a meeting held on the borders of Liddesdale between the deputies of Lord Scrope of Bolton, the English warden of the west marches, and Sir Walter Scott of Buccleuch, the Scottish warden. The court was held at a place named the Dayholm of Kershope, where a small burn or rivulet divides the two countries. When the business of the day was over, and the meeting amicably broken up, the English Borderers happened to observe a notorious depredator called William Armstrong—but more commonly known by the name of Kinmont Willie—quietly riding home on the Scottish side of the Liddel, with three or four in company. Willie, who is said to have been a descendant of the famous Johnnie Armstrong, was a man of great personal strength and stature, and one of the most gallant freebooters in Liddesdale. He and his four sons, who were equally distinguished in their vocation, are said to have had more bills filed against them than any twenty men in the district. Although he was on Scottish ground, and protected by the truce, which lasted from the time of holding the court till next morning at sunrise, the temptation to seize an offender so obnoxious was too great to be resisted. A body of two hundred English horsemen crossed the river, chased him for some miles, and took him and carried him in triumph to Carlisle Castle, where he was heavily ironed, and cast into the common prison. Buccleuch, with whom Kinmont Willie was a special favourite, instantly complained of this outrageous violation of Border law, and demanded the release of his retainer. But the English warden refused, or at least evaded, this request. Buccleuch then swore that he would bring Kinmont Willie out of Carlisle Castle, alive or dead, with his own hand. Choosing a dark tempestuous night, he assembled two hundred horse at the Tower of Morton, on the water of Sark, about ten miles from Carlisle. Among those selected for this hazardous enterprise were the Laids of Harden, Bransholm, Goldielands, and Stow, the son of the Laird of Mangerton, chief of the Armstrongs, and Kinmont's four sons—all noted and daring men. With this company, Buccleuch, favoured by the darkness of the night, passed the river Esk unperceived,

ACCOUNT OF THE BORDERS.

rode rapidly through the 'Debatable Land,' forded the Eden, then swollen over its banks, and halted at a small burn named Caday, close by Carlisle. Here he caused eighty of his men to dismount, and silently led them, carrying with them the scaling-ladders, crow-bars, and other iron tools which they had prepared, to the foot of the castle wall.

The night was dark and rainy, and everything seemed to favour the attempt. But, to their disappointment, the ladders proved too short. In this extremity they undermined a postern gate in the wall, and soon made a breach sufficient to admit a single soldier. Those who entered first disarmed and bound the watch, wrenched open the postern from the inside, and admitted their companions. Buccleuch kept the postern, while a body of his men proceeded to the castle jail and released Kinmont, carrying him off in his irons, and sounding their trumpets as a signal that the enterprise was accomplished.* On passing the window of Lord Scrope, Kinmont shouted a 'good-night' to his lordship, asking him at the same time if he had any news for Scotland. Meantime the alarm-bell of the castle rung, and was answered by those of the cathedral and the Moot Hall; drums beat to arms, and the beacon blazed up on the top of the great tower. But as the real strength of the enemy was unknown, all was terror and confusion both in the castle and town. Buccleuch having accomplished his purpose, rode off, the Borderers having strictly obeyed his orders, in forbearing to injure the garrison or to take any booty. Rejoining his men whom he had left on the Caday, he made an orderly retreat, carrying off his rescued prisoner in the midst of his band, and regained the Scottish Border before sunrise.

This daring exploit, one of the last, and certainly most gallant achievements performed upon the Border, was loudly extolled at the time, and has been minutely recorded in the inimitable ballad of *Kinmont Willie*. 'There had never been a more gallant deed of vassalage done in Scotland,' says an old historian, 'no, not in Wallace's days.'

Queen Elizabeth was dreadfully enraged at this insult, and

* 'Now sound out trumpets!' quo' Buccleuch;
 'Let's waken Lord Scroop right merrilie!'
 Then loud the warden's trumpet blew—
 'O wha daur meddle wi' me?'

When the false alarm of invasion was given in 1803, the Liddesdale yeomanry, the moment the blaze was seen, hastened to the place of rendezvous, and swam the river Liddel to reach it. They were assembled in two hours, though several of their houses were six or seven miles distant, and at break of day marched into the town of Hawick, twenty miles from the place of meeting, playing the spirit-stirring old tune, *Wha daur meddle wi' me?* On this being told to Leyden in India, his countenance became animated as the narrator Sir John Malcolm proceeded with the detail, and at its close he sprang from his sick-bed, and with strange melody, and still stranger gesticulations, sang aloud: 'Wha daur meddle wi' me? wha daur meddle wi' me?' The spectators of this scene supposed that he was raving in the delirium of a fever.

demand, with the most violent complaints and threats, that Buccleuch should be delivered up to the English. So deadly, indeed, was her resentment, that Buccleuch's life is said to have been aimed at, not, as was alleged, without Elizabeth's privity. James for a time resisted compliance with the demand of the English queen, and was zealously supported by the whole body of the nobles and people, and even by the clergy. The matter was at length arranged by the commissioners of both nations at Berwick, by whom it was agreed that the delinquents should be delivered up on both sides, and that the chiefs themselves should enter into ward in the opposite countries till this condition was complied with, and pledges granted for the future maintenance of the quiet of the Borders. Buccleuch was accordingly sent on parole to England, along with Kerr of Cessford. According to ancient tradition, Queen Elizabeth sent for the intrepid chieftain, and demanded of him how he had dared to storm her castle: to which the 'bald Buccleuch,' nothing daunted, replied: 'What is there that a man dares not do?' Pleased with the rejoinder, she turned to a lord in waiting, and said: 'With a thousand such men, our brother of Scotland might shake the firmest throne in Europe.'

In the reign of Elizabeth, Sir Robert Carey, warden of the west marches, made an excursion into Liddesdale, with the view of quelling the Scottish freebooters in that district. In this, however, he was far from successful. It is related by tradition, that, while he was besieging the moss-troopers in the Tarras, they contrived, by ways known only to themselves, to send a party into England, who plundered the warden's lands. On their return, they sent Carey one of his own cows, telling him that, fearing he might fall short of provisions during his visit to Scotland, they had taken the precaution of sending him some English beef. This practical joke could scarcely be consolatory to the English warden in his march homeward.

After the accession of James to the crown of England, when the jurisdictions on both sides acted more in unison, the most arbitrary measures were resorted to for the suppression of the Border banditti. Many of them were executed without even the formality of a trial. A band of the most desperate of these freebooters was formed by Buccleuch into a legion for the service of the states of Holland; and the Grames, a hardy and ferocious race, inhabiting chiefly the 'Debatable Land,' were transported to Ireland, and their return prohibited under pain of death.

But the predatory habits of the Borderers were too deeply rooted to be removed so speedily, and they broke forth again upon the slightest encouragement. During the great Civil War, the moss-troopers, taking advantage of the unsettled state of the country, resumed their old profession; and frequent reference is made to their exploits in the diaries and military reports of the time. The labours

ACCOUNT OF THE BORDERS.

of Richard Cameron and other Presbyterian ministers are said to have been very successful in reclaiming them from their licentious habits, though incidents not unfrequently occurred which shewed that the old spirit was not altogether extinguished.

Like the Arabs of the desert, the Border marauders, with all their freebooting propensities, were faithful to their word. Having once pledged their faith, even to an enemy, they were very strict in observing it, and looked upon its violation as a most heinous crime. When an instance of this occurred, the injured person, at the first Border meeting, rode through the field displaying a glove (the pledge of faith) upon the point of his lance, and proclaiming the perfidy of the person who had broken his word. So great was the indignation of the assembly against the perjured criminal, that he was often slain by his own clan, to wipe out the disgrace he had brought on them. In the same spirit of confidence, it was not unusual to behold the victors, after an engagement, dismiss their prisoners upon parole; who never failed either to transmit the stipulated ransom, or to surrender themselves to captivity if unable to do so. Thus, even among the rudest class of men, there often exist good points of character.

BORDER BALLADS.

The history of the Borders—their wars, feuds, and the daring exploits of which they were the fertile scene—has been embalmed in a variety of ballads of great antiquity, the wreck of the legendary lore once common throughout the district. According to all accounts, the old Borderers spent much of their leisure time in listening to the traditionary stories, the songs, and the inspiring strains of minstrels who visited their secluded mountain-homes. Of the mass of ballads and lays which used thus to cheer the Border hearth, and have come down to the present generation, comparatively few, it is observed, belong to the English side of the boundary. Nearly all are Scotch; whether from the greater prevalence of this species of poetry among our Scottish ancestors, or from the greater industry exercised by Scotsmen in gathering together the fragments of ballads, it would be difficult to say.

Unfortunately, many of the ballads once current on the Borders are now lost, and many of them have come down to us in an imperfect and mutilated state. It could scarcely have been otherwise, since they have been almost entirely preserved by oral tradition. Till a very late period, the pipers, of whom there was one attached to each Border town of note, were the great depositaries of these poetical traditions. These minstrels were in the habit of itinerating through a particular district of the country, about spring-time and after harvest, and, in return for the music and the tale, were usually rewarded with their lodging and a

donation of seed-corn. The ancient Scottish gaberlunzie, too, was often repaid by his night's quarters for his contributions in legendary lore. By means of these professed ballad-reciters, much traditional poetry was preserved which must otherwise have perished. Many interesting ballads and tales have also been recovered from the recitations of shepherds and aged persons residing in the recesses of the Border mountains. From these various sources, nearly two hundred different ballads have been collected, several of which are believed to be compositions of the twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries; as there is every reason to suppose that these ballads were, in almost every case, composed immediately after the occurrence of the incidents which they commemorate.

The great modern collector of these fine old rhymes, as must be generally known, was Sir Walter Scott, who on divers occasions rode over the more interesting Border tracts, alighting at the cottages of the peasantry, and there and elsewhere noting down all that could be collected of these precious relics. The labours of Sir Walter in this respect were finally laid before the public in his celebrated *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, a work in three volumes, issued in the year 1803, and therefore one of his earliest productions. In this popular collection, enlivened with many traditional anecdotes, the ancient ballads are divided into two classes—historical and romantic. The first class, again, has been subdivided into two series—those which refer to public historical events, and those which commemorate real circumstances in private life. To the former of these belong the metrical narratives of the *Battle of Otterburn*, *Johnnie Armstrong*, the *Raid of the Reidswire*, and *Kinmont Willie*, &c.: to the latter, the *Douglas Tragedy*, and the *Dowie Dens of Yarrow*. It would be unreasonable to expect that compositions originating in such a state of society as we have described should exhibit either refined sentiment or elegant expression. But they abound in natural pathos and rude energy, and present a picture of the manners and feelings of the times which renders them highly valuable. The romantic ballads are different in almost every respect from the first two classes, and may be regarded as an embodiment of the popular superstitions of the time—a record of the fancied exploits of fairies, ghaists, brownies, and bogles—

‘Of airy elves by moonlight shadows seen,
The silver token and the circled green.’

Their stories are in general only such simple and familiar incidents as take place in a rude state of society; and, what is more, they are almost all common to every nation in the world.

Along with the ancient ballads in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, Sir Walter has presented some modern ones, the composition generally of living authors at the time, written in imitation

ACCOUNT OF THE BORDERS.

of those handed down by tradition. Among these we might instance the *Mermaid*, by Leyden, and the *Murder of Caerlaveroc*, by Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe.

PRESENT STATE OF THE BORDERS.

The union of the crowns of England and Scotland in 1606, as has been stated, greatly changed the character of the Borders; and the union of the kingdoms in 1707, with the establishment of the modern sheriffdoms, reduced the entire district to law and order. Latterly, with the progress of improvement, barren wastes, once the resort of freebooters, have become fruitful fields: towns and hamlets, mansions, farm-steadings, and cottages, now enliven those scenes which for ages had been marked by works of hostility; and in those defiles where the rude reivers found a refuge, rich and almost countless flocks have long wandered in perfect security; while the ruined towers of the Border chiefs, scattered throughout the district, present a striking memorial of times and manners that have long gone by.

The eastern marches, where the Douglasses and the Homes once ruled and fought, are now universally allowed to form the most fertile and best cultivated part of Scotland—the place where nature has been kindest, and the husbandman most inclined to cultivate her good graces. To the eye of a traveller, it seems rather a portion of rich and lovely England, than of this ‘land of mountain and of flood.’ It is tinged, as it were, with the geniality of the country to which it adjoins. It possesses the glorious hedgerows of England in the fullest perfection, with the lines of trees between, making each field resemble a splendid picture, deeply and doubly framed. Here also are to be seen houses built with less regard to the harsh climate of Scotland than those farther north. The honeysuckle and eglantine luxuriate around slim cottages and villas, whose large bow-windows, presented towards ‘the sweet south,’ give assurance that there is here a greater sum-total of summer delights than of winter discomfort. This highly favoured district is purely agricultural and pastoral, and is occupied by a population distinguished for their intelligence, industry, and piety. The Tweed, the most lovely of Scottish rivers, with its far-famed tributaries, contributes to its beauty and fertility. On the banks of this classic stream stand the impressive ruins of the abbeys of Melrose, Dryburgh, and Kelso, where the ashes of kings and barons, the flower of Border chivalry, have long mingled with those of their peaceful contemporaries—abbots and monks. The whole region abounds in legends, and superstitions, and spirit-stirring tales, and has been from time immemorial the subject and the birthplace of Scottish song.

The vale of the Teviot, which includes the greater part of the county of Roxburgh—the ancient middle marches of the Border—is scarcely less beautiful and fertile, and has been celebrated by

ACCOUNT OF THE BORDERS.

Scottish lyrists in strains no less encomiastic. It is the country of Thomson, Leyden, and Scott ; and is the scene of tales, songs, and traditions innumerable. The lower part of the vale is purely agricultural ; and as Leyden has justly remarked, in the vicinity of Kelso, where the Teviot joins the Tweed, its scenery rivals the beauty of an Italian landscape. The upper part of the district—

‘Where Cheviot’s ridges swell to meet the sky’—

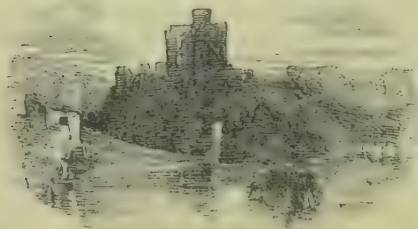
partakes more of a pastoral character ; but all is green and cheerful to the tops of the highest hills, and though still wild and solitary, is pleasingly rural. The whole of this region, once the centre of Border raids—the land of the Rutherfords, Elliots, Turnbulls, and other turbulent clans—is now a scene of beauty and fertility scarcely equalled in any part of the country.

‘Dark and dismantled lies each ancient peel.

* * * *

Their native turbulence resigned, the swains
Feed their gay flocks along these heaths and plains.’

Even in Liddesdale—where, as might have been expected, the primitive manners of the Borders lingered long after they had become extinct in other parts of the country—all has been changed ; and in the whole island you do not look upon a greener, softer, more cultivated, or more accessible region.





HISTORY OF THE PLAGUE IN LONDON.

ONE of the most striking facts presented to us by history is the recurrence, at irregular intervals of time, of virulent diseases of an extraordinary character, which, breaking out unexpectedly in particular localities, have spread sometimes over certain defined districts, sometimes over entire countries, sometimes over all the civilised world, and sometimes even, it would appear, over the whole surface of our planet, everywhere defying the power and skill of man, and sweeping off myriads to their graves. To these awful visitations men have given the name, at once vague and appropriate, of the Pestilence or the Plague; reserving the name, however, especially for those cases in which human beings are the victims, and distinguishing similar recorded instances of unusual mortality among the lower animals by the name of the Murrain.

Of a general or universal plague, the best known instance in modern times is the famous pestilence, or 'Black Death,' as it was called, of 1348-9, which, taking its rise in Asia, spread westward into Europe, and raged fearfully for many months. The best account we have of this pestilence is that given by the celebrated Italian writer Boccaccio, in the introduction to his *Decamerion*, where there is a vivid description of its ravages in the city of Florence. Of all the other narratives of a pestilence extant, the two most celebrated are that of the plague at Athens, in the year 430 before Christ, by Thucydides, and that of the Great Plague of London, in 1664-5, by Daniel Defoe. No other narrative of the same description can be

HISTORY OF THE PLAGUE IN LONDON.

compared for truthfulness and accuracy with these two accounts, which, though written at an interval of two thousand years, the one by an ancient Greek, the other by an Englishman of the reign of Queen Anne, yet resemble each other in many points. There is this difference, however, between them, that while Thucydides was an actual eye and ear witness of what he describes, and was himself ill of the plague, Defoe wrote his account upwards of fifty years after the calamity to which it refers, and could have been but a mere infant in the arms when the plague was raging. Still, there is abundant evidence that Defoe took pains to make his account an authentic one, by collecting such anecdotes and minute particulars as could be obtained from acquaintances who had survived the plague, as well as by consulting all the public and parish records and printed pamphlets by medical men and others relative to the plague-year. His account, accordingly, may with perfect confidence be taken as, what it pretends to be, that of an eye-witness, who describes from personal recollection. In the following tract, therefore, we will present our readers with an abridgment of Defoe's *Journal of the Plague-year in London*; retaining the whole substance of that inimitable account, and interweaving, as we proceed, such additional particulars as we can obtain from other sources.

BREAKING OUT OF THE PLAGUE IN LONDON.

During the early part of the seventeenth century, London had been repeatedly, if not almost yearly, visited by the plague: the generally confined thoroughfares, and the absence of any proper sanitary regulations, affording it on all occasions more or less scope. These visitations, common as they were, usually created some degree of alarm; and therefore, when it was announced, in the month of September 1664, that plague had made its appearance in the metropolis, a certain excitement in the public mind was created. Little, however, appears to have been done to avert the contagion, and it may be said to have existed till the ensuing spring without any decided means being taken for its suppression.

At length, in March 1665, things became more alarming; it was ascertained that in St Giles and the neighbouring parishes several persons had died of plague. In May the weather became warm, so as to aggravate the complaint; and 'in June,' proceeds Defoe, 'the infection spread in a dreadful manner. I lived without Aldgate, about midway' between Aldgate Church and Whitechapel Bars, on the left-hand or north side of the street; and as the distemper had not reached to that side of the city, our neighbourhood continued very easy. But at the other end of the town their consternation was very great; and the richer sort of people, especially the nobility and gentry, from the west part of the city, thronged out of town, with their families and servants, in an unusual manner; and this was

HISTORY OF THE PLAGUE IN LONDON.

more particularly seen in Whitechapel; that is to say, the broad street where I lived. Indeed, nothing was to be seen but wagons and carts with goods, women, servants, children, &c.—coaches filled with people of the better sort, and horsemen attending them, and all hurrying away. This hurry continued some weeks; and the more so, because it was rumoured that an order of the government was to be issued out to place turnpikes and barriers on the road, to prevent people's travelling; and that the towns on the road would not suffer people from London to pass, for fear of bringing the infection along with them; though neither of these rumours had any foundation but in the imagination, especially at first.

These accounts by Defoe of the rapid spread of the plague, and the alarm which it caused, are borne out by other authorities. Thus, on the 13th of May, we find a privy-council held at Whitehall relative to the infection, and a committee of the lords appointed to consider the means of checking its progress. Under the auspices of this committee, the College of Physicians drew up a small pamphlet containing directions for the cure of the plague, as well as for preventing infection. One of the articles of this precious medical code is somewhat amusing. It is as follows: 'Pull off the feathers from the tails of *living* cocks, hens, pigeons, or chickens; and holding their bills, hold them hard to the botch or swelling, and so keep them at that part till they die, and by this means draw out the poison. It is good also to apply a cupping-glass, or embers in a dish, with a handful of sorrel upon the embers.'

An extract from Pepys's *Diary* will help to give an idea of the excitement in London at the time the plague was beginning to rage. 'June 7, the hottest day that ever I felt in my life. This day, much against my will, I did in Drury Lane see two or three houses marked with a red cross upon the doors, and "*Lord, have mercy on us!*" writ there; which was a sad sight to me.' Again, on the 17th of the same month, Pepys writes: 'This afternoon, going with a hackney-coach from the Lord Treasurer's house down Holborn, the coachman I found to drive easily and easily, at last stood still, and came down, hardly able to stand, and told me that he was suddenly struck very sick, and almost blind; he could not see; so I alighted, and went into another coach with a sad heart for the poor man, and for myself also, lest he should have been struck with the plague.'

To resume Defoe's account. 'I now began,' he says, 'to consider seriously with myself concerning my own case, and how I should dispose of myself; that is to say, whether I should resolve to stay in London, or shut up my house and flee, as many of my neighbours did. After much anxious considering, sometimes resolving one way, sometimes another, I came to the conclusion that, upon the whole, it was my duty, and expedient for me in my trade and business, being that of a saddler, and though a single man, with a house

HISTORY OF THE PLAGUE IN LONDON.

and shop full of goods to take care of, to remain in town, casting myself entirely upon the goodness and protection of the Almighty. I had an elder brother, however, a married man, who with his wife and children went out of town. During the month of July, and while our part of the town seemed to be spared in comparison of the west part, I went ordinarily about the streets as my business required, and generally went once in a day or in two days into the city to my brother's house, which he had given me charge of, and to see it was safe. But the city also began to be visited with the disease; and all this month of July people continued to flee. In August they fled in still greater numbers, so that I began to think there would be really none but magistrates and servants left in the city.

'Business led me out sometimes to the other end of the town, even when the sickness was chiefly there; and as the thing was new to me, as well as to everybody else, it was a most surprising thing to see those streets, which were usually so thronged, now grown desolate. One day being at that part of the town on some special business, curiosity led me to observe things more than usually, and indeed I walked a great way where I had no business; I went up Holborn, and there the street was full of people, but they walked in the middle of the great street, neither on one side nor other, because, as I suppose, they would not mingle with anybody that came out of houses, or meet with smells and scents from houses that might be infected. The inns of court were all shut up, nor were very many of the lawyers in the Temple, or Lincoln's Inn, or Gray's Inn, to be seen there. Whole rows of houses, in some places, were shut close up; the inhabitants all fled, and only a watchman or two left.

'It must not be forgot here that the city and suburbs were prodigiously full of people at the time of this visitation—I mean at the time that it began. The town was computed to have in it above one hundred thousand people more than ever it held before; the joy of the Restoration having alone brought a vast number of families to London.

'The apprehensions of the people were strangely increased by the error of the times, in which, I think, the people, from what principle I cannot imagine, were more addicted to prophecies and astrological conjurations, dreams and old wives' tales, than ever they were before or since. People took to reading Lilly's *Almanac*, and other such exciting works, almost all of which foretold the ruin of the city. Many persons, frantic from these or other causes, ran about the streets predicting all sorts of horrors. The trade of fortune-telling became so open, and so generally practised, that it became common to have signs and inscriptions set up at doors: "Here lives a fortune-teller," "Here lives an astrologer," &c. Certain it is that innumerable attendants crowded about their doors every day; and if but a grave fellow, in a velvet jacket, a band, and

HISTORY OF THE PLAGUE IN LONDON.

a black cloak, which was the habit those quack-conjurers generally went in, was but seen in the streets, the people would follow him in crowds, and ask him questions as he went along.

Gay and luxurious as the court then was, it began to put on a face of just concern for the public danger; all the plays and interludes which, after the manner of the French court, had been set up and began to increase among us, were forbid to act; the gaming-tables, public dancing-rooms, and music-houses, which multiplied and began to debauch the manners of the people, were shut up and suppressed; and the jack-puddings, merry-andrews, puppet-shows, rope-dancers, and such like doings, which had bewitched the common people, shut their shops, finding indeed no trade, for the minds of the people were agitated with other things, and a kind of sadness and horror at these things sat upon the countenances even of the common people; death was before their eyes, and everybody began to think of his grave, not of mirth and diversions.

On the other hand, it was incredible, and scarcely to be imagined, how the posts of houses and corners of streets were plastered over with doctors' bills, and papers of ignorant fellows quacking and tampering in physic, and inviting people to come to them for remedies, which was generally set off with such flourishes as these; namely, "Infallible Preventive Pills against the Plague:" "Never-failing Preservatives against the Infection:" "Sovereign Cordials against the Corruption of Air:" "Exact Regulations for the Conduct of the Body in Case of Infection; Anti-pestilential Pills:" "Incomparable Drink against the Plague, never found out before:" "A Universal Remedy for the Plague:" "The only True Plague-water:" "The Royal Antidote against all kinds of Infection:" and such a number more that I cannot reckon up, and if I could, would fill a book of themselves to set them down.

Others set up bills to summon people to their lodgings for direction and advice in the case of infection; these had specious titles also, such as these: "An eminent High-Dutch physician, newly come over from Holland, where he resided during all the time of the great plague last year in Amsterdam, and cured multitudes of people that actually had the plague upon them." "An Italian gentlewoman, just arrived from Naples, having a choice secret to prevent infection, which she found out by her great experience, and did wonderful cures with it in the late plague there, wherein there died 20,000 in one day."

But there was another madness beyond all this. 'This was in wearing charms, philtres, exorcisms, amulets, and I knew not what preparations, to fortify the body against the plague, as if the plague was not the hand of God, but a kind of a possession of an evil spirit; and it was to be kept off with crossings, signs of the zodiac, papers tied up with so many knots, and certain words or figures written on them, as particularly that famous word ABRACADABRA,

HISTORY OF THE PLAGUE IN LONDON.

with the letters arranged in a triangle or pyramid.' In short, all remedies were grasped at that quackery or ignorance could suggest; the plague meanwhile spreading far and wide.

THE PLAGUE INCREASES—PRECAUTIONS TAKEN BY THE MAGISTRATES—HOUSES SHUT UP.

The mortality increased as the summer advanced. Thus, for the week ending the 13th of June 1665, the number of burials, according to the bills of mortality, were 558, and of these 112 were from plague; in the following week, the deaths from plague were reported at 168; in the week ending the 27th of June, they had risen to 267; and in that ending the 4th of July, they were 470; and to all these returns would require to be added the numbers of those who had really died of plague, but whose deaths had been attributed by their friends to other diseases.

It was at the beginning of July that the lord mayor and magistrates of the city of London—whose conduct during the whole period of the plague was as noble and praiseworthy as the conduct of public officers in a great emergency could be—published their orders for the regulation of the city. By these orders were appointed, in every parish, persons with the title of *examiners*, who were to be citizens of good repute, and whose office was to last two months. These examiners were to 'be sworn by the aldermen, to inquire and learn from time to time what houses in every parish be visited, and what persons be sick, and of what diseases, as near as they can inform themselves; and upon doubt in that case, to command restraint of access until it appear what the disease shall prove; and if they find any person sick of the infection, to give orders to the constable that the house be shut up; and if the constable shall be found remiss and negligent, to give notice thereof to the alderman of the ward.'

Besides these examiners, there were to be 'women-searchers in every parish, such as are of honest reputation, and of the best sort as can be got in this kind; and these to be sworn to make due search and true report, to the utmost of their knowledge, whether the persons whose bodies they are appointed to search do die of the infection, or of what other diseases, as near as they can. No searcher, during the time of visitation, to be permitted to use any public work or employment, or keep a shop or stall, or be employed as a laundress, or in any other common employment whatsoever.'

Surgeons were also to be appointed in each parish. 'And forasmuch as the said chirurgeons are to be sequestered from all other cures, and kept only to this disease of the infection, it is ordered that every of the said chirurgeons shall have twelpence a body searched by them, to be paid out of the goods of the party searched, if he be able, or otherwise by the parish.'

Lastly, there were to be nurses or keepers to attend the sick

HISTORY OF THE PLAGUE IN LONDON.

persons in their houses, and watchmen to prevent ingress into or egress from the infected houses. The order for the watchmen was as follows: 'That to every infected house there be appointed two watchmen, one for every day, and the other for the night; and that these watchmen have a special care that no person go in or out of such infected houses whereof they have the charge, upon pain of severe punishment. And the said watchmen to do such further offices as the sick house shall need and require; and if the watchman be sent upon any business, to lock up the house, and take the key with him; and the watchman by day to attend until ten o'clock at night, and the watchman by night until six in the morning.'

The general regulations to be observed by householders were as follow: 'Orders concerning Infected Houses and Persons Sick of the Plague.—Notice to be given of the sickness. The master of every house, as soon as any one in his house complaineth either of blotch, or purple, or swelling in any part of his body, or falleth otherwise dangerously sick without apparent cause of some other disease, shall give notice thereof to the examiner of health within two hours after the said sign shall appear.

'Sequestration of the sick.—As soon as any man shall be found by this examiner, chirurgeon, or searcher to be sick of the plague, he shall, the same night, be sequestered in the same house; and in case he be so sequestered, then, though they die not, the house wherein he sickened should be shut up for a month, after the use of the due preservatives taken by the rest.

'Airing the stuff.—For sequestration of the goods and stuff of the infection, their bedding, and apparel, and hangings of chambers must be well aired with fire, and such perfumes as are requisite, within the infected house, before they be taken again to use. This to be done by the appointment of the examiner.

'Shutting up of the house.—If any person shall visit any man known to be infected of the plague, or entereth willingly into any known infected house, being not allowed, the house wherein he inhabiteth shall be shut up for certain days by the examiner's direction.

'None to be removed out of infected houses.—That none be removed out of the house where he falleth sick of the infection into any other house in the city (except it be to the pest-house, or a tent, or into some such house which the owner of the said house holdeth in his own hands, and occupieth by his own servants), and so as security be given to the said parish whither such remove is made, that the attendance and charge about the said visited persons shall be observed and charged in all the particularities before expressed, without any cost of that parish to which any such remove shall happen to be made; and this remove to be done by night: and it shall be lawful to any person that hath two houses, to remove either his sound or his infected people to his spare house at his choice, so

as if he send away first his sound, he do not after send thither the sick, nor again unto the sick the sound ; and that the same which he sendeth be for one week at the least shut up, and secluded from company, for fear of some infection at first not appearing.

* Burial of the dead.—That the burial of the dead by this visitation be at most convenient hours, always before sun-rising, or after sun-setting, with the privy of the churchwardens or constable, and not otherwise ; and that no neighbours nor friends be suffered to accompany the corpse to church, or to enter the house visited, upon pain of having his house shut up, or be imprisoned. And that no corpse dying of the infection shall be buried, or remain in any church in time of common prayer, sermon, or lecture ; and that no children be suffered, at the time of burial of any corpse, in any church, churchyard, or burying-place, to come near the corpse, coffin, or grave ; and that all graves shall be at least six feet deep. And further, all public assemblies at other burials are to be forborne during the continuance of this visitation.

‘ No infected stuff to be uttered.—That no clothes, stuff, bedding, or garments, be suffered to be carried or conveyed out of any infected houses ; and that the criers and carriers abroad of bedding or old apparel to be sold or pawned be utterly prohibited and restrained ; and no brokers of bedding or old apparel be permitted to make any public show, or hang forth on their stalls, shop-boards, or windows towards any street, lane, common-way, or passage, any old bedding or apparel to be sold, upon pain of imprisonment. And if any broker or other person shall buy any bedding, apparel, or other stuff out of any infected house, within two months after the infection hath been there, his house shall be shut up as infected, and so shall continue shut up twenty days at the least.

‘ Every visited house to be marked.—That every house visited be marked with a red cross, of a foot long, in the middle of the door, evident to be seen, and with these usual printed words ; that is to say : “ Lord, have mercy upon us ! ” to be set close over the same cross, there to continue until lawful opening of the same house.

‘ Every visited house to be watched.—That the constables see every house shut up, and to be attended with watchmen, which may keep in, and minister necessities to them at their own charges, if they be able, or at the common charge if they be unable. The shutting up to be for the space of four weeks after all be whole. That precise order be taken that the searchers, chirurgeons, keepers, and buriers are not to pass the streets without holding a red rod or wand of three feet in length in their hands, open and evident to be seen ; and are not to go into any other house than into their own, or into that whereunto they are directed or sent for, but to forbear and abstain from company, especially when they have been lately used in any such business or attendance.

‘ Inmates. That where several inmates are in one and the same

HISTORY OF THE PLAGUE IN LONDON.

house, and any person in that house happens to be infected, no other person or family of such house shall be suffered to remove him or themselves without a certificate from the examiners of the health of that parish; or in default thereof, the house whither she or they remove shall be shut up, as is in case of visitation.

Hackney-coaches.—That care be taken of hackney-coachmen, that they may not, as some of them have been observed to do, after carrying of infected persons to the pest-house and other places, be admitted to common use till their coaches be well aired, and have stood unemployed by the space of five or six days after such service.

‘For the better execution of these orders, and such other rules and directions as upon further consideration shall be found needful, it was ordered and enjoined that the aldermen, deputies, and common-councilmen should meet together weekly, once, twice, thrice, or oftener, as cause should require, at some one general place accustomed in their respective wards, being clear from infection of the plague, to consult how the said orders may be put in execution.’

These orders extended of course only to that part of London called the City, which was under the jurisdiction of the lord mayor and aldermen; similar precautions, however, were put in force by the authorities in the other parts of the metropolis.

From the date of the publication of these orders, all the houses in which any one was ill of the plague were shut up and watched. How fearful to have walked along the deserted streets, seeing at every few paces a door boarded up, with a huge red cross painted on it, and the awful words, ‘Lord, have mercy on us!’ written above. But to gain an idea of these horrors, we must return to Defoe. ‘The shutting up of houses,’ he says, ‘was at first counted a very cruel and unchristian method, and the poor people so confined made bitter lamentations; complaints of the severity of it were also daily brought to my lord mayor, of houses causelessly, and some maliciously shut up. I cannot say but, upon inquiry, many that complained so loudly were found in a condition to be continued; and others again, inspection being made upon the sick person, and the sickness not appearing infectious; or if uncertain, yet, on his being content to be carried to the pest-house, was released.’

The precautions adopted to keep the infected in their houses in many cases failed; for they got out by the connivance of neighbours, through gardens or courts in the rear of the dwellings. Many who thus escaped were driven to dreadful exigencies and extremities, and perished in the streets or fields for mere want, or dropped down by the raging violence of the fever upon them. Others wandered into the country, and went forward any way as their desperation guided them, not knowing whither they went or would go, till faint and tired, and not getting any relief—the houses and villages on the

HISTORY OF THE PLAGUE IN LONDON.

road refusing to admit them to lodge, whether infected or not—they have perished by the roadside, or gotten into barns and died there, none daring to come to them, or relieve them, though perhaps not infected, for nobody would believe them.

‘To come back to the case of families infected and shut up in their houses. The misery of those families is not to be expressed; and it was generally in such houses that we heard the most dismal shrieks and outcries of the poor people, terrified, and even frightened to death, by the sight of the condition of their dearest relations, and by the terror of being imprisoned as they were.

‘As for myself, I went all the first part of the time freely about the streets, though not so freely as to run myself into apparent danger, except when they dug the great pit in the churchyard of our parish of Aldgate. A terrible pit it was, and I could not resist my curiosity to go and see it. As near as I may judge, it was about forty feet in length, and about fifteen or sixteen feet broad, and, at the time I first looked at it, about nine feet deep; but it was said they dug it near twenty feet deep afterwards in one part of it, till they could go no deeper for the water, for they had, it seems, dug several large pits before this; for though the plague was long a-coming to our parish, yet, when it did come, there was no parish in or about London where it raged with such violence as in the two parishes of Aldgate and Whitechapel.

‘I say they had dug several pits in another ground when the distemper began to spread in our parish, and especially when the dead-carts began to go about, which was not in our parish till the beginning of August. Into these pits they had put perhaps fifty or sixty bodies each; then they made larger holes, wherein they buried all that the cart brought in a week, which, by the middle to the end of August, came to from two hundred to four hundred a week; and they could not well dig them larger, because of the order of the magistrates confining them to leave no bodies within six feet of the surface; and the water coming on at about seventeen or eighteen feet, they could not well, I say, put more in one pit; but now, at the beginning of September—the plague raging in a dreadful manner, and the number of burials in our parish increasing to more than was ever buried in any parish about London of no larger extent—they ordered this dreadful gulf to be dug; for such it was, rather than a pit.

‘They had supposed this pit would have supplied them for a month or more when they dug it; and some blamed the churchwardens for suffering such a frightful thing, telling them that they were making preparations to bury the whole parish, and the like. But time made it appear the churchwardens knew the condition of the parish better than they did; for the pit being finished on the 4th of September, I think they began to bury in it on the 6th, and by the 20th, which was just two weeks, they had thrown into it 1114

HISTORY OF THE PLAGUE IN LONDON.

bodies, when they were obliged to fill it up, the bodies being then come to lie within six feet of the surface. I doubt not but there may be some ancient persons alive in the parish who can justify the fact of this, and are able to shew even in what place of the churchyard the pit lay better than I can. The mark of it also was many years to be seen in the churchyard on the surface, lying in length parallel with the passage which goes by the west wall of the churchyard, out of Houndsditch, and turns east again into Whitechapel, coming out near the *Three Nuns Inn*.

It was about the 10th of September that my curiosity led, or rather drove me to go and see this pit again, when there had been near 400 people buried in it; and I was not content to see it in the daytime, as I had done before, for then there would have been nothing to have been seen but the loose earth, for all the bodies that were thrown in were immediately covered with earth by those they called the buriers, which at other times were called bearers; but I resolved to go in the night, and see some of them thrown in.

There was a strict order to prevent people coming to those pits, and that was only to prevent infection; but after some time that order was more necessary, for people that were infected, and near their end, and delirious also, would run to those pits, wrapped in blankets or rugs, and throw themselves in, and, as they said, bury themselves. I cannot say that the officers suffered any willingly to lie there; but I have heard that, in a great pit in Finsbury, in the parish of Cripplegate—it lying open then to the fields, for it was not then walled about—many came and threw themselves in, and expired there, before they threw any earth upon them; and that, when they came to bury others, and found them there, they were quite dead, though not cold.

This may serve a little to describe the dreadful condition of that day, though it is impossible to say anything that is able to give a true idea of it to those who did not see it, other than this, that it was indeed very dreadful, and such as no tongue can express.

I got admittance into the churchyard by being acquainted with the sexton who attended, who, though he did not refuse me at all, yet earnestly persuaded me not to go, telling me very seriously—for he was a good religious and sensible man—that it was indeed their business and duty to venture and to run all hazards, and that in it they might hope to be preserved; but that I had no apparent call to it but my own curiosity, which, he said, he believed I would not pretend was sufficient to justify my running that hazard. I told him I had been pressed in my mind to go, and that, perhaps, it might be an instructing sight that might not be without its uses. "Nay," says the good man, "if you will venture upon that score, 'name of God go in; for depend upon it, it will be a sermon to you, it may be the best that ever you heard in your life. It is a speaking sight," says he, "and has a voice with it, and a loud one, to call us all to

repentance ;" and with that he opened the door, and said : " Go, if you will."

'His discourse had shocked my resolution a little, and I stood wavering for a good while ; but just at that interval I saw two links come over from the end of the Minories, and heard the bellman, and then appeared a dead-cart, as they called it, coming over the streets ; so I could no longer resist my desire of seeing it, and went in. There was nobody, as I could perceive, at first in the churchyard, or going into it, but the buriers and the fellow that drove the cart, or rather led the horse and cart ; but when they came up to the pit, they saw a man go to and again, muffled up in a brown cloak, and making motions with his hands under his cloak, as if he was in great agony ; and the buriers immediately gathered about him, supposing he was one of those poor delirious or desperate creatures that used to pretend, as I have said, to bury themselves. He said nothing as he walked about, but two or three times groaned very deeply and loud, and sighed as if he would break his heart.

'When the buriers came up to him, they soon found he was neither a person infected and desperate, as I have observed above, nor a person distempered in mind, but one oppressed with a dreadful weight of grief indeed, having his wife and several of his children all in the cart that was just come in with him, and he followed in an agony and excess of sorrow. He mourned heartily, as it was easy to see, but with a kind of masculine grief that could not give itself vent by tears ; and calmly desiring the buriers to let him alone, said he would only see the bodies thrown in, and go away ; so they left importuning him. But no sooner was the cart turned round, and the bodies shot into the pit promiscuously, which was a surprise to him, for he at least expected they would have been decently laid in, though, indeed, he was afterwards convinced that was impracticable ; I say no sooner did he see the sight, but he cried out aloud, unable to contain himself. I could not hear what he said, but he went backward two or three steps, and fell down in a swoon. The buriers ran to him and took him up, and in a little while he came to himself, and they led him away to the *Pie Tavern*, over against the end of Houndsditch, where it seems the man was known, and where they took care of him.

'As the plague increased, there was but one shift that some families had, and that not a few, when their houses happened to be infected ; and that was this : the families who, in the first breaking out of the distemper, fled away into the country, and had retreats among their friends, generally found some one or other of their neighbours or relations to commit the charge of those houses to, for the safety of the goods, and the like. Some houses were indeed entirely locked up, the doors padlocked, the windows and doors having deal-boards nailed over them, and only the inspection of them committed to the ordinary watchmen and parish officers ; but

HISTORY OF THE PLAGUE IN LONDON.

these were but few. It was thought that there were not less than 1000 houses forsaken of the inhabitants in the city and suburbs, including what was in the out-parishes, and in Surrey, or the side of the water they called Southwark. This was besides the numbers of lodgers, and of particular persons who were fled out of their families, so that in all it was computed that about 200,000 people were fled and gone in all.

‘For my own part, I had in my family only an ancient woman that managed the house, a maid-servant, two apprentices, and myself; and the plague beginning to increase about us, I had many sad thoughts about what course I should take, and how I should act. The many dismal objects which happened everywhere as I went about the streets, had filled my mind with a great deal of horror, for fear of the distemper itself, which was indeed very horrible in itself, and in some more than others: the swellings, which were generally in the neck or groin, when they grew hard, and would not break, grew so painful, that it was equal to the most exquisite torture; and some, not able to bear the torment, threw themselves out at windows, or shot themselves, or otherwise made themselves away; and I saw several dismal objects of that kind: others, unable to contain themselves, vented their pain by incessant roarings; and such loud and lamentable cries were to be heard, as we walked along the streets, that would pierce the very heart to think of, especially when it was to be considered that the same dreadful scourge might be expected every moment to seize upon ourselves.

‘Terrified by those frightful objects, I would retire home sometimes, and resolve to go out no more; and perhaps I would keep these resolutions for three or four days, which time I spent in the most serious thankfulness for my preservation, and the preservation of my family, and the constant confession of my sins, giving myself up to God every day, and applying to him with fasting, and humiliation, and meditation; such intervals as I had, I employed in reading books, and in writing down my memorandums of what occurred to me every day.

‘I had a very good friend, a physician, whose name was Heath, whom I frequently visited during this dismal time, and to whose advice I was very much obliged for many things. Dr Heath coming to visit me, and finding that I ventured so often out in the streets, earnestly persuaded me to lock myself up and my family, and not to suffer any of us to go out of doors; to keep all our windows fast, shutters and curtains close, and never to open them; but first to make a very strong smoke in the room, where the window or door was to be opened, with rosin and pitch, brimstone and gunpowder, and the like: and we did this for some time; but as I had not laid in a store of provision for such a retreat, it was impossible that we could keep within doors entirely. However, I attempted, though it was so very late, to do something towards it; and first, as I had

HISTORY OF THE PLAGUE IN LONDON.

convenience both for brewing and baking, I went and bought two sacks of meal, and for several weeks, having an oven, we baked all our own bread; also I bought malt, and brewed as much beer as all the casks I had would hold, and which seemed enough to serve my house for five or six weeks; also I laid in a quantity of salt butter and Cheshire cheese; but I had no flesh-meat, and the plague raged so violently among the butchers and slaughter-houses on the other side of our street, where they are known to dwell in great numbers, that it was not advisable so much as to go over the street among them.

‘It is true people used all possible precaution: when any one bought a joint of meat in the market, they would not take it out of the butcher’s hand, but took it off the hooks themselves. On the other hand, the butcher would not touch the money, but have it put into a pot full of vinegar, which he kept for that purpose. The buyer always carried small money, to make up any odd sum, that they might take no change. They carried bottles for scents and perfumes in their hands, and all the means that could be used were employed; but then the poor could not do even these things, and they went at all hazards. Innumerable dismal stories we heard every day on this very account. Sometimes a man or woman dropped down dead in the very markets; for many people that had the plague upon them knew nothing of it till the inward gangrene had affected their vitals, and they died in a few moments; this caused that many died frequently in that manner in the street suddenly, without any warning; others perhaps had time to go to the next bulk or stall, or to any door or porch, and just sit down and die. These objects were so frequent in the streets, that when the plague came to be very raging on one side, there was scarcely any passing by the streets, but that several dead bodies would be lying here and there upon the ground: on the other hand, it is observable that though at first the people would stop as they went along, and call to the neighbours to come out on such an occasion, yet afterwards no notice was taken of them; but that if at any time we found a corpse lying, go across the way, and not come near it; or if in a narrow lane or passage, go back again, and seek some other way to go on the business we were upon; and in these cases the corpse was always left till the officers had notice to come and take it away, or till night, when the bearers attending the dead-cart would take it up and carry it away.’

THE PLAGUE AT ITS HEIGHT—AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER 1665.

During the month of July the plague had been fearfully increasing. The deaths by plague for the week ending the 4th of July had been, as we have mentioned, 470; the deaths, however, for the week ending

the 1st of August were reported at 2010; and this, as usual, was far below the real number.

'I had,' continues Defoe, 'taken my friend the physician's advice, and locked myself and my family up, and resolved to suffer the hardship of living a few months without flesh-meat, rather than to purchase it at the hazard of our lives.

'But though I confined my family, I could not prevail upon my unsatisfied curiosity to stay within entirely myself; and though I generally came frightened and terrified home, yet I could not restrain; only that, indeed, I did not do it so frequently as at first.

'In these walks I had many dismal scenes before my eyes, as, particularly, of persons falling dead in the streets, terrible shrieks and screechings of women, who, in their agonies, would throw open their chamber windows, and cry out in a dismal surprising manner. It is impossible to describe the variety of postures in which the passions of the poor people would express themselves.

'Passing through Token-House Yard, in Lothbury, of a sudden a casement violently opened just over my head, and a woman gave three frightful screeches, and then cried: "O death, death, death!" in a most inimitable tone, and which struck me with horror, and a chilliness in my very blood. There was nobody to be seen in the whole street, neither did any other window open, for people had no curiosity now in any case, nor could anybody help one another; so I went on to pass into Bell-alley.

'Just in Bell-alley, on the right hand of the passage, there was a more terrible cry than that, though it was not so directed out at the window; but the whole family were in a terrible fright, and I could hear women and children run screaming about the rooms like distracted, when a garret window opened, and somebody from a window on the other side the alley called and asked: "What is the matter?" Upon which, from the first window, it was answered: "My old master has hanged himself!"

'It is scarcely credible what dreadful cases happened in particular families every day. People, in the rage of the distemper, or in the torment of their swellings, which was indeed intolerable, running out of their own government, raving and distracted, and oftentimes laying violent hands upon themselves, throwing themselves out at their windows, shooting themselves, &c. Mothers murdering their own children in their lunacy; some dying of mere grief, as a passion; some of mere fright and surprise, without any infection at all; others frightened into idiotism and foolish distractions; some into despair and lunacy; others into melancholy madness.

'The pain of the swelling was in particular very violent, and to some intolerable; the physicians and surgeons may be said to have tortured many poor creatures even to death. The swellings in some grew hard, and they applied violent drawing-plasters or poultices to break them; and if these did not do, they cut and scarified them in

a terrible manner. In some, those swellings were made hard, partly by the force of the distemper, and partly by their being too violently drawn ; and were so hard, that no instrument could cut them ; and then they burned them with caustics, so that many died raving mad with the torment, and some in the very operation. In these distresses, some, for want of help to hold them down in their beds, or to look to them, laid hands upon themselves, as already stated ; some broke out into the streets, perhaps naked, and would run directly down to the river, if they were not stopped by the watchmen or other officers, and plunge themselves into the water wherever they found it.

‘We had at this time a great many frightful stories told us of nurses and watchmen who looked after the dying people ; that is to say, hired nurses, who attended infected people, using them barbarously, starving them, smothering them, or by other wicked means hastening their end ; that is to say, murdering of them. And watchmen being set to guard houses that were shut up, when there has been but one person left, and perhaps that one lying sick, that they have broken in and murdered that body, and immediately throwing it out into the dead-cart ; and so it has gone scarcely cold to the grave.

‘I cannot say but that some such murders were committed, and I think two were sent to prison for it, but died before they could be tried ; and I have heard that three others, at several times, were executed for murders of that kind. But I must say I believe nothing of its being so common a crime as some have since been pleased to say.

‘The robberies extended chiefly to wearing-clothes, linen, and what rings or money they could come at, when the person died who was under their care, but not to a general plunder of the houses ; and I could give you an account of one of these nurses, who, several years after, being on her death-bed, confessed, with the utmost horror, the robberies she had committed at the time of her being a nurse, and by which she had enriched herself to a great degree ; but as for murders, I do not find that there was ever any proof of the facts, in the manner as it has been reported, except as above.

‘A neighbour and acquaintance of mine having some money owing to him from a shopkeeper in Whitecross Street, or thereabouts, sent his apprentice, a youth about eighteen years of age, to endeavour to get the money. He came to the door, and finding it shut, knocked pretty hard, and, as he thought, heard somebody answer within, but was not sure, so he waited ; and after some stay knocked again ; and then a third time, when he heard somebody coming down stairs. At length the man of the house came to the door ; he had on his breeches or drawers, and a yellow flannel waistcoat, no stockings, a pair of split shoes, a white cap on his head, and, as the young man said, death in his face. When he

HISTORY OF THE PLAGUE IN LONDON.

opened the door, says he : "What do you disturb me thus for?" The boy, though a little surprised, replied : "I come from such-a-one, and my master sent me for the money, which he says you know of." "Very well, child," returns the living ghost ; "call as you go by at Cripplegate church, and bid them ring the bell ;" and with these words shut the door again, and went up and died the same day, nay, perhaps the same hour.

This puts me in mind of John Hayward, who was at that time under-sexton of the parish of St Stephen, Coleman Street : by under-sexton was understood at that time gravedigger and bearer of the dead. This man carried, or assisted to carry, all the dead to their graves which were buried in that large parish, and who were carried in form ; and after that form of burying was stopped, went with the dead-cart and the bell to fetch the dead bodies from the houses where they lay, and fetched many of them out of the chambers and houses ; for the parish was, and is still remarkable, particularly above all the parishes in London, for a great number of alleys and thoroughfares, very long, into which no carts could come, and where they were obliged to go and fetch the bodies a very long way, which alleys now remain to witness it ; such as White's Alley, Cross-key Court, Swan-alley, Bell-alley, White Horse Alley, and many more. Here they went with a kind of handbarrow, and laid the dead bodies on, and carried them out to the carts ; which work he performed, and never had the distemper at all, but lived about twenty years after it, and was sexton of the parish to the time of his death. His wife, at the same time, was a nurse to infected people, and tended many that died in the parish, being for her honesty recommended by the parish officers ; yet she was never infected. He never used any preservative against the infection other than holding garlic and rue in his mouth, and smoking tobacco ; this I also had from his own mouth ; and his wife's remedy was washing her head in vinegar, and sprinkling her head-clothes so with vinegar as to keep them always moist ; and if the smell of any of those she waited on was more than ordinary offensive, she snuffed vinegar up her nose, and sprinkled vinegar upon her head-clothes, and held a handkerchief, wetted with vinegar, to her mouth.

'It was under this John Hayward's care, and within his bounds, that the story of the piper, with which people have made themselves so merry, happened, and he assured me that it was true. It is said that it was a blind piper ; but, as John told me, the fellow was not blind, but an ignorant weak poor man, and usually went his rounds about ten o'clock at night, and went piping along from door to door ; and the people usually took him in at public-houses where they knew him, and would give him drink and victuals, and sometimes farthings ; and he in return would pipe and sing, and talk simply, which diverted the people ; and thus he lived. It was but a very bad time for this diversion while things were as I have told ; yet the poor fellow

HISTORY OF THE PLAGUE IN LONDON.

went about as usual, but was almost starved ; and when anybody asked him how he did, he would answer : "The dead-cart had not taken him yet, but that they had promised to call for him next week."

'It happened one night that this poor fellow, whether somebody had given him too much drink or not, John Hayward said he had not drink in his house, but that they had given him a little more victuals than ordinary at a public-house in Coleman Street ; and the poor fellow having not usually had a bellyful, or perhaps not a good while, was laid all along upon the top of a bulk or stall, and fast asleep, at a door in the street near London Wall, towards Cripple-gate, and that upon the same bulk or stall, the people of some house, in the alley of which the house was a corner, hearing a bell, which they always rung before the cart came, had laid a body really dead of the plague just by him, thinking too that this poor fellow had been a dead body as the other was, and laid there by some of the neighbours.

'Accordingly, when John Hayward with his bell and the cart came along, finding two dead bodies lie upon the stall, they took them up with the instrument they used, and threw them into the cart ; and all this while the piper slept soundly. From hence they passed along, and took in other dead bodies, till, as honest John Hayward told me, they almost buried him alive in the cart ; yet all this while he slept soundly. At length the cart came to the place where the bodies were to be thrown into the ground, which, as I do remember, was at Mount-mill ; and as the cart usually stopped some time before they were ready to shoot out the melancholy load they had in it, as soon as the cart stopped, the fellow awaked, and struggled a little to get his head out from among the dead bodies, when, raising himself up in the cart, he called out : "Hey, where am I?" This frightened the fellow that attended about the work ; but, after some pause, John Hayward, recovering himself, said : "Lord bless us, there's somebody in the cart not quite dead !" So another called to him, and said : "Who are you?" The fellow answered : "I am the poor piper : where am I?" "Where are you?" says Hayward. "Why, you are in the dead-cart, and we are going to bury you." "But I ain't dead, though, am I?" says the piper ; which made them laugh a little, though, as John said, they were heartily frightened at first : so they helped the poor fellow down, and he went about his business.'

The number of weekly deaths had fearfully increased during the month of August. In the week ending the 1st of August, as we have already mentioned, the deaths from plague were 2010 ; the following week they had risen to 2817 ; the week after they were 3880 ; the week ending the 22d of August they were 4237 ; and the last week of August they were no less than 6102 ; and all these numbers were known to be under the reality. The state of the town at the end of

HISTORY OF THE PLAGUE IN LONDON.

August cannot be described: the doors and windows of houses boarded up, some because the owners had left town, others because the plague was within—the latter all having the conspicuous mark of the red cross upon them; the grass growing in the once crowded streets; no bustle of buying and selling as formerly; the country-people afraid to venture into town, and selling their produce at its outskirts to persons appointed by the magistrates to receive it. All silent, dismal, and death-like. One item in the universal misery to which we have not yet alluded, was the distress caused by the cessation of industry. Defoe thus specifies the classes who suffered most in this respect: ‘1st, All master workmen in manufactures, especially such as belonged to ornament and the less necessary parts of the people’s dress, clothes, and furniture for houses; such as ribbon-weavers and other weavers, gold and silver lace-makers, and gold and silver wire-drawers, seamstresses, milliners, shoemakers, hat-makers, and glove-makers; 2^d, All the extraordinary officers of the customs, likewise the watermen, carmen, porters, and all the poor whose labour depended upon the merchants; 3^d, All the tradesmen usually employed in building or repairing of houses, such as bricklayers, masons, carpenters, joiners, plasterers, painters, glaziers, smiths, plumbers, and all the labourers depending on such; 4th, As navigation was at a stop, our ships neither coming in nor going out as before, so the seamen were all out of employment, and many of them in the last and lowest degree of distress; and with the seamen were all the several tradesmen and workmen belonging to, and depending upon, the building and fitting-out of ships, such as ship-carpenters, calkers, ropemakers, dry coopers, sail-makers, anchor-smiths and other smiths, block-makers, carvers, gunsmiths, ship-chandlers, ship-carvers, and the like; 5th, All families retrenched their living as much as possible, as well those that fled as those that stayed; so that an innumerable multitude of footmen, serving-men, shopkeepers, journeymen, merchants’ book-keepers, and such sort of people, and especially poor maid-servants, were turned off, and left friendless and helpless without employment, and without habitation; and this was really a dismal article. The women and servants,’ he adds, ‘who were turned off from their places, were employed as nurses to attend the sick in all places; and this took off a very great number of them.’

The mortality reached its height in the month of September. In the beginning of that month the citizens were in a frenzy: they thought God had resolved to make an end of the city. Whole families, and indeed whole streets of families, were swept away together; insomuch that it was frequent for neighbours to call to the bellman to go to such and such houses and carry out the people, for that they were all dead.

‘As the desolation was greater during those terrible times, so the amazement of the people increased, and a thousand unaccountable

HISTORY OF THE PLAGUE IN LONDON.

things they would do in the violence of their fright, as others did the same in the agonies of their distemper ; and this part was very affecting. Some went roaring, and crying, and wringing their hands along the streets ; some would go praying and lifting up their hands to heaven, calling upon God for mercy. I cannot say, indeed, whether this was not in their distraction ; but be it so, it was still an indication of a more serious mind, when they had the use of their senses, and was much better, even as it was, than the frightful yellings and cryings that every day, and especially in the evenings, were heard in some streets. I suppose the world has heard of the famous Solomon Eagle, an enthusiast ; he, though not infected at all, but in his head, went about denouncing of judgment upon the city in a frightful manner, sometimes quite naked, and with a pan of burning charcoal on his head. What he said or pretended, indeed, I could not learn.

‘There were some people, however, who, notwithstanding the danger, did not omit publicly to attend the worship of God, even in the most dangerous times. And though it is true that a great many of the clergy did shut up their churches and fled, as other people did, for the safety of their lives, yet all did not do so ; some ventured to officiate, and to keep up the assemblies of the people by constant prayers, and sometimes sermons or brief exhortations to repentance and reformation ; and this as long as they would hear them. And dissenters did the like also, and even in the very churches where the parish ministers were either dead or fled ; nor was there any room for making any difference at such a time as this was.

‘It pleased God that I was still spared, and very hearty and sound in health, but very impatient of being pent up within doors without air, as I had been for fourteen days or thereabouts ; and I could not restrain myself, but I would go and carry a letter for my brother to the post-house ; then it was, indeed, that I observed a profound silence in the streets. When I came to the post-house, as I went to put in my letter, I saw a man stand in one corner of the yard, and talking to another at a window, and a third had opened a door belonging to the office. In the middle of the yard lay a small leathern purse, with two keys hanging at it, with money in it, but nobody would meddle with it. I asked how long it had lain there ; the man at the window said it had lain almost an hour, but they had not meddled with it, because they did not know but the person who dropped it might come back to look for it. I had no such need of money, nor was the sum so big that I had any inclination to meddle with it, or to get the money at the hazard it might be attended with ; so I seemed to go away, when the man who had opened the door said he would take it up, but so, that if the right owner came for it, he should be sure to have it. So he went in, and fetched a pail of water, and set it down hard by the purse, then went again and fetched some gunpowder, and cast a good deal of powder upon the

purse, and then made a train from that which he had thrown loose upon the purse—the train reached about two yards—after this he goes in a third time, and fetches out a pair of tongs, red-hot, and which he had prepared, I suppose, on purpose, and first setting fire to the train of powder, which singed the purse, and also smoked the air sufficiently. But he was not content with that; but he then takes up the purse with the tongs, holding it so long till the tongs burned through the purse, and then he shook the money out into the pail of water; so he carried it in. The money, as I remember, was about thirteen shillings, and some smooth groats and brass farthings.

‘Much about the same time I walked out into the fields towards Bow, for I had a great mind to see how things were managed in the river and among the ships; and as I had some concern in shipping, I had a notion that it had been one of the best ways of securing one’s self from the infection to have retired into a ship; and musing how to satisfy my curiosity in that point, I turned away over the fields from Bow to Bromley, and down to Blackwall, to the stairs that are there for landing or taking water. Here I saw a poor man walking on the bank, or sea-wall, as they call it, by himself. I walked a while also about, seeing the houses all shut up. At last I fell into some talk, at a distance, with this poor man. First I asked him how people did thereabouts. “Alas! sir,” says he, “almost desolate—all dead or sick. Here are very few families in this part, or in that village,” pointing at Poplar, “where half of them are not dead already, and the rest sick.” Then he, pointing to one house: “There they are all dead,” said he, “and the house stands open; nobody dares go into it. A poor thief,” says he, “ventured in to steal something, but he paid dear for his theft, for he was carried to the churchyard too last night.” Then he pointed to several other houses. “There,” says he, “they are all dead, the man and his wife, and five children. There they are shut up; you see a watchman at the door;” and so of other houses. “Why,” says I, “what do you here all alone?” “Why,” says he, “I am a poor desolate man; it hath pleased God I am not yet visited, though my family is, and one of my children dead.” “How do you mean, then,” said I, “that you are not visited?” “Why,” says he, “that is my house,” pointing to a very little low boarded house, “and there my poor wife and two children live, if they may be said to live; for my wife and one of the children are visited, but I do not come at them.” And with that word I saw the tears run very plentifully down his face; and so they did down mine too, I am sure.

“But,” said I, “why do you not come at them? How can you abandon your own flesh and blood?” “O sir,” says he, “the Lord forbid; I do not abandon them; I work for them as much as I am able; and, blessed be the Lord, I keep them from want.” And with that I observed he lifted up his eyes to heaven, with a countenance that presently told me I had met with a man that was no hypocrite,

HISTORY OF THE PLAGUE IN LONDON.

but a serious, religious, good man ; and his ejaculation was an expression of thankfulness that, in such a condition as he was in, he should be able to say his family did not want. "Well," says I, "honest man, that is a great mercy, as things go now with the poor. But how do you live, then, and how are you kept from the dreadful calamity that is now upon us all?" "Why, sir," says he, "I am a waterman, and there is my boat, and the boat serves me for a house. I work in it during the day, and I sleep in it at night ; and what I get I lay it down upon that stone," shewing me a broad stone on the other side of the street, a good way from his house ; "and then," says he, "I halloo and call to them till I make them hear, and they come and fetch it."

"Well, friend," says I, "but how can you get money as a waterman? Does anybody go by water these times?" "Yes, sir," says he, "in the way I am employed there does. Do you see there five ships lie at anchor?" pointing down the river a good way below the town ; "and do you see," says he, "eight or ten ships lie at the chain there, and at anchor yonder?" pointing above the town. "All those ships have families on board, of their merchants and owners, and such like, who have locked themselves up, and live on board, close shut in, for fear of the infection ; and I tend on them, to fetch things for them, carry letters, and do what is absolutely necessary, that they may not be obliged to come on shore ; and every night I fasten my boat on board one of the ships' boats, and there I sleep by myself ; and, blessed be God, I am preserved hitherto."

"Well, friend," said I, "but will they let you come on board after you have been on shore here, when this has been such a terrible place, and so infected as it is?"

"Why, as to that," said he, "I very seldom go up the ship-side, but deliver what I bring to their boat, or lie by the side, and they hoist it on board ; if I did, I think they are in no danger from me, for I never go into any house on shore, or touch anybody, no, not of my own family ; but I fetch provisions for them."

"Nay," says I, "but that may be worse, for you must have those provisions of somebody or other ; and since all this part of the town is so infected, it is dangerous so much as to speak with anybody, for the village is, as it were, the beginning of London, though it be at some distance from it."

"That is true," added he ; "but you do not understand me right. I do not buy provisions for them here ; I row up to Greenwich, and buy fresh meat there, and sometimes I row down the river to Woolwich, and buy there ; then I go to single farm-houses on the Kentish side, where I am known, and buy fowls, and eggs, and butter, and bring to the ships, as they direct me, sometimes one, sometimes the other. I seldom come on shore here ; and I came only now to call my wife, and hear how my little family do, and give them a little money which I received last night."

HISTORY OF THE PLAGUE IN LONDON.

"Poor man!" said I, "and how much hast thou got for them?"

"I have got four shillings," said he, "which is a great sum as things go now with poor men: but they have given me a bag of bread too, and a salt fish, and some flesh; so all helps out."

"Well," said I, "and have you given it to them yet?"

"No," said he; "but I have called, and my wife has answered that she cannot come out yet, but in half an hour she hopes to come, and I am waiting for her. Poor woman!" says he, "she is brought sadly down; she has had a swelling, and it is broke, and I hope she will recover, but I fear the child will die; but it is the Lord!" Here he stopped, and wept very much.

"Well, honest friend," said I, "thou hast a sure comforter, if thou hast brought thyself to be resigned to the will of God; He is dealing with us all in judgment."

"O sir," says he, "it is infinite mercy if any of us are spared; and who am I to repine?"

"Sayest thou so," said I; "and how much less is my faith than thine!" And here my heart smote me, suggesting how much better this poor man's foundation was on which he stayed in the danger than mine; that he had nowhere to fly; that he had a family to bind him to attendance, which I had not; and mine was mere presumption, his a true dependence and a courage resting on God; and yet, that he used all possible caution for his safety.

"I turned a little way from the man while these thoughts engaged me; for indeed I could no more refrain from tears than he.

"At length, after some further talk, the poor woman opened the door, and called "Robert, Robert;" he answered, and bade her stay a few moments, and he would come; so he ran down the common stairs to his boat and fetched up a sack, in which were the provisions he had brought from the ships, and when he returned, he hallooed again, then he went to the great stone which he shewed me, and emptied the sack, and laid all out, everything by themselves, and then retired; and his wife came with a little boy to fetch them away, and he called, and said such a captain had sent such a thing, and such a captain such a thing; and at the end added: "God has sent all, give thanks to Him." When the poor woman had taken up all, she was so weak she could not carry it at once in, though the weight was not much either; so she left the biscuit, which was in a small bag, and left a little boy to watch it till she came again.

"Well, but," said I to him, "did you leave her the four shillings too, which you said was your week's pay?"

"Yes, yes," says he; "you shall hear her own it." So he calls again: "Rachel, Rachel," which it seems was her name, "did you take up the money?" "Yes," said she. "How much was it?" said he. "Four shillings and a groat," said she. "Well, well," says he, "the Lord keep you all;" and so he turned to go away.

"As I could not refrain contributing tears to this man's story, so

HISTORY OF THE PLAGUE IN LONDON.

neither could I refrain my charity for his assistance ; so I called him : " Hark thee, friend," said I ; " come hither, for I believe thou art in health, that I may venture thee ;" so I pulled out my hand, which was in my pocket before. " Here," says I, " go and call thy Rachel once more, and give her a little more comfort from me. God will never forsake a family that trust in Him as thou dost ;" so I gave him four other shillings, and bade him go lay them on the stone, and call his wife.

' I have not words to express the poor man's thankfulness ; neither could he express it himself but by tears running down his face. He called his wife, and told her God had moved the heart of a stranger, upon hearing their condition, to give them all that money ; and a great deal more such as that he said to her. The woman, too, made signs of the like thankfulness, as well to Heaven as to me, and joyfully picked it up ; and I parted with no money all that year that I thought better bestowed.

' I then asked the poor man if the distemper had not reached to Greenwich. He said it had not till about a fortnight before, but that then he feared it had ; but that it was only at that end of the town which lay south towards Deptford Bridge ; that he went only to a butcher's shop and a grocer's, where he generally bought such things as they sent him for, but was very careful. I asked him then how it came to pass that those people who had so shut themselves up in the ships had not laid in sufficient stores of all things necessary ? He said some of them had, but, on the other hand, some did not come on board till they were frightened into it, and till it was too dangerous for them to go to the proper people to lay in quantities of things ; and that he waited on two ships, which he shewed me, that had laid in little or nothing but biscuit, bread, and ship beer, and that he had bought everything else almost for them. I asked him if there were any more ships that had separated themselves as those had done ? He told me yes ; all the way up from the point, right against Greenwich, to within the shore of Limehouse and Redriff, all the ships that could have room to ride two and two in the middle of the stream ; and that some of them had several families on board. I asked him if the distemper had not reached them ? He said he believed it had not, except two or three ships, whose people had not been so watchful to keep the seamen from going on shore as others had been ; and he said it was a very fine sight to see how the ships lay up the Pool.

' When he said he was going over to Greenwich as soon as the tide began to come in, I asked if he would let me go with him, and bring me back ; for that I had a great mind to see how the ships were ranged, as he had told me. He told me if I would assure him, on the word of a Christian and of an honest man, that I had not the distemper, he would. I assured him that I had not ; that it had pleased God to preserve me ; that I lived in Whitechapel, but was

HISTORY OF THE PLAGUE IN LONDON.

too impatient of being so long within doors, and that I had ventured out so far for the refreshment of a little air, but that none in my house had so much as been touched with it.

"Well, sir," says he, "as your charity has been moved to pity me and my poor family, sure you cannot have so little pity left as to put yourself into my boat if you were not sound in health, which would be nothing less than killing me and ruining my whole family." The poor man troubled me so much when he spoke of his family with such a sensible concern, and in such an affectionate manner, that I could not satisfy myself at first to go at all. I told him I would lay aside my curiosity rather than make him uneasy, though I was sure, and very thankful for it, that I had no more distemper upon me than the freshest man in the world. Well, he would not have me put it off neither, but, to let me see how confident he was that I was just to him, now importuned me to go; so, when the tide came up to his boat, I went in, and he carried me to Greenwich. While he bought the things which he had in charge to buy, I walked up to the top of the hill under which the town stands, and on the east side of the town, to get a prospect of the river; but it was a surprising sight to see the number of ships which lay in rows, two and two, and in some places two or three such lines in the breadth of the river, and this not only up quite to the town, between the houses which we call Ratcliff and Redriff, which they name the Pool, but even down the whole river, as far as the head of Long Reach, which is as far as the hills give us leave to see it.

'I cannot guess at the number of ships, but I think there must have been several hundred sail, and I could not but applaud the contrivance; for ten thousand people and more, who attended ship affairs, were certainly sheltered here from the violence of the contagion, and lived very safe and very easy.

'I returned to my own dwelling, very well satisfied with my day's journey, and particularly with the poor man; also I rejoiced to see that such little sanctuaries were provided for so many families in a time of such desolation.'

The conduct of the magistrates during this awful season cannot be too much praised. In the first place, the lord mayor, Sir John Lawrence, and the sheriffs, the court of aldermen, and a certain number of the common-councilmen, or their deputies, came to a resolution, and published it, namely, 'that they would not quit the city themselves, but that they would be always at hand for the preserving of good order in every place, and for doing justice on all occasions; as also for the distributing the public charity to the poor; and, in a word, for the doing the duty and discharging the trust reposed in them by the citizens to the utmost of their power.'

In pursuance of these orders, the lord mayor, sheriffs, &c. held councils every day, more or less, for making such dispositions as they found needful for preserving the civil peace. Consulting with

each other, and with some physicians, it appeared to the magistrates that the kindling of large fires in the streets might have some effect in purifying the air and abating the plague. Accordingly, on the 2d of September, a proclamation was issued by the lord mayor to this effect: 'Every six houses on each side of the way, which will be twelve houses, are to join together to provide firing for three whole nights and three whole days, to be made in one great fire before the door of the middlemost inhabitant; and one or more persons to be appointed to keep the fire constantly burning, without suffering the same to be extinguished or go out all the time afore-said; and this to be observed in all streets, courts, lanes, and alleys; and great care to be taken where the streets, courts, lanes, and alleys are narrow, that the fires may be made of a proportionable bigness, that so no damage may ensue to the houses.'

The effects of these fires do not appear to have been very beneficial, if we may judge from the continued increase of the number of deaths. 'We, the physicians,' says Dr Hodges in his *Loimologia, or Account of the Plague*, 'opposed the kindling of the fires with all our authority. But the magistrates, over-anxious for the health of the city, and preferring the authority and example of our great Hippocrates, notwithstanding our expostulations, caused fires everywhere to be lighted. Alas! the three days had scarcely elapsed, when the mourning heavens, as if weeping for the innumerable funerals, extinguished the flames with profuse showers. Whether through the suffocating effluvia of the coals, or of the dampness of the rainy atmosphere immediately following, that very night brought unheard-of destruction, for truly more than 4000 perished before the morning.' The night of this dreadful mortality appears to have been that of the 3d or 4th of September; and the weekly return of deaths on the 5th of the month was 8252, of which 6988 were by the plague. According to Defoe, however, at least 10,000 died that week of the plague; and as many in each of the two following weeks. 'The plague,' he says, 'now raged beyond all that I have expressed, and came even to such a height, that, in the extremity, they began to break into that excellent order of which I have spoken so much in behalf of the magistrates; namely, that no dead bodies were seen in the streets, or burials in the daytime; for there was a necessity, in this extremity, to bear with its being otherwise for a little while. And it is here to be observed that, after the funerals became so many, people could not toll the bell, mourn, or weep, or wear black for one another as they did before; no, nor so much as make coffins for those that died.

'In our parish of Aldgate, the dead-carts were several times, as I have heard, found standing at the churchyard gate full of dead bodies, but neither bellman nor driver nor any one else with them. Neither in these nor many other cases did they know what bodies they had in their cart; for sometimes they were let down with ropes

HISTORY OF THE PLAGUE IN LONDON.

out of balconies and out of windows, and sometimes the bearers brought them to the cart, sometimes other people ; nor, as the men themselves said, did they trouble themselves to keep any account of the numbers.

‘ Here, also, I ought to leave a further remark, for the use of posterity, concerning the manner of people’s infecting one another ; namely, that it was not the sick people only from whom the plague was immediately received, but from those who, though infected, were apparently well. When people began to be convinced that the infection was received in this surprising manner, they began to be exceedingly shy and jealous of every one that came near them. Once, in a public day, whether a Sabbath-day or not I do not remember, in Aldgate church, in a pew full of people, on a sudden one fancied she smelt an ill smell ; immediately she fancies the plague was in the pew, whispers her notion or suspicion to the next, then rises and goes out of the pew ; it immediately took with the next, and so with them all, and every one of them and of the two adjoining pews got up and went out of the church, nobody knowing what it was offended them, or from whom.

‘ This immediately filled everybody’s mouth with one preparation or other, such as the old women directed, and some perhaps as physicians directed, in order to prevent infection by the breath of others ; insomuch that if we came to go into a church, when it was anything full of people, there would be such a mixture of smells at the entrance, that it was much more strong, though perhaps not so wholesome, than if you were going into an apothecary’s or druggist’s shop ; in a word, the whole church was like a smelling-bottle. In one corner it was all perfumes, in another aromatics, balsamics, and a variety of drugs and herbs ; in another salts and spirits, as every one was furnished for their own preservation ; yet I observed that after people were possessed with the belief, or rather assurance, of the infection being thus carried on by persons apparently in health, the churches and meeting-houses were much thinner of people than at other times before that they used to be ; for this is to be said of the people of London, that, during the whole time of the pestilence, the churches or meetings were never wholly shut up, nor did the people decline coming out to the public worship of God, except only in some parishes, when the violence of the distemper was more particularly in that parish at that time, and even then no longer than it continued to be so.’

OCTOBER 1665—THE PLAGUE ABATES, AND GRADUALLY DISAPPEARS.

The plague, as we have already stated, was at its height during the five weeks which elapsed between the 22d of August and the 26th of

HISTORY OF THE PLAGUE IN LONDON.

September. The following are the entries in the bills of mortality for this period :

	Burials.	Deaths by Plague.
August 22 to August 29.....	7496	6102
August 29 to September 5.....	8252	6988
September 5 to September 12.....	7690	6544
September 12 to September 19.....	8297	7165
September 19 to September 26.....	6460	5533
	38,195	32,332

It will be observed from this table that there was a considerable decrease in the number of deaths for the week ending 26th September as compared with the four weeks preceding ; and although the number was still enormously great, this symptom was eagerly grasped at by the citizens as perhaps indicating the abatement of the plague, and the next week's returns were looked for with extraordinary anxiety. What delight, what hope spread through the city when it was known that the return stood as follows :

	Burials.	Deaths by Plague.
September 26 to October 3.....	5720	4929

But we must leave Defoe to describe the gradual abatement, of which these diminished returns were the proof. 'The last week in September,' he says, 'the plague being come to a crisis, its fury began to assuage. I remember my friend Dr Heath, coming to see me the week before, told me he was sure that the violence of it would assuage in a few days ; but when I saw the weekly bill of that week, which was the highest of the whole year, being 8297 of all diseases, I upbraided him with it, and asked him what he had made his judgment from ? His answer, however, was not so much to seek as I thought it would have been. "Look you," says he, "by the number which are at this time sick and infected, there should have been 20,000 dead the last week instead of 8000, if the inveterate mortal contagion had been as it was two weeks ago ; for then it ordinarily killed in two or three days, now not under eight or ten ; and then not above one in five recovered, whereas I have observed that now not above two in five miscarry ; and, observe it from me, the next bill will decrease, and you will see many more people recover than used to do ; for though a vast multitude are now everywhere infected, and as many every day fall sick, yet there will not so many die as there did, for the malignity of the distemper is abated ;" adding that he began now to hope, nay, more than hope, that the infection had passed its crisis, and was going off ; and accordingly so it was ; for the next week being, as I said, the last in September, the bill decreased almost 2000.

'It is true the plague was still at a frightful height, and the next bill was no less than 6460, and the next to that 5720 ; but still my

HISTORY OF THE PLAGUE IN LONDON.

friend's observation was just, and it did appear the people did recover faster, and more in number, than they used to do. And, indeed, if it had not been so, what had been the condition of the city of London? for, according to my friend, there were not fewer than 60,000 people at that time infected, whereof, as above, 20,477 died, and near 40,000 recovered; whereas, had it been as it was before, 50,000 of that number would very probably have died, if not more, and 50,000 more would have sickened; for, in a word, the whole mass of people began to sicken, and it looked as if none would escape.

‘But this remark of my friend appeared more evident in a few weeks more; for the decrease went on, and another week in October it decreased 1843, so that the number dead of the plague was but 2665; and the next week it decreased 1413 more, and yet it was seen plainly that there was abundance of people sick; nay, more than ordinary, and many fell sick every day, but, as above, the malignity of the disease abated.’

The best idea of the rapidity of the progress of the city towards health will be obtained from the bills of mortality, which, continued from the last entry quoted, were as follows:

	Burials.	Deaths by Plague.
October 3 to October 10.....	5068	4327
October 10 to October 17.....	3219	2665
October 17 to October 24.....	1806	1421
October 24 to October 31.....	1388	1031
October 31 to November 7.....	1787	1414
November 7 to November 14.....	1359	1050
November 14 to November 21.....	905	652

from which period the numbers decreased regularly; till, on the week ending the 5th of December they stood thus—burials, 428; deaths from plague, 210.

Those who had left town now began to flock in again; the shops began to be opened, and the bustle of trade recommenced. ‘It is impossible,’ says Defoe, ‘to express the change that appeared in the very countenances of the people that Thursday morning when the weekly bill came out. It might have been perceived in their countenances that a secret surprise and smile of joy sat on everybody’s face; they who would hardly go on the same side of the way with one another before, now shook each other by the hands in the streets. Where the streets were not too broad, they would open their windows and call from one house to another, and ask how they did, and if they had heard the good news that the plague was abated; some would return, when they said good news, and ask: “What good news?” And when they answered that the plague was abated, and the bills decreased almost 2000, they would cry out: “God be praised!” and would weep aloud for joy, telling them they had heard nothing of it; and such was the joy of the people, that it was, as it were, life

HISTORY OF THE PLAGUE IN LONDON.

to them from the grave. I could almost set down as many extravagant things done in the excess of their joy as of their grief, but that would be to lessen the value of it.'

Counting from the 20th of December 1664, when it was first rumoured that the plague had broken out in Drury Lane, to the 19th of December 1665, when the plague had so far abated that the weekly deaths were about 250, the entire number of victims swept off by the pestilence in the city of London in these twelve months was, according to the official returns, 68,596; but according to the computation of Defoe and others, at least 100,000. In order to give as accurate a notion as possible of the symptoms, and its mode of attacking people, we may add, in conclusion, one or two particulars of an interesting kind, from a manuscript account of the plague preserved in the British Museum, and written by Mr William Boghurst, a medical practitioner in London during the fatal period.

'In the summer before the plague,' he says, 'there was such a multitude of flies, that they lined the insides of the houses; and if any threads or strings did hang down in any place, they were presently thick-set with flies, like ropes of onions; and swarms of ants covered the highways, that you might have taken up a handful at a time, both winged and creeping ants; and such a multitude of croaking frogs in ditches, that you might have heard them before you saw them. The plague was ushered in with seven months of dry weather and westerly winds. It fell first upon the highest grounds, as St Giles's and St Martin's, Westminster; but afterwards it gradually insinuated and crept down Holborn and the Strand, and then into the city; and at last to the east end of the suburbs; so that it was half a year at the west end before the east end and Stepney were affected. The disease spread not altogether by contagion at first, nor began only at one place, and spread further and farther, as an eating and spreading sore doth all over the body; but fell upon several places of the city and suburbs like rain, even at the first. Almost all that caught the disease with fear died with tokens (spots on the body) in two or three days. About the beginning, most men got the disease with drinking, surfeiting, overheating themselves, and by disorderly living. Some died eight, ten, twelve, or twenty days after they had been sick; yet the greatest part died before five or six days. In the summer, about half of those who were taken sick died; but towards winter, three parts in four lived. None died suddenly, as though struck with lightning or apoplexy. I saw none die under twenty or twenty-four hours.* Spots appeared not much till the middle of June, and carbuncles not till the latter end of July, and seized mostly on old people, choleric and melancholy people, and generally on dry and lean bodies. Children had

* There is an apparent contradiction on this point between Boghurst and Defoe; probably, however, Defoe's cases of sudden deaths were cases of persons who had been ill for some time without being fully aware of it.

HISTORY OF THE PLAGUE IN LONDON.

none. If very hot weather followed a shower of rain, the disease increased. Many people, after a violent sweat, or taking a strong cordial, presently had the tokens come out, so that every nurse would say : "Cochineal was a fine thing to bring out the tokens." Authors speak of several kinds of plagues—some which took only children, others maids, others young people under thirty ; but this of ours took all sorts. Yet it fell not very thick upon old people till about the middle or slack of the disease. Old people that had the disease, many of them were not sick at all ; but they that were sick, almost all died. I had one patient fourscore and six years old. Though all sorts of people died very thick, both young and old, rich and poor, healthy and unhealthy, strong and weak, men and women, of all constitutions, of all tempers and complexions, of all professions and places, of all religions, of all conditions, good or bad—yet, as far as I could discern, more of the good people died than of the bad, more men than women, and more of dull complexions than of fair. Black men of thin and lean constitutions were heavy-laden with this disease, and died, all that I saw, in two or three days ; and most of them thick with black tokens. People of the best complexions and merry dispositions had least of the disease ; and, if they had it, fared best under it. This year in which the plague hath raged so much, no alteration nor change appeared in any element, vegetable or animal, besides the body of man. All other things kept their common integrity, and all sorts of fruit, all roots, flowers, and medicinal simples were as plentiful, large, fair, and wholesome, and all grain as plentiful and good as ever. All kine, cattle, horses, sheep, swine, dogs, wild beasts and tame were as healthful, strong to labour, and wholesome to eat as ever they were in any year. Hens, geese, pigeons, turkeys, and all wild-fowl were free from infection.* The summer following the plague, very few flies, frogs, and such like appeared. Great doubting and disputing there is whether the plague be infectious or not ; because some think if it were infectious, it would infect all, as the fire heats all it comes near ; but the plague leaves as many as it takes. Generally, every one is apt to judge by his own experience ; and if any one may draw his conclusion from this, I have as much reason

* There would seem to be a difference in this respect between the plague of London and the plague of 1343 at Florence, regarding which Boccaccio tells us that 'such was the quality of the pestilential matter, as to pass not only from man to man, but, what is more strange, and has been often known, that anything belonging to the infected, if touched by any other creature, would certainly infect, and even kill that creature in a short space of time : and one instance of this kind I took particular notice of : namely, that the rags of a poor man just dead, being thrown into the street, and two hags coming by at the same time, and rooting amongst them, and shaking them about in their mouths, in less than an hour turned round and died on the spot.' Of the plague at Athens also, Thucydides tells us that 'the birds and beasts which usually prey on human flesh either never approached the dead bodies, of which many lay about uninterred, or if they tasted, died.' Possibly, however, Mr Boghurst did not mean to deny that, under certain circumstances, the infection might be communicated from a sick patient to any brute with whom he might come in contact, but only that the contagion did not spread among the lower animals.

HISTORY OF THE PLAGUE IN LONDON.

as any to think it not infectious, having passed through a multitude of continual dangers, being employed every day till ten o'clock at night, out of one house into another, dressing sores, and being always in the breath of patients, without catching the disease of any, through God's protection; and so did many nurses that were in like danger. Yet I count it to be the most subtle infectious disease of any.

Strange as it may appear, the doubts which were entertained in 1665 respecting the contagious nature of the plague remain till the present day unsettled; some inquirers arguing that the disease is communicated by touch, or infection from proximity with the diseased, while others consider it extends its influence by other means. The subject of this controversy is of little practical consequence. It is sufficient to know that plague, like its modern prototype cholera, is aggravated by insalubrious conditions of the atmosphere, and is intimately connected with neglect of cleanliness. In old London, as till the present day in eastern cities, it found scope for its ravages in confined alleys and courts, or wherever there was any lack of ventilation, sewerage, or a plenteous supply of water. The great fire which half destroyed London in 1666, twelve months after the disappearance of the pestilence, may be said to have banished plague from the metropolis; for the city was rebuilt on a more open scale, with some degree of reference to the health of the inhabitants. Of recent years, much has been effected in the way of still farther improvement. Many thoroughfares have been opened up in densely crowded neighbourhoods, streets and lanes have been widened, and slaughter-houses removed; besides not a little as respects improved dwellings for the humbler classes of society. Although much still remains to be done, a conviction of the importance of sanitary regulations is daily deepening and spreading, and will not much longer tolerate many things that continue to disgrace our civilisation.





NARRATIVE OF THE MUTINY OF THE BOUNTY.

ABOUT the year 1786, the merchants and planters interested in the West India Islands became anxious to introduce an exceedingly valuable plant, the bread-fruit-tree, into these possessions, and as this could best be done by a government expedition, a request was preferred to the crown accordingly. The ministry at the time being favourable to the proposed undertaking, a vessel, named the *Bounty*, was selected to execute the desired object. To the command of this ship, Captain W. Bligh was appointed, August 16, 1787. The burden of the *Bounty* was nearly two hundred and fifteen tons. The establishment of men and officers for the ship was as follows: 1 lieutenant to command, 1 master, 1 boatswain, 1 gunner, 1 carpenter, 1 surgeon, 2 master's mates, 2 midshipmen, 2 quarter-masters, 1 quarter-master's mate, 1 boatswain's mate, 1 gunner's mate, 1 carpenter's mate, 1 carpenter's crew, 1 sailmaker, 1 armourer, 1 corporal, 1 clerk and steward, 23 able seamen—total, 44. The addition of two men appointed to take care of the plants, made the whole ship's crew amount to forty-six. The ship was stored and victualled for eighteen months.

Thus prepared, the *Bounty* set sail on the 23d of December; and
No. 39. 1

NARRATIVE OF THE MUTINY OF THE BOUNTY.

what ensued will be best told in the language of Captain Bligh, whose interesting narrative we abridge.

THE VOYAGE—OTAHEITE.

My instructions relative to the voyage, furnished me by the Commissioners of the Admiralty, were as follow: I was to proceed, as expeditiously as possible, round Cape Horn to the Society Islands. Having arrived at the above-mentioned islands, and taken on board as many trees and plants as might be thought necessary (the better to enable me to do which, I had already been furnished with such articles of merchandise and trinkets as it was supposed would be wanted to satisfy the natives), I was to proceed from thence through Endeavour Straits, which separate New Holland from New Guinea, to Prince's Island, in the Straits of Sunda; or, if it should happen to be more convenient, to pass on the eastern side of Java to some port on the north side of that island, where any bread-fruit-trees which might have been injured, or have died, were to be replaced by such plants growing there as might appear most valuable. From Prince's Island, or the island of Java, I was to proceed round the Cape of Good Hope to the West Indies, and deposit one-half of such of the above-mentioned trees and plants as might be then alive at his majesty's botanical garden at St Vincent, for the benefit of the Windward Islands, and then go on to Jamaica; and having delivered the remainder to Mr East, or such person or persons as might be authorised by the governor and council of that island to receive them, make the best of my way back to England.

Setting sail from Spithead, as I have mentioned, on the 23d of December 1787, we arrived early in April 1788, without any special incident having occurred, in the neighbourhood of Cape Horn, round which, according to my instructions, I was to direct my voyage. By no possible exertions, however, could we make way in that route, owing to unfavourable winds. On the morning of the 9th April, we had advanced the furthest in our power to the westward, being then 3 degrees to the west of Cape Deseada, the west part of the Straits of Magellan; but next evening we found ourselves 3 degrees 52 minutes east of that position, and were still hourly losing ground. It was with much concern I saw how hopeless, and even unjustifiable it was, to persist any longer in attempting a passage this way to the Society Islands. The season was now too far advanced for us to expect more favourable winds or weather, and we had sufficiently experienced the impossibility of beating round against the wind, or of advancing at all without the help of a fair wind, for which there was little reason to hope. On the other hand, the prevalence of the westerly winds in high southern latitudes left me no reason to doubt of making a quick passage to the Cape of Good Hope, and thence to the eastward round New Holland. Having maturely considered all

NARRATIVE OF THE MUTINY OF THE BOUNTY.

circumstances, I determined to deviate from my instructions, and to bear away for the Cape of Good Hope; and at five o'clock on the evening of the 22d, the wind then blowing strong at west, I ordered the helm to be put a-weather, to the great joy of every person on board. With the wind now in our favour, we reached the Cape of Good Hope on the 24th of May, where we remained thirty-eight days, taking in various kinds of stores and refreshments. Setting sail from the Cape, we made straight for Van Diemen's Land, which we reached on the 20th of August 1788. We remained here a good many days, employed in planting some of the fruit-trees which we had brought with us from the Cape of Good Hope, in case they might thrive and be of use to the future inhabitants of the island, whoever these might be; we also tried, but without effect, to have some intercourse with the natives, who had already once or twice received visits from European voyagers. Although they came down one day in crowds to the beach, cackling like geese, and we made signs to them, and also gave them presents, we could not bring them to familiarity. The colour of these natives of Van Diemen's Land, as Captain Cook remarks, is a dull black; their skin is scarified about their shoulders and breast. They were of a middle stature, or rather below it. One of them was distinguished by his body being coloured with red ochre; but all the others were painted black, with a kind of soot, which was laid on so thick over their faces and shoulders, that it is difficult to say what they were like. They ran very nimbly over the rocks, had a very quick sight, and caught the small beads and nails which I threw to them with great dexterity. They talked to us sitting on their heels, with their knees close into their armpits, and were perfectly naked.

Leaving Van Diemen's Land, we steered east-south-east, passing to the southward of New Zealand, and making for the principal object of our destination, Otaheite, which we saw on the 25th of October, having, during our passage of fifty-two days from Van Diemen's Land, met with nothing deserving particular notice. One of our seamen had died on the 9th of an asthmatic complaint; the rest were well. On the 26th of October, at four o'clock in the morning, we brought to till daylight, when we saw Point Venus bearing south-west-by-west, distant about four leagues. As we drew near, a great number of canoes came off to us.

The ship being anchored, Sunday the 26th, our number of visitors continued to increase; but as yet we saw no person that we could recollect to have been of much consequence. Some inferior chiefs made me presents of a few hogs, and I made them presents in return. We were supplied with cocoa-nuts in great abundance, but bread-fruit was scarce. Many inquiries were made after Captain Cook, Sir Joseph Banks, and many of their former friends. They said a ship had been here, from which they had learned that Captain Cook was dead; but the circumstances of his death they did not appear to

be acquainted with, and I had given particular directions to my officers and ship's company that they should not be mentioned. Otoo, who was the chief of Matavai when Captain Cook was here the last time, was absent at another part of the island; they told me messengers were sent to inform him of our arrival, and that he was expected to return soon. There appeared among the natives in general great good-will towards us, and they seemed to be much rejoiced at our arrival.

Early in the morning of Monday, before the natives began to flock off to us, we weighed anchor, to work further into the bay, and moored at the distance of about a quarter of a mile from the shore; the ship lying in seven fathoms' water. Several chiefs now came on board, and expressed great pleasure at seeing me. I accompanied one of them on shore, where I was received with much attention and kindness by the people gathered about, as well as by the chief's wife and sister, who came to me with a mat, and a piece of their finest cloth, which they put on me after the Otaheite fashion. When I was thus dressed, each of them took one of my hands, and accompanied me to the water-side, and at parting, promised that they would soon return my visit. Meanwhile, the natives had been visiting the ship, and had brought us plentiful supplies of provisions.

The next morning early I received a message from Otoo, who was waiting on the beach, wishing to come on board. I sent a boat for him, and he came, attended by his wife, and testifying the utmost pleasure at our meeting. I was surprised to find that, instead of Otoo, the name by which he formerly went, he was now called Tinah. The name of Otoo, with the title of *Earee Rahie*, I was informed, had devolved to his eldest son, who was yet a minor, as is the custom of the country. The name of Tinah's wife was Iddeah: with her was a woman dressed with a large quantity of cloth, in the form of a hoop, which was taken off and presented to me, with a large hog and some bread-fruit. I then took my visitors into the cabin, and after a short time produced my presents in return. The present I made to Tinah (by which name I shall hereafter call him) consisted of hatchets, small adzes, files, gimlets, saws, looking-glasses, red feathers, and two shirts. To Iddeah I gave ear-rings, necklaces, and beads; but she expressed a desire also for iron, and therefore I made the same assortment for her as I had for her husband. Much conversation took place among them on the value of the different articles, and they appeared extremely satisfied; so that they determined to spend the day with me, and requested I would shew them all over the ship, and particularly the cabin where I slept. This, though I was not fond of doing, I indulged them in; and the consequence was, as I had apprehended, that they took a fancy to so many things, that they got from me nearly as much more as I had before given them. Afterwards, Tinah desired me to fire some of the great guns; this I likewise complied with, and as the shot fell

into the sea at a great distance, all the natives expressed their surprise by loud shouts and acclamations.

I had a large company at dinner, consisting of Tinah and the other chiefs. Tinah was fed by one of his attendants, who sat by him for that purpose, this being a particular custom among some of the superior chiefs; and I must do him the justice to say, he kept his attendant constantly employed: there was indeed little reason to complain of want of appetite in any of my guests. As the women are not allowed to eat in the presence of the men, Iddeah dined with some of her companions about an hour afterwards, in private, except that her husband, Tinah, favoured them with his company, and seemed to have entirely forgotten that he had already dined. Tinah continued with me the whole afternoon, in the course of which he ate four times of roast pork, besides his dinner. When he left the ship, he requested I would keep for him all the presents I had given to him, as he had not at Matavai a place sufficiently safe to secure them from being stolen; I therefore shewed him a locker in my cabin for his use, and gave him a key to it.

Meanwhile our people were trafficking with the natives, and making their acquaintance. Some of the hogs they brought us weighed two hundred pounds, and we purchased several for salting. Goats were likewise brought us for sale; and I purchased a she-goat and kid for less than would have purchased a small hog. Nelson and his assistant, too, our gardeners, were busy all the while looking out for plants; and it was no small pleasure to me to find, by their report, that, according to appearances, the object of my mission would probably be accomplished with ease. I had given directions to every one on board not to make known to the islanders the purpose of our coming, lest it might enhance the value of the bread-fruit plants, or occasion other difficulties. Perhaps so much caution was not necessary; but, at all events, I wished to reserve to myself the time and manner of communication.

Next morning, Wednesday the 29th, I returned Tinah's visit, for I found he expected it. He was in a small shed about a quarter of a mile to the eastward of Matavai Point, with his wife and three children, not their own, but who, they said, were relations. In my walk, I had picked up a numerous attendance, for every one I met, followed me; so that I had collected such a crowd that the heat was scarce bearable, all endeavouring to get a look to satisfy their curiosity; they, however, carefully avoided pressing against me, and welcomed me with cheerful countenances and great good-nature. I made Tinah understand that my visit was particularly to him, and gave him a second present, equal to the first, which he received with great pleasure; and to the people of consequence that were about him I also presented some article or other. There were great numbers of children; and as I took notice of the little ones that were in arms, and gave them beads, both small and great, but with

much drollery and good-humour, endeavoured to benefit by the occasion. Boys of ten and twelve years old were caught up in arms and brought to me, which created much laughter; so that in a short time I got rid of all I had brought on shore.

The few days which succeeded were agreeably passed by us in amusements and visits to different places. We became quite intimate with the natives, and they with us. I had usually a number of them at dinner on board the ship, and nothing could exceed their mirth and jollity. Some of my visitors had observed that we always drank his majesty's health as soon as the cloth was removed, but they were by this time become so fond of wine, that they would frequently remind me of the health in the middle of dinner by calling out, 'King George Earee no Brittanee,' and would banter me if the glass was not filled to the brim. Thus passed on time, day after day; but though apparently indulging in recreations, we were at the same time fulfilling the object of our voyage, Nelson and his assistant being all the while busy in collecting the choicest bread-fruit plants, to be carried away with us. In my conversation with Tinah and the other chiefs, I likewise obtained much information about the state of Otaheite and the neighbouring islands, and of what had occurred since the visit of Captain Cook, of whom they cherished a very fond recollection, preserving with the greatest care his picture which he had left with them. I was sorry, however, to find that the animals and plants which Cook had left on the island had been taken little care of. Tinah frequently spoke to me of making an excursion to some of the islands near Otaheite. One island especially he mentioned to me, called Roo-opow, the situation of which he described to be to the eastward of Otaheite, four or five days' sail, and that there were large animals upon it with eight legs. The truth of this account he very strenuously insisted upon, and wished me to go thither with him. I was at a loss to know whether or not Tinah himself gave credit to this whimsical and fabulous account; for though they have credulity sufficient to believe anything, however improbable, they are at the same time so much addicted to that species of wit which we call humbug, that it is frequently difficult to discover whether they are in jest or earnest. Their ideas of geography are very simple; they believe the world to be a fixed plane of great extent, and that the sun, moon, and stars are all in motion round it. I have been frequently asked by them if I have not been as far as the sun and moon; for they think we are such great travellers, that scarce any undertaking is beyond our ability.

We had now been about six weeks at Otaheite, our ship lying in the harbour of Matavai, and our collection of bread-fruit plants carefully kept in pots on the shore, under Nelson's management. The weather till now had been good, and the sea calm; but on Friday the 5th of December, the wind blew fresh from the north-west, which occasioned the sea to break very high across the

Dolphin bank; and in the night we had such a storm, that I became convinced it would not be safe to continue in Matavai Bay much longer, and I determined to get everything ready for sailing as speedily as I could.

Our surgeon, who had been a long time ill from the effect of intemperance and indolence, died on the evening of the 9th of December. As I wished to bury him on shore, I mentioned it to Tinah, who said there would be no objection, but that it would be necessary to ask his father's consent first; which he undertook to do, and immediately left me for that purpose. When I went ashore, I found that the natives had already dug the grave. At four in the afternoon, the body was interred: the chiefs and many of the natives came to see the ceremony, and shewed great attention during the service. Some of the chiefs were very inquisitive about what was to be done with the surgeon's cabin, on account of apparitions. They said, when a man died in Otaheite, and was carried to the Tupapow, that as soon as night came he was surrounded by spirits, and if any person went there by himself, they would devour him; therefore, they said, that not less than two people together should go into the surgeon's cabin for some time. I did not endeavour to dissuade them from this belief, otherwise than by laughing, and letting them know that we had no such apprehensions. In the afternoon, the effects of the deceased were disposed of, and I appointed Mr Thomas Denham Ledward, the surgeon's mate, to do duty as surgeon.

Anxious to quit the harbour of Matavai, where our recent experience of the weather had proved that we were not safe, I sent the master in the launch to re-examine the depth of water between this bay and Toahroah Harbour. He returned in the evening, and acquainted me that he found a good bottom, with not less than sixteen fathoms' depth all the way. The harbour of Toahroah appearing every way safe, I determined to get the ship there as speedily as possible, and I immediately made my intention public, which occasioned great rejoicing. Accordingly, on Wednesday the 24th of December, we took the plants on board, being seven hundred and seventy-four pots, all in a healthy state; for whenever any plant had an unfavourable appearance, it was replaced by another.

The natives reckon eight kinds of the bread-fruit-tree, each of which they distinguish by a different name. 1. Patteah; 2. Ereroo; 3. Awanna; 4. Mi-re; 5. Oree; 6. Powerro; 7. Appeere; 8. Row-deeah. In the first, fourth, and eighth class, the leaf differs from the rest; the fourth is more sinuated; the eighth has a large broad leaf, not at all sinuated. The difference of the fruit is principally in the first and eighth class. In the first, the fruit is rather larger, and more of an oblong form; in the eighth, it is round, and not above half the size of the others. I inquired if plants could be produced from the seed, and was told they could not, but that they must be taken from the root. The plants are best collected after wet weather,

at which time the earth balls round the roots, and they are not liable to suffer by being moved. The most common method of dividing time at Otaheite is by moons ; but they likewise make a division of the year into six parts, each of which is distinguished by the name of the kind of bread-fruit then in season. In this division they keep a small interval called *Tawa*, in which they do not use the bread-fruit. This is about the end of February, when the fruit is not in perfection ; but there is no part of the year in which the trees are entirely bare.

The day after taking the plants on board, we removed to the harbour of Toahroah. I found it a delightful situation, and in every respect convenient. The ship was perfectly sheltered by the reefs in smooth water, and close to a fine beach without the least surf. A small river, with very good water, runs into the sea about the middle of the harbour. I gave directions for the plants to be landed, and the same party to be with them as at Matavai. Tinah fixed his dwelling close to our station. The ship continued to be supplied by the natives as usual. Cocoa-nuts were in such plenty, that I believe not a pint of water was drunk on board the ship in the twenty-four hours. Bread-fruit began to be scarce, though we purchased, without difficulty, a sufficient quantity for our consumption : there was, however, another harvest approaching, which they expected would be fit for use in five or six weeks. We received almost every day presents of fish, chiefly dolphin and albacore, and a few small rock-fish. Their fishing is mostly in the night, when they make strong lights on the reefs, which attract the fish to them. Sometimes, in fine weather, the canoes are out in such numbers, that the whole sea appears illuminated.

We had not been long in Toahroah Harbour when an event happened of some consequence. On Monday the 5th of January 1789, at the relief of the watch at four o'clock this morning, the small cutter was missing. I was immediately informed of it, and mustered the ship's company, when it appeared that three men were absent, Charles Churchill, the ship's corporal, and two of the seamen, William Musprat and John Millward—the latter of whom had been sentinel from twelve to two in the morning. They had taken with them eight stand of arms and ammunition ; but what their plan was, or which way they had gone, no one on board seemed to have the least knowledge. I went on shore to the chiefs, and soon received information that the cutter was at Matavai, and that the deserters had departed in a sailing canoe for the island of Tethuroa. I told Tinah and the other chiefs that I expected they would get the deserters brought back, for that I was determined not to leave Otaheite without them. They assured me that they would do everything in their power to have them taken ; and it was agreed that the chiefs Oreepyah and Moannah should depart the next morning for Tethuroa in search of them.

Seventeen days passed, during which I received only the vaguest intelligence of the success of the search instituted after the deserters, and during these days our intercourse with the natives went on as formerly. One day, in walking with Tinah near a Tupapow, I was surprised by a sudden outery of grief. As I expressed a desire to see the distressed person, Tinah took me to the place, where we found a number of women, one of whom was the mother of a young female child that lay dead. On seeing us, their mourning not only immediately ceased, but, to my astonishment, they all burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, and, while we remained, appeared much diverted with our visit. I told Tinah the woman had no sorrow for her child, otherwise her grief would not have so easily subsided ; on which he jocosely told her to cry again. They did not, however, resume their mourning in our presence. This strange behaviour would incline us to think them hard-hearted and unfeeling, did we not know that they are fond parents, and, in general, very affectionate : it is therefore to be ascribed to their extreme levity of disposition ; and it is probable that death does not appear to them with so many terrors as it does to people of a more serious cast.

On the afternoon of Thursday the 22d I received a message from Teppahoo, to inform me that our deserters had passed this harbour, and were at Tettaha, about five miles distant. I ordered the cutter to be got ready, and a little before sunset left the ship, and landed at some distance from the place where the deserters were. They had heard of my arrival ; and when I was near the house, they came out without their arms, and delivered themselves up.

This desertion of three of my ship's company did not strike me so much at the time as it did afterwards ; nor did an occurrence which happened not long after attract that degree of attention from me which it merited. This was the cutting of our ship's cable one night near the water's edge, in such a manner that only one strand remained whole. I naturally attributed this malicious act to some of the natives, although the uniform friendliness of the Otaheitans led me to suppose that the culprits must have belonged to some of the other islands, the inhabitants of which were continually coming and going. The consequence was a coolness of some days between me and the chiefs, as I wished to stimulate them to the discovery of the guilty parties. All their exertions, however, to gratify me in this respect were unavailing ; and it has since occurred to me that this attempt to cut the ship adrift was most probably the act of some of our own people, whose purpose of remaining at Otaheite might have been effectually answered, without danger, if the ship had been driven on shore. At the time, I entertained not the least thought of this kind, nor did the possibility of it enter into my ideas, having no suspicion that so general an inclination, or so strong an attachment to these islands, could prevail among my people as to induce them to abandon every prospect of returning to their native country.

NARRATIVE OF THE MUTINY OF THE BOUNTY.

The month of February had passed—our people becoming always fonder of the Otaheitans, and the Otaheitans of them—and we had already advanced far into the month of March. It was known that the time of our departure from the island was approaching, and much sorrow was manifested on that account. One day after dinner, I was not a little surprised to hear Tinah seriously propose that he and his wife should go with me to England. To quiet his importunity, I was obliged to promise that I would ask the king's permission to carry them to England if I came again ; that then I should be in a larger ship, and could have accommodations properly fitted up.

In the latter part of March, we were busy with our preparations for departure. On the 27th of the month, we began to remove the plants to the ship. They were in excellent order : the roots had appeared through the bottom of the pots, and would have shot into the ground, if care had not been taken to prevent it. By the 31st, all the plants were on board, being in seven hundred and seventy-four pots, thirty-nine tubs, and twenty-four boxes. The number of bread-fruit plants were 1015, besides which we had collected a number of other plants. The avee, which is one of the finest flavoured fruits in the world ; the ayyah, which is a fruit not so rich, but of a fine flavour, and very refreshing ; the rattah, not much unlike a chestnut, which grows on a large tree in great quantities—they are singly in large pods, from one to two inches broad, and may be eaten raw, or boiled in the same manner as Windsor beans, and so dressed, are equally good ; and the orai-ah, which is a very superior kind of plantain. All these I was particularly recommended to collect by my worthy friend Sir Joseph Banks. I had also taken on board some plants of the ettow and matte, with which the natives here make a beautiful red colour ; and a root called peeah, of which they make an excellent pudding.

At length all was ready for our departure, and on Saturday the 4th of April 1789, we unmoored at daylight. At half-past six, there being no wind, we weighed, and with our boats and two sweeps, towed the ship out of the harbour. Soon after, the sea-breeze came, and we stood off towards the sea. Many of the natives attended us in canoes. Tinah and his wife were on board. After dinner, I ordered the presents which I had reserved for Tinah and his wife to be put in one of the ship's boats, and as I had promised him firearms, I gave him two muskets, a pair of pistols, and a good stock of ammunition. I then represented to them the necessity of their going away, that the boat might return to the ship before it was dark ; on which they took a most affectionate leave of me, and went into the boat. One of their expressions at parting was : '*Yourah no i' Eatua tee evecrah !*'—'May the Eatua protect you for ever and ever !'

Thus, after a stay of five months and a half at Otaheite, we took our leave of it. That we were not insensible to the kindness which we experienced there, the events which followed more than sufficiently prove ; for to the friendly and endearing behaviour of these people

NARRATIVE OF THE MUTINY OF THE BOUNTY.

may be ascribed the motives for that event which effected the ruin of an expedition which there was every reason to hope would have been completed in the most fortunate manner.

MUTINY IN THE SHIP.

About three weeks were spent among the small islands which lie scattered round Otaheite, at some of which we touched. According to my instructions, my course was now through Endeavour Straits to Prince's Island, in the Straits of Sunda. On the 27th of April, at noon, we were between the islands of Tofoa and Kotoo. Latitude observed, 19 degrees 18 minutes south.

Thus far the voyage had advanced in a course of uninterrupted prosperity, and had been attended with many circumstances equally pleasing and satisfactory. A very different scene was now to be experienced.

Monday, 27th April 1789.—The wind being northerly in the evening, we steered to the westward, to pass to the south of Tofoa. I gave directions for this course to be continued during the night. The master had the first watch, the gunner the middle watch, and Mr Christian the morning watch.

Tuesday, 28th.—Just before sun-rising, while I was yet asleep, Mr Christian, with the master-at-arms, gunner's mate, and Thomas Burkitt, seaman, came into my cabin, and seizing me, tied my hands with a cord behind my back, threatening me with instant death if I spoke or made the least noise. I, however, called as loud as I could, in hopes of assistance; but they had already secured the officers who were not of their party, by placing sentinels at their doors. There were three men at my cabin door, besides the four within; Christian had only a cutlass in his hand, the others had muskets and bayonets. I was pulled out of bed, and forced on deck in my shirt, suffering great pain from the tightness with which they had tied my hands. I demanded the reason of such violence, but received no other answer than abuse for not holding my tongue. The master, the gunner, the surgeon, Mr Elphinstone, master's mate, and Nelson, were kept confined below, and the fore-hatchway was guarded by sentinels. The boatswain and carpenter, and also the clerk, Mr Samuel, were allowed to come upon deck. The boatswain was ordered to hoist the launch out, with a threat if he did not do it instantly, to take care of himself.

When the boat was out, Mr Hayward and Mr Hallet, two of the midshipmen, and Mr Samuel, were ordered into it. I demanded what their intention was in giving this order, and endeavoured to persuade the people near me not to persist in such acts of violence; but it was to no effect. Christian changed the cutlass which he had in his hand for a bayonet that was brought to him, and holding me with a strong gripe by the cord that tied my hands, he with many

NARRATIVE OF THE MUTINY OF THE BOUNTY.

oaths threatened to kill me immediately if I would not be quiet ; the villains round me had their pieces cocked and bayonets fixed. Particular people were called on to go into the boat, and were hurried over the side, whence I concluded that with these people I was to be set adrift. I therefore made another effort to bring about a change, but with no other effect than to be threatened with having my brains blown out.

The boatswain and seamen who were to go in the boat were allowed to collect twine, canvas, lines, sails, cordage, an eight-and-twenty gallon cask of water, and Mr Samuel got a hundred and fifty pounds of bread, with a small quantity of rum and wine, also a quadrant and compass ; but he was forbidden on pain of death, to touch either map, ephemeris, book of astronomical observations, sextant, time-keeper, or any of my surveys or drawings.

The officers were next called upon deck, and forced over the side into the boat, while I was kept apart from every one abaft the mizzen-mast.

Isaac Martin, one of the guard over me, I saw had an inclination to assist me, and, as he fed me with shaddock (my lips being quite parched), we explained our wishes to each other by our looks ; but this being observed, Martin was removed from me. He then attempted to leave the ship, for which purpose he got into the boat ; but with many threats they obliged him to return. The armourer, Joseph Coleman, and two of the carpenters, M'Intosh and Norman, were also kept contrary to their inclination ; and they begged of me, after I was astern in the boat, to remember that they declared they had no hand in the transaction. Michael Byrne, I am told, likewise wanted to leave the ship.

It appeared to me that Christian was some time in doubt whether he should keep the carpenter or his mates ; at length he determined on the latter, and the carpenter was ordered into the boat. He was permitted, but not without some opposition, to take his tool-chest. The officers and men being in the boat, they only waited for me, of which the master-at-arms informed Christian ; who then said : 'Come, Captain Bligh, your officers and men are now in the boat, and you must go with them ; if you attempt to make the least resistance, you will instantly be put to death ;' and without further ceremony, with a tribe of armed ruffians about me, I was forced over the side, where they untied my hands. Being in the boat, we were veered astern by a rope. A few pieces of pork were thrown to us, and some clothes, also four cutlasses ; and it was then that the armourer and carpenters called out to me to remember that they had no hand in the transaction. After having undergone a great deal of ridicule, and been kept some time to make sport for these unfeeling wretches, we were at length cast adrift in the open ocean.

I had eighteen persons with me in the boat. There remained on board the *Bounty* twenty-five hands, the most able men of the ship's

NARRATIVE OF THE MUTINY OF THE BOUNTY.

company. Having little or no wind, we rowed pretty fast towards Tofoa, which bore north-east about ten leagues from us. While the ship was in sight, she steered to the west-north-west; but I considered this only as a feint; for when we were sent away, 'Huzza for Otaheite!' was frequently heard among the mutineers.

It will very naturally be asked: What could be the reason for such a revolt? In answer to which I can only conjecture that the mutineers had flattered themselves with the hopes of a more happy life among the Otaheitans than they could possibly enjoy in England; and this, joined to some female connections, most probably occasioned the whole transaction. The women at Otaheite are handsome, mild, and cheerful in their manners and conversation, possessed of great sensibility, and have sufficient delicacy to make them admired and beloved. The chiefs were so much attached to our people that they rather encouraged their stay among them than otherwise, and even made them promises of large possessions. Under these, and many other attendant circumstances equally desirable, it is now perhaps not so much to be wondered at, though scarcely possible to have been foreseen, that a set of sailors, most of them void of connections, should be led away: especially when, in addition to such powerful inducements, they imagined it in their power to fix themselves in the midst of plenty, on one of the finest islands in the world, where they need not labour, and where the allurements of dissipation are beyond anything that can be conceived.

FATE OF THE CASTAWAYS.

My first determination was to seek a supply of bread-fruit and water at Tofoa, and afterwards to sail for Tongataboo, and there risk a solicitation to Poulaho, the king, to equip our boat, and grant us a supply of water and provisions, so as to enable us to reach the East Indies. The quantity of provisions I found in the boat was a hundred and fifty pounds of bread, sixteen pieces of pork, each piece weighing two pounds, six quarts of rum, six bottles of wine, with twenty-eight gallons of water, and four empty barrecoes.

We got to Tofoa when it was dark, but found the shore so steep and rocky that we could not land. We were obliged, therefore, to remain all night in the boat, keeping it on the lee-side of the island with two oars. Next day (Wednesday, April 29) we found a cove, where we landed. I observed the latitude of this cove to be 19 degrees 41 minutes south. This is the north-west part of Tofoa, the north-westernmost of the Friendly Islands. As I was resolved to spare the small stock of provisions we had in the boat, we endeavoured to procure something towards our support on the island itself. For two days we ranged through the island in parties, seeking for water, and anything in the shape of provisions, subsisting, meanwhile, on morsels of what we had brought with us. The

NARRATIVE OF THE MUTINY OF THE BOUNTY.

island at first seemed uninhabited, but on Friday, May 1, one of our exploring-parties met with two men, a woman, and a child : the men came with them to the cove, and brought two cocoa-nut shells of water. I endeavoured to make friends of these people, and sent them away for bread-fruit, plantains, and water. Soon after, other natives came to us ; and by noon there were thirty about us, from whom we obtained a small supply. I was much puzzled in what manner to account to the natives for the loss of my ship : I knew they had too much sense to be amused with a story that the ship was to join me, when she was not in sight from the hills. I was at first doubtful whether I should tell the real fact, or say that the ship had overset and sunk, and that we only were saved : the latter appeared to be the most proper and advantageous for us, and I accordingly instructed my people, that we might all agree in one story. As I expected, inquiries were made about the ship, and they seemed readily satisfied with our account ; but there did not appear the least symptom of joy or sorrow in their faces, although I fancied I discovered some marks of surprise. Some of the natives were coming and going the whole afternoon.

Towards evening, I had the satisfaction to find our stock of provisions somewhat increased ; but the natives did not appear to have much to spare. What they brought was in such small quantities, that I had no reason to hope we should be able to procure from them sufficient to stock us for our voyage. At night, I served a quarter of a bread-fruit and a cocoa-nut to each person for supper ; and a good fire being made, all but the watch went to sleep.

Saturday, 2d.—As there was no certainty of our being supplied with water by the natives, I sent a party among the gullies in the mountains, with empty shells, to see what could be found. In their absence the natives came about us as I expected, and in greater numbers ; two canoes also came in from round the north side of the island. In one of them was an elderly chief, called Macca-ackavow. Soon after, some of our foraging-party returned, and with them came a good-looking chief called Egijee-fow, or Eefow.

Their affability was of short duration, for the natives began to increase in number, and I observed some symptoms of a design against us. Soon after they attempted to haul the boat on shore, on which I brandished my cutlass in a threatening manner, and spoke to Eefow to desire them to desist ; which they did, and everything became quiet again. My people, who had been in the mountains, now returned with about three gallons of water. I kept buying up the little bread-fruit that was brought to us, and likewise some spears, to arm my men with, having only four cutlasses, two of which were in the boat. As we had no means of improving our situation, I told our people I would wait till sunset, by which time, perhaps, something might happen in our favour ; for if we attempted to go at present, we must fight our way through, which we could do more

advantageously at night; and that, in the meantime, we would endeavour to get off to the boat what we had bought. The beach was lined with the natives, and we heard nothing but the knocking of stones together, which they had in each hand. I knew very well this was the sign of an attack. At noon I served a cocoa-nut and a bread-fruit to each person for dinner, and gave some to the chiefs, with whom I continued to appear intimate and friendly. They frequently importuned me to sit down, but I as constantly refused; for it occurred both to Nelson and myself that they intended to seize hold of me, if I gave them such an opportunity. Keeping, therefore, constantly on our guard, we were suffered to eat our uncomfortable meal in some quietness.

After dinner, we began by little and little to get our things into the boat, which was a troublesome business, on account of the surf. I carefully watched the motions of the natives, who continued to increase in number; and found that, instead of their intention being to leave us, fires were made, and places fixed on for their stay during the night. Consultations were also held among them, and everything assured me we should be attacked. I sent orders to the master that, when he saw us coming down, he should keep the boat close to the shore, that we might the more readily embark.

The sun was near setting when I gave the word, on which every person who was on shore with me boldly took up his proportion of things, and carried them to the boat. The chiefs asked me if I would not stay with them all night. I said: 'No; I never sleep out of my boat; but in the morning we will again trade with you, and I shall remain till the weather is moderate, that we may go, as we have agreed, to see Poulaho, at Tongataboo.' Macca-ackavow then got up and said: 'You will not sleep on shore, then, Mattie?' (which directly signifies, we will kill you); and he left me. The onset was now preparing; every one, as I have described before, kept knocking stones together; and Eefow quitted me. All but two or three things were in the boat, when we walked down the beach, every one in a silent kind of horror. We all got into the boat except one man, who, while I was getting on board, quitted it, and ran up the beach to cast the sternfast off, notwithstanding the master and others called to him to return, while they were hauling me out of the water.

I was no sooner in the boat than the attack began by about two hundred men; the unfortunate poor man who had run up the beach was knocked down, and the stones flew like a shower of shot. Many Indians got hold of the stern-rope, and were near hauling the boat on shore; which they would certainly have effected, if I had not had a knife in my pocket, with which I cut the rope. We then hauled off to the grapnel, every one being more or less hurt. At this time, I saw five of the natives about the poor man they had killed, and two of them were beating him about the head with stones in their hands.

We had no time to reflect, for, to my surprise, they filled their

canoes with stones, and twelve men came off after us to renew the attack, which they did so effectually as nearly to disable us all. We were obliged to sustain the attack without being able to return it, except with such stones as lodged in the boat. I adopted the expedient of throwing overboard some clothes, which, as I expected, they stopped to pick up; and as it was by this time almost dark, they gave over the attack, and returned towards the shore, leaving us to reflect on our unhappy situation.

The poor man killed by the natives was John Norton: this was his second voyage with me as a quarter-master, and his worthy character made me lament his loss very much. He has left an aged parent, I am told, whom he supported.

We set our sails, and steered along-shore by the west side of the island of Tofoa, the wind blowing fresh from the eastward. My mind was employed in considering what was best to be done, when I was solicited by all hands to take them towards home; and when I told them that no hopes of relief for us remained, except what might be found at New Holland, till I came to Timor, a distance of full twelve hundred leagues, where there was a Dutch settlement, but in what part of the island I knew not, they all agreed to live on one ounce of bread and a quarter of a pint of water per day. Therefore, after examining our stock of provisions, and recommending to them, in the most solemn manner, not to depart from their promise, we bore away across a sea where the navigation is but little known, in a small boat, twenty-three feet long from stem to stern, deep laden with eighteen men. I was happy, however, to see that every one seemed better satisfied with our situation than myself.

Our stock of provisions consisted of about one hundred and fifty pounds of bread, twenty-eight gallons of water, twenty pounds of pork, three bottles of wine, and five quarts of rum. The difference between this and the quantity we had on leaving the ship was principally owing to our loss in the bustle and confusion of the attack. A few cocoa-nuts were in the boat, and some bread-fruit, but the latter was trampled to pieces.

Sunday, 3d.—At daybreak the gale increased; the sun rose very fiery and red—a sure indication of a severe gale of wind. At eight it blew a violent storm, and the sea ran very high, so that between the seas the sail was becalmed, and when on the top of the sea, it was too much to have set; but we could not venture to take in the sail, for we were in very imminent danger and distress, the sea curling over the stern of the boat, which obliged us to bale with all our might. A situation more distressing has perhaps seldom been experienced.

Our bread was in bags, and in danger of being spoiled by the wet; to be starved to death was inevitable, if this could not be prevented. I therefore began to examine what clothes there were in the boat, and what other things could be spared; and having determined that only two suits should be kept for each person, the rest was thrown

NARRATIVE OF THE MUTINY OF THE BOUNTY.

overboard, with some rope and spare sails, which lightened the boat considerably, and we had more room to bale the water out. Fortunately the carpenter had a good chest in the boat, in which we secured the bread the first favourable moment. His tool-chest also was cleared, and the tools stowed in the bottom of the boat, so that this became a second convenience.

I served a tea-spoonful of rum to each person (for we were very wet and cold), with a quarter of a bread-fruit, which was scarce eatable, for dinner. Our engagement was now strictly to be carried into execution, and I was fully determined to make our provisions last eight weeks, let the daily proportion be ever so small.

Monday, 4th.—At daylight our limbs were so benumbed, that we could scarcely find the use of them. At this time I served a tea-spoonful of rum to each person, from which we all found great benefit. Just before noon, we discovered a small flat island of a moderate height, bearing west-south-west four or five leagues. I observed our latitude to be 18 degrees 58 minutes south; our longitude was, by account, 3 degrees 4 minutes west from the island of Tofoa, having made a north 72 degrees west course, distance ninety-five miles, since yesterday noon. I divided five small cocoa-nuts for our dinner, and every one was satisfied. During the rest of that day, we discovered ten or twelve other islands, none of which we approached. At night I served a few broken pieces of bread-fruit for supper, and performed prayers.

Tuesday, 5th.—The night having been fair, we awoke after a tolerable rest, and contentedly breakfasted on a few pieces of yams that were found in the boat. After breakfast we examined our bread, a great deal of which was damaged and rotten; this, nevertheless, we were glad to keep for use. We passed two islands in the course of the day. For dinner I served some of the damaged bread, and a quarter of a pint of water.

Wednesday, 6th.—We still kept our course in the direction of the north of New Holland, passing numerous islands of various sizes, at none of which I ventured to land. Our allowance for the day was a quarter of a pint of cocoa-nut milk, and the meat, which did not exceed two ounces to each person. It was received very contentedly, but we suffered great drought. To our great joy, we hooked a fish, but we were miserably disappointed by its being lost in trying to get it into the boat.

As our lodgings were very miserable, and confined for want of room, I endeavoured to remedy the latter defect by putting ourselves at watch and watch; so that one-half always sat up while the other lay down on the boat's bottom, or upon a chest, with nothing to cover us but the heavens. Our limbs were dreadfully cramped, for we could not stretch them out; and the nights were so cold, and we so constantly wet, that, after a few hours' sleep, we could scarcely move.

Thursday, 7th.—Being very wet and cold, I served a spoonful of

rum and a morsel of bread for breakfast. We still kept sailing among islands, from one of which two large canoes put out in chase of us ; but we left them behind. Whether these canoes had any hostile intention against us must remain a doubt ; perhaps we might have benefited by an intercourse with them ; but, in our defenceless situation, to have made the experiment would have been risking too much.

I imagine these to be the islands called Feejee, as their extent, direction, and distance from the Friendly Islands answer to the description given of them by those islanders. Heavy rain came on at four o'clock, when every person did his utmost to catch some water, and we increased our stock to thirty-four gallons, besides quenching our thirst for the first time since we had been at sea ; but an attendant consequence made us pass the night very miserably, for, being extremely wet, and having no dry things to shift or cover us, we experienced cold shiverings scarcely to be conceived. Most fortunately for us, the forenoon, Friday 8th, turned out fair, and we stripped and dried our clothes. The allowance I issued to-day was an ounce and a half of pork, a tea-spoonful of rum, half a pint of cocoa-nut milk, and an ounce of bread. The rum, though so small in quantity, was of the greatest service. A fishing-line was generally towing from the stern of the boat, but though we saw great numbers of fish, we could never catch one.

In the afternoon we cleaned out the boat, and it employed us till sunset to get everything dry and in order. Hitherto I had issued the allowance by guess, but I now made a pair of scales with two cocoa-nut shells, and having accidentally some pistol balls in the boat, twenty-five of which weighed one pound, or sixteen ounces, I adopted one (it weighed 272 grains) as the proportion of weight that each person should receive of bread at the times I served it. I also amused all hands with describing the situation of New Guinea and New Holland, and gave them every information in my power, that, in case any accident happened to me, those who survived might have some idea of what they were about, and be able to find their way to Timor, which at present they knew nothing of more than the name, and some not even that. At night I served a quarter of a pint of water and half an ounce of bread for supper.

Saturday, 9th.—About nine in the evening, the clouds began to gather, and we had a prodigious fall of rain with severe thunder and lightning. By midnight we caught about twenty gallons of water. Being miserably wet and cold, I served to the people a tea-spoonful of rum each, to enable them to bear with their distressed situation. The weather continued extremely bad, and the wind increased : we spent a very miserable night, without sleep, except such as could be got in the midst of rain. The day brought no relief but its light. The sea broke over us so much, that two men were constantly

baling ; and we had no choice how to steer, being obliged to keep before the waves for fear of the boat filling.

The allowance now regularly served to each person was 1-25th of a pound of bread, and a quarter of a pint of water, at eight in the morning, at noon, and at sunset. To-day I gave about half an ounce of pork for dinner, which, though any moderate person would have considered only as a mouthful, was divided into three or four.

All Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday the wet weather continued, with heavy seas and squalls. As there was no prospect of getting our clothes dried, my plan was to make every one strip, and wring them through the salt water, by which means they received a warmth that, while wet with rain, they could not have. We were constantly shipping seas and baling, and were very wet and cold during the night. The sight of the islands which we were always passing served only to increase the misery of our situation. We were very little better than starving, with plenty in view ; yet to attempt procuring any relief was attended with so much danger, that prolonging of life, even in the midst of misery, was thought preferable, while there remained hopes of being able to surmount our hardships. For my own part, I consider the general run of cloudy and wet weather to be a blessing of Providence. Hot weather would have caused us to have died with thirst, and probably, being so constantly covered with rain or sea, protected us from that dreadful calamity.

Saturday, 16th.—The sun breaking out through the clouds gave us hopes of drying our wet clothes ; but the sunshine was of short duration. We had strong breezes at south-east-by-south, and dark gloomy weather, with storms of thunder, lightning, and rain. The night was truly horrible, and not a star to be seen, so that our steerage was uncertain.

Sunday, 17th.—At dawn of day I found every person complaining, and some of them solicited extra allowance, which I positively refused. Our situation was miserable ; always wet, and suffering extreme cold during the night, without the least shelter from the weather. Being constantly obliged to bale, to keep the boat from filling, was perhaps not to be reckoned an evil, as it gave us exercise.

The little rum we had was of great service. When our nights were particularly distressing, I generally served a tea-spoonful or two to each person ; and it was always joyful tidings when they heard of my intentions.

The night was dark and dismal, the sea constantly breaking over us, and nothing but the wind and waves to direct our steerage. It was my intention, if possible, to make to New Holland, to the southward of Endeavour Straits, being sensible that it was necessary to preserve such a situation as would make a southerly wind a fair one ; that we might range along the reefs till an opening should be found

into smooth water, and we the sooner be able to pick up some refreshments.

Monday and Tuesday were terrible days, heavy rain with lightning. We were always baling. On Wednesday the 20th, at dawn of day, some of my people seemed half dead. Our appearance was horrible, and I could look no way but I caught the eye of some one in distress. Extreme hunger was now too evident; but no one suffered from thirst, nor had we much inclination to drink—that desire, perhaps, being satisfied through the skin. The little sleep we got was in the midst of water, and we constantly awoke with severe cramps and pains in our bones.

Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, we were in the same distressed condition, and I began to fear that such another night or two would put an end to us. On Saturday, however, the wind moderated in the evening, and the weather looked much better, which rejoiced all hands, so that they ate their scanty allowance with more satisfaction than for some time past. The night also was fair; but being always wet with the sea, we suffered much from the cold.

Sunday, 24th.—A fine morning, I had the pleasure to see produce some cheerful countenances; and the first time, for fifteen days past, we experienced comfort from the warmth of the sun. We stripped, and hung our clothes up to dry, which were by this time become so threadbare, that they would not keep out either wet or cold.

This afternoon we had many birds about us, which are never seen far from land, such as boobies and noddies. As the sea began to run fair, and we shipped but little water, I took the opportunity to examine into the state of our bread, and found that, according to the present mode of issuing, there was a sufficient quantity remaining for twenty-nine days' allowance, by which time I hoped we should be able to reach Timor; but as this was very uncertain, and it was possible that, after all, we might be obliged to go to Java, I determined to proportion the allowance so as to make our stock hold out six weeks. I was apprehensive that this would be ill received, and that it would require my utmost resolution to enforce it; for small as the quantity was which I intended to take away for our future good, yet it might appear to my people like robbing them of life; and some, who were less patient than their companions, I expected would very ill brook it. However, on my representing the necessity of guarding against delays that might be occasioned in our voyage by contrary winds or other causes, and promising to enlarge upon the allowance as we got on, they cheerfully agreed to my proposal. It was accordingly settled that every person should receive 1-25th of a pound of bread for breakfast, and the same quantity for dinner; so that, by omitting the proportion for supper, we had forty-three days' allowance.

Monday, 25th.—At noon some noddies came so near to us, that one of them was caught by hand. This bird was about the size of a small pigeon. I divided it, with its entrails, into eighteen portions,

NARRATIVE OF THE MUTINY OF THE BOUNTY.

and by a well-known method at sea, of 'Who shall have this?''* it was distributed, with the allowance of bread and water for dinner, and eaten up, bones and all, with salt water for sauce. I observed the latitude 13 degrees 32 minutes south; longitude made 35 degrees 19 minutes west; course north 89 degrees west, distance one hundred and eight miles.

In the evening, several boobies flying very near to us, we had the good-fortune to catch one of them. This bird is as large as a duck. I directed the bird to be killed for supper, and the blood to be given to three of the people who were most distressed for want of food. The body, with the entrails, beak, and feet, I divided into eighteen shares, and, with an allowance of bread, which I made a merit of granting, we made a good supper, compared with our usual fare.

Sailing on, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, I at length became satisfied that we were approaching New Holland. This was actually the case; and after passing the reefs which bound that part of the coast, we found ourselves in smooth water. Two islands lay about four miles to the west-by-north, and appeared eligible for a resting-place, if for nothing more; but on our approach to the nearest island, it proved to be only a heap of stones, and its size too inconsiderable to shelter the boat. We therefore proceeded to the next, which was close to it, and towards the main. We landed to examine if there were any signs of the natives being near us: we saw some old fireplaces, but nothing to make me apprehend that this would be an unsafe situation for the night. Every one was anxious to find something to eat, and it was soon discovered that there were oysters on these rocks, for the tide was out; but it was nearly dark, and only a few could be gathered. I determined, therefore, to wait till the morning, when I should know better how to proceed.

Friday, 29th.—As there were no appearances to make me imagine that any of the natives were near us, I sent out parties in search of supplies, while others of the people were putting the boat in order. The parties returned, highly rejoiced at having found plenty of oysters and fresh water. I had also made a fire by the help of a small magnifying-glass; and, what was still more fortunate, we found among the few things which had been thrown into the boat, and saved, a piece of brimstone and a tinder-box, so that I secured fire for the future.

One of the people had been so provident as to bring away with him from the ship a copper pot: by being in possession of this article, we were enabled to make a proper use of the supply we now obtained; for, with a mixture of bread, and a little pork, we made a

* One person turns his back on the object that is to be divided; another then points separately to the portions, at each of them asking aloud: 'Who shall have this?' to which the first answers by naming somebody. This impartial method of division gives every man an equal chance of the best share.

stew that might have been relished by people of far more delicate appetites, and of which each person received a full pint. The general complaints of disease among us were a dizziness in the head, great weakness of the joints, and violent tenesmus.

The oysters which we found grew so fast to the rocks, that it was with difficulty they could be broken off, and at length we discovered it to be the most expeditious way to open them where they were fixed. They were of a good size, and well tasted. To add to this happy circumstance, in the hollow of the land there grew some wire-grass, which indicated a moist situation. On forcing a stick about three feet long into the ground, we found water, and with little trouble dug a well, which produced as much as our necessities required.

As the day was the anniversary of the restoration of King Charles II., I named the island Restoration Island. Our short stay there, with the supplies which it afforded us, made a visible alteration for the better in our appearance. Next day, Saturday the 30th, at four o'clock, we were preparing to embark, when about twenty of the natives appeared, running and hallooing to us, on the opposite shore. They were each armed with a spear or lance, and a short weapon which they carried in their left hand. They made signs for us to come to them, but I thought it prudent to make the best of our way. They were naked, and apparently black, and their hair or wool bushy and short.

Sunday, 31st.—Many small islands were in sight to the north-east. We landed at one of a good height, bearing north one-half west. The shore was rocky, but the water was smooth, and we landed without difficulty. I sent two parties out, one to the northward, and the other to the southward, to seek for supplies, and others I ordered to stay by the boat. On this occasion, fatigue and weakness so far got the better of their sense of duty, that some of the people expressed their discontent at having worked harder than their companions, and declared that they would rather be without their dinner than go in search of it. One person, in particular, went so far as to tell me, with a mutinous look, that he was as good a man as myself. It was not possible for me to judge where this might have an end, if not stopped in time; therefore, to prevent such disputes in future, I determined either to preserve my command, or die in the attempt; and seizing a cutlass, I ordered him to take hold of another and defend himself, on which he called out that I was going to kill him, and immediately made concessions. I did not allow this to interfere further with the harmony of the boat's crew, and everything soon became quiet. We here procured some oysters and clams, also some dogfish caught in the holes of the rocks, and a supply of water.

Leaving this island, which I named Sunday Island, we continued our course towards Endeavour Straits. During our voyage, Nelson became very ill, but gradually recovered. Next day we landed at another island, to see what we could get. There were proofs that

NARRATIVE OF THE MUTINY OF THE BOUNTY.

the island was occasionally visited by natives from New Holland. Encamping on the shore, I sent out one party to watch for turtle, and another to try to catch birds. About midnight the bird-party returned with only twelve noddies, birds which I have already described to be about the size of pigeons ; but if it had not been for the folly and obstinacy of one of the party, who separated from the other two, and disturbed the birds, they might have caught a great number. I was so much provoked at my plans being thus defeated, that I gave this offender a good beating. This man afterwards confessed that, wandering away from his companions, he had eaten nine birds raw. Our turtling party had no success.

Tuesday and Wednesday we still kept our course north-west, touching at an island or two for oysters and clams. We had now been six days on the coast of New Holland, and but for the refreshment which our visits to its shores afforded us, it is all but certain that we must have perished. Now, however, it became clear that we were leaving it behind, and were commencing our adventurous voyage through the open sea to Timor.

On Wednesday, June 3d, at eight o'clock in the evening, we once more launched into the open ocean. Miserable as our situation was in every respect, I was secretly surprised to see that it did not appear to affect any one so strongly as myself. I encouraged every one with hopes that eight or ten days would bring us to a land of safety ; and after praying to God for a continuance of his most gracious protection, I served an allowance of water for supper, and directed our course to the west-south-west, to counteract the southerly winds in case they should blow strong. For six days our voyage continued ; a dreary repetition of those sufferings which we had experienced before reaching New Holland. In the course of the night we were constantly wet with the sea, and exposed to cold and shiverings ; and in the daytime we had no addition to our scanty allowance, save a booby and a small dolphin that we caught, the former on Friday the 5th, and the latter on Monday the 8th. Many of us were ill, and the men complained heavily. On Wednesday the 10th, after a very comfortless night, there was a visible alteration for the worse in many of the people, which gave me great apprehensions. An extreme weakness, swelled legs, hollow and ghastly countenances, a more than common inclination to sleep, with an apparent debility of understanding, seemed to me the melancholy presages of an approaching dissolution.

Thursday, 11th.—Every one received the customary allowance of bread and water, and an extra allowance of water was given to those who were most in need. At noon I observed in latitude 9 degrees 41 minutes south ; course south 77 degrees west, distance 109 miles ; longitude made 13 degrees 49 minutes west. I had little doubt of having now passed the meridian of the eastern part of Timor, which

is laid down in 128 degrees east. This diffused universal joy and satisfaction.

Friday, 12th.—At three in the morning, with an excess of joy, we discovered Timor bearing from west-south-west to west-north-west, and I hauled on a wind to the north-north-east till daylight, when the land bore from south-west-by-south to north-east-by-north; our distance from the shore two leagues. It is not possible for me to describe the pleasure which the blessing of the sight of this land diffused among us. It appeared scarcely credible to ourselves that, in an open boat, and so poorly provided, we should have been able to reach the coast of Timor in forty-one days after leaving Tofoa, having in that time run, by our log, a distance of 3618 miles, and that, notwithstanding our extreme distress, no one should have perished in the voyage.

I have already mentioned that I knew not where the Dutch settlement was situated, but I had a faint idea that it was at the south-west part of the island. I therefore, after daylight, bore away along-shore to the south-south-west, which I was the more readily induced to do, as the wind would not suffer us to go towards the north-east without great loss of time.

We coasted along the island in the direction in which I conceived the Dutch settlement to lie, and next day, about two o'clock, I came to a grapnel in a small sandy bay, where we saw a hut, a dog, and some cattle. Here I learned that the Dutch governor resided at a place called Coupang, which was some distance to the north-east. I made signs for one of the Indians who came to the beach, to go in the boat and shew us the way to Coupang, intimating that I would pay him for his trouble; the man readily complied, and came into the boat. The Indians, who were of a dark tawny colour, brought us a few pieces of dried turtle and some ears of Indian corn. This last was the most welcome, for the turtle was so hard, that it could not be eaten without being first soaked in hot water. They offered to bring us some other refreshments, if I would wait; but, as the pilot was willing, I determined to push on. It was about half-past four when we sailed.

Sunday, 14th.—At one o'clock in the morning, after the most happy and sweet sleep that ever men enjoyed, we weighed, and continued to keep the east shore on board, in very smooth water. The report of two cannon that were fired gave new life to every one; and soon after, we discovered two square-rigged vessels and a cutter at anchor to the eastward. After hard rowing, we came to a grapnel near daylight, off a small fort and town, which the pilot told me was Coupang.

On landing, I was surrounded by many people, Indians and Dutch, with an English sailor among them. A Dutch captain, named Spikerman, shewed me great kindness, and waited on the governor, who was ill, to know at what time I could see him.

NARRATIVE OF THE MUTINY OF THE BOUNTY.

Eleven o'clock having been appointed for the interview, I desired my people to come on shore, which was as much as some of them could do, being scarce able to walk ; they, however, were helped to Captain Spikerman's house, and found tea, with bread and butter, provided for their breakfast.

The abilities of a painter, perhaps, could seldom have been displayed to more advantage than in the delineation of the two groups of figures which at this time presented themselves to each other. An indifferent spectator would have been at a loss which most to admire—the eyes of famine sparkling at immediate relief, or the horror of their preservers at the sight of so many spectres, whose ghastly countenances, if the cause had been unknown, would rather have excited terror than pity. Our bodies were nothing but skin and bone, our limbs were full of sores, and we were clothed in rags : in this condition, with tears of joy and gratitude flowing down our cheeks, the people of Timor beheld us with a mixture of horror, surprise, and pity.

The governor, Mr William Adrian Van Este, notwithstanding extreme ill health, became so anxious about us, that I saw him before the appointed time. He received me with great affection, and gave me the fullest proofs that he was possessed of every feeling of a humane and good man. Though his infirmity was so great that he could not do the office of a friend himself, he said he would give such orders as I might be certain would procure us every supply we wanted. A house should be immediately prepared for me ; and with respect to my people, he said that I might have room for them either at the hospital or on board of Captain Spikerman's ship, which lay in the road.

On returning to Captain Spikerman's house, I found that every kind relief had been given to my people. The surgeon had dressed their sores, and the cleaning of their persons had not been less attended to, several friendly gifts of apparel having been presented to them.

I desired to be shewn to the house that was intended for me, which I found ready, with servants to attend. It consisted of a hall, with a room at each end, and a loft overhead, and was surrounded by a piazza, with an outer apartment in one corner, and a communication from the back part of the house to the street. I therefore determined, instead of separating from my people, to lodge them all with me ; and I divided the house as follows : One room I took to myself ; the other I allotted to the master, surgeon, Mr Nelson, and the gunner ; the loft to the other officers ; and the outer apartment to the men. The hall was common to the officers, and the men had the back piazza. Of this disposition I informed the governor, and he sent down chairs, tables, and benches, with bedding and other necessaries for the use of every one. At noon a dinner was brought to the house, sufficiently good to make persons more accustomed to

plenty eat too much ; yet I believe few in such a situation would have observed more moderation than my people did. Having seen every one enjoy this meal of plenty, I dined myself with Mr Wanjon, the governor's son-in-law ; but I felt no extraordinary inclination to eat or drink. Rest and quiet I considered as more necessary to the re-establishment of my health, and therefore retired soon to my room, which I found furnished with every convenience. But instead of rest, my mind was disposed to reflect on our late sufferings, and on the failure of the expedition ; but, above all, on the thanks due to Almighty God, who had given us power to support and bear such heavy calamities, and had enabled me at last to be the means of saving eighteen lives.

In our late situation, it was not the least of my distresses to be constantly assailed with the melancholy demands of my people for an increase of allowance, which it grieved me to refuse. The necessity of observing the most rigid economy in the distribution of our provisions was so evident, that I resisted their solicitations, and never deviated from the agreement we made at setting out. The consequence of this care was, that at our arrival we had still remaining sufficient for eleven days, at our scanty allowance ; and if we had been so unfortunate as to have missed the Dutch settlement at Timor, we could have proceeded to Java, where I was certain that every supply we wanted could be procured.

We remained at Coupang about two months, during which time we experienced every possible kindness. On the 20th of July, David Nelson, who had been ill during our voyage, died of an inflammatory fever, and was buried in the European cemetery of the place. Having purchased a small schooner, and fitted her out under the name of his majesty's schooner *Resource*, I and my crew set out for Batavia on the 20th of August. We reached that settlement on the 1st of October, where I sold the schooner, and endeavoured to procure our passage to England. We were obliged, however, to separate, and go home in different ships. On Friday the 16th October, before sunrise, I embarked on board the *Vlydte* packet, commanded by Captain Peter Couvret, bound for Middleburgh. With me likewise embarked Mr John Samuel, clerk, and John Smith, seaman. Those of our company who stayed behind, the governor promised me should follow in the first ships, and be as little divided as possible. On the 13th of March 1790, we saw the Bill of Portland ; and on the evening of the next day, Sunday, March 14th, I left the packet, and was landed at Portsmouth by an Isle of Wight boat.

Those of my officers and people whom I left at Batavia were provided with passages in the earliest ships, and, at the time we parted, were apparently in good health. Nevertheless, they did not all live to quit Batavia. Thomas Hall, a seaman, had died while I was there. Mr Elphinstone, master's mate, and Peter Linkletter,

NARRATIVE OF THE MUTINY OF THE BOUNTY.

seaman, died within a fortnight after my departure ; the hardships they had experienced having rendered them unequal to cope with so unhealthy a climate as that of Batavia. The remainder embarked on board the Dutch fleet for Europe, and arrived safe in this country, except Robert Lamb, who died on the passage, and Mr Ledward, the surgeon, who has not yet been heard of. Thus, of nineteen who were forced by the mutineers into the launch, it has pleased God that twelve should surmount the difficulties and dangers of the voyage, and live to revisit their native country.

FATE OF THE MUTINEERS—COLONY OF PITCAIRN'S ISLAND.

The intelligence of the mutiny, and the sufferings of Bligh and his companions, naturally excited a great sensation in England. Bligh was immediately promoted to the rank of commander, and Captain Edwards was despatched to Otaheite, in the *Pandora* frigate, with instructions to search for the *Bounty* and her mutinous crew, and bring them to England. The *Pandora* reached Matavai Bay on the 23d of March 1791 : and even before she had come to anchor, Joseph Coleman, formerly armourer of the *Bounty*, pushed off from shore in a canoe, and came on board. In the course of two days afterwards, the whole of the remainder of the *Bounty's* crew (in number sixteen) then on the island surrendered themselves, with the exception of two, who fled to the mountains, where, as it afterwards appeared, they were murdered by the natives.

From his prisoners, and the journals kept by one or two of them, Captain Edwards learned the proceedings of Christian and his associates after turning Bligh and his companions adrift in the boat. It appears that they steered, in the first instance, to the island of Toobouai, where they intended to form a settlement ; but the opposition of the natives, and the want of many necessary materials, determined them to return in the meantime to Otaheite, where they arrived on the 25th of May 1789. In answer to the inquiries of Tinah, the king, about Bligh and the rest of the crew, the mutineers stated that they had fallen in with Captain Cook, who was forming a settlement in a neighbouring island, and had retained Bligh and the others to assist him, while they themselves had been despatched to Otaheite for an additional supply of hogs, goats, fowls, bread-fruit, and various other articles. Overjoyed at hearing their old friend Cook was alive, and about to settle so near them, the humane and unsuspicious islanders set about so actively to procure the supplies wanted, that in a few days the *Bounty* received on board three hundred and twelve hogs, thirty-eight goats, eight dozen of fowls, a bull and a cow, and a large quantity of bread-fruit, plantains, bananas, and other fruits. The mutineers also took with them eight men, nine women, and seven boys, with all of whom they arrived a second time at Toobouai, on the 26th of June, where they

NARRATIVE OF THE MUTINY OF THE BOUNTY.

warped the ship up the harbour, landed the live-stock, and set about building a fort of fifty yards square. Quarrels and disagreements, however, soon broke out amongst them. The poor natives were treated like slaves, and upon attempting to retaliate, were mercilessly put to death. Christian, finding his authority almost entirely disregarded, called a consultation as to what steps were next to be taken, when it was agreed that Toobouai should be abandoned; that the ship should once more be taken to Otaheite, where those who might choose it would be put ashore, while the rest, who preferred remaining in the vessel, might proceed wherever they had a mind. This was accordingly done. Sixteen of the crew went ashore at Matavai (fourteen of whom, as already stated, were received on board the *Pandora*, and two were murdered), while Christian with his eight comrades, and taking with them seven Otaheitan men and twelve women, finally sailed from Matavai on the 21st of September 1789, from which time they had never been more heard of.

Captain Edwards instituted a strict search after the fugitives amongst the various groups of islands in the Pacific, but finding no trace of them, he set sail, after three months' investigation, for the east coast of New Holland. Here, by some mismanagement, the *Pandora* struck upon the singular coral-reef that runs along that coast, called the 'Barrier Reef,' and filled so fast, that scarcely were the boats got out when she foundered and went down, thirty-four of the crew and four of the prisoners perishing in her. The concurring testimony of the unfortunate prisoners exhibits the conduct of Captain Edwards towards them, both before and after the wreck, as having been cruel in the extreme. After reaching a low, sandy, desert island, or rather *key*, as such are nautically termed, Captain Edwards caused his men to form tents out of the sails they had saved, under which he and his men reposed in comparative comfort; but he refused the same indulgence to his miserable captives, whose only refuge, therefore, from the scorching rays of the sun was by burying themselves up to the neck amongst the burning sand, so that their bodies were blistered as if they had been scalded with boiling water. The *Pandora's* survivors reached Batavia in their boats, whence they obtained passages to England in Dutch vessels. A court-martial was soon afterwards held (September 1792), when six of the ten mutineers were found guilty, and condemned to death—the other four were acquitted. Only three of the six, however, were executed.

Nearly twenty years elapsed after the period of the above occurrences, and all recollection of the *Bounty* and her wretched crew had passed away, when an accidental discovery, as interesting as unexpected, once more recalled public attention to that event. The captain of an American schooner having, in 1808, accidentally touched at an island up to that time supposed to be uninhabited, called Pitcairn's Island, found a community speaking English, who

NARRATIVE OF THE MUTINY OF THE BOUNTY.

represented themselves as the descendants of the mutineers of the *Bounty*, of whom there was still one man, of the name of Alexander Smith, alive amongst them. Intelligence of this singular circumstance was sent by the American captain (Folger) to Sir Sidney Smith at Valparaiso, and by him transmitted to the Lords of the Admiralty. But the government was at that time perhaps too much engaged in the events of the continental war to attend to the information, nor was anything further heard of this interesting little society until 1814. In that year two British men-of-war, cruising in the Pacific, made Pitcairn's Island, and on nearing the shore, saw plantations regularly and orderly laid out. Soon afterwards, they observed a few natives coming down a steep descent, with their canoes on their shoulders, and in a few minutes perceived one of these little vessels darting through a heavy surf, and paddling off towards the ships. But their astonishment may be imagined when, on coming alongside, they were hailed in good English with: 'Won't you heave us a rope now?' This being done, a young man sprang up the side with extraordinary activity, and stood on the deck before them. In answer to the question 'Who are you?' he replied that his name was Thursday October Christian, son of the late Fletcher Christian, by an Otaheitan mother; that he was the first born on the island, and was so named because he was born on a Thursday in October. All this sounded singular and incredible in the ears of the British captains, Sir Thomas Staines and Mr Pipon; but they were soon satisfied of its truth. Young Christian was at this time about twenty-four years old, a tall handsome youth, fully six feet high, with black hair, and an open, interesting English countenance. As he wore no clothes, except a piece of cloth round his loins, and a straw-hat ornamented with black-cock's feathers, his fine figure and well-shaped muscular limbs were displayed to great advantage, and attracted general admiration. His body was much tanned by exposure to the weather; but although his complexion was somewhat brown, it wanted that tinge of red peculiar to the natives of the Pacific. He spoke English correctly both in grammar and pronunciation; and his frank and ingenuous deportment excited in every one the liveliest feelings of compassion and interest. His companion was a fine handsome youth, of seventeen or eighteen years of age, named George Young, son of one of the *Bounty's* midshipmen.

The youths expressed great surprise at everything they saw, especially a cow, which they supposed to be either a huge goat or a horned sow, having never seen any other quadrupeds. When questioned concerning the *Bounty*, they referred the captains to an old man on shore, the only surviving Englishman, whose name, they said, was John Adams, but who proved to be the identical Alexander Smith before mentioned, having changed his name from some caprice or other. The officers went ashore with the youths, and

were received by old Adams (as we shall now call him), who conducted them to his house, and treated them to an elegant repast of eggs, fowl, yams, plantains, bread-fruit, &c. They now learned from him an account of the fate of his companions, who with himself preferred accompanying Christian in the *Bounty* to remaining at Otaheite—which account agreed with that he afterwards gave at greater length to Captain Beechey in 1828. Our limits will not permit us to detail all the interesting particulars at length, as we could have wished, but they are in substance as follow:

It was Christian's object, in order to avoid the vengeance of the British law, to proceed to some unknown and uninhabited island, and the Marquesas Islands were first fixed upon. But Christian, on reading Captain Cartaret's account of Pitcairn's Island, thought it better adapted for the purpose, and shaped his course thither. Having landed and traversed it, they found it every way suitable to their wishes, possessing water, wood, a good soil, and some fruits. Having ascertained all this, they returned on board, and having landed their hogs, goats, and poultry, and gutted the ship of everything that could be useful to them, they set fire to her, and destroyed every vestige that might lead to the discovery of their retreat. This was on the 23d of January 1790. The island was then divided into nine equal portions amongst them, a suitable spot of neutral ground being reserved for a village. The poor Otaheitans now found themselves reduced to the condition of mere slaves; but they patiently submitted, and everything went on peaceably for two years. About that time, Williams, one of the seamen, having the misfortune to lose his wife, forcibly took the wife of one of the Otaheitans, which, together with their continued ill-usage, so exasperated the latter, that they formed a plan for murdering the whole of their oppressors. The plot, however, was discovered, and revealed by the Englishmen's wives, and two of the Otaheitans were put to death. But the surviving natives soon afterwards matured a more successful conspiracy, and in one day murdered five of the Englishmen, including Christian. Adams and Young were spared at the intercession of their wives, and the remaining two, M'Koy and Quintal (two desperate ruffians), escaped to the mountains, whence, however, they soon rejoined their companions. But the further career of these two villains was short. M'Koy, having been bred up in a Scottish distillery, succeeded in extracting a bottle of ardent spirits from the *tee root*; from which time he and Quintal were never sober, until the former became delirious, and committed suicide by jumping over a cliff. Quintal being likewise almost insane with drinking, made repeated attempts to murder Adams and Young, until they were absolutely compelled, for their own safety, to put him to death, which they did by felling him with a hatchet.

Adams and Young were at length the only surviving males who had landed on the island, and being both of a serious turn of mind,

NARRATIVE OF THE MUTINY OF THE BOUNTY.

and having time for reflection and repentance, they became extremely devout. Having saved a Bible and Prayer-book from the *Bounty*, they now performed family worship morning and evening, and addressed themselves to training up their own children and those of their unfortunate companions in piety and virtue. Young, however, was soon carried off by an asthmatic complaint, and Adams was thus left to continue his pious labours alone. At the time Captains Staines and Pison visited the island, this interesting little colony consisted of about forty-six persons, mostly grown-up young people, all living in harmony and happiness together; and not only professing, but fully understanding and practising the precepts and principles of the Christian religion. Adams had instituted the ceremony of marriage, and he assured his visitors that not one instance of debauchery and immoral conduct had occurred amongst them.

The visitors having supplied these interesting people with some tools, kettles, and other articles, took their leave. The account which they transmitted home of this newly-discovered colony, was, strange to say, as little attended to by government as that of Captain Folger; and nothing more was heard of Adams and his family for nearly twelve years, when, in 1825, Captain Beechey, in the *Blossom*, bound on a voyage of discovery to Behring Strait, touched at Pitcairn's Island. On the approach of the *Blossom*, a boat came off under all sail towards the ship, containing old Adams and ten of the young men of the island. After requesting and obtaining leave to come on board, the young men sprung up the side, and shook every officer cordially by the hand. Adams, who was grown very corpulent, followed more leisurely. He was dressed in a sailor's shirt and trousers, with a low-crowned hat, which he held in his hand in sailor-fashion, while he smoothed down his bald forehead when addressed by the officers of the *Blossom*. The little colony had now increased to about sixty-six, including an English sailor, of the name of John Buffet, who, at his own earnest desire, had been left by a whaler. In this man the society luckily found an able and willing schoolmaster. He instructed the children in reading, writing, and arithmetic, and devoutly co-operated with old Adams in affording religious instruction to the community. The officers of the *Blossom* went ashore, and were entertained with a sumptuous repast at young Christian's, the table being spread with plates, knives, and forks. Buffet said grace in an emphatic manner; and so strict were they in this respect, that it was not deemed proper to touch a morsel of bread without saying grace both before and after it. The officers slept in the house all night, their bedclothing and sheets consisting of the native cloth made of the native mulberry-tree. The only interruption to their repose was the melody of the evening-hymn, which was chanted together by the whole family after the lights were put out; and they were awakened at early dawn by the same

devotional ceremony. On Sabbath the utmost decorum was attended to, and the day was passed in regular religious observances.

In consequence of a representation made by Captain Beechey, the British government sent out Captain Waldegrave in 1830, in the *Seringapatam*, with a supply of sailors' blue jackets and trousers, flannels, stockings and shoes, women's dresses, spades, mattocks, shovels, pickaxes, trowels, rakes, &c. He found their community increased to about seventy-nine, all exhibiting the same unsophisticated and amiable characteristics as we have before described. Other two Englishmen had settled amongst them; one of them, Nobbs, a missionary. The patriarch Adams, it was found, had died in March 1829, aged sixty-five. While on his death-bed, he had called the heads of families together, and urged upon them to elect a chief, which, however, they had not yet done; but the greatest harmony still prevailed amongst them. Captain Waldegrave thought that the island, which is about four miles square, might be able to support a thousand persons, upon reaching which number they would naturally emigrate to other islands.

In 1856, the British government thought it advisable to deport the whole of the inhabitants, to the number of 194, to Norfolk Island, about 900 miles east-north-east of Sydney. This island had long been used as a convict prison, but the establishment had that year been broken up. The colonists were provided in their new quarters with houses, domestic animals, implements, seeds, boats, &c. In the end of the following year, they were visited by the Governor of New South Wales, who organised a magistracy among them, and established a code of laws. They had increased to 212. He found it necessary to introduce a few skilled workmen from England to teach them certain indispensable trades, and also a schoolmaster. On his second visit in 1859, the Governor found that two families, numbering 16 persons, had returned to Pitcairn's Island, and that others were thinking of following the example. This tendency he succeeded in checking. In 1862, the community had increased to 280 persons, and European usages were slowly spreading. Subsequent reports represent a steady advance in numbers and prosperity.



SELECT POETICAL PIECES OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.



THE following pieces have been selected, with some degree of care, from the various poetical works of Sir Walter Scott, with the view of placing in the hands of the less opulent classes a pleasing specimen of productions once so deservedly popular, and still highly esteemed for their beauty of language and sentiment. The works principally selected from are the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, *Marmion*, and the *Lady of the Lake*, which were originally published between the years 1805 and 1810. The leading quality of these productions, as may be observed from our extracts, is fidelity in describing objects and appearances in nature and rural imagery, along with a charming softness of versification. Some of the lyrical pieces are also much admired.

SCOTLAND—MY NATIVE LAND.

BREATHES there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,

 This is my own, my native land !
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,

 From wandering on a foreign strand !
If such there breathe, go, mark him well ;
For him no Minstrel raptures swell ;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth, as wish can claim ;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung !

O Caledonia, stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child !
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,

SELECT POEMS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Land of my sires ! what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band
That knits me to thy rugged strand !
Still, as I view each well-known scene,
Think what is now, and what hath been,
Seems as, to me, of all bereft,
Sole friends thy woods and streams were left ;
And thus I love them better still,
Even in extremity of ill.
By Yarrow's stream still let me stray,
Though none should guide my feeble way ;
Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break,
Although it chill my withered cheek ;
Still lay my head by Teviot stone,
Though there, forgotten and alone,
The Bard may draw his parting groan.

HYMN OF THE HEBREW MAID.

WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her father's God before her moved,
An awful guide in smoke and flame.
By day, along the astonished lands
The cloudy pillar glided slow ;
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
Returned the fiery column's glow.

There rose the choral hymn of praise,
And trump and timbrel answered keen ;
And Zion's daughters poured their lays,
With priest's and warrior's voice between.
No portents now our foes amaze—
Forsaken Israel wanders lone ;
Our fathers would not know Thy ways,
And Thou hast left them to their own.

But, present still, though now unseen,
When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen,
To temper the deceitful ray.
And oh, when stoops on Judah's path
In shade and storm the frequent night,
Be Thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light !

SELECT POEMS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Our harps we left by Babel's streams,
The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's scorn;
No censer round our altar beams,
And mute are timbrel, trump, and horn.
But Thou hast said : ' The blood of goat,
The flesh of rams, I will not prize ;
A contrite heart, a humble thought,
Are mine accepted sacrifice.'

MELROSE ABBEY.

IF thou would'st view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight ;
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild, but to flout, the ruins gray.
When the broken arches are black in night,
And each shafted oriel glimmers white ;
When the cold light's uncertain shower
Streams on the ruined central tower ;
When buttress and buttress, alternately
Seem framed of ebon and ivory ;
When silver edges the imagery,
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die ;
When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
And the owlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave ;
Then go—but go alone the while—
Then view St David's ruined pile ;
And, home returning, soothly swear,
Was never scene so sad and fair !

TIME.

[From *The Antiquary*.]

WHY sitt'st thou by that ruined hall,
Thou aged carle so stern and gray ?
Dost thou its former pride recall,
Or ponder how it passed away ?
' Knowest thou not me ?' the Deep Voice cried,
' So long enjoyed, so oft misused—
Alternate, in thy fickle pride,
Desired, neglected, and accused ?
Before my breath, like blazing flax,
Man and his marvels pass away ;
And changing empires wane and wax,
Are founded, flourish, and decay.

SELECT POEMS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Redeem mine hours—the space is brief—
While in my glass the sand-grains shiver,
And measureless thy joy or grief,
When Time and thou shall part for ever !'

THE RESOLVE.

IN IMITATION OF AN OLD ENGLISH POEM.

MY wayward fate I needs must 'plain,
Though bootless be the theme ;
I loved, and was beloved again,
Yet all was but a dream :
For, as her love was quickly got,
So it was quickly gone ;
No more I'll bask at flame so hot,
But coldly dwell alone.

Not maid more bright than maid was e'er
My fancy shall beguile
By flattering word or feignèd tear,
By gesture, look, or smile ;
No more I'll call the shaft fair shot,
Till it has fairly flown,
Nor scorch me at a flame so hot—
I'll rather freeze alone.

Each ambushed Cupid I'll defy,
In cheek, or chin, or brow,
And deem the glance of woman's eye
As weak as woman's vow ;
I'll lightly hold the lady's heart
That is but lightly won ;
I'll steel my breast to beauty's dart,
And learn to live alone.

The flaunting torch soon blazes out ;
The diamond's ray abides ;
The flame its glory hurls about ;
The gem its lustre hides.
Such gem I fondly deemed was mine,
And glowed a diamond stone ;
But, since each eye may see it shine,
I'll darkling dwell alone.

Nor waking dream shall tinge my thought
With eyes so bright and vain ;
No silken net, so slightly wrought,
Shall 'tangle me again ;

SELECT POEMS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

No more I'll pay so dear for wit ;
I'll live upon mine own ;
Nor shall wild passion trouble it—
I'll rather dwell alone.

And thus I'll hush my heart to rest—
Thy loving labour's lost ;
Thou shalt no more be wildly blest,
To be so strangely crost.
The widowed turtles mateless die,
The phoenix is but one ;
They seek no loves—no more will I—
I'll rather dwell alone.

LOVE.

AND said I that my limbs were old ;
And said I that my blood was cold,
And that my kindly fire was fled,
And my poor withered heart was dead,
And that I might not sing of love?—
How could I to the dearest theme
That ever warmed a minstrel's dream,
So foul, so false a recreant prove !
How could I name love's very name,
Nor wake my harp to notes of flame !

In peace, Love tunes the shepherd's reed ;
In war, he mounts the warrior's steed ;
In halls, in gay attire is seen ;
In hamlets, dances on the green.
Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below, and saints above ;
For love is heaven, and heaven is love.

DEATH OF A POET.

CALL it not vain—they do not err
Who say that, when the poet dies,
Mute Nature mourns her worshipper,
And celebrates his obsequies ;
Who say tall cliff, and cavern lone,
For the departed bard make moan ;
That mountains weep in crystal rill ;
That flowers in tears of balm distil ;
Through his loved groves that breezes sigh,
And oaks, in deeper groan, reply ;

SELECT POEMS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

And rivers teach their rushing wave
To murmur dirges round his grave.

Not that, in sooth, o'er mortal urn
Those things inanimate can mourn ;
But that the stream, the wood, the gale,
Is vocal with the plaintive wail
Of those who, else forgotten long,
Lived in the poet's faithful song,
And, with the poet's parting breath,
Whose memory feels a second death.
The maid's pale shade, who wails her lot,
That love, true love, should be forgot,
From rose and hawthorn shakes the tear
Upon the gentle minstrel's bier ;
The phantom knight, his glory fled,
Mourns o'er the field he heaped with dead,
Mounts the wild blast that sweeps amain,
And shrieks along the battle-plain ;
The chief, whose antique crownlet long
Still sparkled in the feudal song,
Now, from the mountain's misty throne,
Sees, in the thanedom once his own,
His ashes undistinguished lie,
His place, his power, his memory die ;
His groans the lonely caverns fill,
His tears of rage impel the rill ;
All mourn the minstrel's harp unstrung,
Their name unknown, their praise unsung.

SONG OF ALBERT GRÆME.

It was an English ladye bright,
The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,
And she would marry a Scottish knight,
For Love will still be lord of all !

Blithely they saw the rising sun,
When he shone fair on Carlisle wall,
But they were sad ere day was done,
Though Love was still the lord of all !

Her sire gave brooch and jewel fine,
Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall ;
Her brother gave but a flask of wine,
For ire that Love was lord of all !

SELECT POEMS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

For she had lands, both meadow and lea,
Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,
And he swore her death, ere he would see
A Scottish knight the lord of all !

That wine she had not tasted well,
The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,
When dead, in her true love's arms, she fell,
For Love was still the lord of all !

He pierced her brother to the heart,
Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall !
So perish all would true love part,
That Love may still be lord of all !

And then he took the cross divine,
Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,
And died for her sake in Palestine ;
So Love was still the lord of all !

Now all ye lovers, that faithful prove,
The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,
Pray for their souls who died for love,
For Love shall still be lord of all !

BALLAD OF ROSABELLE.

OH listen, listen, ladies gay !
No haughty feat of arms I tell ;
Soft is the note, and sad the lay,
That mourns the lovely Rosabelle.

' Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant crew !
And, gentle ladye, deign to stay !
Rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch,
Nor tempt the stormy firth to-day.

The blackening wave is edged with white ;
To inch* and rock the sea-mews fly ;
The fishers have heard the Water Sprite,
Whose screams forebode that wreck is nigh.

Last night the gifted seer did view
A wet shroud swathed round ladye gay ;
Then stay thee, Fair, in Ravensheuch :
Why cross the gloomy firth to-day ?'

* Isle.

SELECT POEMS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

'Tis not because Lord Lindesay's heir
To-night at Roslin leads the ball,
But that my Ladye-mother there
Sits lonely in her castle hall.

'Tis not because the ring they ride,
And Lindesay at the ring rides well,
But that my sire the wine will chide,
If 'tis not filled by Rosabelle.'

O'er Roslin all that dreary night
A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam ;
'Twas broader than the watch-fire light,
And redder than the bright moonbeam.

It glared on Roslin's castled rock,
It ruddied all the copsewood glen ;
'Twas seen from Dryden's groves of oak,
And seen from caverned Hawthornden.

Seemed all on fire that chapel proud,
Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffined lie ;
Each baron, for a sable shroud,
Sheathed in his iron panoply.

Seemed all on fire within, around,
Deep sacristy and altar's pale ;
Shone every pillar foliage-bound,
And glimmered all the dead men's mail.

Blazed battlement and pinnet high,
Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair—
So still they blaze, when fate is nigh
The lordly line of high St Clair.

There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold
Lie buried within that proud chapelle ;
Each one the holy vault doth hold—
But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle !

And each St Clair was buried there,
With candle, with book, and with knell ;
But the sea-caves rung, and the wild winds sung,
The dirge of lovely Rosabelle.

NOVEMBER—ETTRICK FOREST.

NOVEMBER's sky is chill and drear,
November's leaf is red and sear :
Late, gazing down the steepy linn,
That hems our little garden in,

SELECT POEMS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Low in its dark and narrow glen,
You scarce the rivulet might ken,
So thick the tangled greenwood grew,
So feeble trilled the streamlet through :
Now, murmuring hoarse, and frequent seen
Through bush and brier, no longer green,
An angry brook, it sweeps the glade,
Brawls over rock and wild cascade,
And, foaming brown with doubled speed,
Hurries its waters to the Tweed.

No longer autumn's glowing red
Upon our forest hills is shed ;
No more, beneath the evening beam,
Fair Tweed reflects their purple gleam ;
Away hath passed the heather-bell,
That bloomed so rich on Neidpath-fell ;
Sallow his brow, and russet bare
Are now the sister-heights of Yare.
The sheep, before the pinching heaven,
To sheltered dale and down are driven,
Where yet some faded herbage pines,
And yet a watery sunbeam shines :
In meek despondency they eye
The withered sward and wintry sky,
And far beneath their summer hill,
Stray sadly by Glenkinnon's rill ;
The shepherd shifts his mantle's fold,
And wraps him closer from the cold ;
His dogs no merry circles wheel,
But, shivering, follow at his heel ;
A cowering glance they often cast,
As deeper moans the gathering blast.

My imps, though hardy, bold, and wild,
As best befits the mountain child,
Feel the sad influence of the hour,
And wail the daisy's vanished flower,
Their summer gambols tell, and mourn,
And anxious ask : ' Will spring return,
And birds and lambs again be gay,
And blossoms clothe the hawthorn spray ?'

Yes, prattlers, yes. . The daisy's flower
Again shall paint your summer bower ;
Again the hawthorn shall supply
The garlands you delight to tie ;

SELECT POEMS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

The lambs upon the lea shall bound,
The wild birds carol to the round,
And while you frolic light as they,
Too short shall seem the summer day.

ST MARY'S LAKE.

WHEN, musing on companions gone,
We doubly feel ourselves alone,
Something, my friend, we yet may gain ;
There is a pleasure in this pain :
It soothes the love of lonely rest,
Deep in its gentler heart impressed.
'Tis silent amid worldly toils,
And stifled soon by mental broils ;
But, in a bosom thus prepared,
Its still small voice is often heard,
Whispering a mingled sentiment,
'Twixt resignation and content.
Oft in my mind such thoughts awake
By lone St Mary's silent lake ;
Thou know'st it well—nor fen, nor sedge,
Pollute the pure lake's crystal edge ;
Abrupt and sheer, the mountains sink,
At once upon the level brink ;
And just a trace of silver sand
Marks where the water meets the land.
Far in the mirror, bright and blue,
Each hill's huge outline you may view ;
Shaggy with heath, but lonely bare,
Nor tree, nor bush, nor brake is there,
Save where, of land, yon slender line
Bears thwart the lake the scattered pine.
Yet even this nakedness has power,
And aids the feeling of the hour :
Nor thicket, dell, nor copse you spy,
Where living thing concealed might lie ;
Nor point, retiring, hides a dell,
Where swain, or woodman lone, might dwell ;
There's nothing left to fancy's guess,
You see that all is loneliness :
And silence aids—though these steep hills
Send to the lake a thousand rills ;
In summer tide, so soft they weep,
The sound but lulls the ear asleep ;
Your horse's hoof-tread sounds too rude,
So stilly is the solitude.

JOCK OF HAZELDEAN.

‘WHY weep ye by the tide, ladye,
Why weep ye by the tide?
I’ll wed ye to my youngest son,
And ye shall be his bride:
And ye shall be his bride, ladye,
Sae comely to be seen.’
But aye she loot the tears down fa’,
For Jock of Hazeldean.

‘Now let this wilful grief be done,
And dry that cheek so pale;
Young Frank is chief of Errington,
And lord of Langley-dale;
His step is first in peaceful ha’,
His sword in battle keen.’
But aye she loot the tears down fa’,
For Jock of Hazeldean.

‘A chain o’ gold ye shall not lack,
Nor braid to bind your hair;
Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,
Nor palfrey fresh and fair;
And you, the foremost o’ them a’,
Shall ride our forest qucen.’
But aye she loot the tears down fa’,
For Jock of Hazeldean.

The kirk was decked at morning-tide,
The tapers glimmered fair;
The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
And dame and knight are there;
They sought her both by bower and ha’,
The ladye was not seen!
She’s o’er the Border, and awa’
Wi’ Jock of Hazeldean.

THE SCOTTISH SHEPHERD IN WINTER.

WHEN red hath set the beamless sun,
Through heavy vapours dank and dun;
When the tired ploughman, dry and warm,
Hears, half asleep, the rising storm
Hurling the hail and sleeted rain
Against the casement’s tinkling pane;

SELECT POEMS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

The sounds that drive wild deer and fox
To shelter in the brake and rocks,
Are warnings which the shepherd ask
To dismal, and to dangerous task.
Oft he looks forth, and hopes in vain
The blast may sink in mellowing rain ;
Till, dark above, and white below,
Decided drives the flaky snow,
And forth the hardy swain must go.
Long, with dejected look and whine,
To leave the hearth his dogs repine ;
Whistling, and cheering them to aid,
Around his back he wreathes the plaid :
His flock he gathers, and he guides
To open downs and mountain sides,
Where, fiercest though the tempest blow,
Least deeply lies the drift below.
The blast that whistles o'er the fells,
Stiffens his locks to icicles ;
Oft he looks back, while, streaming far,
His cottage window seems a star,
Loses its feeble gleam, and then
Turns patient to the blast again,
And, facing to the tempest's sweep,
Drives through the gloom his lagging sheep .
If fails his heart, if his limbs fail,
Benumbing death is in the gale ;
His paths, his landmarks, all unknown,
Close to the hut, no more his own,
Close to the aid he sought in vain,
The morn may find the stiffened swain :
His widow sees, at dawning pale,
His orphans raise their feeble wail ;
And, close beside him, in the snow,
Poor Yarrow, partner of their woe,
Couches upon his master's breast,
And licks his cheek, to break his rest.

Who envies now the shepherd's lot,
His healthy fare, his rural cot,
His summer couch by greenwood tree,
His rustic kirk's loud revelry,
His native hill-notes, tuned on high,
To Marion of the blithesome eye ;
His crook, his scrip, his oaten reed,
And all Arcadia's golden creed ?

VIEW OF EDINBURGH FROM BRAID HILL.

STILL on the spot Lord Marmion stayed,
 For fairer scene he ne'er surveyed,
 When sated with the martial show
 That peopled all the plain below,
 The wandering eye could o'er it go,
 And mark the distant city glow
 With gloomy splendour red;
 For on the smoke-wreaths, huge and slow,
 That round her sable turrets flow,
 The morning beams were shed,
 And tinged them with a lustre proud,
 Like that which streaks a thunder-cloud.
 Such dusky grandeur clothed the height,
 Where the huge castle holds its state,
 And all the steep slope down,
 Whose ridgy back heaves to the sky,
 Piled deep and massy, close and high,
 Mine own romantic town!
 But northward far, with purer blaze,
 On Ochil mountains fell the rays,
 And as each heathy top they kissed,
 It gleamed a purple amethyst.
 Yonder the shores of Fife you saw;
 Here Preston-Bay and Berwick-Law;
 And, broad between them rolled
 The gallant Firth the eye might note,
 Whose islands on its bosom float,
 Like emeralds chased in gold.

LOCHINVAR.

OH young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
 Through all the wide Border his steed was the best;
 And save his good broadsword, he weapons had none;
 He rode all unarm'd, and he rode all alone.
 So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
 There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,
 He swam the Esk river where ford there was none;
 But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
 The bride had consented—the gallant came late:

SELECT POEMS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,
Among bride's-men, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all :
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word):
'Oh come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?'

'I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied;
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide—
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar.'

The bride kissed the goblet; the knight took it up;
He quaffed off the wine, and threw down the cup.
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar:
'Now tread we a measure!' said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;
And the bride-maidens whispered: 'Twere better by far
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar.'

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall-door, and the charger stood near;
So light to the croup the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
'She is won! we are gone over bank, bush, and scaur;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow,' quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran:
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

CHRISTMAS IN THE OLDEN TIME.

HEAP on more wood!—the wind is chill;
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our Christmas merry still.

SELECT POEMS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Each age has deemed the new-born year
The fittest time for festal cheer :
Even heathen yet, the savage Dane
At Iol more deep the mead did drain ;
High on the beach his galleys drew,
And feasted all his pirate crew ;
Then in his low and pine-built hall,
Where shields and axes decked the wall,
They gorged upon the half-dressed steer ;
Caroused in seas of sable beer ;
While round, in brutal jest, were thrown
The half-gnawed rib, and marrow-bone ;
Or listened all, in grim delight,
While scalds yelled out the joys of fight.
Then forth, in frenzy, would they hie,
While wildly loose their red locks fly,
And dancing round the blazing pile,
They make such barbarous mirth the while,
As best might to the mind recall
The boisterous joys of Odin's hall.

And well our Christian sires of old
Loved when the year its course had rolled,
And brought blithe Christmas back again,
With all his hospitable train.
Domestic and religious rite
Gave honour to the holy night :
On Christmas eve the bells were rung ;
On Christmas eve the mass was sung ;
That only night, in all the year,
Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear.
The damsel donned her kirtle sheen ;
The hall was dressed with holly green ;
Forth to the wood did merry-men go,
To gather in the mistletoe.
Then opened wide the baron's hall
To vassal, tenant, serf, and all ;
Power laid his rod of rule aside,
And Ceremony doffed his pride.
The heir, with roses in his shoes,
That night might village partner choose ;
The lord, underogating, share
The vulgar game of ' post and pair.'
All hailed, with uncontrolled delight
And general voice, the happy night,
That to the cottage, as the crown,
Brought tidings of salvation down.

SELECT POEMS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

The fire, with well-dried logs supplied,
Went roaring up the chimney wide ;
The huge hall-table's oaken face,
Scrubbed till it shone, the day to grace,
Bore then upon its massive board
No mark to part the squire and lord.
Then was brought in the lusty brawn
By old blue-coated serving-man ;
Then the grim boar's-head frowned on high,
Crested with bays and rosemary.
Well can the green-garbed ranger tell,
How, when, and where the monster fell ;
What dogs before his death he tore,
And all the baiting of the boar.
The wassail round in good brown bowls,
Garnished with ribbons, blithely trowls.
There the huge sirloin reeked ; hard by
Plum-porridge stood, and Christmas pie ;
Nor failed old Scotland to produce,
At such high-tide, her savoury goose.
Then came the merry masquers in,
And carols roared with blithesome din ;
If unmelodious was the song,
It was a hearty note, and strong.
Who lists, may in their mumming see
Traces of ancient mystery ;
White shirts supplied the masquerade,
And smutted cheeks the visors made ;
But oh, what masquers richly dight
Can boast of bosoms half so light !
England was merry England, when
Old Christmas brought his sports again.
'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale ;
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale ;
A Christmas gambol oft could cheer
The poor man's heart through half the year.

DEATH OF MARMION.

CLARE drew her from the sight away,
Till pain rung forth a lowly moan,
And half he murmured : ' Is there none,
Of all my halls have nurst,
Page, squire, or groom, one cup to bring
Of blessed water from the spring,
To slake my dying thirst !'

SELECT POEMS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

O woman ! in our hours of ease,
 Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
 And variable as the shade
 By the light quivering aspen made ;
 When pain and anguish wring the brow,
 A ministering angel thou !—
 Scarce were the piteous accents said,
 When, with the baron's casque, the maid
 To the nigh streamlet ran :
 Forgot were hatred, wrongs, and fears ;
 The plaintive voice alone she hears,
 Sees but the dying man.
 She stooped her by the runnel's side,
 But in abhorrence backward drew ;
 For, oozing from the mountain wide,
 Where raged the war, a dark red tide
 Was curdling in the streamlet blue.
 Where shall she turn ?—behold her mark
 A little fountain-cell,
 Where water, clear as diamond spark,
 In a stone basin fell.
 Above, some half-worn letters say :
 'Drink . weary . pilgrim . drink . and pray .
 For . the . kind . soul . of . Spbil . Grey .
 Who . built . this . cross . and well .'
 She filled the helm, and back she hied,
 And with surprise and joy espied
 A Monk supporting Marmion's head ;
 A pious man, whom duty brought
 To dubious verge of battle fought,
 To shrieve the dying, bless the dead.

With fruitless labour, Clara bound,
 And strove to stanch, the gushing wound :
 The Monk, with unavailing cares,
 Exhausted all the Church's prayers ;
 Ever, he said, that, close and near,
 A lady's voice was in his ear,
 And that the priest he could not hear ;
 For that she ever sung,
*'In the lost battle, borne down by the flying,
 Where mingles war's rattle with groans of the dying !'*
 So the notes rung ;
 'Avoid thee, Fiend !—with cruel hand,
 Shake not the dying sinner's sand !—
 Oh look, my son, upon yon sign
 Of the Redeemer's grace divine ;

SELECT POEMS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Oh think on faith and bliss !—
By many a death-bed I have been,
And many a sinner's parting seen,
But never aught like this.
The war, that for a space did fail,
Now trebly thundering, swelled the gale,
And 'STANLEY!' was the cry :
A light on Marmion's visage spread,
And fired his glazing eye :
With dying hand, above his head
He shook the fragment of his blade,
And shouted : 'Victory!—
Charge, Chester, charge ! On, Stanley, on !'
Were the last words of Marmion.

THE TROSACHS.

THE western waves of ebbing day
Rolled o'er the glen their level way ;
Each purple peak, each flinty spire,
Was bathed in floods of living fire.
But not a setting beam could glow
Within the dark ravines below,
Where twined the path, in shadow hid,
Round many a rocky pyramid,
Shooting abruptly from the dell
Its thunder-splintered pinnacle ;
Round many an insulated mass,
The native bulwarks of the pass,
Huge as the tower which builders vain
Presumptuous piled on Shinar's plain.
Their rocky summits, split and rent,
Formed turret, dome, or battlement,
Or seemed fantastically set
With cupola or minaret,
Wild crests as pagod ever decked,
Or mosque of Eastern architect.
Nor were these earth-born castles bare,
Nor lacked they many a banner fair ;
For, from their shivered brows displayed,
Far o'er the unfathomable glade,
All twinkling with the dew-drop sheen,
The brier-rose fell in streamers green,
And creeping shrubs of thousand dyes
Waved in the west wind's summer sighs.
Boon nature scattered, free and wild,
Each plant or flower, the mountain's child ;

SELECT POEMS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Here eglantine embalmed the air,
Hawthorn and hazel mingled there ;
The primrose pale, and violet flower
Found in each clift a narrow bower ;
Foxglove and nightshade, side by side,
Emblems of punishment and pride,
Grouped their dark hues with every stain
The weather-beaten crags retain ;
With boughs that quaked at every breath,
Gray birch and aspen wept beneath ;
Aloft, the ash and warrior oak
Cast anchor in the rifted rock ;
And higher yet, the pine-tree hung
His shattered trunk, and frequent flung,
Where seemed the cliffs to meet on high,
His boughs athwart the narrowed sky.
Highest of all, where white peaks glanced,
Where glistening streamers waved and danced,
The wanderer's eye could barely view
The summer heaven's delicious blue ;
So wondrous wild, the whole might seem
The scenery of a fairy dream.

Onward, amid the copse 'gan peep
A narrow inlet still and deep,
Affording scarce such breadth of brim
As served the wild-duck's brood to swim ;
Lost for a space, through thickets veering,
But broader when again appearing,
Tall rocks and tufted knolls their face
Could on the dark-blue mirror trace ;
And farther as the hunter strayed,
Still broader sweep its channels made.
The shaggy mounds no longer stood,
Emerging from entangled wood,
But, wave encircled, seemed to float,
Like castle girdled with its moat ;
Yet broader floods extending still,
Divide them from their parent hill,
Till each, retiring, claims to be
An islet in an inland sea.

And now, to issue from the glen,
No pathway meets the wanderer's ken,
Unless he climb, with footing nice,
A far-projecting precipice.
The broom's tough roots his ladder made,
The hazel saplings lent their aid ;

SELECT POEMS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

And thus an airy point he won,
Where, gleaming with the setting sun,
One burnished sheet of living gold,
Loch Katrine lay beneath him rolled ;
In all her length far winding lay,
With promontory, creek, and bay,
And islands that, empurpled bright,
Floated amid the livelier light ;
And mountains, that like giants stand,
To sentinel enchanted land.
High on the south, huge Ben-venue
Down to the lake in masses threw
Crag, knoll, and mounds, confusedly hurled,
The fragments of an earlier world ;
A wildering forest feathered o'er
His ruined sides and summit hoar ;
While on the north, through middle air,
Ben-an heaved high his forehead bare.

ELLEN.

AND ne'er did Grecian chisel trace
A Nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace,
Of finer form, or lovelier face !
What though the sun, with ardent frown,
Had slightly tinged her cheek with brown—
The sportive toil, which, short and light,
Had dyed her glowing hue so bright,
Served, too, in hastier swell to shew
Short glimpses of a breast of snow ;
What though no rule of courtly grace
To measured mood had trained her pace—
A foot more light, a step more true,
Ne'er from the heath-flower dashed the dew ;
E'en the slight harebell raised its head,
Elastic from her airy tread :
What though upon her speech there hung
The accents of the mountain tongue—
Those silver sounds, so soft, so dear,
The listener held his breath to hear.

A chieftain's daughter seemed the maid ;
Her satin snood, her silken plaid,
Her golden brooch, such birth betrayed.
And seldom was a snood amid
Such wild luxuriant ringlets hid,

SELECT POEMS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Whose glossy black to shame might bring
The plumage of the raven's wing ;
And seldom o'er a breast so fair
Mantled a plaid with modest care ;
And never brooch the folds combined
Above a heart more good and kind.
Her kindness and her worth to spy,
You need but gaze on Ellen's eye ;
Not Katrine, in her mirror blue,
Gives back the shaggy banks more true,
Than every free-born glance confessed
The guileless movements of her breast ;
Whether joy danced in her dark eye,
Or woe or pity claimed a sigh,
Or filial love was glowing there,
Or meek devotion poured a prayer,
Or tale of injury called forth
The indignant spirit of the north.
One only passion, unrevealed,
With maiden pride the maid concealed,
Yet not less purely felt the flame—
Oh need I tell that passion's name ?

HIGHLAND BOAT-SONG.

HAIL to the chief who in triumph advances !
Honoured and blessed be the ever-green Pine !
Long may the Tree in his banner that glances,
Flourish, the shelter and grace of our line !
Heaven send it happy dew,
Earth lend it sap anew,
Gaily to burgeon, and broadly to grow,
While every Highland glen
Sends our shout back agen,
'Roderigh vich Alpine dhu, ho ! ieroe !'

Ours is no sapling, chance-sown by the fountain,
Blooming at Beltane, in winter to fade ;
When the whirlwind has stripped every leaf on the mountain,
The more shall Clan-Alpine exult in her shade.
Moored in the rifted rock,
Proof to the tempest's shock,
Firmer he roots him the ruder it blow ;
Menteith and Breadalbane then
Echo his praise agen,
'Roderigh vich Alpine dhu, ho ! ieroe !'

SELECT POEMS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Proudly our pibroch has thrilled in Glen Fruin,
And Banachar's groans to our slogan replied ;
Glen Luss and Ross-dhu, they are smoking in ruin,
And the best of Loch Lomond lie dead on her side.
Widow and Saxon maid
Long shall lament our raid,
Think of Clan-Alpine with fear and with woe ;
Lennox and Leven-glen
Shake when they hear agen,
'Roderigh vich Alpine dhu, ho ! ieroe !'

Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the Highlands !
Stretch to your oars, for the ever-green Pine !
Oh that the rose-bud that graces yon islands,
Were wreathed in a garland around him to twine !
Oh that some seedling gem,
Worthy such noble stem,
Honoured and blessed in their shadow might grow !
Loud should Clan-Alpine then
Ring from her deepmost glen,
'Roderigh vich Alpine dhu, ho ! ieroe !'

LOCH KATRINE—MORNING.

THE summer dawn's reflected hue
To purple changed Loch Katrine blue ;
Mildly and soft the western breeze
Just kissed the lake, just stirred the trees,
And the pleased lake, like maiden coy,
Trembled, but dimpled not for joy ;
The mountain shadows on her breast
Were neither broken nor at rest ;
In bright uncertainty they lie,
Like future joys to fancy's eye.
The water-lily to the light
Her chalice reared of silver bright ;
The doe awoke and to the lawn,
Begemmed with dew-drops, led her fawn,
The gray mist left the mountain side,
The torrent shewed its glistening pride ;
Invisible in flecked sky,
The lark sent down her revelry ;
The black-bird and the speckled thrush
Good-morrow gave from brake and bush ;
In answer cooed the cushat dove,
Her notes of peace, and rest, and love.

SELECT POEMS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

SERENADE.

[From *The Pirate*.]

LOVE wakes and weeps
While Beauty sleeps !
Oh for music's softest numbers,
To prompt a theme
For Beauty's dream,
Soft as the pillow of her slumbers !

Through groves of palm
Sigh gales of balm,
Fire-flies on the air are wheeling ;
While through the gloom
Comes soft perfume,
The distant beds of flowers revealing.

Oh wake and live !
No dreams can give
A shadowed bliss the real excelling ;
No longer sleep,
From lattice peep,
And list the tale that love is telling !

THE LAST MINSTREL.

THE way was long, the wind was cold,
The Minstrel was infirm and old ;
His withered cheek, and tresses gray,
Seemed to have known a better day ;
The harp, his sole remaining joy,
Was carried by an orphan boy.
The last of all the bards was he,
Who sung of Border chivalry ;
For, well-a-day ! their date was fled,
His tuneful brethren all were dead ;
And he, neglected and oppressed,
Wished to be with them, and at rest.
No more, on prancing palfrey borne,
He carolled, light as lark at morn ;
No longer, courted and caressed,
High placed in hall, a welcome guest,
He poured, to lord and lady gay,
The unpremeditated lay ;

SELECT POEMS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Old times were changed, old manners gone,
A stranger filled the Stuarts' throne ;
The bigots of the iron time
Had called his harmless art a crime.
A wandering harper, scorned and poor,
He begged his bread from door to door ;
And tuned, to please a peasant's ear,
The harp a king had loved to hear.

* * *

Hushed is the harp—the minstrel gone.
And did he wander forth alone ?
Alone, in indigence and age,
To linger out his pilgrimage ?
No—close beneath proud Newark's tower,
Arose the Minstrel's lowly bower ;
A simple hut ; but there was seen
The little garden hedged with green,
The cheerful hearth, and lattice clean.
There sheltered wanderers, by the blaze,
Oft heard the tale of other days ;
For much he loved to ope his door,
And give the aid he begged before.
So passed the winter's day ; but still,
When summer smiled on sweet Bowhill,
And July's eve, with balmy breath,
Waved the blue-bells on Newark heath ;
When throstles sung on Harehead shaw,
And corn waved green on Carterhaugh,
And flourished, broad, Blackandro's oak,
The aged harper's soul awoke !
Then would he sing achievements high,
And circumstance of chivalry,
Till the rapt traveller would stay,
Forgetful of the closing day ;
And noble youths, the strain to hear,
Forsook the hunting of the deer ;
And Yarrow, as he rolled along,
Bore burden to the Minstrel's song.

HELLVELLYN.

I CLIMBED the dark brow of the mighty Hellvellyn,
Lakes and mountains beneath me gleamed misty and wide ;
All was still, save, by fits, when the eagle was yelling,
And starting around me the echoes replied.

SELECT POEMS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

On the right, Striden-edge round the Red-tarn was bending,
And Catchedicam its left verge was defending,
One huge nameless rock in the front was ascending,
When I marked the sad spot where the wanderer had died.*

Dark-green was that spot 'mid the brown mountain-heather,
Where the pilgrim of nature lay stretched in decay ;
Like the corpse of an outcast abandoned to weather,
Till the mountain-winds wasted the tenantless clay.
Nor yet quite deserted, though lonely extended ;
For, faithful in death, his mute favourite attended,
The much-loved remains of her master defended,
And chased the hill-fox and the raven away.

How long didst thou think that his silence was slumber ?
When the wind waved his garment, how oft didst thou start ?
How many long days and long weeks didst thou number,
Ere he faded before thee, the friend of thy heart ?
And oh ! was it meet that—no requiem read o'er him,
No mother to weep, and no friend to deplore him,
And thou, little guardian, alone stretched before him—
Unhonoured the pilgrim from life should depart ?

When a prince to the fate of the peasant has yielded,
The tapestry waves dark round the dim-lighted hall ;
With scutcheons of silver the coffin is shielded,
And pages stand mute by the canopied pall :
Through the courts, at deep midnight, the torches are gleaming—
In the proudly arched chapel the banners are beaming—
Far adown the long aisle sacred music is streaming,
Lamenting a chief of the people should fall.

But meeter for thee, gentle lover of nature,
To lay down thy head like the meek mountain-lamb ;
When, wildered, he drops from some cliff huge in stature,
And draws his last sob by the side of his dam.
And more stately thy couch by this desert lake lying,
Thy obsequies sung by the gray plover flying,
With one faithful friend but to witness thy dying,
In the arms of Hellvellyn and Catchedicam.

* In the spring of 1805, a young gentleman of talents, and of a most amiable disposition, perished by losing his way on the mountain Hellvellyn. His remains were not discovered till three months afterwards, when they were found guarded by a faithful terrier, his constant attendant during frequent solitary rambles through the wilds of Cumberland and Westmoreland.

THE LADY'S ISLE.

THE Stranger viewed the shore around :
 'Twas all so close with copse-wood bound,
 Nor track nor pathway might declare
 That human foot frequented there,
 Until the mountain-maiden shewed
 A clambering unsuspected road
 That winded through the tangled screen,
 And opened on a narrow green,
 Where weeping birch and willow round
 With their long fibres swept the ground :
 Here, for retreat in dangerous hour,
 Some chief had framed a rustic bower.

It was a lodge of ample size,
 But strange of structure and device ;
 Of such materials, as around
 The workman's hand had readiest found.
 Lopped of their boughs, their hoar trunks bared,
 And by the hatchet rudely squared ;
 To give the walls their destined height,
 The sturdy oak and ash unite ;
 While moss, and clay, and leaves combined
 To fence each crevice from the wind.
 The lighter pine-trees, overhead,
 Their slender length for rafters spread,
 And withered heath and rushes dry
 Supplied a russet canopy.
 Due westward, fronting to the green,
 A rural portico was seen,
 Aloft on native pillars borne,
 Of mountain fir with bark unshorn,
 Where Ellen's hand had taught to twine
 The ivy and Idæan vine,
 The clematis, the favoured flower,
 Which boasts the name of virgin-bower,
 And every hardy plant could bear
 Loch Katrine's keen and searching air.
 An instant in this porch she stayed,
 And gaily to the Stranger said :
 'On Heaven and on thy lady call,
 And enter the enchanted hall !'

* * * *

SELECT POEMS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

For all around, the walls to grace,
Hung trophies of the fight or chase ;
A target there, a bugle here,
A battle-axe, a hunting-spear,
And broadswords, bows, and arrows store,
With the tusked trophies of the boar.
Here grins the wolf as when he died,
And there the wild-cat's brindled hide
The frontlet of the elk adorns,
Or mantles o'er the bison's horns ;
Pennons and flags defaced and stained,
That blackening streaks of blood retained,
And deer-skins, dappled, dun, and white,
With otters' fur and seals' unite,
In rude and uncouth tapestry all,
To garnish forth the sylvan hall.

CORONACH.

HE is gone on the mountain,
He is lost to the forest,
Like a summer-dried fountain,
When our need was the sorest.
The font, reappearing,
From the rain-drops shall borrow,
But to us comes no cheering,
To Duncan no morrow !

The hand of the reaper
Takes the ears that are hoary,
But the voice of the weeper
Wails manhood in glory ;
The autumn winds rushing,
Waft the leaves that are searest,
But our flower was in flushing,
When blighting was nearest..

Fleet foot on the correi,*
Sage counsel in cumber,
Red hand in the foray,
How sound is thy slumber !
Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
Thou art gone, and for ever !

* Or *corri*, the hollow side of the hill, where game usually lies.

SELECT POEMS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

SONG OF THE CAPTIVE LOWLAND MAID.

THEY bid me sleep, they bid me pray,
They say my brain is warped and wrung—
I cannot sleep on Highland brae,
I cannot pray in Highland tongue.
But were I now where Allan glides,
Or heard my native Devan's tides,
So sweetly would I rest and pray,
That Heaven would close my wintry day !
'Twas thus my hair they bade me braid,
They bade me to the church repair ;
It was my bridal morn, they said,
And my true love would meet me there.
But woe betide the cruel guile,
That drowned in blood the morning smile !
And woe betide the fairy dream !
I only waked to sob and scream.

LAY OF THE IMPRISONED HUNTSMAN.

My hawk is tired of perch and hood,
My idle greyhound loathes his food,
My horse is weary of his stall,
And I am sick of captive thrall.
I wish I were as I have been,
Hunting the hart in forest green,
With bended bow and blood-hound free,
For that's the life is meet for me.
I hate to learn the ebb of time,
From yon dull steeple's drowsy chime,
Or mark it as the sunbeams crawl,
Inch after inch along the wall.
The lark was wont my matins ring,
The sable rook my vespers sing ;
These towers, although a king's they be,
Have not a hall of joy for me.

No more at dawning morn I rise,
And sun myself in Ellen's eyes,
Drive the fleet deer the forest through,
And homeward wend with evening dew ;
A blithesome welcome blithely meet,
And lay my trophies at her feet ;
While fled the eve on wing of glee—
That life is lost to love and me !



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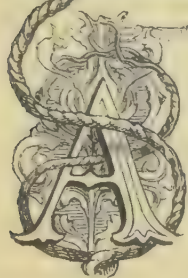


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CONTENTS OF VOLUME VI.

	No.	Page.
CAPTAIN COOK.....	41	I
EARTHQUAKES AND VOLCANOS.....	42	I
A TALE OF NORFOLK ISLAND.....	43	I
THE TWO BEGGAR BOYS.....	43	17
THE WIDOW'S SON.....	43	26
ANECDOTES OF THE DEAF, DUMB, AND BLIND.....	44	I
STORY OF RICHARD FALCONER.....	45	I
BYRON'S NARRATIVE OF THE LOSS OF THE <i>WAGER</i> ...	45	26
HISTORY OF THE MORMONS.....	46	I
THE SCOTTISH ADVENTURERS.....	47	I
WALTER RUYSDAEL.....	48	I
POEMS ON KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.....	48	17



LOVE of maritime enterprise is one of those well-known characteristics of British youth which have led to innumerable instances of daring intrepidity on the seas around our coasts, as well as the most distant parts of the ocean. This quality of mind, to which Britain owes so much of her supremacy in the scale of nations, has been seldom more strikingly manifested than in the case of Captain Cook, a man who, from the humblest rank in life, and after encountering the difficulties which usually lie in the path of a sailor, rose, by dint of good behaviour, intelligence, and the energy of his character, to the highest honours of his profession. As an inspiring page in general

biography, we offer a sketch of the life of this distinguished individual.

JAMES COOK was born in a mud hut at Marton, in the north riding of Yorkshire, 27th October 1728. His father was an agricultural servant, who, with his wife, bore a most unexceptionable character for honesty and industry. The village schoolmistress taught the boy to read ; but at eight years of age, his father, through his good conduct, was appointed to be bailiff of a farm near Great Ayton, belonging to Thomas Skottowe, Esq., who at his own expense put James to a day-school in that town, where he was taught writing and the first rules in arithmetic. The predilection of the lad inclined him for the sea ; but as this stood contrary to the wishes of his parents, he was soon after his twelfth year apprenticed to William Sanderson, a general dealer in haberdashery, grocery, hardware, &c. at Staith, upon the coast, about ten miles north of Whitby. The youth's mind, however, continued more occupied upon maritime affairs than anything else, and though he faithfully discharged his duty to his master, he longed to be at sea. An opportunity occurred to favour his desires. Mr Sanderson cancelled his indentures, and left him to pursue his inclinations. Thus freed, he bound himself to Messrs John and Henry Walker, who owned the *Freelove*, in which Cook embarked. She was principally engaged in the coal-trade, but made a voyage or two to the north ; and when his time was out, the youngster still continued to serve as a foremast-man till he was made mate of one of Mr John Walker's ships. During this period he evinced no particular marks of genius. His associates, however, were not exactly the class of persons to observe the real bent of his mind ; they thought him taciturn, and sometimes sullen ; but this doubtless arose from his studious habits, and endeavours to acquire knowledge. As for practical seamanship, there could be no better school than a collier.

When in his twenty-seventh year, war broke out between England and France, and Cook, who was then in the Thames, tried to escape the pressgang, which was sweeping the river of every seaman that could be picked up. This restraint, however, did not meet his views ; he looked upon the service of his country as honourable, and at once entered for the *Eagle*, of 60 guns, commanded by Captain Hamer, who, a few months afterwards, was superseded by Captain (subsequently Sir Hugh) Palliser. The young man's steady conduct and seamanlike qualities soon attracted this officer's attention. His knowledge of the coasts was excellent ; and Mr Skottowe having applied to Mr Osbaldeston, M.P. for Scarborough, to exert his influence to raise Cook to the quarter-deck, by the joint interest of this gentleman with Captain Palliser, a warrant as master was obtained on 10th May 1759, James being then in his thirty-first year. He joined the *Grampus*, but she had a master already ; he was then appointed to the *Garland*, but she was abroad ; and eventually he

sailed in the *Mercury*, to join the fleet under Sir Charles Saunders, then engaged in conjunction with General Wolfe in the reduction of Quebec. Here the peculiar talents of Mr Cook were called into active operation. The buoys in the navigation of the St Lawrence had all been removed by the French at the first appearance of the English fleet, and it was essentially necessary that a survey should be made of the channels, and correct soundings obtained, to enable the ships to keep clear of the numerous shoals. By the recommendation of his old commander, Captain Palliser, this onerous duty was confided to Mr Cook, who readily undertook it in a barge belonging to a 74. This could only be executed in many parts during the darkness of the night, on account of the enemy; and he experienced a narrow escape one night when detected, his boat having been boarded by Indians in the pay of the French, and carried off in triumph, he and his companions getting away just in time to save their lives and scalps. Through Mr Cook's judicious arrangements, the fleet reached the island of Orleans in safety; and he afterwards surveyed and made a chart of the St Lawrence, which, together with sailing directions for that river, were published in London.

On his return from Quebec, Mr Cook was appointed master of the *Northumberland*, under Lord Colville, who was stationed as commodore at Halifax. Here he enjoyed much leisure during the winter; but instead of frittering it away in the frivolous or worse amusements of a seaport, he diligently employed it in studies suitable to his profession. No sailor can possibly advance beyond the rank of an ordinary seaman unless he be acquainted with the theory as well as the practice of navigation; and to gain this knowledge, he must attain a certain proficiency in mathematics. Aware of this, Cook began by gaining an accurate knowledge of Euclid's *Elements of Plane Geometry*; and proceeded thence to the higher branches of mathematical study, including nautical astronomy. By these means he learned to take astronomical observations, to calculate a ship's progress, and to ascertain the degree of latitude and longitude at any given spot on the trackless ocean. In short, he became an accomplished mariner, ready for any office of trust. Besides improving himself in these useful branches of education, he possessed sufficient tact to cultivate urbanity of manner, and to gain the confidence and esteem of his acquaintance. This was a point of some consequence; for intellectual acquirements, without a polite and high moral bearing, are of small avail in the general intercourse of the world, and, personally, may do more harm than good. It is gratifying to know that Cook aimed at gentlemanly behaviour not less than skill in his profession; and to this commendable effort—which the most humble may practise—is perhaps owing not a little of his future success in life.

In 1762 the *Northumberland* was ordered to Newfoundland, to

LIFE OF CAPTAIN COOK.

assist in the recapture of that island; and here the talents and assiduity of our hero were again conspicuous. Greatly improved by his winter's studies, he was now still more able to make nautical surveys, and these he carried on to a considerable extent on the coast of Newfoundland; laying down bearings, marking headlands and soundings, and otherwise placing on record many facts which proved highly advantageous to future voyagers, especially those engaged in fishing speculations.

Towards the close of this year (1762), Mr Cook returned to England, and was married at Barking, in Essex, to Miss Elizabeth Batts, who has been spoken of as a truly amiable and excellent woman. In the following year, through the intervention of Captain (afterwards Admiral) Graves, the governor of Newfoundland, who was well acquainted with Cook's worth, he was appointed to survey the whole coast of that island, which he accomplished with great ability, as well as Miquelon and St Pierre, which had been ceded to the French. Cook then returned to England, but did not remain long. His constant friend, Sir Hugh Palliser, assumed the command at Newfoundland, and took Mr Cook with him, bearing the appointment of marine surveyor, and a schooner was directed to attend upon him in his aquatic excursions. His charts and observations, particularly on astronomy, brought him into correspondence with the members of the Royal Society; and some scientific observations on the eclipse of the sun were inserted in the 57th volume of the *Philosophical Transactions*.

Here may be said to close the first chapter in Cook's life. We have traced him from the humble home of his father, an obscure peasant, through the early part of his career, till his thirty-fourth year, at which time he had gained a footing among the most learned men in England. The youthful aspirant will observe that this enviable point had not been reached without patient study. Cook could have gained no acquaintanceship with members of the Royal Society, nor could he have placed himself in the way of promotion, had he been contented to remain an illiterate seaman.

FIRST VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD.

Prepared by diligent self-culture, Cook was ready for any enterprise which circumstances might bring in his way. The project of a voyage of discovery, involving certain important astronomical observations, fortunately came under discussion while he was in a state of hesitation as to his future movements. The principal object of the expedition was to observe a transit of the planet Venus over the face of the sun, which could only be done somewhere in the Pacific or Southern Ocean. The transit was to happen in June 1769. The Royal Society, as interested in the phenomenon for the sake of science, applied to George III. to fit out an expedition suitable to

take the observations. The request was complied with; and no other man being so well calculated to take the command, it was given to Cook. The appointment was quite to the mind of our hero, and he was soon ready for sea. He received the commission of a lieutenant from his majesty, and the *Endeavour*, of 370 tons, was placed at his disposal. About this time, Captain Wallis returned from his voyage of discovery, and reported Otaheite (now called Tahiti) to be the most eligible spot for the undertaking. That island was therefore fixed upon for the observation. Mr Charles Green undertook the astronomical department, and Mr Banks (afterwards Sir Joseph) and Dr Solander, purely through a love of science, and at great expense to themselves, obtained permission to accompany the expedition.

The *Endeavour* was victualled for eighteen months, armed with twelve carriage guns and twelve swivels, and manned with a complement of 84 seamen. Every requisite preparation was made for such a voyage that human foresight could suggest; trinkets and other things were put on board to trade with the natives; and on the 26th August 1768 they sailed from Plymouth Sound for the hitherto but little explored South Seas. On the 13th September they anchored in Funchal Roads, Madeira, and here commenced the researches and inquiries of the men of science. From hence they departed on the night of the 18th; and falling short of water and provisions on the Brazil coast, they put into the beautiful harbour of Rio Janeiro on the 13th November. The viceroy of this fine city could make nothing of the scientific intentions of the English, and was exceedingly troublesome and annoying. When told that they were bound to the South Seas to observe the transit of Venus, he could form no other conception of the matter than that it was the passing of the north star through the south pole. Numerous difficulties were thrown in the way of the departure of the voyagers after they had victualled and watered; and when they sailed, shots were fired at them from the fort of Santa Cruz, a heavy battery at the entrance of the harbour; and on inquiry, Mr Cook ascertained that the pass for the *Endeavour* had not been sent from the city. A spirited remonstrance was made, and the viceroy apologised.

On the 7th December the voyagers finally quitted this place, and on the 14th January 1769 entered the Strait of Le Maire, where the sea was running tremendously high, and on the following day anchored in the Bay of Good Success. Although the season was extremely inclement, yet the love of botany induced Mr Banks, Dr Solander, Mr Monkhouse, the surgeon, and Mr Green, the astronomer, to ascend the mountains in search of plants. They took with them their attendants and servants, with two seamen; and after suffering severe hardships from the cold and the torpor it produced, they got back to the ship on the second day, leaving two black men, who had

LIFE OF CAPTAIN COOK.

accompanied them, dead from the extreme severity of the weather. They could not be got on, but lay down to rest, and slept the sleep of death. Dr Solander with great difficulty was saved ; for although the first to warn others against the danger of reposing, yet he was eventually himself so overcome, that great exertion was required to force him along. They found the inhabitants on the coasts of this strait a wretched set of beings, with scarcely any covering ; dwelling in hovels made of sticks and grass, that offered no obstruction to the entrance of the wind, the snow, and the rain. They wandered about, picking up a scanty subsistence wherever they could, though they had not a single implement to dress their fish when caught, or any other food : still, they appeared to be contented ; and the only things they coveted from the English were beads and useless trinkets.

On the 26th January the *Endeavour* took her departure from Cape Horn, and before March 1, had run 660 leagues. Several islands were discovered in their progress, most of which were supposed to be inhabited ; and their beautiful verdure and delightful appearance were highly gratifying to the sea-worn mariners. On the 11th April they came in sight of Otaheite, and two days after anchored in Port Royal (Matavai), where the scientific gentlemen landed, and fixed upon a spot to serve them for an observatory. The natives displayed much friendship ; but, to prevent collision, Mr Cook drew up a code of regulations by which communication and traffic were to be carried on. A tent was erected on the site proposed—the natives keeping outside a marked boundary—and a midshipman with thirteen marines were placed over it as guards. As soon as this was accomplished, the party proceeded to examine the interior of the island ; but soon after their departure, one of the natives snatched away the musket of the sentry. The marines were ordered to fire, and the thief was shot dead. This greatly alarmed the natives ; but in a day or two they again became familiarised and friendly. Mr Cook proceeded to erect a fort round the observatory, and mounted six swivel guns, which caused apprehensions amongst the chiefs ; but the natives assisted in the works ; and the commander displayed his sense of justice by publicly flogging the butcher for having attempted or threatened the life of a wife of one of the chiefs, who was particularly favourable to the English. On the first stroke of the lash, the natives earnestly solicited that the man should be forgiven ; but Mr Cook deemed the example essential, and inflicted the whole punishment, greatly to the pain and regret of the compassionate Indians, many of whom shed tears.

As soon as the fort was completed, and the astronomical instruments were landed, they sought for the quadrant by which the transit was to be observed, but it was nowhere to be found. Diligent search was made, and a reward offered, but without success ; and it was feared that the object of their long and arduous

voyage would remain unaccomplished. At length, through the judicious intervention of Mr Banks, the quadrant was recovered from the natives who had stolen it, and with great joy set up in its place. The approach of the time of observation produced anxiety and excitement ; and hoping that the atmosphere would be clear and favourable, as well as to make assurance sure, Mr Cook established two other observatories—one on the island of Eimeo, under Mr Banks, and the other to the eastward of the main observatory, under Mr Hicks (the master). The morning of the 3d June was ushered in with a cloudless sky, and at the fort the transit was observed in the most satisfactory manner. The success of their enterprise was highly gratifying to the voyagers ; but their pleasure was somewhat damped by the violence which at times was engendered between the natives and the seamen, the former of whom proved to be dexterous thieves. But Mr Cook would not allow the plunderers to be fired upon, as he considered the issue of life and death to be of too important a nature to be intrusted to a sentinel, without any form of trial or show of equity ; nor did he deem a petty theft as meriting so severe a punishment. On one occasion, however, he seized upon all their fishing canoes, fully laden ; and though, from motives of humanity, he gave up the fish, yet he detained the vessels, under a hope that several articles which had been pilfered would be restored. But in this he was mistaken ; for nothing of value was given up, and ultimately he released the canoes. Mr Cook and Mr Banks circumnavigated the island, and visited many villages, where they renewed acquaintance with the several chiefs. Exploring parties were also sent into the interior ; and Mr Banks planted the seeds of water-melons, oranges, lemons, limes, and other plants and trees which he had collected for the purpose (some of which are now in rich perfection) ; and it was ascertained that parts of the island manifested appearances of subterranean fire.

On the 7th July the carpenters began to dismantle the fort preparatory to departure, and on the 13th the ship weighed anchor. Tupia, one of the principal natives, and chief priest of the country, with a boy of thirteen, having obtained permission from Mr Cook to embark for England, they took an affecting and affectionate leave of their friends. Few places possess more seductive influences than Otaheite. The climate is delightful, the productions of the earth bountiful and almost spontaneous, and the people, at that time at least, though addicted to pilfering, simple, kind-hearted, and hospitable.

After quitting Otaheite, the *Endeavour* visited the islands Huaheine, Ulietea (now Raiatea), Otaha, and Bolabola, where Mr Cook purchased various articles of food. They also anchored at Owharre, and exchanged friendly gifts with the natives ; and presents of English medals, &c. with inscriptions, were made to the king Oree. Ulietea had been conquered by the king of Bolabola, but

LIFE OF CAPTAIN COOK.

he received the English with considerable courtesy. These visits occupied rather more than three weeks; and Ulietea, Otaha, Bolabola, Huaheine, Tabai, and Mawrua, as they lay contiguous to each other, were named by Mr Cook the Society Islands.

In their intercourse with the natives of these places (all of whom more or less resembled the Otaheitans in manners and habits), they were greatly assisted by Tupia, who was very proud of the power possessed by his new friends. On the 9th August, the *Endeavour* quitted Ulietea, and on the 13th made the island Oheteroa, where they attempted to land; but the natives displayed so much hostility, that Mr Cook deemed it best to desist, and proceeded on his way to the southward in search of a supposed continent. On the 25th they celebrated the anniversary of their departure from England, and on the 30th they observed a comet; it was just above the horizon, to the eastward, at one A.M.; and about half-past four, when it passed the meridian, its tail subtended an angle of forty-five degrees. Tupia declared that its appearance would be the signal for the warriors of Bolabola to attack the Ulieteans and drive them to the mountains. The vessel was now proceeding in a south-westerly direction from the Pacific towards New Zealand, Cook designing to return by way of the Cape of Good Hope, and thus circumnavigate the globe. On the 6th October, land was discovered, which proved to be a part of New Zealand; where, having anchored, an attempt was made to open a communication with the natives, but without effect. Their hostile menaces and actions were all of a decidedly warlike nature, and it was only when they felt the superiority of firearms, of which they seemed to have been in ignorance, that they desisted from attacks. Tupia addressed them to be peaceable, and they understood his language; but he could not prevail upon them to put confidence in the English. A conflict took place, in which some of the New Zealanders were rather unnecessarily killed, and three boys were taken prisoners, who were treated with much kindness. As the place afforded nothing that the voyagers wanted, Mr Cook named it Poverty Bay. The boys were dismissed, and the treatment they had experienced induced some of the New Zealanders to come off to the ship; but it appeared almost impossible to conciliate any one of them for long. Armed parties in large canoes assembled, and paddled off to the *Endeavour*, under pretext of trading, but in reality to plunder; and in various instances it was deemed essentially necessary to fire upon them. They also seized Tayeto, Tupia's boy, but were compelled to relinquish their prey through the effects of a musket-ball; and the lad, taking advantage, leaped from the canoe, in which he had been held down, and swam back to the ship. Whilst standing along the coast, they fell in with the largest canoe they had yet seen: her length was 68½ feet, her breadth 5 feet, and her depth 3 feet 6 inches. About this time the *Endeavour* narrowly

escaped being wrecked on the rocks that lay some distance from the land; but by the skill and judgment of Mr Cook, the danger was avoided. On the 9th November, Lieutenant Cook, accompanied by Mr Green, landed with the necessary instruments to observe the transit of Mercury over the sun's disc, and this they performed to their entire satisfaction.

On the 5th December, whilst turning out of the Bay of Islands, it fell calm; and the *Endeavour* drifted so close to the shore, that notwithstanding the incessant roar of the breakers, they could converse with the natives on the beach. The pinnacle was got out to tow the vessel's head round; but none expected to escape destruction, when a light land-breeze sprang up, and gradually they got clear from their perilous situation—the ground was too foul to anchor. About an hour afterwards, just as the man heaving the lead sang out 'Seventeen fathoms,' she struck on a sunken rock with force; but the swell washed her over, and she was again in deep water. On the 30th December they made the land, which they judged to be Cape Maria Van Diemen; and on the 14th January 1770, anchored in a snug cove in Queen Charlotte's Sound, to refit the ship and clean her bottom. Here they caught a great quantity of fish by means of the seine—at one time not less than three hundredweight at two hauls. They also found an excellent stream of fresh water. In one of their researches they discovered an 'Indian' family; and it is related that they had indisputable proofs of the custom of eating human flesh. The place they were in is described as very delightful; and Mr Cook took several opportunities of obtaining views from the high hills, and examining the nearest coast. The inhabitants were friendly disposed, and everywhere received the English with hospitality. Mr Cook selected a favourable spot, on which he erected a pole, and having hoisted the union-jack, named the place Queen Charlotte's Sound, in honour of her majesty. Coins and spike-nails were given to the 'Indian' spectators; and after drinking the queen's health in wine, the empty bottle was bestowed upon the man who had carried it when full, with which he was much delighted.

On the 5th February he quitted this part of New Zealand, and proceeded to explore three or four islands in that locality, giving names to capes, headlands, rocks, &c. But this was not accomplished without considerable peril, on account of the strength of the currents. To one place he gave the name of Admiralty Bay, where he took in wood and filled his water-casks, and sailed again on the 31st March, intending to return home by way of the East Indies. On the 19th April they came in sight of New Holland (or New South Wales, as it is now called), and anchored in Botany Bay on the 28th, where they landed, but contrary to the will of two or three natives, who attacked the English with their lances, but on the firing of muskets, fled. The voyagers left beads and trinkets

in the huts of the natives, and during the time they remained at that place they were untouched. The inhabitants seemed utterly regardless of the ship, though they could never have seen such a spectacle before. Here they caught a fish called a string-ray, which, after the entrails were taken out, weighed 336 pounds.

Mr Cook prosecuted his discoveries in New South Wales with zeal and energy over a track of 1300 miles; but on the 10th June, near Trinity Bay, the *Endeavour* struck on a reef of coral rocks, and was compelled to start her water, throw her guns overboard, and use every mode to lighten the vessel; but with four pumps at work, they could not keep her free; and every soul, though struggling hard for life, yet prepared for that death which now appeared to be inevitable. Upon these rocks the ship remained for nearly forty-eight hours, her sheathing ripped off, and the very timbers nearly rubbed through: by great exertion, however, she was got afloat at high tide, and it was found that she made no more water than when aground; and the men, by working incessantly at the pumps, kept her afloat. At the suggestion of Mr Monkhouse, a sail was fothered (that is, pieces of oakum and other light materials were slightly stitched to it), and being hauled under the ship's bottom, the loose pieces were sucked into the leaks, and in a great measure stopped the holes, so that they were enabled to keep the water in the hold under with only one pump. On the morning of the 17th, after running aground twice, they got into a convenient harbour for repairing their damages; and here, when the vessel was hove down, they found a large piece of rock in the ship's bottom, firmly jammed in the hole it had made, so as to exclude the sea, and which, if it had fallen out, must have proved fatal to all.

About this time the scurvy broke out amongst them, and attacked indiscriminately both officers and men; but the quantity of fish that was caught, allowing each man two pounds and a half per day, together with turtle and herbs, somewhat checked its progress. Three of the turtle caught weighed together 791 pounds. The natives took but little notice of the voyagers at first, but afterwards became familiar; and on one occasion, when refused something which they wanted, one of them seized a firebrand, and going to windward of the place where the armourer was at work, set fire to the high grass, so that every part of the smith's forge that would burn was destroyed. A musket-ball was fired at them, and they ran away. The fire was repeated in the woods shortly afterwards, but without injury, as the stores and powder that had been landed were already on board. The hills all round burned fiercely for several nights.

It must here be mentioned that the injuries sustained by the vessel proved destructive to many valuable specimens that had been collected by Mr Banks, which had been put for security in the bread-room, but the salt water saturating a great portion, they were

utterly spoiled. The place where they refitted was named by Mr Cook Endeavour River. Its entrance for many miles was surrounded with shoals, and the channels between them were very intricate. On the 4th August they quitted their anchorage, and it was not till the 24th that they got clear of the reefs and sandbanks. After another narrow escape from being wrecked, they made New Guinea on the 3d September, where they anchored, and went on shore; but the hostility of the natives, who resembled those of New South Wales, prevented intercourse. They used a sort of combustible material that ignited without any report. The land looked rich and luxurious in vegetation, and the cocoa-nut, the bread-fruit, and the plantain trees flourished in the highest perfection. Mr Cook made sail to the westward, contrary to the wish of his people, who wanted to cut down the trees to get their fruit, but which, through humanity to the natives, he would not permit. In pursuing their voyage, they fell in with islands which were not upon the charts, and passed Timor and others, intending to run for Java: on the 17th they saw a beautiful island, and found Dutch residents, with cattle and sheep. The crew of the *Endeavour* had suffered many privations and hardships, and the scurvy was making havoc among them, so that they complained of their commander not having put in at Timor; but now they obtained nine buffaloes, six sheep, three hogs, thirty dozen of fowls, &c. with several hundred gallons of palm syrup. This was the island Savu, and the natives are spoken of as highly pure in their morals and integrity, and their land a perfect paradise.

On the 21st Mr Cook again sailed, and on the 1st October came within sight of Java, and on the 9th brought up in Batavia Roads, where they found the *Harcourt* East Indiaman, and once more enjoyed the pleasure of communicating with their countrymen, and obtaining news from home. As it was deemed necessary to re-examine the *Endeavour's* bottom, preparations were made for that purpose. Tupia and his boy Tayeto were almost mad with delight on viewing the display of European manners on shore; but sickness assailed all who resided in the city, and the two Indians became its victims. In about six weeks there were buried Mr Spearing, assistant to Mr Banks; Mr Parkinson, artist; Mr Green, astronomer; the boatswain, the carpenter and his mate, Mr Monkhouse and another midshipman, the sailmaker and his assistant, the ship's cook, the corporal of marines, and eleven seamen.

On the 27th December the *Endeavour*, being completed, stood out to sea, and on the 5th January 1771 anchored at Prince's Island, but sailed again on the 15th for the Cape of Good Hope, where she arrived on the 15th March. On the 14th April, Mr Cook resumed his voyage home, touched at St Helena (1st May to 4th), made the Lizard on the 10th June, and anchored the next day in the Downs, where Mr Cook left her.

LIFE OF CAPTAIN COOK.

The arrival of Mr Cook, and the publication of sketches of his voyage, produced earnest desires to ascertain the full extent of his discoveries. Unknown parts had been explored; vast additions were made to geographical and scientific knowledge; the productions of various countries, together with the manners, habits, and customs of the natives, excited universal curiosity and deep interest; so that, when Dr Hawkesworth's account of the voyage, from the papers of Mr Cook and Mr Banks, was published, it was eagerly bought up at a large price. The astronomical observations threw much information on the theory of the heavenly bodies; navigation had eminently proved its vast capabilities: it had been in a great measure determined that no southern continent existed, or at least that neither New Zealand nor New South Wales were parts of such a continent; and most interesting accounts were given of the places visited and the perils encountered.

Mr Cook was promoted to the rank of Commander; the Royal Society honoured him with especial favour and notice; and his society was courted by men of talent and research, eager for information. His worthy patrons, Sir Charles Saunders and Sir Hugh Palliser, were gratified to find their recommendations had been so well supported; the Earl of Sandwich, then at the head of the Admiralty Board, paid him considerable attention; and his majesty George III. treated him with more than ordinary consideration. Captain Cook enjoyed sufficient to make him proud; but he was too humble in mind, too modest in disposition, and too diffident in manners, to cherish one atom of unbecoming self-estimation.

SECOND VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD.

The idea of the existence of a southern continent, or, as the learned called it, *Terra Australis Incognita*, had existed for more than two centuries; and though Cook had sailed over many parts where it was said to be situated, without seeing land, yet his first voyage did not altogether destroy the expectation that it might yet be found. Besides, his discoveries in the South Seas had whetted the public appetite for still further knowledge on the subject. The king, well pleased with what had been done, wished more to be accomplished; and accordingly, two stout ships built at Hull were purchased—the *Resolution*, of 462 tons, commanded by Captain Cook, with a complement of 112 persons; and the *Adventure*, of 336 tons, commanded by Tobias Furneaux, with a crew, including officers, of 81 souls. These appointments took place on 28th November 1771, and the most active exertions were immediately called into operation to fit them for the undertaking. Experience had taught Captain Cook what was most essential and requisite for such a voyage; not only for the comforts and preservation of his people from scurvy, not only for commerce with the natives, but

cattle and seeds of various kinds, and numerous things which philanthropy suggested, were shipped for the purpose of spreading the advantages of propagation and fertility amongst the South Sea Islands ; the benefits of which have since been experienced by other voyagers in an eminent degree. The Admiralty engaged Mr W. Hodges as landscape-painter ; Mr J. R. Forster and son were appointed to collect specimens of natural history ; and Mr Wales in the *Resolution*, and Mr Bayley in the *Adventure*, were sent by the Board of Longitude to superintend astronomical observations, for which they were furnished with admirable instruments and four excellent time-pieces.

The instructions given to Captain Cook were : ‘To circumnavigate the whole globe in high southern latitudes, making traverses from time to time into every part of the Pacific Ocean that had not undergone previous investigation, and to use his best endeavours to resolve the much agitated question of the existence of a southern continent.’

On the 13th July 1772 the two vessels quitted Plymouth, and after touching at Madeira for wine, and at the Cape de Verds for water, crossed the line with a brisk south-west wind, and anchored in Table Bay, Cape of Good Hope, on the 30th October. Here Captain Cook ascertained that the French were prosecuting discoveries in the South Seas, and that, about eight months before, two French ships had sailed about forty miles along land in the latitude of 48 degrees, but had been driven off by a gale of wind. He also learned that two others had recently left Mauritius for a similar purpose. On the 22d November Captain Cook took leave of Table Bay, and pursued his voyage for Cape Circumcision, but encountered very severe gales, which destroyed much of the live-stock, and the people experienced great inconvenience from the intensity of the cold. The judicious management of the commander, however, prevented any fatal result. Warm clothing was given to the men ; the decks below were kept well dried and ventilated, as well as warmed ; and an addition was made to the issue of grog. On the 10th December they fell in with immense icebergs, some two miles in circuit at the edge of the water, and about sixty feet in height, over which the sea was breaking with tremendous violence. On the 14th the ships were stopped by a field of low ice, to which no end could be seen, either east, west, or south. On the 18th they got clear of this obstruction, but continued amongst the fields and bergs, with heavy gales of wind, till the 1st January 1773, when it was clear enough to see the moon, which they had only done once before since quitting the Cape : the fogs had been so impenetrable as to obscure the heavens. Various indications had induced a belief that land was not far distant, and Captain Cook had as near as possible pursued a course for the supposed Cape Circumcision. By the 17th January they had reached the latitude of 67° 15’

LIFE OF CAPTAIN COOK.

south, where they found the ice closely packed from east to west-south-west, and further progress debarred, unless by running the hazard of getting blocked up, as the summer in this part of the world was rapidly passing away. The captain therefore desisted from penetrating further to the south, and returned northerly, to look for the asserted recently discovered land of the French. On the 1st February they were in latitude $48^{\circ} 30'$ south, and longitude $58^{\circ} 7'$ east, where it was stated to have been seen; but nothing of the kind presented itself to view. He traversed this part of the ocean with similar results; and during a dense fog, parted company with the *Adventure*. On the 23d they were in latitude $61^{\circ} 52'$ south, and longitude $95^{\circ} 2'$ east; the weather thick and stormy, and the ship surrounded by drifting ice. Captain Cook therefore stood to the north in a hard gale with a heavy sea, which broke up the mountains of ice, and rendered them, by their numbers, still more dangerous, especially in the long dark nights. On the 13th and 14th March the astronomers got observations which shewed the latitude to be $58^{\circ} 22'$ south, and the longitude $136^{\circ} 22'$ east, whilst the watches shewed the latter to be $134^{\circ} 42'$ east. Captain Cook had become convinced he had left no continent south of him, and consequently shaped a course for New Zealand, to refresh his men, refit his ship, and look for the *Adventure*. He made the land, and anchored in Dusky Bay on the 26th March, after having been 117 days at sea, and traversed 3660 leagues without seeing any land; whilst during the whole time, through the arrangements and supplies of Captain Cook, scarcely a single case of scurvy occurred. From Dusky Bay they removed to another anchorage, where fish were plentifully caught, and the woods abounded with wild-fowl; timber and fire-wood were close at hand, and a fine stream of fresh water within a hundred yards of the ship's stern. This place was named Pickersgill Harbour, in honour of the lieutenant who discovered it. The workmen erected tents for the forge, the carpenters, the sailmakers, coopers, and others, and a spot was selected for an observatory. Some tolerably good beer was manufactured from the branches and leaves of a tree resembling the American black spruce, mixed with the inspissated juice of wort and molasses.

On the 28th some of the natives visited them, and though at first shy, a friendly intercourse was subsequently established. Captain Cook surveyed Dusky Bay, where, in retired spots, he planted seeds, and left several geese. They also caught a number of seals, from which they procured a supply of oil. On the 11th May they quitted this place for Queen Charlotte's Sound, and on the 17th it fell perfectly calm, and they had an opportunity of seeing no less than six waterspouts, one of which passed within fifty yards of the *Resolution*. The next day they made the Sound, where the *Adventure* had already arrived, and great was the joy at meeting.

LIFE OF CAPTAIN COOK.

On the 4th June they celebrated the birthday of George III.; and a chief and his family, consisting of ninety persons, were shewn the gardens which had been made, which they promised to continue in cultivation. A male and female goat were put on shore on the east side of the Sound, and a boar and two sows near Cannibal Cove, which it was hoped would not be molested.

On the 17th June the ships sailed, and on the 29th July the crew of the *Adventure* manifested rather alarming symptoms of a sickly state. The cook died, and about twenty of her best men were incapable of duty through scurvy and flux; whilst at this period only three men were sick in the *Resolution*, and but one of these with the scurvy. The difference was attributed to the people of the former ship not having fed much upon celery, scurvy-grass, and other greens, whilst at Queen Charlotte's Sound. On the 1st August they were in the supposed position of Pitcairn's Island, laid down by Captain Carteret in 1767; but as its longitude was incorrectly stated, they did not see it, but must have passed it about fifteen leagues to the westward. On the 6th of August the ships got the advantage of the trade-winds at south-east, being at that time in latitude $19^{\circ} 36'$ south, and longitude $131^{\circ} 32'$ west. The captain directed his course west-north-west, passed a number of islands and rocks, which he named the Dangerous Archipelago, and on the 15th August came in sight of Osnaburgh Island, or Maitea, which had been discovered by Captain Wallis, and sail was immediately made for Otaheite, which they saw the same evening.

On the 17th the ships anchored in Oaiti-piha Bay, and the natives immediately crowded on board with fruits and roots, which were exchanged for nails and beads; and presents of shirts, axes, &c. were made to several who called themselves chiefs. Their thieving propensities, however, could not be restrained; and some articles of value having been stolen, Captain Cook turned the whole of them out of the ship, and then fired musketry over their heads, to shew them the hazard which they ran. It is worthy of remark, that though Tupia was well known to the islanders, yet very few inquired what had become of him; and those who did, on being informed that he was dead, expressed neither sorrow, suspicion, nor surprise; but every one anxiously asked for Mr Banks and others who had accompanied Captain Cook in his former voyage. With respect to the Otaheitans, considerable changes had occurred. Toutaha, the regent of the great peninsula of that island, had been slain in battle about five months before the *Resolution's* arrival, and Otoo was now the reigning chief. Several others friendly to the English had fallen; but Otoo manifested much friendship for them. A few days subsequent to their anchoring in the bay, a marine died; the rest of the men, who had laboured under sickness and scorbutic weakness, very soon recovered, through the supplies of fresh meat and vegetables.

On the 24th the ships got under weigh, and the next evening

anchored in Matavai Bay, where the decks became excessively crowded by natives, who had visited them the voyage previous. On the following day Captain Cook went to Oparre to see Otoo, whom he describes as a fine well-made man, six feet high, and about thirty years of age. He was not, however, very courageous, for he declined accompanying the captain on board the *Resolution*, as he was 'afraid of the guns.' The observatory was fitted up, the sick were landed, as well as a guard of marines, and the natives brought hogs and fruits to barter. Some disturbance that took place through two or three marines behaving rudely to the women, caused at the time considerable alarm; but the men were seized and punished, and tranquillity restored.

Everything being ready for sea, on the 1st September the ships quitted Matavai Bay, and visited the other islands. At Owharre, the chief brought the presents he had received from Captain Cook on the previous voyage, to shew that he had treasured them. He also behaved very generously in sending the best fruits and vegetables that could be procured for the captain's table. The intercourse with the natives was proceeding very quietly, when, on the 6th, without any provocation, a man assailed Captain Cook with a club at the landing-place; and Mr Sparrman, who had gone into the woods to botanise, was stripped and beaten. The 'Indians' expressed great contrition for this outrage; and the king, on being informed of it, not only wept aloud, but placed himself under the entire control of the English, and went with them in search of the stolen articles. His subjects endeavoured to prevent this, but his sister encouraged him; and not meeting with success, Oree insisted on being taken on board the *Resolution* to remain as a hostage. He dined with Captain Cook, and was afterwards landed by that officer, to the great joy of the people, who brought in hogs and fruits, and soon filled two boats. The only thing recovered belonging to Mr Sparrman was his hanger. The next day the ships unmoored, and put to sea for Huaheine, where they remained a short time, and received on board a native named Omai, who afterwards figured much in England.

The inhabitants of the Society Islands generally manifested great timidity; on some occasions they offered human sacrifices to a supreme being. The voyagers quitted this part of the world on the 17th, and sailed to the westward, and gave the name of Harvey's Island to land they discovered on the 23d. It was in $19^{\circ} 18'$ south, and $158^{\circ} 4'$ west. By 1st October they reached Middleburg, and were welcomed with loud acclamations by the natives. Barter commenced; but the people ashore seemed more desirous to give than to receive, and threw into the boats whole bales of cloth, without asking or waiting for anything in return. After leaving some garden-seeds and other useful things, the ships proceeded to Amsterdam, where they met a similar reception; but Captain Cook putting a stop to the purchase of curiosities and cloth, the natives brought off pigs,

LIFE OF CAPTAIN COOK.

fowls, and fruits in abundance, which they exchanged for spike-nails. The island was extensively cultivated; there appeared to be not an inch of waste ground; and the fertility of the soil was excellent. Captain Cook paid a visit to the head chief, who was seated, and seemed to be in a sort of idiotic stupor, nor did he take the slightest notice of the captain or any one else. The inhabitants of these islands are described as being of good shape, regular features, brisk and lively; particularly the women, who were constantly merry and cheerful. Most of the people had lost one or both of their little fingers, but no reason could be gathered as to the cause of amputation.

The voyage was renewed on the 7th October; and on the 21st they came in sight of New Zealand, eight or ten leagues from Table Cape, when Captain Cook presented the chief with two boars, two sows, four hens, two cocks, and a great variety of seeds—wheat, peas, beans, cabbage, turnips, onions, &c., and a spike-nail about ten inches in length, with which latter he seemed to be more delighted than with all the rest put together. After beating about the coast in a variety of tempestuous weather, the *Resolution* anchored in Ship Cove, Queen Charlotte's Sound, on the 3d November; but the *Adventure* was separated from them in a heavy gale, and was never seen or heard of during the remainder of the voyage. In this place they made the best use of the means they possessed to repair the damage they had sustained; but, on examining the stock of bread, ascertained that 4992 pounds were totally unfit for use, and other 3000 pounds in such a state of decay that none but persons situated as our voyagers were could have eaten it. On inquiry after the animals left on the island by Captain Cook, most of them were preserved in good condition, with the exception of two goats that a native had destroyed. The articles planted in the gardens were in a flourishing condition. To his former gifts the captain now added many others, and placed them in such situations that they were not likely to be disturbed. Whilst lying here, complaint was made that some of the *Resolution's* men had plundered a native hut. The thief was discovered, tied up to a post, and flogged in the presence of the chiefs and their people, who expressed themselves satisfied with the punishment inflicted. It was a great principle with Cook to set an example of strict honesty.

In this second voyage the captain gained indisputable proofs that the New Zealanders were eaters of human flesh; but he firmly believed that it was the flesh of captives, or those who had been killed in battle.

Captain Cook quitted New Zealand on the 26th November, his ship's company in good health and spirits, and nowise daunted at the prospects of hardships they were about to endure in again searching for a southern continent or islands in high latitudes. They were not long before they once more encountered fields and

islands of ice, and when in latitude $67^{\circ} 5'$, they were nearly blocked up. On the 22d December they attained the highest latitude they could venture—this was $67^{\circ} 31'$ south, and in longitude $142^{\circ} 54'$ west; but no land was discovered. The crew of the *Resolution* were attacked by slight fever, caused by colds, but on coming northward, it was cured in a few days; and on the 5th January 1774, when in 50° south, there were not more than two or three persons on the sick list.

After traversing the ocean as far south as it was prudent to go, all the scientific men expressed their belief that ice surrounded the pole without any intervening land; the *Resolution* consequently returned to the northward to look for the island of Juan Fernandez. About this time Captain Cook was seized with a dangerous and distressing disease, and it was several days before the worst symptoms were removed. On his amending, there being no fresh provisions on board, and his stomach loathing the salt food, a favourite dog of Mr Forster was killed and boiled, which afforded both broth and meat, and upon this fare he gained strength. The *Resolution*, on the 11th March, came in sight of Easter Island, situated in $27^{\circ} 5'$ south, and $109^{\circ} 46'$ west, where they remained a few days, and found the inhabitants very similar in appearance and character to the people of the more western isles. The place, however, afforded scarcely any food or fuel, the anchorage was unsafe, and the only matters worthy of notice were some rudely carved gigantic statues in the interior. Captain Cook left Easter Island to pursue a course for the Marquesas, and got sight of them on the 6th April. During the passage the captain had a recurrence of his disorder, but it was neither so violent nor so long in duration as before. The ship was anchored in Resolution Bay, at the island of St Christina, where thievery was practised as much as at the Society and other isles; and one of the natives was unfortunately killed whilst in the act of carrying away the iron stanchion of the gangway. They had now been nineteen weeks at sea, entirely on salt provisions; but still, owing to the anti-scorbutic articles and medicines, and the warmth and cleanliness preserved, scarcely a man was sick. Here they obtained fresh meat, fruits, yams, and plantains, but in small quantities; and the captain having corrected, by astronomical observations, the exact position of these islands, once more made sail for Otaheite. During the passage they passed several small islands, and discovered four others, which Cook named after his old commander, Sir Hugh Palliser. On the 22d April the anchor was again let go in Matavai Bay, where the usual process was gone through of erecting the observatory to try the rates of the watches; but no tent was required for the sick, as there was not a man ill on board.

During the stay of Captain Cook at this island, where refreshments of all kinds were readily obtained, and particularly in exchange for

some red feathers that had been brought from Amsterdam, the old friendships were renewed with Otoo and other chiefs; there was a constant interchange of visits; and on one occasion the Otaheitans got up a grand naval review.

The large canoes in this part of the world are extremely graceful and handsome in display, particularly the double war-canoes, with flags and streamers, paddling along with great swiftness, and performing their evolutions with considerable skill. No less than 160 of the largest double war-canoes were assembled, fully equipped, and the chiefs and their men, habited in full war costume, appeared upon the fighting stages, with their clubs and other instruments of warfare ready for action. Besides these large vessels, there were 170 smaller double canoes, each of these last having a mast and sail, and a sort of hut or cabin on the deck. Captain Cook calculated that the number of men embarked in them could not be fewer than 7760, most of them armed with clubs, pikes, barbed spears, bows and arrows, and slings for throwing large stones; in fact, strongly resembling the representations of engagements with galleys in the Mediterranean described some centuries before. The spectacle at Otaheite was extremely imposing, and greatly surprised the English.

Whilst lying at Matavai Bay, one of the islanders was caught in the act of stealing a water-cask. Captain Cook had him secured and sent on board the *Resolution*, where he was put in irons, and in this degraded situation was seen by Otoo and other chiefs, who entreated that the man might be pardoned. But the captain would not comply with their requests; he told them that 'any act of dishonesty amongst his own people was severely punished, and he was resolved to make an example of the thief he had caught.' Accordingly, the culprit was taken ashore to the tents, the guard turned out, and the offender being tied to a post, received two dozen lashes, inflicted by a boatswain's mate. Towha, one of the chiefs, then addressed the people, and recommended them to abstain from stealing in future. To make a further impression on them, the marines were ordered to go through their exercise, and load and fire with ball.

A few days afterwards one of the gunner's mates attempted to desert, and it was soon ascertained that he had formed an attachment on shore, and if he had got away, the natives would have concealed him up the country. Indeed, the temptations for remaining in this beautiful country were very great. Every requisite to sustain existence was abundant, the scenery splendid, the earth spontaneously fertile, the waters abounding with fish—in short, a few hours' exertion was sufficient to obtain a week's supply; and in a climate replete with health, a European might have rendered others subservient to his will, and lived without labour of any kind.

They next anchored in Owharre harbour, at Huahine, and the former amicable intercourse was repeated. The stock of nails and

LIFE OF CAPTAIN COOK.

articles of traffic being much reduced, the smiths were set to work to manufacture more. Whilst lying here, the voyagers had an opportunity of witnessing a theatrical representation, principally founded on an actual occurrence. A young girl had quitted Otaheite and her friends to accompany a seaman to Ulitea, and she was now present to see the drama. It described her as running away from her home, the grief of her parents, and a long string of adventures, which terminated in her returning to her native place, where her reception was none of the most gentle that can be conceived. The poor girl could hardly be persuaded to wait for the conclusion, and she cried most bitterly.

They parted from the inhabitants with much regret, and having called at Ulitea, they sailed past Howe Island, and discovered another nearly surrounded with reefs, to which the name of Palmerston was given. On the 20th June fresh land was seen, on which they went ashore, but found the natives fierce and hostile. The firing of muskets did not deter them; and one came close enough to throw a spear at the captain, which passed just over his shoulder. The captain presented his piece, but it missed fire, and the daring fellow was saved. They named this Savage Island. It lies in latitude $19^{\circ} 1'$ south, longitude $169^{\circ} 37'$ west. From thence, after passing a number of small islets, they anchored on the 26th on the north side of Anamocka, Rotterdam, and commenced trade for provisions. But here, as at the other islands, frequent disputes and conflicts took place with the inhabitants on account of their thievish propensities. Here they ascertained that a chain of islands, some of which they could see, existed in the neighbourhood, forming a group within the compass of three degrees of latitude, and two of longitude, and which Captain Cook named the Friendly Isles; which designation they certainly merited, for the social qualities and conduct of the natives.

Pursuing their course westward, they came, on the 1st July, to a small island, which, on account of the great number of turtle, was named after that amphibious creature; and on the 16th they saw high land; and after coasting it for two other days, they anchored in a harbour in the island of Mallicollo, to which the captain gave the name of Port Sandwich. At first the natives were hostile, but they were soon conciliated through the bland manners of Cook, and were found strictly honest in all their dealings. In fact, they are described as totally different to any they had yet visited. They were very dark, extremely ugly, and ill proportioned, and their features strongly resembled those of a monkey.

Soon after getting to sea, various other islands were seen and named; and an affray took place with some of the natives, in which two of them were wounded. A promontory near where the skirmish occurred they called Traitor's Head. After cruising about amongst the great number of islands in this locality, making observations

and taking surveys, they steered towards New Zealand, to wood and water, previous to a renewal of their search to the southward; and on the 4th September discovered land, and entered a pleasant harbour on the following day, where they were well received. On the 13th they weighed again, and surveyed the coast, by which they ascertained that the island was very extensive; and, from certain peculiarities, Cook named it New Caledonia. Botany here received great accessions. Many plants were collected hitherto unknown; and both geography and natural history afforded much research to the scientific men. A small island, on which were growing some pine-trees, received the name of Pine Island; and another was called Botany, from the great variety of specimens obtained.

The *Resolution*, in proceeding for New Zealand, touched at an uninhabited island, abounding with vegetation, which was named Norfolk Island, and on the 18th October anchored in Ship Cove, Queen Charlotte's Sound, where she refitted, and the captain completed his survey. Captain Cook had buried a bottle near the Cove when he was here before, and in digging now it was not to be found. It was therefore supposed that the *Adventure* had anchored here, and her people had removed it. On the 10th November they took their departure; and having sailed till the 27th in different degrees of latitude, from 43° to $54^{\circ} 8'$ south, Captain Cook gave up hopes of falling in with any more land in this ocean. He therefore resolved to steer for the west entrance of the Strait of Magellan, in order to coast along the south side of Tierra del Fuego, round Cape Horn to the Strait of Le Maire. On 17th December he reached his first destination, and here the scenery was very different from what they had before beheld. Lofty rocky mountains entirely destitute of vegetation, craggy summits, and horrible precipices; the whole aspect of the country barren and savage. Yet near every harbour they were enabled to procure fresh water and fuel; and there were plenty of wild-fowl and geese. The inhabitants were wretchedly poor and ignorant.

On the 25th January 1775, having coasted it as far as 60° south, the land presenting the same uncouth appearance, covered with ice and snow, and the ship being exposed to numerous storms, and the people to intense cold, the course was altered to look for Bouvet's Land; but though they reached the spot where it was laid down on the charts, and sailed over and over it, yet no such place could be discovered; and after two days' search more to the southward, Cook came to the conclusion that Bouvet had been deceived by the ice, and once more bent his thoughts towards home—especially as the ship stood in need of repairs, and her sails and rigging were nearly worn out—and consequently steered for the Cape of Good Hope, where he heard of the *Adventure*, and anchored in Table Bay on the 22d March. From thence he sailed again on the 27th April, touched at St Helena on the 15th May, and remained till the

LIFE OF CAPTAIN COOK.

21st, and then got under weigh for Ascension, where he arrived on the 28th; and from thence shaped a course for the remarkable island Fernando de Noronha, which he reached on the 9th June; and pursuing his way for the Western Islands, anchored in Fayal Roads on the 14th July, where Mr Wales the astronomer determined the position of the Azores by a series of observations. The *Resolution* ultimately entered Portsmouth on the 30th; and Captain Cook landed after an absence of three years and eighteen days, having sailed twenty thousand leagues in various climates—from the extreme of heat to the extreme of cold. But so judicious had been the arrangements for preserving health, and so carefully had Captain Cook attended to the ventilation between decks, and the mode of promoting warmth, as well as the food, &c. of the people, that he lost only one man by sickness. It may naturally be supposed that the wear and tear of the ship was great, her rigging scarcely trustworthy, and her sails unfit to meet a fresh breeze; yet so careful were the officers of the masts and yards, that not a single spar of any consequence was carried away during the whole voyage.

The fame of Captain Cook as a navigator, coupled with his marked humanity as a man, now exalted him in public estimation far beyond what he had before experienced; and the utmost anxiety prevailed to obtain intelligence relative to his discoveries, &c. The king, to testify his approbation, made him a post-captain nine days subsequent to his arrival; and three days afterwards, a captaincy in Greenwich Hospital was conferred upon him, to afford an honourable and competent retirement from active service. On the 29th February 1776 he was elected a member of the Royal Society, and in a short time he was honoured with the gold medal; Sir John Pringle, in presenting it, uttering a well-merited eulogium on the worthy receiver. The account of his second voyage was written by Captain Cook himself, and manifests a plain manly style, giving facts rather than embellishments.

COOK'S LAST VOYAGE.

The discovery of a supposed north-west passage from the North Atlantic to the North Pacific oceans had for many years been ardently sought for both by the English and the Dutch. Frobisher in 1576 made the first attempt, and his example was in succeeding times followed by many others. But though much geographical information had been gained in the neighbourhood of Hudson's Bay, Davis' Strait, Baffin's Bay, and the coast of Greenland, yet no channel whatever was found. By act of parliament, £20,000 was offered to the successful individual. But though Captain Middleton in 1741, and Captains Smith and Moore in 1746, explored those seas and regions, the object remained unattained. The Honourable Captain Phipps (afterwards Earl Mulgrave) was sent out in the *Racehorse*, accompanied by Captain Lutwidge in the *Carcase* (Lord

Nelson was a boy in this latter ship), to make observations, and to penetrate as far as it was practicable to do so. They sailed on the 2d June 1773, and made Spitzbergen on the 28th; but after great exertions, they found the ice to the northward utterly impenetrable. Once they became closely jammed, and it was only with great difficulty they escaped destruction. On the 22d August, finding it impossible to get further to the northward, eastward, or westward, they made sail, according to their instructions, for England, and arrived off Shetland on the 7th September.

Notwithstanding these numerous failures, the idea of an existing passage was still cherished; and Earl Sandwich continuing at the head of the Admiralty, resolved that a further trial should be made, and Captain Cook offered his services to undertake it. They were gladly accepted; and on the 10th February 1776 he was appointed to command the expedition in his old but hardy ship, the *Resolution*, and Captain Clerke, in the *Discovery*, was ordered to attend him. In this instance, however, the mode of experiment was to be reversed, and instead of attempting the former routes by Davis' Strait or Baffin's Bay, &c., Cook, at his own request, was instructed to proceed into the South Pacific, and thence to try the passage by the way of Behring's Strait; and as it was necessary that the islands in the Southern Ocean should be revisited, cattle and sheep, with other animals, and all kinds of seeds, were shipped for the advantage of the natives.

Every preparation having been made, the *Resolution* quitted Plymouth on the 12th July (the *Discovery* was to follow), taking Omai, the native brought from the Society Isles, with him. Having touched at Teneriffe, they crossed the equator on the 1st September, and reached the Cape on the 18th October, where the *Discovery* joined them on the 10th November. Whilst lying in Table Bay, the cattle were landed; and some dogs getting into the pens, worried and killed several of the sheep, and dispersed the rest. Two fine rams and two ewes were lost; but the two latter were recovered; the others could not be got back. Captain Cook here made an addition to his stock, and, besides other animals, purchased two young stallions and two mares.

The ships sailed again on the 30th November, and encountered heavy gales, in which several sheep and goats died. On the 12th December they saw two large islands, which Cook named Prince Edward's Islands; and three days afterwards several others were seen; but having made Kerguelen's Land, they anchored in a convenient harbour on Christmas day. On the north side of this harbour one of the men found a quart bottle fastened to a projecting rock by stout wire, and on opening it, the bottle was found to contain a piece of parchment, on which was an inscription purporting that the land had been visited by a French vessel in 1772-3. To this Cook added a notice of his own visit; the parchment was

then returned to the bottle, and the cork being secured with lead, was placed upon a pile of stones near to the place from which it had been removed. The whole country was extremely barren and desolate; and on the 30th they came to the eastern extremity of Kerguelen's Land. To his great chagrin, whilst exploring the coast, Captain Cook lost through the intense cold two young bulls, one heifer, two rams, and several of the goats.

On the 24th January 1777 they came in sight of Van Diemen's Land (now Tasmania), and on the 26th anchored in Adventure Bay, where intercourse was opened with the natives, and Omai took every opportunity of lauding the great superiority of his friends the English. Here they obtained plenty of grass for the remaining cattle, and a supply of fresh provisions for themselves. On the 30th they quitted their port, convinced that Van Diemen's Land was the southern point of New Holland. Subsequent investigations, however, have proved this idea to be erroneous; Van Diemen's Land being an island separated from the mainland of Australia by Bass's Strait.

On the 12th February Captain Cook anchored at his old station in Queen Charlotte's Sound, New Zealand; but the natives were very shy in approaching the ships, and none could be persuaded to come on board. The reason was, that on the former voyage, after parting with the *Resolution*, the *Adventure* had visited this place, and ten of her crew had been killed in an unpremeditated skirmish with the natives. It was the fear of retaliatory punishment that kept them aloof. Captain Cook, however, soon made them easy upon the subject, and their familiarity was renewed; but great caution was used, to be fully prepared for a similar attack, by keeping the men well armed on all occasions. Of the animals left at this island in the former voyages, many were thriving; and the gardens, though left in a state of nature, were found to contain cabbages, onions, leeks, radishes, mustard, and a few potatoes. The captain was enabled to add to both. At the solicitation of Omai he received two New Zealand lads on board the *Resolution*, and by the 27th was clear of the coast.

After landing at a number of islands, and not finding adequate supplies, the ships sailed for Anamocka, and the *Resolution* was brought up in exactly the same anchorage that she had occupied three years before. The natives behaved in a most friendly manner, and but for their habits of stealing, quiet would have been uninterrupted. Nothing, however, could check this propensity, till Captain Cook shaved the heads of all whom he caught practising it. This rendered them an object of ridicule to their countrymen, and enabled the English to recognise and keep them at a distance. Most of the Friendly Isles were visited by the ships, and everywhere they met with a kind reception. On the 10th June they reached Tongataboo, where the king offered Captain Cook his house to

reside in. Here he made a distribution of his animals amongst the chiefs, and the importance of preserving them was explained by Omai. A horse and mare, a bull and cow, several sheep and turkeys, were thus given away; but two kids and two turkey-cocks having been stolen, the captain seized three canoes, put a guard over the chiefs, and insisted that not only the kids and turkeys should be restored, but also everything that had been taken away since their arrival. This produced a good effect, and much of the plunder was returned.

Captain Cook remained at the Friendly Islands nearly three months, and lived almost entirely during that period upon fresh provisions, occasionally eating the produce of the seeds he had sown there in his former visits. On the 17th July they took their final leave of these hospitable people, and on the 12th August reached Otaheite, and took up a berth in Oaiti-piha Bay, which it was discovered had been visited by two Spanish ships since the *Resolution* had last been there.

Animals of various kinds had been left in the country by the Spaniards, and the islanders spoke of them with esteem and respect. On the 24th the ships went round to Matavai Bay, and Captain Cook presented to the king, Otoo, the remainder of his live-stock. There were already at Otoo's residence a remarkably fine bull and some goats that had been left by the Spaniards, and to these the captain added another bull, three cows, a horse and mare, and a number of sheep; also a peacock and hen, a turkey-cock and hen, one gander and three geese, a drake and four ducks. The geese and ducks began to breed before the English left the island.

They here witnessed a human sacrifice, to propitiate the favour of their gods in a battle they were about to undertake. The victim was generally some strolling vagabond, who was not aware of his fate till the moment arrived, and he received his death-blow from a club. For the purpose of shewing the inhabitants the use of the horses, Captains Cook and Clerke rode into the country, to the great astonishment of the islanders; and though this exercise was continued every day by some of the *Resolution's* people, yet the wonder of the natives never abated.

On the return of Omai to the land of his birth, the reception he met with was not very cordial; but the affection of his relatives was strong and ardent. Captain Cook obtained the grant of a piece of land for him on the west side of Owharre harbour, Huaheine. The carpenters of the ships built him a small house, to which a garden was attached, planted with shaddocks, vines, pine-apples, melons, &c. and a variety of vegetables; the whole of which were thriving before Captain Cook quitted the island. When the house was finished, the presents Omai had received in England were carried ashore, with every article necessary for domestic purposes, as well as two muskets, a bayonet, a brace of pistols, &c.

LIFE OF CAPTAIN COOK.

The two lads brought from New Zealand were put on shore at this place, to form part of Omai's family; but it was with great reluctance that they quitted the voyagers, who had behaved so kindly to them.

Whilst lying at Huaheine, a thief, who had caused them great trouble, not only had his head and beard shaved, but, in order to deter others, both his ears were cut off. On the 3d November the ships went to Ulietea, and here, decoyed by the natives, two or three desertions took place; and as others seemed inclined to follow the example, Captain Clerke pursued the fugitives with two armed boats and a party of marines; but without effect. Captain Cook experienced a similar failure: he therefore seized upon the persons of the chief's son, daughter, and son-in-law, whom he placed under confinement till the people should be restored; which took place on the 28th, and the hostages were released. One of the deserters was a midshipman of the *Discovery*, and the son of a brave officer in the service. Schemes were projected by some of the natives to assassinate Captain Cook and Captain Clerke; but though in imminent danger, the murderous plans failed.

At Bolabola, Captain Cook succeeded in obtaining an anchor which had been left there by M. Bougainville, as he was very desirous of converting the iron into articles of traffic. They left this place on the 8th December, crossed the line, and on the 24th stopped at a small island, which he named Christmas Island, and where he planted cocoa-nuts, yams, and melon seeds, and left a bottle enclosing a suitable inscription.

On the 2d January 1778 the ships resumed their voyage northward, to pursue the grand object in Behring's Strait. They passed several islands, the inhabitants of which, though at an immense distance from Otaheite, spoke the same language. Those who came on board displayed the utmost astonishment at everything they beheld; and it was evident they had never seen a ship before. The disposition to steal was equally strong in these as in the other South Sea islanders, and a man was killed who tried to plunder the watering-party; but this was not known to Captain Cook till after they had sailed. They also discovered that the practice of eating human flesh was prevalent. To a group of these islands (and they were generally found in clusters) Captain Cook gave the name of the Sandwich Islands, in honour of the noble earl at the head of the Admiralty.

The voyage to the northward was continued on the 2d February, and the long-looked-for coast of New Albion was made on the 7th March, the ships being then in latitude $44^{\circ} 33'$ north; and after sailing along it till the 29th, they came to an anchor in a small cove lying in latitude $49^{\circ} 29'$ north. A brisk trade commenced with the natives, who appeared to be well acquainted with the value of iron, for which they exchanged the skins of various animals, such as bears,

LIFE OF CAPTAIN COOK.

wolves, foxes, deer, &c. both in their original state and made up into garments. But the most extraordinary articles were human skulls, and hands not quite stripped of the flesh, and which had the appearance of having been recently on the fire. Thieving was practised at this place in a more scientific manner than they had before remarked; and the natives insisted upon being paid for the wood and other things supplied to the ships; with which Captain Cook scrupulously complied. This inlet was named King George's Sound; but it was afterwards ascertained that the natives called it Nootka Sound. After making every requisite nautical observation, the ships being again ready for sea on the 26th, in the evening they departed, a severe gale of wind blowing them away from the shore. From this period they examined the coast, under a hope of finding some communication with the Polar Sea; and one river they traced as high as latitude $61^{\circ} 30'$ north, and which was afterwards named Cook's River.

They left this place on the 6th June, but notwithstanding all their watchfulness and vigilance, no passage could be found. The ships ranged across the mouth of the strait in about latitude 60° , where the natives of the islands, by their manners, gave evident tokens of their being acquainted with Europeans—most probably Russian traders. They put in at Oonalaska and other places, which were taken possession of in the name of the king of England. On the 3d August, Mr Anderson, surgeon of the *Resolution*, died from a lingering consumption, under which he had been suffering more than twelve months. He was a young man of considerable ability, and possessed an amiable disposition.

Proceeding to the northward, Captain Cook ascertained the relative positions of the two continents, Asia and America, whose extremities he observed. On the 18th they were close to a dense wall of ice, beyond which they could not penetrate, the latitude at this time being $70^{\circ} 44'$ north. The ice here was from ten to twelve feet high, and seemed to rise higher in the distance. A prodigious number of sea-horses were crouching on the ice, some of which were procured for food. Captain Cook continued to traverse these icy seas till the 29th: he then explored the coasts in Behring's Strait both in Asia and America; and on the 2d of October again anchored at Oonalaska to refit; and here they had communication with some Russians, who undertook to convey charts and maps, &c. to the English Admiralty; which they faithfully fulfilled. On the 26th the ships quitted the harbour of Samganoodah, and sailed for the Sandwich Islands; Captain Cook purposing to remain there a few months, and then to return to Kamtschatka. In latitude $20^{\circ} 55'$, the island of Mowee was discovered on the 26th of November; and on the 30th they fell in with another, called by the natives Owyhee (now Hawaii); and being of large extent, the ships were occupied nearly seven weeks in sailing round it, and examining the coast; and they found the islanders more frank and free from suspicion

than any they had yet had intercourse with; so that on the 16th January 1779 there were not fewer than a thousand canoes about the two ships, most of them crowded with people, and well laden with hogs and other productions of the place. A robbery having been committed, Captain Cook ordered a volley of musketry and four great guns to be fired over the canoe that contained the thief; but this seemed only to astonish the natives, without creating any great alarm. On the 17th the ships anchored in a bay called by the islanders Karakakooa. The natives constantly thronged to the ships, whose decks consequently, being at all times crowded, allowed of pilfering without fear of detection; and these practices, it is conjectured, were encouraged by the chiefs. A great number of the hogs purchased were killed and salted down so completely, that some of the pork was good at Christmas 1780. On the 26th Captain Cook had an interview with Terreeoboo, king of the islands, in which great formality was observed, and an exchange of presents took place, as well as an exchange of names. The natives were extremely respectful to Cook; in fact, they paid him a sort of adoration, prostrating themselves before him; and a society of priests furnished the ships with a constant supply of hogs and vegetables, without requiring any return. On the 3d February, the day previous to the ships sailing, the king presented them with an immense quantity of cloth, many boat-loads of vegetables, and a whole herd of hogs. The ships sailed on the following day, but on the 6th encountered a very heavy gale, in which, on the night of the 7th, the *Resolution* sprung the head of her foremast in such a dangerous manner, that they were forced to put back to Karakakooa Bay, in order to get it repaired. Here they anchored on the morning of the 11th, and everything for a time promised to go well in their intercourse with the natives. The friendliness manifested by the chiefs, however, was far from solid. They were savages at a low point of cultivation, and theft and murder were not considered by them in the light of crimes. Cook, aware of the nature of these barbarians, was anxious to avoid any collision, and it was with no small regret that he found that an affray had taken place between some seamen and the natives. The cause of the disturbance was the seizure of the cutter the *Discovery* as it lay at anchor. The boats of both ships were sent in search of her, and Captain Cook went on shore to prosecute the inquiry, and, if necessary, to seize the person of the king, who had sanctioned the theft.

The narrative of what ensued is affectingly tragical. Cook left the *Resolution* about seven o'clock, attended by the lieutenant of marines, a sergeant, a corporal, and seven private men. The pinnace's crew were likewise armed, and under the command of Mr Roberts; the launch was also ordered to assist his own boat. He landed with the marines at the upper end of the town of Kavoroah, where the natives received him with their accustomed tokens of

respect, and not the smallest sign of hostility was evinced by any of them; and as the crowds increased, the chiefs employed themselves as before in keeping order. Captain Cook requested the king to go on board the *Resolution* with him, to which he offered few objections; but in a little time it was observed that the natives were arming themselves with long spears, clubs, and daggers, and putting on the thick mats which they used by way of armour. This hostile appearance was increased by the arrival of a canoe from the opposite side of the bay, announcing that one of the chiefs had been killed by a shot from the *Discovery's* boat. The women, who had been conversing familiarly with the English, immediately retired, and loud murmurs arose amongst the crowd. Captain Cook perceiving the tumultuous proceedings of the natives, ordered Lieutenant Middleton to march his marines down to the boats, to which the islanders offered no obstruction. The captain followed with the king, attended by his wife, two sons, and several chiefs. One of the sons had already entered the pinnace, expecting his father to follow, when the king's wife and others hung round his neck, and forced him to be seated near a double canoe, assuring him that he would be put to death if he went on board the ship.

Whilst matters were in this position, one of the chiefs was seen with a dagger partly concealed under his cloak lurking about Captain Cook, and the lieutenant of marines proposed to fire at him; but this the captain would not permit; but the chief closing upon them, the officer of marines struck him with his firelock. Another native grasping the sergeant's musket, was forced to let it go by a blow from the lieutenant. Captain Cook, seeing the tumult was increasing, observed, that 'if he were to force the king off, it could only be done by sacrificing the lives of many of his people;' and was about to give orders to re-embark, when a man flung a stone at him, which he returned by discharging small-shot from one of the barrels of his piece. The man was but little hurt; and brandishing his spear, with threatenings to hurl it at the captain, the latter, unwilling to fire with ball, knocked the fellow down, and then warmly expostulated with the crowd for their hostile conduct. At this moment a man was observed behind a double canoe in the act of darting a spear at Captain Cook, who promptly fired, but killed another who was standing by his side. The sergeant of marines, however, instantly presented, and brought down the native whom the captain had missed. The impetuosity of the islanders was somewhat repressed; but being pushed on by those in the rear, who were ignorant of what was passing in front, a volley of stones was poured in amongst the marines, who, without waiting for orders, returned it with a general discharge of musketry, which was directly succeeded by a brisk fire from the boats. Captain Cook expressed much surprise and vexation: he waved his hand for the boats to cease firing, and to come on shore to embark the marines. The pinnace unhesitatingly

obeyed; but the lieutenant in the launch, instead of pulling in to the assistance of his commander, rowed further off at the very moment that the services of himself and people were most required. Nor was this all the mischief that ensued; for, as it devolved upon the pinnace to receive the marines, she became so crowded, as to render the men incapable of using their firearms. The marines on shore, however, fired; but the moment their pieces were discharged, the islanders rushed *en masse* upon them, forced the party into the water, where four of them were killed, and the lieutenant wounded. At this critical period Captain Cook was left entirely alone upon a rock near the shore. He, however, hurried towards the pinnace, holding his left arm round the back of his head, to shield it from the stones, and carrying his musket under his right. An islander, armed with a club, was seen in a crouching posture cautiously following him, as if watching for an opportunity to spring forward upon his victim. This man was a relation of the king's, and remarkably agile and quick. At length, he jumped forward upon the captain, and struck him a heavy blow on the back of his head, and then turned and fled. The captain appeared to be somewhat stunned: he staggered a few paces, and, dropping his musket, fell on his hands and one knee; but whilst striving to recover his upright position, another islander rushed forward, and with an iron dagger stabbed him in the neck. He again made an effort to proceed, but fell into a small pool of water not more than knee-deep, and numbers instantly ran to the spot, and endeavoured to keep him down; but by his struggles he was enabled to get his head above the surface, and casting a look towards the pinnace (then not more than five or six yards distant), seemed to be imploring assistance. It is asserted that, in consequence of the crowded state of the pinnace (through the withdrawal of the launch), the crew of that boat were unable to render any aid; but it is also probable that the emergency of this unexpected catastrophe deprived the English of that cool judgment which was requisite on such an occasion. The islanders, perceiving that no help was afforded, forced him under water again, but in a deeper place; yet his great muscular power once more enabled him to raise himself and cling to the rock. At this moment a forcible blow was given with a club, and he fell down lifeless. The savages then hauled his corpse upon the rock; and ferociously stabbed the body all over, snatching the dagger from each other's hands to wreak their sanguinary vengeance on the slain. The body was left some time exposed upon the rock; and as the islanders gave way, through terror at their own act and the fire from the boats, it might have been recovered entire. But no attempt of the kind was made; and it was afterwards, together with the marines, cut up, and the parts distributed amongst the chiefs. The mutilated fragments were subsequently restored, and committed to the deep with all the honours due to the rank of the deceased.

LIFE OF CAPTAIN COOK.

Thus (February 14, 1779) perished in an inglorious brawl with a set of savages, one of England's greatest navigators, whose services to science have never been surpassed by any man belonging to his profession. It may almost be said that he fell a victim to his humanity; for if, instead of retreating before his barbarous pursuers, with a view to spare their lives, he had turned revengefully upon them, his fate might have been very different.

The death of their commander was felt to be a heavy blow by the officers and seamen of the expedition. With deep sorrow the ship's companies left Owyhee, where the catastrophe had occurred, the command of the *Resolution* devolving on Captain Clerke, and Mr Gore acting as commander of the *Discovery*. After making some further exploratory searches among the Sandwich Islands, the vessels visited Kamtschatka and Behring's Strait. Here it was found impossible to penetrate through the ice either on the coast of America or that of Asia, so that they returned to the southward; and on the 22d August 1779 Captain Clerke died of consumption, and was succeeded by Captain Gore, who in his turn gave Lieutenant King an acting order in the *Discovery*. After a second visit to Kamtschatka, the two ships returned by way of China, remained some time at Canton, touched at the Cape, and arrived at the Nore, 4th October 1780, after an absence of four years, two months, and twenty-two days, during which the *Resolution* lost only five men by sickness, and the *Discovery* did not lose a single man.

By this as well as the preceding voyages of Cook, a considerable addition was made to a knowledge of the earth's surface. Besides clearing up doubts respecting the Southern Ocean, and making known many islands in the Pacific, the navigator did an inestimable service to his country in visiting the coasts of New South Wales, Van Diemen's Land, New Zealand, and Norfolk Island—all now colonial possessions of Britain, and rapidly becoming the seat of a large and flourishing nation of Anglo-Australians—the England of the southern hemisphere.

The intelligence of Captain Cook's death was received with melancholy regrets in England. The king granted a pension of £200 per annum to his widow, and £25 per annum to each of the children; the Royal Society had a gold medal struck in commemoration of him; and various other honours at home and abroad were paid to his memory. 'Thus, by his own persevering efforts,' as has been well observed by the author of the *Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties*, 'did this great man raise himself from the lowest obscurity to a reputation wide as the world itself, and certain to last as long as the age in which he flourished shall be remembered by history. But better still than even all this fame—than either the honours which he received while living, or those which, when he was no more, his country and mankind bestowed upon his memory—he had exalted himself in the scale of moral and intellectual being;

had won for himself, by his unwearied striving, a new and nobler nature, and taken a high place among the instructors and best benefactors of mankind. This alone is true happiness—the one worthy end of human exertion or ambition—the only satisfying reward of all labour, and study, and virtuous activity or endurance. Among the shipmates with whom Cook mixed when he first went to sea, there was perhaps no one who ever either raised himself above the condition to which he then belonged in point of outward circumstances, or enlarged in any considerable degree the knowledge or mental resources he then possessed. And some will perhaps say that this was little to be regretted, at least on their own account; that the many who spent their lives in their original sphere were probably as happy as the one who succeeded in rising above it; but this is, indeed, to cast a hasty glance on human life and human nature. That man was never truly happy—happy upon reflection, and while looking to the past or the future—who could not say to himself that he had made something of the faculties God gave him, and had not lived altogether without progression, like one of the inferior animals. We do not speak of mere wealth or station; these are comparatively nothing; are as often missed as attained, even by those who best merit them; and do not of themselves constitute happiness when they are possessed. But there must be some consciousness of an intellectual or moral progress, or there can be no satisfaction, no self-congratulation on reviewing what of life may be already gone, no hope in the prospect of what is yet to come. All men feel this, and feel it strongly; and if they could secure for themselves the source of happiness in question by a wish, would avail themselves of the privilege with sufficient alacrity. Nobody would pass his life in ignorance, if knowledge might be had by merely looking up to the clouds for it: it is the labour necessary for its acquirement that scares them; and this labour they have not resolution to encounter. Yet it is, in truth, from the exertion by which it must be obtained that knowledge derives at least half its value; for to this entirely we owe the sense of merit in ourselves which the acquisition brings along with it; and hence no little of the happiness of which we have just described its possession to be the source; besides that, the labour itself soon becomes an enjoyment.' Let these observations meet with a ready reception among youth, in whatever rank in life. Honour and fame are not to be achieved by seeking for them alone, nor are their possession the end and aim of human existence. It is only by an *unwearied striving after a new and nobler nature*; only by being useful to our fellows, and making the most of those qualities of mind which God has given us, that happiness is to be attained, or that we fulfil the ends of our being.



MOUNT HECLA.

EARTHQUAKES AND VOLCANOS.

IN such a country as Britain, where from time immemorial the outlines of hill and valley have remained the same, we instinctively look upon the solid earth on which we tread as a kind of type or standard of durability. The sky is ever changing; the sea is never at rest; the brook, the river, the cataract, the lake are swollen by the storm or dried up by the drought; but the firm framework of the land seems to lie motionless all the while. True, if we watch, we shall find that its surface, even where it consists of the hardest rock, is slowly crumbling away, that it cannot resist the universal process of change which runs through nature. Yet, after all, this decay affects merely the outer skin, and its advance seems to most men so slow that it is not taken into account. Beneath the wasting surface, the solid foundations of the country seem to stand century after century firm as at the first.

So deeply is this faith in the stability of the dry land fixed in the mind, that comparatively few of us ever adequately realise that the tranquillity might come to an end, and that the firm earth on which we and our forefathers have for generations built our cities and towns, might heave and break open under our feet, and our cities

EARTHQUAKES AND VOLCANOS.

might be tossed into ruins. Hardly a year passes, indeed, without tremors of greater or less distinctness being felt in some part of England. Sometimes we read in the papers that throughout the western counties an underground rumbling, as of thunder, has been heard, houses have been shaken, and the inhabitants startled out of sleep; at other times, accounts from the north tell of the rocking of beds, the jingling of dishes, the tinkling of bells, or even of the fall of plaster from walls or ceilings. The narratives are duly read, a little curiosity is excited, and in a few days the subject passes out of mind.

Within the period embraced by human history and tradition, no volcanic eruption nor any earthquake shock of magnitude has been witnessed in the British Islands; we have happily escaped from any visitation of one of the most dreadful calamities which can befall us. And yet there was a time, which, in a geological sense, is not very remote, when a line of volcanos blazed all along the north-west of Britain, and extended even onwards to Iceland. The subterranean fires have for the present died out. We may wander among the old lava-beds and ashes without perhaps ever suspecting what has really been their origin. No hot springs rise from them, nor emanations of gas, such as occur in some districts of extinct volcanos. They have been wasted by the elements, carved into picturesque glens and ravines and mountains, and all trace of their early contour has been wholly effaced. We have, however, no good reason for asserting, or even for suspecting, that the underground forces have finally died out in our region, and that no future volcano or great earthquake is possible. In the past geological history of this country there have been many volcanic periods separated from each other by vast intervals of tranquillity. It is quite possible that the present is another of these intervals, and that the volcanic forces may break out again. From the bygone history of our country, therefore, as well as from its possible future, we have good grounds for taking an interest in all that relates to underground movements.

The present short paper proposes to give a sketch of the effects produced on the surface of the earth by the action of forces which are lodged within the interior. We shall first consider the phenomena of sudden movements, or what are known as earthquakes; next, the nature of volcanos; and lastly, the gradual rising or sinking of wide tracts of land or sea-bed. Having examined these phenomena separately, we may then look at them as a whole, and glance at the theories which have been proposed to account for them.

EARTHQUAKES.

The term *earthquake* is loosely applied to all subterranean noises or tremors, whether of so slight a kind as to be hardly perceptible, or so violent as to cause vast destruction, and permanently to

EARTHQUAKES AND VOLCANOS.

alter the face of the earth. Sometimes all that is felt is an indistinct underground rumbling like that of distant thunder, or of a heavily laden wagon drawn along a causeway. Such noises are often experienced in countries where they are the only evidence of any movement or action going on within the crust of the earth. In Britain, for example, probably no year passes without examples having occurred in different parts of the country, affecting perhaps a whole county or parts of several counties, though not extending over the whole island. From such feeble indications, we can trace a gradual increase of intensity until we reach the great earthquake, when the ground rocks to and fro like a billowy sea, the earth is rent open, cities are reduced to ruins, and the sea is driven with fearful violence over the land. All the different stages of this series of underground movements are classed under the general name of Earthquakes.

It is now well known that the force which produces an earthquake radiates from a central point, in what might be called undulating waves; and that the strength of the undulations, and also the distance to which they proceed, depend on the nature of the rocky strata operated upon. The looser and less elastic the medium, the slower is the rate of motion of the wave; and, on the other hand, the more elastic, homogeneous, and free from fissures the rock is, the more rapidly does it allow the undulations to pass through its mass.

It has been estimated that the earthquake of Lisbon in 1755 travelled on an average at the rate of 1760 feet in a second. This calculation, however, is merely a rough one, founded on the recorded time at which the shock was felt at different places in the same line of divergence from Lisbon. More accurate observations of the Calabrian earthquake of 1857 gave a rate of about 820 feet per second. It is evident that where the rocks underneath the surface differ greatly among themselves in compactness, and where, even when tolerably uniform in texture, they are broken up by many fissures, the earthquake wave, as it spreads outward, will be constantly varying both in speed and in direction.

Mr Mallet, who has contributed so much to our knowledge of the dynamics of earthquakes, has endeavoured to ascertain the depth at which these concussions take their origin. He believes that there is some point or focus whence the movement is transmitted straight up to the surface. Directly over this focus the shock is first felt, and is recognised as coming up perpendicularly. As we recede from it, we find the angle of emergence of the earth-wave to grow less and less inclined, until the vibration appears to be spreading horizontally outwards, like the rings round the spot where a stone has descended upon the surface of a pool of water. If, now, we can accurately fix, first the central point where the wave has ascended vertically, and then some point outside where the wave has come up

EARTHQUAKES AND VOLCANOS.

at a certain measured angle, two straight lines drawn in the path of the wave from these two points downward will meet at a certain distance below ground, which will be the point or focus from which the vibration or earth-wave took its rise. Mr Mallet visited Calabria after the great earthquake of December 1857, and succeeded in making a number of observations, from which he arrived at the conclusion that the seat of that earthquake was probably somewhere about seven or eight miles below the surface. He has been led to the belief that earthquake phenomena generally are not to be traced to the operation of forces acting deep within the central mass of the earth, but that, viewed on the great scale, they are quite superficial, never perhaps having their source at a greater depth than thirty miles.

Let us now endeavour to follow the changes which an earthquake brings with it.

The occurrence of a violent earthquake is sometimes preceded by peculiar states of the atmosphere, which, though their meaning may be wholly unguessed at the time, are afterwards connected with the subterranean commotions. Great heat and closeness of the atmosphere, sudden gusts of wind, heavy rains, thunder-storms and other electric discharges, have been observed to occur before an earthquake. But these portents are seldom such as to cause any disquietude at the time, or to furnish any sure prognostication as to whether an earthquake is about to take place; they acquire all their interest from the events which follow them. In the case of a slight shock, a long, low, rumbling noise is sometimes heard in advance, variously compared to the muttering of distant thunder, the discharge of artillery, the growl of a tempest, the roll of heavily laden wagons, the explosion of a mine or of a powder-work, and even to the whistling of a locomotive steam-engine. Windows, glasses, pictures, and other loose objects shake and jingle, doors creak or open, and the inhabitants, who have probably often had experience of these portents, know that it is an earthquake. Sometimes nothing more takes place, and after some anxiety, the people return to their vocations.

Movements of this kind are in many countries the only forms of subterranean movement which have been known within human memory. In Britain, for example, many hundreds of cases are recorded as having taken place in different parts of the country. In the first forty years of the present century, at least two hundred shocks of greater or less consequence occurred. Most of these were observed in Scotland, particularly throughout the southern and central parts of the Highlands. But smart shocks were likewise experienced in the north of England, in the central and south-western counties, as well as in the south and south-west of Ireland. During that interval, too, the tremors of the ground seemed to come, as it were, by fits and starts. For a year or two, hardly any, and

EARTHQUAKES AND VOLCANOS.

these of scarcely perceptible effect, would take place, and then would come a series of marked shocks, extending over a good many months. Thus, after a comparative immunity of several years' duration, a succession of tremors, some of them somewhat alarming, lasted through the greater part of the years 1816, 1817, and 1818. In 1819 there was not much disturbance, but there was a good deal of subterranean uneasiness during the next two years. Again, in the winter of 1833-4, the ground in the county of Dorset began to suffer a succession of shocks, which lasted until the early part of 1835—almost every month in that interval having been signalised by a slight earthquake. In the year 1840, at least fifty shocks were felt at Comrie and the surrounding parts of Perthshire.

During the forty years which have just been referred to, the most widely felt subterranean movement was probably that which occurred on the 23d October 1839. The weather had been dull and wet, and the barometer, already low, had fallen still farther during the evening of that day, when, at half-past ten o'clock P.M., the ground beneath Comrie, in Perthshire, seemed to be suddenly jerked upward to the height of several inches. From that central point the movement appeared to spread itself outward; and it was felt over two-thirds of Scotland, reaching north-westward to the line of the Great Glen, and southward to the Solway Firth. The nature of the shock is variously described. In the centre of the disturbed region it consisted of several distinct undulations, which passed into a kind of tremulous motion. At other points the only motion perceived was tremulous. At the time of the shock a loud noise was heard: it has been compared by different observers to the firing of cannon, the sound of the explosion of a powder-work, very loud thunder, the roar of a tempest or of wind through a forest. Furniture was displaced in houses, walls were shaken, plaster was dislodged, doors and windows quivered, and bells jingled. The river Earn ceased to flow in some parts of its course for a few seconds, and in other places was seen in violent agitation.

This earthquake shock is a good type of the form which underground movements take at present in the British Islands. The shock is often preceded by a low rumbling sound like that of a loaded wagon drawn over a causeway, then comes the vibration of the movable articles indoors, and in a few seconds all is over. Nevertheless, in not a few instances, more permanent tokens of the event have been left in chimneys overturned, walls rent, and even in houses and churches destroyed. On the 21st of April 1841, a smart earthquake shock was felt over the south-west Highlands of Scotland, and the Connal ferry-house was rent. On the 13th of August 1816, a still more severe and extended shock was experienced in Invernessshire. An octagonal spire in the town of Inverness had its upper part so twisted round that the angles of the octagon projected over the smooth faces of the unmoved part underneath. The Masonic

EARTHQUAKES AND VOLCANOS.

Lodge was rent from top to bottom, and chimneys thrown down. Nearly half a century before, the same town had suffered from an earthquake which ruined several houses.

In earlier centuries, too, we find that similar and even more marked effects were produced by earthquakes in this country. Thus, on the evening of the 26th February 1574, a rather violent shock affected the south-western counties of England. People on their knees in chapel were thrown down, and a part of Ruthin Castle was destroyed. In 1275, an earthquake, according to Matthew of Westminster, threw down or otherwise injured many of the most famous churches in England, among others that of St Michel-du-Mont, near Glaston. The year before that, an earthquake, accompanied with thunder, lightning, a comet, and 'a fiery dragon,' had spread terror through the country. In 1185, a violent shock extended over the eastern counties, throwing down the cathedral of Lincoln and many other buildings.

Nor have the effects of such subterranean movements been confined to human constructions, though these have naturally suffered most. The solid rocks have been shattered, and the ground has been rent open. Thus, in the spring of 1755, a smart shock affected the north of England. In Yorkshire, large masses of rock were detached from the hill-sides, and sent in fragments into the valleys below, while the ground was thrown into undulations. On the 9th of February 1827, along with a tremendous explosion, the ground at Ripon opened, and formed a rent twenty-four yards deep and nearly twenty yards wide. A fissure had been cleft there by another earthquake thirty-one years previously. Early in the year 1838, an earthquake shock was felt in Northumberland, and after it had passed, some fields were found to be traversed by a fissure more than a mile in length.

Water, whether in the form of the sea, or of rivers, lakes, ponds, canals, &c., is peculiarly sensitive to tremors of the earth. Sheets of water have sometimes been seen in commotion when no wind was blowing, and when no one experienced any sensation of an earthquake. Some of the deep fresh-water lochs of Scotland have shewn these movements in a singular manner, more particularly at the time when any severe earthquake has affected some other part of Europe, as we shall see a few pages farther on. Even small and shallow pieces of water afford a sensitive indication of the tremors, as, for instance, when, in the winter of 1789, during an earthquake at Comrie, the ice on a pond was shattered to pieces. The sea exhibits like sympathetic movements. When, on the 27th August 1834, a marked shock passed under the south of England, a sloop of war lying in Chichester harbour was shaken, and bent over to one side so violently, that the crew supposed she had been struck by another vessel. At the time of the Lisbon earthquake, the sea rose to a great height along the coast-line of Britain.

EARTHQUAKES AND VOLCANOS.

The subterranean movements experienced in this country are, however, of very trifling moment when compared with those of the first magnitude which have happened within human experience in other regions. We shall first consider briefly the nature of the results produced by these violent movements, and then look for a little at the details of one or two great earthquakes, by way of illustration.

1. The heaving or undulatory movement of the ground causes perpendicular objects to sway to and fro. If we watch the vessels in a harbour when a strong swell is coming in from the sea outside, we see the masts rocking uneasily backwards and forwards, as each undulation passes under them. The motion produced by an earthquake wave is of the same kind. Trees are bent over, now to the one side and now to the other; sometimes their upper branches touch the ground. In a wooded country, the crashing of boughs is heard far and wide as the trees are thrown against each other; after the calamity has passed, the ground is found strewn with broken branches and prostrated trunks. Among the still erect trees, some are found locked into each other, the boughs of one having been inextricably twisted into those of its neighbour as they were swung to and fro by the rocking ground. Tall pinnacles of rock, in like manner, after reeling backwards and forwards, sometimes fall in headlong ruin into the valley below, hurling down woods and hamlets, and spreading desolation over cultivated fields.

It is natural, however, that these effects should be more noticeable among human works than in nature. Accordingly, it is the results of earthquake shocks on buildings which have been chiefly chronicled, and which have enabled us to arrive at some knowledge of the nature of the movements by which these shocks are produced. When a very gentle earthquake wave, such as those of the British Islands, passes under a building, its progress is marked by the reverberation of such loose objects as bells, pictures, windows, &c. A little more intensity suffices to displace chairs and tables, while a person lying in bed is conscious that first the one end of the room, and then the other, is lifted up and let down again. By a still sharper shock, the walls are made to vibrate, chairs and loose objects indoors, and chimneys, slates, and plaster out-of-doors, are thrown down. If this should happen at night, the terrified inhabitants escape for shelter to the nearest open space, and wait anxiously for the cessation of the earthquake. But when a shock of full violence passes under an inhabited country, the houses and other buildings rock to and fro like the ship-masts in the harbour. The result is, that in a few seconds the walls give way, and the buildings sink in ruins to the ground, burying such of the luckless inmates as have been unable to escape. Sometimes it is the buildings solidly constructed of stone which suffer most, and lamentable instances are on record of thousands of people having been crushed under the

EARTHQUAKES AND VOLCANOS.

ruins of churches, into which they had gone either for the purposes of devotion, or for greater security. At other times, the well-built houses escape, whilst those more slinly formed of wood or of brick tumble down as if they had been built of cards. In such cases, the different modes in which the houses suffer appear to depend upon the nature of the ground on which they are built, as well as of the materials of their construction. There seems something almost capricious in the earthquake shock. A whole street will sometimes be levelled to the ground, except one house, which may be but little injured; half of a house will be thrown down, while the other half remains not much the worse; a pillar or obelisk will have its stones twisted round upon each other, and yet the whole remain still standing. Instances are also recorded of buildings having been cracked in two, the one half sinking down several feet below the level of the other.

But it is not only perpendicular objects which suffer, for besides the undulatory movement of the earthquake, which causes these to sway to and fro, there is often in the centre of the disturbed area an upward jerking motion which affects even horizontal bodies. For instance, cases are known where the paving-stones of a street have been pitched out of their sockets, and have been found after the earthquake lying with their under surfaces uppermost. This motion, combined with the wave-like one, produces sad havoc in a town. On sloping surfaces, stupendous results are often brought about. Thus, along river-courses, banks of loose earth, sand, or gravel are shattered, and masses are launched down towards the river. On mountain slopes also, large areas of soil and débris have been shaken loose from the rock on which they rested, and hurled into the valleys. It was a case of this kind occurring last century in Calabria, which was described at the time thus: 'Two mountains on the opposite sides of a valley, walked from their original position until they met in the middle of the plain, and there joining together, they intercepted the course of a river.' Similar results take place along the margin of the sea. Earth, soil, and stones are thrown from steep slopes to the beach; and cattle browsing on these declivities are likewise swept down—even solid cliffs are shaken, and large fragments of them detached to fall into the waves below.

2. Besides the effects produced by the undulatory or jerking motion of the earthquake on objects at the surface, another highly important feature is the actual rending open of the ground. This does not necessarily take place in all earthquakes; but it is one of their frequent and terrible accompaniments. Cracks of the soil are formed, and these vary in size from only a foot or two in length, and an inch or two in breadth, up to rents ninety miles long, and sometimes several yards in diameter. During the progress of an earthquake such cracks are observed to open and close again sometimes in rapid succession. Trees, houses, men, cattle, anything, in short,

EARTHQUAKES AND VOLCANOS.

which may happen to be on the surface at the time, fall into the chasm opening beneath them, and may be there engulfed for ever. Yet cases are known where men have fallen into the cracks, and though the walls have closed upon them, they have been thrown out again alive when the chasm reopened. Quantities of mud and sand along with water are sometimes ejected from the rents, or from curious funnel-shaped cavities formed in the ground at the time. The fissures either close again permanently, and, after the earthquake, cease to be visible, or they remain open, and may continue so for many years, until, as their sides crumble down, they become filled up, and in the end gradually obliterated, or in some cases they may give rise to new minor valleys.

3. It is evident that no shaking of the solid land could take place without affecting more or less the waters of the ocean. This would be the case if the seat of the earthquake shock, or the place where it first reached the surface from below, lay beneath the inland parts of a country, and the earthquake wave undulated outwards to the sea-margin. But it often happens that the point of origin of an earthquake lies somewhere beneath the bed of the ocean, and though the actual earthquake wave may never be propagated through the solid crust to reach the land, the commotion it produces in the waters gives rise to an ocean-wave which rolls landward until it breaks upon the coast. In truth, in all maritime districts subject to earthquakes, the amount of disaster achieved by the shaking of the ground is often far less than that which is worked by the inroad of the sea. The inhabitants have perhaps been terrified by the first shock of the earthquake, when before they have recovered from their surprise, they see the sea in front of them retire for several hundred yards, laying bare the bottom of the harbour or the beach. By-and-by, when it has reached its farthest limit of retreat, they watch it surge and foam, and gathering itself into a broad breast of water, rush furiously towards the shore. Then arises the cry to flee to the heights: but the wave is instantly upon them. In a few minutes hundreds or thousands of the inhabitants are drowned or dashed against houses, or transixed with broken wreck. What of their city has been left unprostrated by the earthquake is now inundated, and in great part levelled by the torrent of sea-water. Ships riding in the roadstead, even heavily armed men-of-war, are swept inland, and left high and dry half a mile, it may be, from the shore. In short, wherever the sea-wave reaches, it carries with it indescribable desolation. Property of every kind is destroyed, and in a few moments a busy seaport town is actually blotted out of existence.

4. The effects which we have hitherto been considering, although of terrible import in relation to man and his works, are not those features of earthquake phenomena which leave the most permanent marks on the surface of the earth. A city may be shaken to pieces or

EARTHQUAKES AND VOLCANOS.

destroyed by the ocean-wave, but its site may become again covered with a new town, and every memorial of the catastrophe be effaced. The present city of Lisbon is built on the ruins of that which was destroyed by the great earthquake of 1755; and in digging the foundations of new houses and streets, the remains of the destroyed city are continually met with. A forest may be shattered, but time will eventually replace the prostrated trees. Masses of earth or blocks of rock may be loosened and fall into the valleys below, but the scars which they leave will ere long be healed. Let us now, however, look for a little at some of the accompaniments of earthquakes which more permanently alter the surface of a country, and which shew that earthquakes play an important part among the agencies by which the external contour of our globe is modified.

By the shifting of large masses of rock or *débris* in the manner above described, the drainage of a country may be considerably altered. When these loosened materials fall across the course of a river, one of two results follows—either the river is deflected from its old course, and compelled to form a new channel, or its waters are ponded back, and a lake is formed. In the former case, over and above the destruction of cultivated ground which may have been caused by the landslip, the river, in cutting out its new course, may have to traverse fields and gardens, which are of course destroyed by it. When its course has been thus fairly altered, the river is likely to retain for a long time the channel into which it has been driven, and hence the drainage of the valley is considerably modified. In like manner, the formation of a new lake may entail the loss of much valuable soil. Moreover, as the barrier by which the waters of the lake are dammed back may be of loose incoherent material, there is the risk that, during some season of unusual rains, it may give way, when the contents of the lake will of course rush down the valley, carrying ruin to wherever they reach.

During the concussion of the ground, it sometimes happens that the barrier of an old lake is lowered or cracked in such a manner as to allow of the escape of the waters. After the earthquake is over, the lake is found to have disappeared. Rivers, too, have been known to be engulfed, pouring into rents of the ground, to reappear again perhaps at the surface some way down the valley. Although the amount of change effected by any single earthquake upon the drainage of a country may not be very great, we must nevertheless bear in mind that, if even slight changes are produced year after year, or century after century, the sum total of their results may come in the end to be not inconsiderable. Whatever influences the flow of water across a country, necessarily exercises an important influence upon the outline which the surface of that country will eventually assume; for it is mainly by the power of running water that the valley systems are carved out, widened, and deepened.

EARTHQUAKES AND VOLCANOS.

But of all the results which are brought about during the passage of an earthquake, there is none which so appeals to our imagination, as evincing the mighty energy of the underground forces, or which is in itself really of such importance in the history of a land-surface, as the permanent change of level of the region affected by the earthquake. Sometimes the movement is an upward one, and the ground remains at the height to which it has been raised: sometimes it is in a downward direction, and the land is left permanently at a lower level than it had before. In either case, the effects may be traced over wide areas, hundreds or thousands of square miles of country having been upheaved or depressed to a distance of several feet above or below their former level. The reality and extent of this change of level are best seen along the sea-margin. When the land has been elevated, it seems as if the sea had retired from its ancient limit. The beach and all the rocks which used to be washed by the tides are laid bare. Shell-fish are found still adhering to the places where they used to live, though now far removed above the reach of the waves; large quantities of fish, killed by the shock or cast ashore by the irruption of the sea, are strewn along the beach, and the air soon becomes foul with the smell of the decayed animal matter. In the end, the upraised beach comes to be covered with vegetation; it may be that even villages and towns are built upon it; and as it becomes absorbed into the general body of the land, the traces of its former occupation by the sea gradually fade away. In this manner a new selva^{ge} of land is added to the coast-line.

If, on the other hand, the earthquake has been accompanied by a subsidence of the ground to a lower level than it formerly had, this will be marked along the maritime districts by an encroachment of the sea. The waves are then found breaking over ploughed fields; trees, roads, houses are submerged; villages and towns are inundated, and their inhabitants compelled to build anew within the narrowed limits of the land.

Let us now consider in some detail the manner in which one or two violent earthquakes have affected the surface of the earth. One of the most disastrous and widespread earthquakes ever experienced was that of Lisbon, on the 1st November 1755. Although equalled, perhaps, in the New World, it has had no parallel in the Old. About nine o'clock in the morning, a hollow thunder-like sound was heard in the city, although the weather was clear and serene. Almost immediately afterwards, without any other warning, such an upheaval and overturning of the ground occurred as destroyed the greater part of the houses, and buried or crushed no less than 30,000 human beings. Some of the survivors declared that the shock scarcely exceeded three minutes in duration. Hundreds of persons lay half-killed under stones and ruined walls, shrieking in agony, and imploring aid which no one could render. Many of the

EARTHQUAKES AND VOLCANOS.

churches were at the time filled with their congregations ; and each church became one huge catacomb, entombing the hapless beings in its ruins. The first two or three shocks, in as many minutes, destroyed the number of lives above mentioned ; but there were counted twenty-two shocks altogether, in Lisbon and its neighbourhood, destroying in the whole very nearly 60,000 lives. In one house, four persons only survived out of 38. In the city-prison, 800 were killed, and 1200 in the general hospital. The effects on the sea and the sea-shore were scarcely less terrible than those inland. The sea retired from the harbour, left the bar dry, and then rolled in again as a wave fifty or sixty feet high. Many of the inhabitants, at the first alarm, rushed to a new marble quay which had lately been constructed ; but this proceeding only occasioned additional calamities. The quay sank down into an abyss which opened underneath it, drawing in along with it numerous boats and small vessels. There must have been some actual closing up of the abyss at this spot ; for the poor creatures thus engulfed, as well as the timbers and other wreck, disappeared completely, as if a cavern had closed in upon them. The seaport of Setubal, twenty miles south of Lisbon, was engulfed and wholly disappeared. At Cadiz, the sea rose in a wave to a height of sixty feet, and swept away great part of the mole and fortifications. At Oporto, the river continued to rise and fall violently for several hours ; and violent gusts of wind were actually forced up through the water from chasms which opened and shut in the bed beneath it. At Tetuan, Fez, Marocco, and other places on the African side of the Mediterranean, the earthquake was felt nearly at the same time as at Lisbon. Near Marocco, the earth opened and swallowed up a village or town with 8000 inhabitants, and then closed again. The comparisons which scientific men were afterwards able to institute, shewed that the main centre of the disturbance was under the Atlantic, where the bed of the ocean was convulsed by up-and-down heavings, thereby creating enormous waves on all sides. Many of the vessels out at sea were affected as if they had struck suddenly on a sand-bank or a rock ; and, in some instances, the shock was so violent as to overturn every person and everything on board. And yet there was deep water all round the ships. Although the mid-ocean may have been the focus of one disturbance which made itself felt as far as Africa in one direction, England in another, and America in a third, Lisbon must unquestionably have been the seat of a special and most terrible movement, creating yawning gaps in various parts of the city, and swallowing up buildings and people in the way above described. Many mountains in the neighbourhood, of considerable elevation, were shaken to their foundations ; some were rent from top to bottom, enormous masses of rock were hurled from their sides, and electric flashes issued from the fissures. To add to the horrors of such of the inhabitants as survived the shocks, the city

EARTHQUAKES AND VOLCANOS.

was found to be on fire in several places. These fires were attributed to various causes—the domestic fires of the inhabitants igniting the furniture and timbers that were hurled promiscuously upon them; the large wax-tapers which on that day (being a religious festival) were lighted in the churches; and the incendiary mischief of a band of miscreants, who took advantage of the terror around them by setting fire to houses in order to sack and pillage. The wretched inhabitants were either paralysed with dismay, or were too much engaged in seeking for the mangled corpses of their friends, to attend to the fire; the flames continued for six days, and the half-roasted bodies of hundreds of persons added to the horrors.

This fatal earthquake was felt over a wide region. Throughout Italy, the lamps swung to and fro in the churches, doors and windows clashed, and water from canals was jerked out upon the banks. In France, subterranean noises were heard, some of the waters were much agitated, and in one place a cleft opened in the ground. The lakes of Switzerland shewed the passage of the shock by the way in which their water rose, sometimes, for a few seconds, to a height of ten or twelve feet above their usual level. In Germany too, lakes, rivers, and wells shewed considerable agitation. Similar movements took place in Denmark and in Holland, some of the waters there seeming for a short while, as it were, to boil. Even in the Scandinavian peninsula the ground quivered under foot; large trees were thrown down, and the lakes were greatly disturbed, surging up on their banks, and sometimes casting out wood that had been lying among the muddy deposits at their bottom. In Iceland, too, it is said that one of the volcanos was in active eruption, and that many houses were shaken down. In the British Isles, at three or four places, the ground was actually felt to tremble. But the chief effects of the earthquake were visible in the agitation of the waters all over the country. This was the case both in the larger lakes and even in some small ponds, as well as in canals. At Loch Lomond, the air being perfectly calm at the time, the water rose suddenly and violently along its banks: it then retired, and again rolled inland, thus ebbing and flowing for an hour and a half. So forcible was the rush of the wave that it carried with it from shallow water a large stone which it threw ashore, leaving a furrow to mark the course of the stone. In Loch Ness, also, a remarkable flux and reflux of the water was observed—one of the waves running up the bank for more than thirty feet. There is a story preserved of a man watering his horse at a pond in Surrey on the same eventful morning, when suddenly the waters retired from the animal's mouth, leaving part of the bottom uncovered, and then immediately returning with great violence.

Such were the wide-spread effects of the propagation of the earthquake wave through the solid crust. The sea-wave, produced by the upward impulse of the earthquake, and transmitted outwards in

EARTHQUAKES AND VOLCANOS.

all directions from its point of origin, extended even farther. Along the coast-line of the Spanish peninsula itself, the sea-wave was first felt, and did most damage. At Cadiz, it came in with fearful force, tearing down a solid rampart of stone, and sweeping away many people. Many of the seaport towns were inundated, and the same fate befell the shore towns on the African side. Vessels at sea felt the shock, sometimes so violently that the men were jerked up a foot or more from the deck. All along the coast-line of Britain the sea-wave rolled in upon the land. At Portsmouth, large men-of-war rocked to and fro as in a heavy ground-swell. At Dartmouth, the water rose above the level of the highest tides. At Plymouth, Mount's Bay, Penzance, and other places in the south-west of England, the tide ebbed and flowed in quick succession for some hours. At Cork, the sea was much agitated. In the harbour of Kinsale, a body of water rushed in with great violence, breaking iron cables, whirling the vessels to and fro, and pouring over the quay, where it threw many people down. Such was the great earthquake of 1755. Since it happened, Lisbon has often been shaken by subterranean movements, but no such great calamity has again befallen any wide district of Europe.

Probably no earthquake within human experience has spread ruin and death over a wider area than that which devastated Peru and Ecuador on the 13th of August 1868. That region of South America was convulsed over a length of not less than two thousand miles. Many towns and cities, both on the coast and inland, were entirely reduced to ruins, and thousands of the inhabitants perished. Along the coast-line, beside the destruction caused by the earthquake shocks, great devastation and loss of life were effected by the sea. The waters were observed to retire for several hundred yards, laying bare the beach for that distance; then gathering into a huge angry wave, they rolled in, completing the ruin of the buildings, and sweeping men, ships, boats, houses, furniture, and wreck of all kinds in one promiscuous flood far into the country. Arica, the principal port in the south of Peru, was levelled to the ground, and its shipping destroyed. As the sea retreated, the vessels were carried out helplessly seaward; when it stopped and grew into a vast wave fifty feet high, which rolled back upon the town, the shipping was swept on, reeling and circling on the water which was bearing it irresistibly to destruction. In a few minutes every vessel was either ashore, or wrecked, or floating bottom upwards. The American man-of-war *Waterloo* was carried about a quarter of a mile inland, and escaped with the loss of only one man. The storeship *Fredonia*, heavily laden with supplies for the American navy, was capsized, losing every one of her crew, except three who happened to be on shore. The Peruvian steam-corvette *America* was driven from her anchors and wrecked, losing sixty of her crew. The British barque *Chanarcillo*, wrecked far up on the beach,

EARTHQUAKES AND VOLCANOS.

lost half of her crew ; while an American barque, laden with guano, was swallowed up, and no vestige of her seen afterwards.

At Iquique the destruction caused by the inroad of the sea was appalling. One of the sufferers thus describes it : ' In an instant, the sea moaned and retired hundreds of yards into the bay, leaving all the shore exposed. I saw the whole surface of the sea rise as if a mountain side, actually standing up. Another shock, accompanied with a fearful roar, now took place. I called to my companions to run for their lives on to the pampa. Too late ! With a horrid crash the sea was on us, and at one sweep dashed what was Iquique on to the pampa. I lost my companions, and in an instant was fighting with the dark water. The mighty wave surged, and roared, and leaped. The cries of human beings and animals were dreadful. . . . I knew no more until I found myself on the pampa, and all dark around me. In the morning I found Iquique gone, all but a few houses round the church.'

From the information which has now been collected from all parts of the world, it appears that there is probably no large section of the earth's surface wholly free from earthquakes. Some countries are much more subject to them than others ; certain districts are liable to frequent sharp and occasionally destructive shocks ; others only experience gentle tremors at wide intervals. It would seem, however, that hardly a day passes without a concussion of some kind being observed in one or more parts of the globe.

Earthquakes are very commonly regarded with horror as unmitigated calamities ; and certainly their immediate effects on animated existence seem to more than justify the belief. When we read of fifty thousand or sixty thousand people deprived of life in the course of a few minutes by one earthquake, and when we reflect that over and above the victims who are at once killed, many thousands perish miserably from hunger, from injuries received among falling ruins, from exposure, and from epidemics caused by the new pools of stagnant water and the vast number of dead bodies, we cannot but admit that men have good grounds for contemplating with terror the possible advent of an earthquake, and for doubting whether such a catastrophe can serve any beneficent purpose in nature, or is not rather to be looked upon in the light of a judgment from Heaven. And yet, dire as an earthquake is for man and his works, it forms part of an orderly system of change. It is connected with other subterranean movements which affect the surface, and but for which there could be no land and no human race, for a shoreless ocean would otherwise 'tumble round the globe.' The nature of this connection will appear in the sequel, after we have considered these additional underground changes.

EARTHQUAKES AND VOLCANOS.

VOLCANOS.

The earthquake, as we have seen, reveals to us the existence of tremendous forces lodged within the interior of the earth, and powerful enough at times to break open the solid crust, to rend mountains, overturn cities, and hurl the ocean in huge waves over the adjacent land. But the earthquake is not the only evidence which we possess of the nature and power of these underground agencies. In many parts of the world there are communications between the interior of the earth and the outer surface—openings which have been made through the thick crust, and which are kept open by the discharge of heated materials from beneath. These openings take a variety of shapes. Sometimes they are merely holes in the ground from which gas or steam rises ; sometimes they are little cones of mud, from which hot vapours and water escape ; sometimes they stand out conspicuously as hills, or even as huge mountains, pouring out rivers of molten rock and clouds of ashes. All these phenomena are embraced under the general term *Volcanic Action*.

A *volcano* is a hill or mountain, more or less conical in form, composed chiefly or entirely of rock which has been erupted from below. Its summit is truncated, and bears a cup-shaped cavity called the *crater*. From this cavity, or from openings on the sides of the hill, heated vapours are given out ; and at intervals discharges of dust and stones, or streams of melted rock called *lava*, are emitted. Such, in brief, is the general type of the form and nature of a volcano. Each of these hills forms a vent, by which the pent-up gases and steam of the interior can escape to the surface.

When an active volcano is not in eruption, a mass of steam rises from its top. If the air is still, this vapour ascends as a snowy column, visible from a great distance. In dull windy weather it is blown off, and looks like a cloud, such as we sometimes see clinging to a mountain-top even when a strong gale is blowing. For months or years together this vapour-cap may crown the hill, ever changing in form with the vicissitudes of the weather, yet never absent. During all that time, it may continue to be the only evidence visible at a distance that the mountain is a volcano. But if we ascend to the top, and look down into the great crater, we shall probably soon discover other and still more striking proofs of the proximity of the fiery interior. The crater itself, when it belongs to a volcano of the first magnitude, is a huge caldron, a mile or more in diameter, and a thousand feet or more in depth. Its dark, rough, craggy sides bear everywhere, in the aspect of their rocks, testimony to the agency which produced them. They sweep round in a rude circle, now jutting sharply out beyond the general line, and now retreating within it. At their base lies the bottom of the crater—a more or

EARTHQUAKES AND VOLCANOS.

less level space, dotted with cones of cinders, sometimes with cavities at the bottom, in which red-hot lava is in a state of ebullition, or with little cones throwing out ashes. Steam issues from numerous points of this plain, and it is the condensation of this vapour which forms the cloud so conspicuous on the mountain-top. All around is a verdureless waste of rock. The cone, as we can see from the section of it laid open along the crater-walls, consists of successive irregular layers of lava and ashes, dipping outwards on all sides away from the crater. Thus the whole mountain has evidently been formed by the accumulation of thousands of streams of lava and showers of ash around the orifice from which they were ejected. River after river of molten rock has poured over the sides of the cone; dust, cinders, and stones have fallen there also; and in this manner the great conical mountain has been built up.

A volcano may remain for centuries in the quiescent state which has just been described; at last, without warning, it will burst forth afresh: the cake of hardened lava and cinders which formed the bottom of the crater is blown into the air, and a large part of the cone itself is shattered and thrown down. In the latter half of last century, the crater of Vesuvius was nearly filled up with three huge conical hills, one rising within the other. Successive eruptions formed these hills into one, and filled up the crater. But in 1794 a tremendous eruption occurred, by which the hills were blown out, and a new huge caldron was formed on the top of the mountain. For six-and-twenty years, quantities of lava and ash were ejected, until the crater was completely filled again. In 1822, however, another violent eruption took place, extending over several weeks. At the end of that time, it was found that not only was the mass which had accumulated in the crater thrown out, but that a considerable extent of the upper part of the mountain had been blown away, so as to lower the height of Vesuvius several hundred feet. A new crater was formed, some 4000 feet broad, and 2000 feet deep.

It is clear that this alternate filling and emptying of the crater must be constantly increasing the dimensions of the volcano. The top of the mountain is, indeed, sometimes destroyed, and thus for a time the effect of the eruptions seems to be that of lowering its height. But this temporary diminution is in the end more than compensated by the results of the succeeding eruptions. When the filled-up crater is broken open, and its huge contents are scattered into the air, they do not simply fall back again to be re-arranged where they lay before—such, indeed, is the case with some of these contents—but the rest, after being thrown high into the air, fall back upon the sides of the cone, and though perhaps not adding to its height, yet augment its diameter.

Let us now turn for a little to look at the nature of the materials thrown out by these volcanic explosions. They are of a threefold character: 1. Some are in the form of vapour or of gas; 2. Others

EARTHQUAKES AND VOLCANOS.

exist as ashes, cinders, or stones ; while, 3. Some are poured out in the form of melted rock.

We need not enter into detail here regarding the gaseous products. Steam, however, plays a most important part in all volcanic phenomena. It is always present, and there is a growing belief among geologists that one great, if not the chief proximate cause of these phenomena is the expansive force of steam generated by water, which, passing downward from the ocean or from the land, reaches highly heated portions of the earth's interior. Even from the rivers of melted rock which pour down the mountain-slopes, a constant escape of steam takes place.

The fragmentary materials thrown out from the crater of a volcano vary in size from large blocks of rock down to the finest impalpable powder. Different names are given to these varieties. Thus, the rough ragged stones, like pieces of slag from an iron furnace, are called *scoriae*, while the fine dust is usually known as *volcanic ash*. The quantities of these materials sometimes ejected during a series of eruptions are almost incredible. Cases are on record where the dust and stones projected from a volcano have fallen over a space of 100 miles radius, covering the country, burying cattle and crops, breaking down trees, and forcing in, from mere weight, the roofs of houses. One of the most memorable examples of this kind occurred in the year 1835, during an eruption of Coseguina—a volcano of Guatemala. So vast a mass of ash, sand, and scorie was then thrown out that the ground, even at a distance of five-and-twenty miles, was covered to a depth of ten feet or more. Woods, villages, cattle, and wild animals were buried. At the time of the eruption, the ordinary east wind was blowing, but such was the force of the explosions that the finer ash was thrown high above this lower stratum of the atmosphere into an upper current. The latter was moving in the opposite direction, and carried the ashes along with it in its course, dropping them at last, four days afterwards, over the island of Jamaica, a distance of 700 miles from the volcano. In the spring of 1815, a volcano in the island of Sumbawa broke into eruption. It threw out such a mass of ashes that, even at a distance of forty miles, the roofs of the houses fell in from the mere weight of the fallen material. In this case, also, some of the finer dust was thrown high enough to reach an upper current of air, by which it was carried for a distance of 800 miles. During this disastrous eruption, which lasted several months, streams of lava descended even as far as the sea. The noise of the successive discharges was heard for a distance of about 1000 miles. The air was thrown into the most violent commotion, like that of the fiercest tornado or whirlwind. Trees were dragged out of the ground, and men and beasts were whisked up like leaves. Previous to the eruption, the inhabitants of the province amounted to 12,000; after it was over, only 26 were found to have survived. During the eruptions of the

EARTHQUAKES AND VOLCANOS.

Icelandic volcanos, fine ashes have been carried as far as the north of Scotland: sometimes, indeed, this volcanic material has fallen there so thickly as to injure the crops. From the shores of Caithness to the nearest active volcano in Iceland is a distance of fully 550 miles.

When the steam which is so copiously discharged from a volcano in violent eruption condenses, it falls as rain. This sometimes takes place on such a gigantic scale that the collected waters pour down the slope of the mountain in rushing torrents. In their course they sweep over the loose dust and ashes, and take them up, soon becoming in consequence moving streams of mud. Such *mud-lavas*, as they have been called, are often more destructive than the streams of molten rock, since they do not so soon harden and come to rest. Many examples are recorded of the destruction of houses, villages, and towns under such torrents of mud. One of the most interesting is that which relates to the engulfing of the ancient Roman cities of Herculaneum, Pompeii, and Stabiae. This is the oldest volcanic eruption of which any detailed account has been handed down to us, and the evidence of its extent and destructiveness is still clearly to be seen.

From the earliest times of history down to the latter half of the first century of the Christian era, Vesuvius had never been known to be in eruption. It was probably not looked on as a volcano at all. Its elegant cone rose out of rich corn-fields and vineyards, and bore atop a huge caldron-like cavity, the steep rocky sides of which were festooned with brushwood and wild vines, while the bottom was a barren plain. Such continued to be its condition for many centuries. At last, in the year 63 A.D., an earthquake occurred round the mountain. Some of the cities at its base were much shaken, their houses and temples being rent and partly thrown down. For sixteen years from that time frequent tremblings of the ground took place, though none of great violence, nor such as to give any warning of the catastrophe that was about to happen. But these proved in the end only the prelude to a disastrous eruption of the slumbering volcano. In the year 79, after many earthquake shocks had startled the inhabitants, a dark cloud rose vertically to a great height above the summit of Vesuvius. It spread out on each side at its top, so as to look like a vast pine-tree rising out of the mountain. This cloud consisted partly of steam and partly of stones and ashes. The volcano, after repeated shocks, had broken up the solid plain of rock which lay at the bottom of its crater. The fragments tossed into the air struck against each other, and fell back into the crater, to be again ejected and again to descend. By this process of trituration the hugest blocks of lava came in the end to be broken up into mere gravel and into the finest powder. This comminuted material began to fall thickly over the surrounding country. It darkened the air until the day

EARTHQUAKES AND VOLCANOS.

became blacker than the darkest night. Owing to the friction of the stones in their rapid flight above the crater, or to some other part of the volcanic phenomena, vivid flashes as of lightning darted to and fro above the mountain, and added to the terrors of the scene.

While these events were passing overhead, the ground beneath continued to tremble at each convulsive throes of the volcano. The sea too was thrown into agitation, retiring in some places from its ancient bounds and laying bare the beach. Through the darkened air ashes continued to fall for eight days and nights, covering the country far and near. The copious emission of steam likewise condensed into rain, which fell heavily round the mountain. Thus, partly by the thick deposit of ashes, and partly by the streams of mud in which the torrents descended from the slopes, houses and towns were completely buried. Among those which perished were the now famous cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum. These were two thriving seaports in the first century of our era, but by this eruption of Vesuvius they were so entirely concealed, that the tradition of their existence had almost died out when, after the lapse of more than sixteen centuries, they were accidentally discovered.

Herculaneum has since its destruction been covered by a thick mass of hardened lava; but Pompeii is concealed by only ten or twelve feet of compacted ash and *lapilli*; hence the latter town has been to a considerable extent exhumed. Streets, temples, dwelling-houses have been laid open. The paintings on the walls remain still bright and fresh, nay, even the letters, caricatures, and rude verse scribbled on the streets are perfectly legible. Hundreds of articles of domestic use have been recovered. Loaves of bread have been found on the baker's counter with his name stamped on them; jars of fruit, amphoræ for wine, still stand as their owners left them. The destruction of the city, though complete, was not sudden: most of the inhabitants had time to escape, as only a few skeletons have been found. One of these was that of a woman. So completely had she been enveloped in the fine mud which flowed into the vault where she and her friends had taken refuge, that though only the bones remained, they lay inside a hollow cast of the human form. The hardened mud had retained the impress of her features, and of the form of a child which she had in her arms.

There remain to be noticed the rivers of molten rock or *lava-streams* which are emitted from volcanos. These sometimes pour over the lip of the crater, but more usually they issue from some rent or orifice on the side of the mountain. When the lava first reaches the surface, it glows with an intense heat and white light, flowing out with all the liquidity of melted iron. In the air, however, it rapidly cools; the white heat shades into a red glow, and as that fades the surface of the stream hardens and darkens. The congealed surface carried on by the downward motion of the whole mass,

EARTHQUAKES AND VOLCANOS.

cracks up into irregular fragments, which tumble and grind over each other with a rattling noise like huge black and red cinders. Though the surface gets black and firm enough even to be walked upon, the rock only a few inches below is still intensely hot, so slow is the transmission of heat through the hardened crust. The lower end of a stream of lava has been seen tardily creeping onward, nine or ten months after the close of the eruption. Eight or ten years after a lava-stream has been poured forth, its crevices are sometimes still too hot to allow the hand to be put into them.

When first erupted, the motion of a lava-stream is sometimes very rapid, owing to the extreme liquidity of the mass; but as the outer portions which touch the ground and the air cool and harden, the rate of motion speedily lessens. The stream then flows on like a river of rough slag, its progress getting feebler, until, after flowing, it may be, many miles, it comes to rest. The resistance which these hardened portions oppose to the motion of the still fluid parts within, sometimes enables even a tree or a large stone to arrest for a time, or to deflect the course of the lava-stream. The rough slag is piled up against the opposing object, and adds to the obstacle, so that the lava has either to accumulate behind until it surmounts or sweeps away the latter, or to make a detour. Thus, when Etna was in eruption in the year 1669, a stream of lava flowed for fifteen miles, enveloping a number of small towns and villages, and at last reaching the sea with a black rugged front 40 feet high and 1800 feet broad. Near the end of its journey it reached the walls of the city of Catania, against which it gradually accumulated, until, gaining the top of the rampart, it rolled over and enveloped a portion of the town.

The size of lava-streams, and the distance to which they flow, vary indefinitely in different volcanos and in different eruptions from the same cone. Sometimes the currents are like mere brooks, and stiffen into immobility before they get many yards away from their source; at other times they roll on for many miles like large rivers, enveloping towns, farms, fields, and woods, filling up valleys and ravines, and spreading a black barren mass of rough rock over many a square league of country. During the great eruption of 1783 in Iceland, two lava-streams were poured out from the same mountain: one of these reached to a distance of forty-five, the other to fifty miles. Their breadth averaged, the one seven, and the other twelve to fifteen miles, with an average thickness of one hundred feet, which occasionally increased sixfold. This is probably the largest mass of melted matter which has been at one time poured out from the interior of the earth since man began to observe and chronicle these phenomena.

Some of the recent eruptions of Etna, Vesuvius, Hawaii, and other volcanic districts, have been watched by careful observers, and the details thus collected have made us fully acquainted with the leading

EARTHQUAKES AND VOLCANOS.

features of volcanic action. In the year 1865, Etna, which had shewn symptoms of uneasiness for several years previously, at length broke out into eruption. After many tremblings, and even the emission of lava and cinders, a fissure at last opened for a distance of more than a mile and a half to the north of Monte Frumento—one of the numerous minor (though still often large) secondary craters which dot the flanks of the great central mountain. The fissure gave out lava for a short while, but in the end the energy of the eruption shewed itself in the production of a number of cones of scoriæ, some of which reached a height of 300 feet, rising on the surface of a gentle slope. The upper cones threw out scoriæ, bombs, and ashes; from those further down the slope, jets of liquid lava were ejected. Clouds of steam and heavy showers of dust and cinders rose into the air to a height of more than a mile, with a constant succession of explosions and subterranean noises. During this time lava was constantly pouring out from the lower orifices and descending the slope. Its rate of motion was at first about twenty feet per minute; but as it advanced and spread out, and its course became impeded by the accumulating crust of scoriæ and other obstacles, the motion decreased till it was not more than twenty inches. The principal lava-stream, or *coulée*—1000 to 1600 feet broad, with an average thickness of about fifty feet—flowed for a distance of $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles, when it reached the edge of a gorge more than 160 feet deep. Here the fiery mass threw itself over in a glowing cascade of rock. Gradually it filled up the ravine, and the lava rolled on as if no ravine had ever been there. In about a fortnight it had advanced upwards of six miles, and its motion had become very feeble. There was still, however, a mass of melted rock within the volcano seeking an escape to the surface. Unable to get away rapidly enough along the main stream, the imprisoned lava broke through the higher part of the *coulée*, and formed a new stream, which took another direction, but soon stopped.

The damage done by these eruptions was not inconsiderable. A number of farm-houses were destroyed, many hundred acres of pasture and cultivated land were covered; a strip of forest, containing from 100,000 to 130,000 trees, was demolished. The blaze of the burning wood, added to the lurid glow of the volcano, formed at night a scene of terrible grandeur. By daylight, the dark rugged surface of the lava-current could be seen stretching over the buried fields and pasturage—a surface bristling with rough slags and blocks of scoriæ, studded here and there with charred trunks of trees, and sending out clouds of steam from its still red-hot interior. Sometimes the lava had surrounded a tree without demolishing it, leaving it standing as a sort of measure of the thickness of the *coulée*. At other points, a few trees standing near each other, or even a single tree so overthrown as to fall athwart the course of the current, sufficed to divert the lava. In one recorded instance this happy

EARTHQUAKES AND VOLCANOS.

accident was the means of preserving a beautiful little wooded valley from being engulfed under the molten flood.

By this eruption, a wide space of the wooded slopes of Etna was bared and burnt up. Yet so vast is the mountain, and so abundant are its cones and craters, that all the material erupted in 1865 forms, after all, but a mere pellicle added to a part of one side of the great volcano. Etna reaches a height of almost 11,000 feet above the sea, with a circumference of nearly ninety miles, and consists of lavas and ashes erupted from many different points round the central cone. How enormous a mass of material has here been poured out from the interior of the earth! Yet, in a geological sense, Etna is a very modern volcano. Beneath all its lavas there lie beds of marl and clay which are of the same age as some of the youngest deposits in the British Islands. All our British mountains are immensely older than Etna.

Vast as is the amount of material which has there been erupted, the volcano shews no signs of quiescence. Towards the close of 1868, immense quantities of dust, ashes, and stones were projected high into the air, and fell to the ground even at a distance of upwards of forty miles. Lava poured from the cone in every direction, and the glowing mountain presented a grand spectacle at night even to the natives of Valetta—a distance of more than 120 miles.

Several hundreds of active volcanos are enumerated as occurring on the surface of the globe. They are arranged for the most part in lines placed not far from the sea, partly along the margins of the great continents, and partly in chains of oceanic islands. Of the former class, the most remarkable example is shewn in the long chain of volcanic vents which ranges along the western border of America from Tierra del Fuego into Mexico—a region which, as we have seen above, has likewise been convulsed by earthquakes. Of the insular volcanos, the most wonderful development occurs in Java and the adjacent islands. There, a line of vents, forty-five in number, runs along the island of Java. Some of these form mountains more than 11,000 or 12,000 feet in height. Twenty-eight of them have been seen in eruption—a greater number of active volcanos than occurs in any other district of the same size upon the globe.

Though active volcanos are still grouped more or less abundantly on all the continents, there is evidence that they once existed in many places where they have long been extinct. Indeed, there is probably no region of any considerable size which does not contain traces of former volcanic action. From the earliest geological times, so far as we know, there have been volcanos, though the seat of the activity has been often shifted, the eruptions dying out in one place only to break out afresh at another. Of such extinct volcanoes we can trace the remains in every stage of decay. In one district they remain still so fresh, their cones and craters are so perfect, and the

EARTHQUAKES AND VOLCANOS.

currents of lava descending from them so black and sterile, that it seems as if the outbursts might be expected to be renewed at any moment. In other places, the craters have disappeared, the massive lava-streams have been cut through by streams, and only a few fragments are left to guide an experienced eye to trace the reality and extent of the ancient eruptions.

In Auvergne, in Central France, a well-known and instructive district of extinct volcanos occurs. In its southern portion, the older lavas are piled up into lofty mountains, which have been deeply trenched by running water. Northward, a long plateau of granite has been pierced by some hundreds of separate points of eruption. Numerous cones of loose cinders rise into conspicuous hills, each with its crater, and some with long coulées of lava, which flow down the plateau into the valleys on either side. The craters are sometimes coated with grass and wild-flowers; and now, instead of the roar of the volcano and the rumbling of the earthquake, there ascends from these cavities only the murmur of the bee, or the tinkle of the bells upon the cattle, which find there their sweetest pasture.

Along the borders of the Rhine, too, numerous cones of slag, ash, and lava mark the position of extinct volcanic hills. In some cases, the craters are densely clothed with copse or brushwood; in others, they are filled with water.

Volcanic rocks abound in the British Islands; but they are so old, and have been so long exposed to the wasting of the elements, that no actual crater now exists among them. The sheets of lava, however, are still conspicuous, and form some of the finest hill-landscapes in the country. The earliest rocks of volcanic origin which we possess are probably those of which Snowdon and other mountains in Wales are in great measure made up. Later than these, and belonging to a long succession of widely separated eruptions, are the chains of hills and detached eminences which diversify the surface of the central valley of Scotland from Arran to Montrose, and from the borders of the Highlands southward to the edge of the great southern uplands. Still later, come the enormous piles of basalt which form the high plateau of Antrim, and stretch thence through the chain of the Western Islands to Farøe, and thence into Iceland. There is good reason to believe that at one time, and that, in a geological sense, not very remote, a great volcanic bank or chain of volcanic islands extended all the way from the north of Ireland to Iceland. Possibly the present active volcanos of the latter island are the lineal descendants of those whose eruptions formed the hills of Antrim, Mull, Eigg, Skye, Farøe, and the older plateaux of Iceland.

At the time when so much subterranean activity was manifesting itself along the north-western sea-board of Britain, the country lying to the south-east underwent some remarkable changes. The solid

EARTHQUAKES AND VOLCANOS.

crust of the earth was rent by thousands of long, straight, parallel fissures, running to the east and south-east of the volcanic area. These fractures extended often for many miles—in one case, at least, to a distance of sixty miles. They were filled up with melted lava which rose from below, and, solidifying between the walls of the cracks, formed what are known as *dikes*. These long lines of hard rock may be followed, running in their persistent course over hill and dale, regardless alike of the changing nature of the rocks beneath and of the contour of the surface. One conspicuous example begins at Robin Hood's Bay, and crossing the Yorkshire wolds, extends inland for sixty miles. Another dike stretches from the shore, south of Alnwick, westward through the Cheviot Hills. In the Scottish coal-fields many of these dikes occur; while all along the western coast, from the mouth of the Firth of Clyde up into Ross-shire, they may be counted by thousands.

SLOW RISING AND SINKING OF LAND.

The subterranean movements which have been described in the foregoing pages are all more or less of a violent and paroxysmal kind. Between the sudden upheaving of an earthquake shock, and the commotions of an active volcano, there is often a close connection. Both point to the existence underground of forces which, after long intervals of quiescence, gather renewed strength, and seek relief towards the upper surface, shaking the solid framework of the land, or splitting it open.

But over and above these movements, there are others in progress of so gentle and insensible a kind, that it is only by the results which they bring about in a long course of years that we can detect their presence. They give rise to no vibrations and rendings of the ground; yet in the end, they succeed in elevating vast tracts of land above the sea, or in depressing them beneath it. We do not see the process in progress: its march is so slow that the longest human life may be too short to detect any sensible change. Yet, since man began to observe and record such phenomena, many proofs have been obtained that some wide regions are gradually rising from the ocean, while others are as slowly sinking under its waters. It is not merely that the sea wastes the margin of the land so as to roll now over spaces that were once covered with corn-fields or towns; nor that tracts of sand and mud are here and there laid down in such a way that the sea is beaten back and the land advances: these are, indeed, marked changes, of which our own coast-line furnishes many, and often sad, illustrations; but they affect merely the surface, while the changes which now fall to be described take their origin far within the interior of the earth, and continue whether the sea wastes the land or not.

If a mass of land, such, for instance, as the British Islands, be

EARTHQUAKES AND VOLCANOS.

slowly pushed up from beneath at the rate of, we shall say, six inches in a hundred years, no one would be sensible of the movement, unless he had accurate sea-marks by which to measure it. By the great mass of the population it would be unfelt and disregarded. If the rate of upheaval rose to as much as six feet in a century, the inhabitants of the inland districts would not observe it; and even along the coast-line it might only be discernible by comparing the former with the existing tide-marks on harbours, and on quays and prominent rocks. If the movement were, on the other hand, a slow, downward one, it would produce no sensible effect for a very long time in the interior of the country. Along the shore, its reality would be marked by the gradual rise of the tide-line, and the advance of the sea upon fields, roads, and harbours. In neither case is the importance of the movement to be measured by the effects produced during a single generation. A little reflection will shew us that a slow movement of this kind, quite inappreciable to ordinary observation, may yet, in the course of a few centuries, do more to alter the surface of the globe than all the earthquakes and volcanos which have been at work during the same interval.

The proofs that a country has been upraised or depressed must always be most visible along the sea-margin. Though there may be cosmical causes at work, which at wide intervals displace large quantities of sea-water, and thus alter the relative levels of sea and land, the level of the sea is assumed to remain constant at present; and when we observe a difference between the height of the line to which the sea rises to-day, and that to which it rose a few generations or centuries ago, we say that it is the land which has been shifted upwards or downwards, and not that the sea has advanced or retired.

1. What, then, is the nature of the evidence that a country has been upraised? It consists, in brief, in the traces of the recent presence of the sea along a marginal strip of land which the waves no longer reach, and which at the same time is not merely due to the silting up of the shore. When proofs of the change of level can be drawn from human works, such as quays, piers, breakwaters, or bulwarks, they perhaps appeal most to our imagination. We realise vividly the nature and progress of the movement, when we are told that the piers to which, a few generations ago, our forefathers moored their vessels, are now high and dry above the tides. As a rule, however, it is not by the changed position of any piece of human workmanship that we mark the rise of the land; other and not less convincing evidence is furnished by the shells of the sea and the sand, which have been laid down by the waves. Every one who has rambled along any of the rocky parts of our coast-line is familiar with the rough gray aspect given to the rocks by the crust of barnacles and limpets which flourish so abundantly between high and low water mark. The barnacles are more especially noticeable

EARTHQUAKES AND VOLCANOS.

from their numbers, and the firm way they adhere to the stone. So tenaciously, indeed, do they cling to the spots to which they have taken hold, that we may now and then find their whitened shells still coating stones which were cast up by a storm years ago. Besides these marine animals, the shore frequently abounds in molluscs, which, instead of clinging to the stone like the limpet or periwinkle, bore clean smooth holes in the stone, and live there. Now, when a country is undergoing an elevatory movement, the shore-rocks are carried upward beyond the reach of the waves. There the molluscs and barnacles die, and leave their hard parts on the places where they used to live. If the movement is exceedingly slow, and the destroying effects of waves, air, rain, and frosts happen there to be rapid, the traces of marine life may be effaced as fast as the land rises. Under favourable circumstances, however, these traces remain for a long time. The rocks acquire, perhaps, here and there a scanty herbage, shrubs or wild-flowers take root in their crevices, and, in strange contrast with their present position, we may still see the bleached barnacles firmly attached to the stone, and pick out the boring shells from the holes in which they lived and died. In Sweden such barnacle-crusts occur at a height of more than one hundred feet above the present sea-margin.

More permanent memorials of the presence of the sea are afforded by the caves which are drilled by the waves even into the hardest rocks. When the land rises, these caves are borne upward beyond the limit of the breakers; the barnacles, anemones, and sea-weeds which once mottled their sides, give place to ferns and mosses. But though now more than half concealed among the copsewood, the long line of caves which has been cut about the same level on the slope of the steep bank or the face of the cliff, still remains to mark the old sea-margin, and to shew how much the land has risen.

But even where there are no rocks to retain the impress of the sea, the waves pile up on low sandy shores deposits which, as the country is upheaved, come to bear a not less clear and impressive testimony to the change of level. Layers of sand and gravel, often mixed with the common shore shells, are laid down between tide-marks to form what we call the *beach*. They give rise to a gently inclined platform or terrace which on the seaward side slopes into deeper water, and on the land side terminates against a low bank or cliff. When the land rises, this beach comes to form a narrow selva of flat ground bordering the new sea-margin. It is then known as a *raised beach*. It comes to be covered with fields and gardens, roads are laid along its surface, and it bears many villages and towns. Along many leagues of the coast-line of the British Islands the raised beaches form one of the most characteristic features of the landscape. On both sides of Scotland most of the seaport towns are built upon an old beach, which now stands on an average about twenty-five feet above the present high-water mark. This terrace

EARTHQUAKES AND VOLCANOS.

winds along the coast, at times sweeping some way inland to mark the site of an ancient bay, and then curving back up to the margin of the present shore. Its inner edge often rests at the foot of a cliff-line once the upper limit of the waves, but now green with mosses and wild-flowers, or fragrant with honeysuckle and thyme. Along the base of the cliff, too, we may see here and there the caves which were cut out when the sea dashed against this rocky shore. But the waves have for many centuries ceased to reach them, and this not because they have thrown up a barrier of sand and gravel against themselves, but because the whole body of the country has been insensibly lifted out of the waters.

Movements of this gentle kind sometimes affect wide regions. At the present moment the Scandinavian peninsula, except a part of its southern end, appears to be rising, for within the memory of man, sunken rocks have become visible, reefs have grown in size, shoals have been converted into land, and marks made on rocks to test the rate of rise are now found to be higher relatively to the sea-level than they were at first. The rate does not appear to be uniform over the whole country; in some districts it has been estimated at two or three feet in a century. The movement must have been in progress for a very long time, for we find beds of sea-shells of living species at heights of six hundred and seven hundred feet above the present sea-level. Among other regions which are either now rising or which have been but recently upraised, may be instanced the coast-line of Siberia for six hundred miles to the east of the Lena, the coast of Smith's Sound, different portions of the borders of the Mediterranean, and on the most marvellous scale, the western mountainous margin of South America.

2. When the slow movement of the land tends downward instead of upward, its results are seen in the gradual overflowing of objects which were formerly never touched by the waves. Buildings once a good way from the sea seem gradually to approach it, piers are at length submerged, and streets overflowed. At the present moment, such is the case along the extreme southern margin of Sweden. Some of the streets in a number of the seaport towns are actually below the level of the Baltic. Other proofs of submergence are furnished by the trunks of trees still standing with their roots spreading through the soil in which they grew, but now covered by the tides. Such submerged forests, as they are called, occur in a good many places in the British Islands, particularly along the coasts of Devon and Cornwall.

It is impossible, indeed, to consider attentively the map of our islands without seeing in it evidence that they have undergone an extensive submergence at no very remote geological period. The numerous long inlets, lochs, or *fjords*, which allow the waters of the ocean to penetrate far into the land along our western shores, are evidently so many old submerged land valleys. The existing glen

EARTHQUAKES AND VOLCANOS.

at the head of each of these inlets is only an undepressed part of what was originally all one valley, when the British Islands had a much larger surface than they can boast now. In this respect, our western sea-board presents a strong resemblance to that of Norway. But the most extensive proofs of subsidence of the earth's crust are furnished to us by the coral islands of the Pacific and Indian Oceans. These white rings of rock, each with its lagoon of smooth water inside, rise out of the midst of water so deep that it has been sometimes called unfathomable. Many were the conjectures as to their origin, until Mr Darwin pointed out their true structure and history. He shewed that the first stage in the growth of a coral island was the formation of a reef of coral in front of the shore. This is known as a *fringing reef*. The coral polypes, by whose labours of secretion the reef is formed, can only live at a moderate depth of water. Let us suppose that one of these fringing reefs encircles some oceanic island, and that the sea-floor in that region is being slowly depressed. As the downward movement continues, the corals keep building up the reef to about the level of the waves. In this way the space of water between the island and the coral ring is greatly increased, while, of course, the area of the island itself is correspondingly lessened. The downward movement continues—the island grows less and less, until its last mountain-top sinks beneath the sea. Over the submerged island there now stretches a smooth sheet of green water known as a *lagoon*. Encircling it is the circular reef of coral, or *atoll*, along the outer margin of which the restless waves of the ocean are ever surging. Soil gradually forms on the reef, seeds borne to it by the waves or carried by birds take root, and the ring of coral reef becomes a habitable spot for man. Such is the history of the growth of the coral islands. They have been built round the summits of a sinking continent, over whose mountains and valleys the great ocean now rolls.

It appears, therefore, that the crust of the earth, instead of that solid immovable object which at first sight it appears to be, is in reality constantly pulsating in some part or other of its extent. Here an earthquake convulses the surface; there a volcano pours out rivers of lava, and darkens the air with clouds of ashes. In one wide region the ground is slowly heaved up; in another it is gradually depressed. But in some form the subterranean forces are ever manifesting their existence by effecting changes above ground.

There can be little doubt that earthquakes and volcanos are closely connected phenomena, and that these, as well as the more tranquil movements of the crust, are but different manifestations of one common force. If we look at a map of the world on which the regions visited by earthquakes are marked, we shall find that these regions are also those in which active volcanos occur. During violent volcanic eruptions, earthquakes take place; and, on the other hand,

EARTHQUAKES AND VOLCANOS.

during earthquake disturbances, volcanos have been observed to be more active. Though no invariable rule can be laid down on this subject, nevertheless there is such a frequent connection as to time and place of occurrence, between earthquakes and volcanos, that we are justified in regarding them as closely related phenomena. What may be the nature of the force which produces them, how it originated, and how it is kept up, are questions to which, in the present state of science, no very definite answer can be given. It is clear, indeed, that heat plays a large part in producing these changes. The temperature of the earth is found always to increase as we descend into the crust; and if the rate of increase which has been observed were to continue without any modification, we should reach the melting-point of even the most refractory substances at the depth of a few miles. It is certain, however, that the interior of the globe at that depth cannot be in a fluid state. From data of an astronomical kind, we know that if there is a fluid central mass, it must be covered with a solid crust at least eight hundred miles thick. Some writers on physical science, indeed, maintain that our planet possesses a rigidity equal to that of glass or even of steel. The old notion that there is still a central liquid part in an incandescent state, with a thin crust over it liable to be shaken and broken through by the commotions of the fluid interior, cannot now be held.

That the interior of the earth, however, whatever be its composition, is intensely hot, is indicated by all the evidence we can gather on the subject. Some portions must be liquid, as is shewn by the discharge of fluid lava at a white heat from volcanic vents. There seems, indeed, to be good reason to believe that though the main mass of the interior may now be solid, there nevertheless exist within it large lakes or reservoirs of melted rock, and that volcanos serve as the orifices of communication between these areas and the surface. When the water which is everywhere traversing the upper layers of the crust reaches these heated spaces, it is converted into steam, which exerts an enormous expansive force. The abundance with which steam is given off during volcanic eruptions has long been familiar, and serves to indicate that steam may be the agent more immediately employed in forcing melted lava to the surface. During the changes which are in progress underneath, a mass of water will sometimes be suddenly precipitated into an area of intensely heated rock, and its instant expansion will produce a sensible concussion or earthquake above ground.

The constant transference of materials from the interior to the surface, whether by the action of volcanos or by that of springs, must necessarily produce cavities within the crust. When, for example, we contemplate such a mountain as Etna, and reflect that all its vast piles of lava, scorïæ, and ashes have been abstracted from the interior of the earth, we see how real and important is this transference of material, and how easy it is to conceive of the

EARTHQUAKES AND VOLCANOS.

formation of large hollow spaces beneath the surface. Again, the amount of solid material removed by springs, though it does not stand up before us as an enduring monument like Etna, is probably in reality greater in any one year over the whole globe, than all the lava and ashes which have been erupted by volcanic action during the same period. Every spring, even the clearest which comes welling out from the granite sides of a Highland hill, is slowly and silently conveying to the surface mineral materials which it has dissolved out of the rocks underneath. By some springs, such as those of a thermal kind, the quantity of these materials carried off in a single year would, if collected and rendered visible, make huge mounds, or even small hills. Alike, therefore, by the action of volcanos and the subterranean circulation of water, cavities must be produced within the interior of the earth. As these become enlarged, their roofs, from failure of support, will sometimes give way with a sudden collapse. Such is not impossibly the origin of many earthquake shocks. When we know that even on the surface the explosion of a powder-magazine sometimes gives rise to a tremor of the ground, which is felt at a distance of several miles, we may conceive how the collapse of one of these underground cavities, and the consequent rushing together of thousands of tons of rock, may send a pulsation for many miles through the elastic crust of the earth.

After a great earthquake, the ground affected by it, as we have seen above, is sometimes found to be permanently upheaved above its former level, or depressed beneath it. In the neighbourhood of active volcanos, similar results have been observed to be brought about more slowly; while in other tracts where volcanos do not occur, and where no very marked earthquake has ever been felt, the ground has nevertheless been found to be gradually rising or sinking. Such slow movements may all with much probability be referred to the agency of subterranean heat. It is a familiar fact that rocks increase in bulk with every increment of heat, while, on the other hand, they contract as they cool. It has been found, for example, that granite expands $\cdot000004825$ for every degree Fahrenheit by which its temperature rises. Hence we may conceive that among the internal movements of the earth a great mass of rock may gradually have its temperature raised, and will in consequence push up the part of the crust lying above it. An area of granite, for instance, say 10,000 feet, or about two miles thick, having its temperature slowly increased 300° Fahrenheit, would cause a gradual elevation of the ground above it to the extent of $14\frac{1}{2}$ feet. So, on the other hand, if the rock cools down, a slow depression of the overlying region will be the result. If the rock were sandstone, the expansion would be about double that amount.

But what is the source of the underground heat? What force was it that lit those fires which have been burning under Etna for so many centuries, and how are they sustained? We cannot tell.

EARTHQUAKES AND VOLCANOS.

Some philosophers have tried to shew that the heat is due to constant chemical changes, such as the oxidation of potassium and sodium. Others have called in the aid of magnetic and electric forces. Others, again, suppose that the earth was once all liquid, and that, as above alluded to, there are still large reservoirs of melted rock in its interior not yet solidified. But science is not yet far enough advanced to do more than suggest possible and partial explanations of the phenomena. What remains to be done is, in the meantime, diligently to study the facts which come within the sphere of actual observation, and doubtless in the end we shall come to know far more of the condition of our earth's interior, and of the changes which are passing there, than we do now.

This great truth, at least, science has already taught us, that the reaction of the interior upon the surface of our planet is necessary for the permanence of the present economy of nature. Everywhere, from pole to pole, the land is wasting away, and its detritus is carried out into the ocean. If no compensating element came into play, the land would inevitably disappear, and indeed must have disappeared long ago. But the crust of the globe is not an inert immovable mass; as we have seen in the previous pages, it is ever quivering and heaving in some part. Rains, streams, and waves may waste it, but an invisible power beneath is always somewhere pushing it up, and enabling it to compete successfully with the elements which seek its destruction. Terrible, therefore, as the earthquake and volcano are, they form but parts of a system of compensation by which the waste of the land is made good. The islands and continents may be wholly worn away, or may subside beneath the ocean, but as they disappear others rise in their stead. And thus the forces of nature, destructive though they often are in their first effects, work together harmoniously to preserve the balance of sea and land, and to fit our globe to be the abode of living and sentient beings.





A TALE OF NORFOLK ISLAND.



AR. distant from the many other islands with which the Southern Pacific Ocean is studded, one stands alone, rich in natural beauty, and with a climate almost unrivalled.

This lovely island was visited by Captain Cook in 1774, and named by him Norfolk Island; it was then uninhabited, and neither the vegetable nor the animal world had been disturbed. For about two hundred yards from the shore, the ground was covered so thickly with shrubs and plants as scarcely to be penetrable further inland. The account given by Cook led to an attempt at settlement on Norfolk Island; but this was attended with difficulty. The island is small, being only about six miles in length by four in breadth; and was therefore unavailable for a large or increasing population. Lying nine hundred miles from Port Jackson, in Australia, it was inconveniently remote from that country; and, worst of all, its clifly and rocky shores presented serious dangers to mariners attempting a landing. Its general unsuitableness, however, for ordinary colonisation was considered to adapt it as a penal settlement, subordinate to New South Wales, and to which convicts could be sent who merited fresh punishment while in course of servitude. Thus, one of the loveliest of earthly paradises was doomed to be a receptacle for the very worst of malefactors. It was imagined that the beauty of Norfolk Island, and the fineness of its climate, would greatly tend to soothe the depraved minds of its unhappy tenants, and reconcile them to compulsory expatriation; but such was not the case: the feeling uppermost in the minds of the convicts was to make their escape; and this, along with other circumstances,

caused the island, after a time, to be abandoned as a penal settlement. The narrative that follows, written by a gentleman personally acquainted with the convict system, bears on the case of an attempted escape, and the whole, as a warning to 'those who go astray,' may be relied upon as a true relation of facts.

'On the northern side of Norfolk Island, the cliffs rise high, and are crowned by woods, in which the elegant whitewood and gigantic pine predominate. A slight indentation of the land affords a somewhat sheltered anchorage-ground, and an opening in the cliffs has supplied a way to the beach by a winding road at the foot of the dividing hills. A stream of water, collected from many ravines, finds its way by a similar opening to a ledge of rock in the neighbourhood, and, falling over in feathery spray, has given the name of Cascade to this part of the island. Off this bay, on the morning of the 21st of June 1842, the brig *Governor Philip* was sailing, having brought stores for the use of the penal establishment. It was one of those bright mornings which this hemisphere alone knows, when the air is so elastic that its buoyancy is irresistibly communicated to the spirits. At the foot of the cliff, near a group of huge fragments of rock fallen from the overhanging cliffs, a prisoner was sitting close to the sea preparing food for his companions, who had gone off to the brig the previous evening with ballast, and who were expected to return at daylight with a load of stores. The surface of the sea was smooth, and the brig slowly moved on upon its soft blue waters. Everything was calm and still, when suddenly a sharp but distant sound as of a gun was heard. The man, who was stooping over the fire, started on his feet, and looked above and around him, unable to distinguish the quarter from whence the report came. Almost immediately, he heard the sound repeated, and then distinctly perceived smoke curling from the vessel's side. His fears were at once excited. Again he listened; but all was hushed, and the brig still stood steadily in towards the shore. Nearer and nearer, she approached; until, alarmed for her safety, the man ran to summon the nearest officer. By the time they returned, the vessel had wore, and was standing off from the land; but while they remained in anxious speculation as to the cause of all this, the firing was renewed on board, and it was evident that some deadly fray was going on. At length a boat was seen to put off from the brig, and upon its reaching the shore, the worst fears of the party were realised. The misguided prisoners on board had attempted to seize the vessel. They were but twelve in number, unarmed, and guarded by twelve soldiers, and a crew of eighteen men; yet they had succeeded in gaining possession of the vessel, had held it for a time, but had been finally overpowered, and immediate help was required for the wounded and dying.

'June 21, 1842.—My duty as a clergyman called me to the scene of blood. When I arrived on the deck of the brig, it exhibited a

A TALE OF NORFOLK ISLAND.

frightful spectacle. One man, whose head was blown to atoms, was lying near the fore-castle. Close by his side a body was stretched, the face of which was covered by a cloth, as if a sight too ghastly to be looked upon ; for the upper half of the head had been blown off. Not far from these, a man badly wounded was lying on the deck, with others securely handcuffed. Forward, by the companion-hatch, one of the mutineers was placed, bleeding most profusely from a wound which had shattered his thigh ; yet his look was more dreadful than all—hate, passion, and disappointed rage rioted in his breast, and were deeply marked in his countenance. I turned away from the wretched man, and my eye shrunk from the sight which again met it. Lying on his back in a pool of blood, the muscular frame of a man whom I well knew was stretched, horribly mutilated. A ball had entered his mouth, and passing through his skull, had scattered his brains around. My heart sickened at the extent of carnage, and I was almost sinking with the faintness it produced, when I was roused by a groan so full of anguish and pain, that for a long time afterwards its echo seemed to reach me. I found that it came from a man lying further forward, on whose face the death-dew was standing, yet I could perceive no wound. Upon questioning him, he moved his hand from his breast, and I then perceived that a ball had pierced his chest, and could distinctly hear the air rushing from his lungs through the orifice it had left. I tore away the shirt, and endeavoured to hold together the edges of the wound until it was bandaged. I spoke to him of prayer, but he soon grew insensible, and within a short time died in frightful agony. In every part of the vessel, evidences of the attempt which had ended so fatally presented themselves, and the passions of the combatants were still warm. After attending those who required immediate assistance, I received the following account of the affair :

‘The prisoners had slept the previous night in a part of the vessel appropriated for this purpose ; but it was without fastening or other means of securing them below. Two sentries were, however, placed over the hatchway. The prisoners occasionally came on deck during the night, for their launch was towing astern, and the brig was standing off and on until the morning. Between six and seven o’clock in the morning, the men were called to work. Two of them were up some time before the rest. They were struck by the air of negligence which was evident on deck, and instantly communicated the fact to one or two others. The possibility of capturing the brig had often been discussed by the prisoners, among their many other wild plans for escaping from the island, and recently had been often proposed by them. The thought was told by their looks, and soon spread from man to man. A few moments were enough ; one or two were roused from sleep, and the intention was hurriedly communicated to them. It was variously received. One of them distrusted the leader, and entreated his companions to desist from so mad an attempt. It

A TALE OF NORFOLK ISLAND.

was useless ; the frenzied thirst for liberty had seized them, and they were maddened by it. Within a few minutes, they were all on deck ; and one of the leaders rushing at the sentry nearest to him, endeavoured to wrest from him his pistols, one of which had flashed in the pan as he rapidly presented it, and threw him overboard ; but he was subsequently saved. The arms of the other sentry were demanded, and obtained from him without resistance. A scuffle now took place with two other soldiers who were also on the deck, but not on duty, during which one of them jumped over the vessel's side, and remained for some time in the main-chains ; but upon the launch being brought alongside, he went down into it. The other endeavoured to swim ashore (for by this time the vessel was within a gunshot of the rocks) ; but, encumbered by his greatcoat, he was seen, when within a few strokes of the rock, to raise his hands, and uttering a faint cry to Heaven for mercy, he instantly sunk. In the meanwhile, the sergeant in charge of the guard hearing the scuffling overhead, ran upon deck, and seeing some of the mutineers struggling with the sentry, shot the nearest of them dead on the spot. He had no sooner done so than he received a blow on the head, which rendered him for some time insensible. Little or no resistance was offered by the sailors ; they ran into the forecastle, and the vessel was in the hands of the mutineers. All the hatches were instantly fastened down, and every available thing at hand piled upon them. But now, having secured their opponents, the mutineers were unable to work the brig ; they therefore summoned two of the sailors from below, and placed one of them at the wheel, while the other was directed to assist in getting the vessel off. The cockswain, a free man in charge of the prisoners, had at the first onset taken to the rigging, and remained in the maintop with one of the men who refused to join in the attack. At this moment, a soldier who had gone overboard, and endeavoured to reach the shore, had turned back, and was seen swimming near the vessel. Woolfe, one of the convicts, immediately jumped into the boat alongside, and saved him. Whilst this was the state of things above, the soldiers had forced their way into the captain's cabin, and continued to fire through the gratings overhead as often as any of the mutineers passed. In this manner several of them received wounds. To prevent a continuance of this, a kettle of hot water was poured from above ; and shortly afterwards, a proposal was made to the captain from the prisoners to leave the vessel in the launch, provided he handed up to them the necessary supplies. This he refused ; and then all the sailors were ordered from below into the launch, with the intention of sending them ashore. Continuing to watch for the ring-leaders, the captain caught a glimpse of one of them standing aft, and, as he supposed, out of reach. He mounted the cabin table, and, almost at a venture, fired through the woodwork in the direction he supposed the man to be standing. The shot was fatal ; the ball struck him in the mouth, and passed through his brain. Terrified at

A TALE OF NORFOLK ISLAND.

the death of their comrades, the remainder were panic-struck, and instantly ran below. One of the leaders sprung over the taffrail, and eventually reached the launch. The sailor at the wheel, now seeing the deck almost cleared, beckoned up the captain, and without an effort, the vessel was again in their possession. In the confusion, a soldier, who had been in the boat, and was at this moment with the sailors returning on deck, was mistaken for one of the mutineers, and shot by the sergeant. The prisoners were now summoned from their place of concealment. They begged hard for mercy; and upon condition of their quietly surrendering, it was promised to them. As the first of them, in reliance upon this assurance, was gaining the deck, by some unhappy error, he received a ball in his thigh, and fell back again. The rest refused to stir; but after a few moments' hesitation, another of them ventured up, was taken aft by the captain, and secured. A third followed, and, as he came up, he extended his arms and cried: "I surrender; spare me." Either this motion was mistaken by the soldiers, or some of them were unable to restrain their passion, for at this instant the man's head was literally blown off. The captain hastened to the spot, and received the others, who were secured without further injury.

'When we reached the vessel, the dying, dead, and wounded were lying in every direction. In the launch astern, we saw the body of one wretched man who had leaped over the taffrail, and reached the boat badly wounded; he was seen lying in it when the deck was regained, and was then pierced through with many balls. Nothing could be more horrible than his appearance; the distortion of every feature, his clenched hands, and the limbs which had stiffened in the forms of agony into which pain had twisted them, were appalling. The countenance of every man on board bore evidence of the nature of the deadly conflict in which he had been engaged. In some, sullenness had succeeded to reckless daring, and exultation to alarm in others.

'Nothing could have been more desperate than such an attempt to seize the vessel. The most culpable neglect could alone have encouraged it; and it is difficult to conceive how it could have succeeded, if anything like a proper stand had been made by those in charge of her when it commenced.

'The wounded were immediately landed, and conveyed to the hospital, and the dead bodies were afterwards brought on shore.

'The burial-ground is close to the beach. A heavy surf rolls mournfully over the reef. The moon had just risen, when, in deep and solemn silence, the bodies of these misguided men were lowered into the graves prepared for them. Away from home and country, they had found a fearful termination of a miserable existence. Perhaps ties had still bound them to the world; friends whom they loved were looking for their return, and, prodigals though they had been, would have blessed them, and forgiven their offences. Perhaps

A TALE OF NORFOLK ISLAND.

even at that sad moment mothers were praying for their lost ones, whom in all their infamy they had still fondly loved. Such thoughts filled my mind; and when a few drops of rain at that moment descended, I could not help thinking that they fell as tears from heaven over the guilt and misery of its children.

‘On the morning following the fatal occurrence, I visited the jail in which the mutineers were confined. The cells are small, but clean and light. In the first of them, I found George Beavers, Nicholas Lewis, and Henry Sears. Beavers was crouching in one corner of the cell, and looking sullen, and in despair. Lewis, who was walking the scanty space of the cell, seemed to glory in the rattle of his heavy chains; while Sears was stretched, apparently asleep, upon a grass mat. They were all heavily ironed, and every precaution had evidently been taken to prevent escape.

‘The jail is small, and by no means a secure one. It was once a public-house; and, notwithstanding every effort to adapt it to its present purpose, it is not a safe or proper place of confinement. It is little calculated to resist any attempt to rescue the men, whose daring conduct was the subject of high encomium among their fellow-prisoners, by whom any attempt to escape is considered a meritorious act. In the other cell I found Woolfe and Barry, the latter in much agony from an old wound in the leg, the pain of which had been aggravated by the heavy irons which galled it. All the prisoners, except Barry and Woolfe, readily acknowledged their participation in the attempt to seize the brig; but most solemnly denied any knowledge of a preconcerted plan to take her; or that they at least had attempted to throw the soldiers overboard. They were unwilling to be interrupted, and inveighed in the bitterest manner against some of their companions who had, they seemed to think, betrayed them, or at least had led them on, and at the moment of danger had flinched.

‘The names of the surviving mutineers were John Jones, Nicholas Lewis, Henry Sears, George Beavers, James Woolfe, Thomas Whelan, and Patrick Barry.

‘The depositions against them having been taken, all the men I have mentioned, with the exception of Jones and Whelan, who were wounded, were brought out to hear them read. They listened with calm attention, but none of them appeared to be much excited. Once only during the reading, Beavers passionately denied the statements made by one of the witnesses present, and was with difficulty silenced. His countenance at that moment was terribly agitated; every bad feeling seemed to mingle in its passionate expression. They were all young, powerful, and, with one or two exceptions, not at all ill-looking men.

‘From the jail I proceeded to the hospital, where the wounded men were lying. They had each received severe wounds in the thigh, and were in great agony. The violence of Jones was excessive.

A TALE OF NORFOLK ISLAND.

Weakened in some degree by an immense loss of blood, the bitterness of his spirit nevertheless exhibited itself in passionate bursts of impatience. He was occasionally convulsed with excessive pain; for the nerves of the thigh had been much lacerated, and the bone terribly shattered. His features were distorted with pain and anger, and occasionally bitter curses broke from his lips; yet there was something about his appearance which powerfully arrested my attention—an evident marking of intellect and character, repulsive in its present development, yet in many respects remarkable. His history had been a melancholy one, and, as illustrative of many thousand others, I give it as I afterwards received it from his lips.

At eleven years of age, he was employed in a warehouse in Liverpool as an errand-boy. While following this occupation, from which, by good-conduct, he might have risen to something better, he was met in the street one day by the lad whom he had succeeded in this employment, and was told by him how he might obtain money by robbing the warehouse, and then go with him to the theatre. He accordingly took an opportunity of stealing some articles which had been pointed out, and gave them to his companion, who, in disposing of them, was detected, and of course criminated Jones. After remaining some weeks in jail, Jones was tried, and acquitted; but his character being now gone, he became reckless, and commenced a regular career of depredation. In attempting another warehouse robbery, he was detected, and sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment. By the time he was released from this, he was well tutored in crime, and believed that he could now adroitly perform the same robbery in which he had previously failed. He made the attempt the very night of his release from jail, and with temporary success. Subsequently, however, he was detected, and received sentence of transportation for seven years. He underwent this sentence, and an additional one in Van Diemen's Land, chiefly at Port Arthur, the most severe of the penal stations there. From this place he, with Lewis, Moss (who was shot on board the brig), and Woolfe, having seized a whale-boat, effected their escape. During three months, they underwent the most extreme hardships from hunger and exposure. Once they had been without food for several days, and their last hook was over the boat's side; they were anxiously watching for a fish. A small blue shark took the bait, and in despair one of them dashed over the boat's side to seize the fish; his leg was caught by one of the others, and they succeeded in saving both man and hook. They eventually reached Twofold Bay, on the coast of New South Wales, and were then apprehended, conveyed to Sydney, and thence sent back to Van Diemen's Land; tried, and received sentence of death; but this was subsequently commuted to transportation for life to Norfolk Island.

'Jones often described to me the intense misery he had undergone during his career. He had never known what freedom was, and yet

incessantly longed for it. All alike confessed the unhappiness of their career. Having made the first false step into crime, they acknowledged that their minds became polluted by the associations they formed during imprisonment. Then they were further demoralised by thinking of the *glory*—such miserable glory!—attending a trial; and the hulks and the voyage out gave them a finished criminal training. The extent of punishment many of them have undergone during the period of transportation is almost incredible. I have known men whose original sentence of seven years has been extended over three times that period, and who, in addition to other punishment, have received five thousand or six thousand lashes!

‘After many solemn interviews with the mutineers, I found them gradually softening. They became more communicative, and extremely anxious to receive instruction. I think I shall never forget one of the earliest of these visits to them. I first saw Sears, Beavers, and Jones. After a long and interesting conversation with them, we joined in that touching confession of sin with which the liturgy of the Church of England commences. As we knelt together, I heard them repeat with great earnestness—“We have erred and strayed from Thy ways like lost sheep,” &c. When we arose, I perceived that each of them had been shedding tears. It was the first time I had seen them betray any such emotion, and I cannot tell how glad I felt; but when I proceeded afterwards to read to them the first chapter of Isaiah, I had scarcely uttered that most exquisite passage in the second verse—“I have nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against me”—when the claims of God, and *their* violation and rejection of them; His forbearance, and *their* ingratitude, appeared to overwhelm them; they sobbed aloud, and were thoroughly overpowered.

‘For a considerable time we talked together of the past, the wretched years they had endured, the punishments, and the crimes which had led to them, until they seemed to feel most keenly the folly of their sad career. We passed on to contrast the manner in which their lives had been spent, with what God and society required from them; their miserable perversion of God’s gifts, with the design for which He gave them, until we were led on to speak of hope and of faith; of Him who “willeth not the death of a sinner, but rather that he should turn from his wickedness and live;” and then the Saviour’s remonstrance seemed to arrest them—“Ye will not come to me that ye might have life;” until at length the influences of the Holy Spirit were supplicated with earnestness and solemnity. These instructions and such conversation were daily repeated; and henceforth each time I saw them I perceived a gradual but distinct unfolding of the affections and the understanding.

‘*August.*—The wounded men are much recovered, and the whole of the mutineers are now confined together in a large ward of the jail. They have long received extreme kindness from the commandant,

and are literally bewildered at finding that even this last act has not diminished the exercise of his benevolence. That anybody should care for them, or take such pains about them after their violent conduct, excited surprise—at first almost amounting to suspicion; but this at length gave place to the warmest gratitude. They were, in fact, subdued by it. They read very much, are extremely submissive, and carefully avoid the slightest infringement of the prison regulations. At first, all this was confined to the three men I have mentioned; but their steady consistency of conduct, and the strange transformation of character, so evident in them, gradually arrested the attention of the others, and eventually led to a similar result.

‘They will be detained here until the case has been decided by the authorities in Sydney. They will probably be tried by a commission sent from thence to the island for the purpose. Formerly, however, prisoners charged with capital offences here were sent up for trial; but (it is a horrible fact) this was found to lead to so much crime, that, at much inconvenience and expense, it was found absolutely necessary to send down a judicial commission on each important occasion, in order to prevent it. The mere excitement of a voyage, with the chances connected with it, nay, merely a wish to get off the island even for a time, led many men to commit crimes of the deepest dye in order to be sent to Sydney for trial.

‘Two months, therefore, at least must intervene between the perpetration of the offence and their trial; and this interval is usually employed in similar cases in arranging a defence but too commonly supported by perjury. In the present instance, I found not the slightest attempt to follow such a course. They declare that they expect death, and will gladly welcome it. Of their life, which has been a course of almost constant warfare with society, ending in remorseful feelings, they are all thoroughly weary, although only one of them exceeds thirty years of age.

‘In addition to the ordinary services, Captain Maconochie each Sunday afternoon has read prayers to them, and has given permission to a few of their friends to be present. Singular good has resulted from it, both to the men and those who join in their devotions. At the conclusion of one of these services, Sears stood up, and with his heart so full as scarcely to allow him utterance, to the surprise of every person there he addressed most impressively the men who were present. “Perhaps,” said he, “the words of one of yourselves, unhappily circumstanced as I am, may have some weight with you. You all know the life I have led; it has, believe me, been a most unhappy one; and I have, I hope not too late, discovered the cause of this. I solemnly tell you that it is because I have broken God’s laws. I am almost ashamed to speak, but I dare not be silent. I am going to tell you a strange thing. I never before was happy; I begin now, for the first time in my life, to *hope*. I am an ignorant

A TALE OF NORFOLK ISLAND.

man, or at least I was so; but I thank God I begin to see things in their right light now. I have been unhappily placed from my childhood, and have endured many hardships. I do not mention this to excuse my errors; yet if I had years since received the kindness I have done here, it might have been otherwise. My poor fellows, do turn over a new leaf; try to serve God, and you, too, will be happier for it." The effect was most thrilling; there was a deathlike silence; tears rolled down many cheeks, which I verily believe never before felt them; and without a word more, all slowly withdrew.

'This man's story is also a common, but painful one.' At fifteen years of age, he was transported for life as an accomplice in an assault and alleged robbery, of which, from circumstances which have since transpired, I have little doubt he was entirely innocent. During a long imprisonment in Horsham jail, he received an initiation in crime, which was finished during the outward voyage. Upon his arrival in New South Wales, he was assigned to a settler in the interior, a notoriously hard and severe man, who gave him but a scanty supply of food and clothing, and whose aim seemed to be to take the utmost out of him at the least possible expense. Driven at length to desperation, he, with three fellow-servants, absconded; and when taken, made a complaint to the magistrate, before whom they were brought almost without clothes. Their statements were found to be literally correct; but for absconding, they were sent to Newcastle, one of the penal stations of New South Wales, where Sears remained nearly two years. At the expiration of that time, he was again assigned, but unfortunately to a man, if possible, worse than his former employer, and again absconded. For this offence, he was sent to Moreton Bay, another penal settlement, and endured three years of horrible severity, starvation, and misery of every kind. His temper was by this time much soured; and, roused by the conduct of the overseers, he became brutalised by constant punishment for resisting them. After this, he was sent to Sydney, as one of the crew in the police-boat, of which he was soon made assistant-cockswain. For not reporting a theft committed by one of the men under his charge, he was sentenced to a road-party; and attempting to escape from it, he was apprehended, and again ordered to Moreton Bay for four years more. There he was again repeatedly flogged for disobedience and resistance of overseers, as well as attempting to escape; but having most courageously rendered assistance to a vessel wrecked off the harbour, he attracted the attention of the commandant, who afterwards shewed him a little favour. This was the first approach to kindness he had known since when, years before, he had left his home; and it had its usual influence. He never was again in a scrape there. His good-conduct induced the commandant to recommend him for a mitigation of sentence, which he received, and he was again employed in the police-boat. The

A TALE OF NORFOLK ISLAND.

free cockswain of the boat was, however, a drunkard, and intrusted much to Sears. Oftentimes he roused the men by his violence, but Sears contrived to subdue his passion. At length, one night returning to the hut drunk, the man struck at one of the crew with his cutlass, and the rest resisted and disarmed him. But the morning came; the case was heard; their story was disbelieved; and upon the charge and evidence of the aggressor, they were sent to an ironed gang, to work on the public roads. When Sears again became eligible for assignment, a person whom he had known in Sydney applied for him. The man must be removed within a fixed period after the authority is given. In this case, application was made a day beyond the prescribed time, and churlishly refused. The disappointment roused a spirit so untutored as his, and once again he absconded; was of course apprehended, tried, and being found with a man who had committed a robbery, and had a musket in his possession, was sent to Norfolk Island for life. This sentence has, however, for meritorious conduct, been reduced to fourteen years; and his ready assistance during a fire which recently broke out in the military garrison here, might possibly have helped to obtain a still further reduction. He never, during those abscondings, was absent for any long period, and never committed any act of violence. His constant attempt seems to have been to reach Sydney, in order to effect his escape from the scene of so much misery.

‘For some time past, I have noticed his quiet and orderly conduct, and was really sorry when I found him concerned in this unhappy affair. His desire for freedom was, however, most ardent, and a chance of obtaining it was almost irresistible. He has since told me that a few words kindly spoken to himself and others by Captain Maconochie when they landed, sounded so pleasantly to him—such are his own words—that he determined from that moment he would endeavour to do well. He assures me that he was perfectly unconscious of a design to take the brig, until awaked from his sleep a few minutes before the attack commenced; that he then remonstrated with the men; but finding it useless, he considered it a point of honour not to fail them. His anxiety for instruction is intense; he listens like a child; and his gratitude is most touching. He, together with Jones, Woolfe, and Barry, were chosen by the commandant as a police-boat’s crew; and had, up to this period, acted with great steadiness and fidelity in the discharge of the duties required from them. Nor do I think they would even now, tempting as the occasion was, have thought of seizing it, had it not been currently reported that they were shortly to be placed under a system of severity such as they had already suffered so much from.

‘Woolfe’s story of himself is most affecting. He entered upon evil courses when very young; was concerned in burglaries when only eleven years of age. Yet this was from no natural love of crime. Enticed from his home by boys older than himself, he soon wearied

A TALE OF NORFOLK ISLAND.

of the life he led, and longed to return to his home and his kind mother. Oftentimes he lingered near the street she lived in. Once he had been very unhappy, for he had seen his brother and sister that day pass near him, and it had rekindled all his love for them. They appeared happy in their innocence ; he was miserable in his crime. He now determined to go home and pray to be forgiven. The evening was dark and wet, and as he entered the court in which his friends lived, his heart failed him, and he turned back ; but, unable to resist the impulse, he again returned, and stole under the window of the room. A rent in the narrow curtain enabled him to see within. His mother sat by the fire, and her countenance was so sad, that he was sure she thought of him ; but the room looked so comfortable, and the whole scene was so unlike the place in which he had lately lived, that he could no longer hesitate. He approached the door ; the latch was almost in his hand, when shame and fear, and a thousand other vile and foolish notions, held him back ; and the boy who in another moment might have been happy—*was lost*. He turned away, and I believe has never seen them since. Going on in crime, he in due course of time was transported for robbery. His term of seven years expired in Van Diemen's Land. Released from forced servitude, he went a whaling-voyage, and was free nearly two years. Unhappily, he was then charged with aiding in a robbery, and again received a sentence of transportation. He was sent to Port Arthur, there employed as one of the boat's crew, and crossing the bay one day with a commissariat-officer, the boat was capsized by a sudden squall. In attempting to save the life of the officer, he was seized by his dying grasp, and almost perished with him ; but extricating himself, he swam back to the boat. Seeing the drowning man exhausted, and sinking, he dashed forward again, diving after him, and happily succeeded in saving his life. For this honourable act, he would have received a remission of sentence ; but ere it could arrive, he and five others made their escape. He had engaged with these men in the plan to seize the boat, and although sure of the success of the application in his favour, he could not now draw back. The result I have already shewn. There were two more men concerned in the mutiny, who, with those I have mentioned, and those killed on board the brig, made up the number of the boat's crew. But neither of these men came under my charge, being both Roman Catholics.

'At length the brig, which had been despatched with an account of the affair, returned, and brought the decision of the governor of New South Wales. He had found it extremely difficult, almost impossible, to obtain fitting members for the commission, who would be willing to accept the terms proposed by the government, or trust themselves in this dreadful place, and therefore he had determined that the prisoners should be sent up for trial. The men were sadly disappointed at this arrangement. They wished much to end their

A TALE OF NORFOLK ISLAND.

days here, and they dreaded both the voyage and the distracting effect of new scenes. They cling, too, with grateful attachment to the commandant's family, and the persons who, during their long imprisonment, had taken so strong an interest in their welfare. I determined to accompany them, and watch for their perseverance in well-doing, that I might counsel and strengthen them under the fearful ordeal I could not doubt they would have to pass.

'The same steady consistency marked the conduct of these men to the moment of their embarkation. There was a total absence of all excitement; one deep serious feeling appeared to possess them, and its solemnity was communicated to all of us. They spoke and acted as men standing on the confines of the unseen world, and who not only thought of its wonders, but, better still, seemed to have caught something of its spirit and purity.

'*November.*—The voyage up was a weary, and, to the prisoners, a very trying one. In a prison on the lower deck of a brig of one hundred and eighty-two tons, fifty-two men were confined. The place itself was about twenty feet square, of course low, and badly ventilated. The men were all ironed, and fastened to a heavy chain rove through iron rings let into the deck, so that they were unable, for any purpose, to move from the spot they occupied; scarcely, indeed, to lie down. The weather was also unfavourable. The vessel tossed and pitched most fearfully during a succession of violent squalls, accompanied by thunder and lightning. I cannot describe the wretchedness of these unhappy convicts; sick, and surrounded by filth, they were huddled together in the most disgusting manner. The heat was at times unbearable. There were men of sixty—quiet and inoffensive old men—placed with others who were as accomplished villains as the world could produce. These were either proceeding to Sydney, their sentences on the island having expired, or as witnesses in another case (a bold and wicked murder) sent there also for trial. The sailors on board the brig were for the most part the cowardly fellows who had so disgracefully allowed the brig to be taken from them; and they, as well as the soldiers on guard (some of them formed a part of the former one), had no very kindly feeling towards the mutineers. It may be imagined, therefore, that such feelings occasioned no alleviation of their condition. In truth, although there was no actual cruelty exhibited, they suffered many oppressive annoyances; yet I never saw more patient endurance. It was hard to bear, but their better principles prevailed. Upon the arrival of the vessel in Sydney, we learned that the case had excited an unusual interest. Crowds assembled to catch a glimpse of the men as they landed; and while some applauded their daring, the great majority very loudly expressed their horror at the crime of which they stood accused.

I do not think it necessary to describe the trial, which took place in a few days after landing. All were arraigned except Barry.

The prisoners' counsel addressed the jurors with powerful eloquence ; but it was in vain : the crime was substantiated ; and the jury returned a verdict of guilty against all the prisoners, recommending Woolfe to mercy.

'During the whole trial, the prisoners' conduct was admirable ; so much so, indeed, as to excite the astonishment of the immense crowd collected by curiosity to see men who had made so mad an attempt for liberty. They scarcely spoke, except once to request that the wounded man, who yet suffered much pain, might be allowed to sit down. Judgment was deferred until the following day. When they were then placed at the bar, the judge, in the usual manner, asked whether they had any reason to urge why sentence should not be pronounced upon them. It was a moment of deep solemnity ; every breath was held ; and the eyes of the whole court were directed towards the dock. Jones spoke in a deep clear voice, and in a deliberate harangue pointed out some defects in the evidence, though without the slightest hope, he said, of mitigating the sentence now to be pronounced on himself and fellows. Three of the others also spoke. Whelan said, "that he was not one of the men properly belonging to the boat's crew, but had been called upon to fill the place of another man, and had no knowledge of any intention to take the vessel, and the part he took on board was forced upon him. He was compelled to act as he had done ; he had used no violence, nor was he in any way a participator in any that had been committed." At the conclusion of the address to them, Jones, amidst the deep silence of the court, pronounced a most emphatic prayer for mercy on his own soul and those of his fellow-prisoners, for the judge and jury, and finally for the witnesses. Sentence of death was then solemnly pronounced upon them all ; but the judge informed Woolfe that he might hold out to him expectations that his life would be spared. They were then removed from the bar, and sent back to the condemned cells.

'I cannot say how much I dreaded my interview with them that day ; for although I had all along endeavoured to prepare their minds for the worst result, and they had themselves never for a moment appeared to expect any other than this, I feared that the realisation of their sad expectation would break them down. Hitherto, there might have been some secret hope sustaining them. The convulsive clinging to life, so common to all of us, would now, perhaps, be more palpably exhibited.

'Entering their cells, I found them, as I feared, stunned by the blow which had now fallen on them, and almost overpowered by mental and bodily exhaustion. A few remarks about the trial were at length made by them ; and from that moment I never heard them refer to it again. There was no bitterness of spirit against the witnesses, no expression of hostility towards the soldiers, no equivocation

in any explanation they gave. They solemnly denied many of the statements made against them; but, nevertheless, the broad fact remained, that they were guilty of an attempt to violently seize the vessel, and it was useless debating on minor considerations.

‘In the meantime, without their knowledge, petitions were prepared and forwarded to the judges, the governor, and executive council. In them were stated various mitigatory facts in their favour; and the meliorated character of the criminal code at home was also strongly urged. Every attention was paid to these addresses, following each other to the last moment. But all was in vain. The council sat, and determined that five of the men should be hanged on the following Tuesday. Whelan, who could have no previous knowledge of a plan to seize the vessel, together with Woolfe, was spared. The remaining four were to suffer. The painful office of communicating this final intelligence to these men was intrusted to me, and they listened to the announcement not without deep feeling, but still with composure.

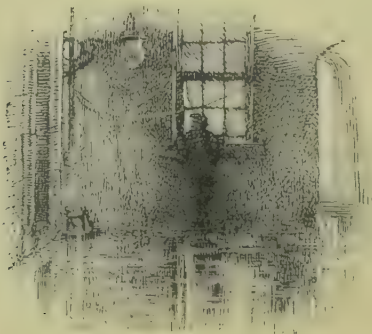
‘It would be very painful for me to dwell on the closing scene. The unhappy and guilty men were attended by the zealous chaplain of the jail, whose earnest exhortations and instructions they most gratefully received. The light of truth shone clearly on the past, and they felt that their manifold lapses from the path of virtue had been the original cause of the complicated misery they had endured. They entreated forgiveness of all against whom they had offended, and in the last words to their friends were uttered grateful remembrances to Captain Maconochie, his family, and others. At the place of execution, they behaved with fortitude and a composure befitting the solemnity of the occasion. Having retired from attendance upon them in their last moments, I was startled from the painful stupor which succeeded in my own mind, by the loud and heavy bound of the drop as it fell, and told me that their spirits had gone to God who gave them.’

Our reverend informant, in closing his narrative, adds some reflections on the painful nature of the tragedy in which he was called to lend his professional assistance. He laments the general harshness of penal discipline as then administered, and attributes the last fatal crime of these men to the arrival of orders which shut out all hope of any improvement being effected in their circumstances, however well they might behave. Previously, he says, while hope was permitted to them, they had conducted themselves well. While agreeing in his humane views, we would at the same time avoid appearing as the apologists of crime under any circumstances. Our main object in laying the foregoing narrative before the world in its present shape, is to impress those who may be tottering on the verge of crime with the danger of their situation—to shew them that

A TALE OF NORFOLK ISLAND.

a course of error is a course of misery, ending in consequences the most afflicting.

Since the foregoing narrative was written, the treatment of convicts has undergone considerable change, government having found the experiment of transporting the worse class of criminals from New South Wales to Norfolk Island to be a failure. The penal settlement was therefore broken up in 1855, and convicts are now confined in different establishments in the United Kingdom, where, without subjecting them to absolute silence or solitude, they are separated from the contaminating society of each other. Under the present system, it is a fixed principle never to allow, if at all possible, the punishment—while it may be made to any extent disagreeable—to injure either the body or the mind. Male convicts are therefore never kept beyond nine months, and females a few months longer, in solitary confinement, after which they are gradually brought back to the habits of the freer population. They are then employed, under careful supervision, at different trades, so that they may earn their bread when set at liberty. The *morale* by which the convicts are now kept in order, is a series of rewards for good conduct, culminating in a remission of part of their sentence, the results of which system have yet to be seen.





THE TWO BEGGAR BOYS.

A STORY FOR THE YOUNG.

BY MRS CROWE, AUTHORESS OF 'SUSAN HOPLEY.'



CANNOT encourage a boy of your age in begging,' said a gentleman to a little lad, about ten years old, who entreated him to give him a halfpenny; 'you should work, not beg.' 'I have not got any work,' answered the boy. 'Would you do it if you had?' inquired the gentleman. 'Yes,' said the boy.

'What are your parents?' asked the gentleman. 'My father's dead,' replied the child, 'and my mother begs, and sends me out to beg; but I keep away from her, because she beats me.'

'And where do you sleep at night, when you don't go home?'

'Anywhere I can—under a hedge, or in a doorway; sometimes I get into a stable-loft or an empty cart.'

'That's a miserable life,' returned the gentleman; 'come with me and I'll give you a trial. What is your name?'

'George Macmahon.'

'Come along, then, George Macmahon. Now if you are wise, this may prove the turn of your fortune; but remember, beginnings are slow; you must work first for small wages till you are stronger

THE TWO BEGGAR BOYS.

and able to earn more ; but if I see that you are willing to work, I will do what I can for you.'

This gentleman, whose name was Herriott, was the overseer of some public works ; so, as George's capabilities were yet but limited, he put a hammer into his hand, and set him to break stones, promising that if he were diligent, and broke as many as he could, he should have eightpence a day, and a place to sleep in at night.

George Macmahon set to his work apparently with a good heart. The stones were not very hard, and they had already been broken into small pieces—his business was to break them still smaller ; and when he exerted his strength and struck them a good blow, he could do it very well. However, when he had worked a little while, he began to make rather long pauses between his strokes, and to look a good deal about him, especially when any well-dressed persons passed that way ; and once or twice, when he thought no one was looking, he threw down his hammer, and applied himself to his former trade of begging for a halfpenny to buy a bit of bread. When he had in this way made out some three or four hours, he was accosted by an acquaintance of his, a boy about his own age, who was also a beggar. The only difference in their situation was, that the mother of the latter was very sickly, and unable to support him ; but she did not beat him, and would not have sent him to beg if she could have done anything better for him.

'What !' said the new-comer, whose name was John Reid ; 'have you got leave to break stones?'

'Yes,' answered George, 'a gentleman has given me a job ; I am to have *eightpence* a day and a place to sleep in ;' and George at that moment felt himself a person of considerable consequence.

'I wish he would give me a job too,' said John ; 'do you think he would?'

'You can ask him if you like,' answered George ; 'that's his office, and I saw him go in there just now.' So John presented himself to Mr Herriott, and said he should be very glad if he would give him a job as he had done to George Macmahon ; and after asking him a few questions, Mr Herriott supplied him with a hammer, and set him to work.

It was quite evident, from the way he set about it, that it was John Reid's intention to break as many stones as he could ; and accordingly, by night his heap was much larger than George Macmahon's, although he had not worked so long ; but then he hit them with all his might, did not make long pauses between his strokes to look about him, and when any well-dressed persons passed, instead of slipping away to beg for a halfpenny, he only grasped his hammer with more firmness, gave harder blows, and appeared more intent upon his work ; for, thought he, it makes one look respectable to be employed, but everybody despises beggars. At night they each got their eightpence ; for although George had not worked as hard

THE TWO BEGGAR BOYS.

as he could. Mr Herriott did not wish to discourage him; and having bought themselves some supper, they were conducted to a shed, where they passed the night on some clean straw—a much more comfortable bed than they were accustomed to. On the following morning they both repaired to their toil at the sound of the bell—John Reid with rather augmented vigour; but after the first half hour, George Macmahon's strokes became lighter, and his pauses longer, till at last he threw down his hammer and burst out into a fit of laughter.

'What's the matter?' said John; 'what are you laughing at?'

'Why, I am laughing to think what fools the gentlefolks must be to suppose we'll work for eightpence a day at breaking these stones, when we can earn a shilling a day by begging, and our food besides; for people give us enough to eat at their doors, and then we can spend our money in drink.'

'But then,' said John, 'we are only beggars, and that's such a disgrace.'

'Disgrace!' said George; 'pooh! who cares for that? Surely it's better to live without working, if one can?'

'I don't know that,' said John: 'besides, you know, if we go on begging, we shall never get to be better off—we shall always be beggars to the last; but if we work when we are young, we may grow rich by the time we are old, and live like the gentlefolks.'

'It's a long time to wait for what may never happen,' replied George; 'besides I'm tired of work—it makes my arm ache. There's a carriage coming down the hill with some ladies in it!' added he suddenly, and away he ran to beseech the ladies to give him a halfpenny to buy a bit of bread. They threw him sixpence. 'Now, look here,' said he to his comrade; 'here's nearly a day's wages just for the asking; one must break a pretty lot of stones before one earns sixpence. Come along: throw down your hammer, and let's be off before Mr Herriott sees us.'

'No, I shan't,' responded John; 'I shall stay here and break the stones; but I wish, if you mean to go, you would call and tell my mother where I am, and that she shall see me on Sunday.'

'Sunday!' cried George; 'you don't mean to stay here till Sunday, do you?'

'Yes, I do,' said John; 'I'll stay as long as they'll keep me.'

George went away laughing at the folly of his companion; and when he met Jane Reid begging, he told her she might expect to see John before Sunday, for he was sure his arm would be so tired that he would soon give up breaking stones.

But George was mistaken: John's arm was tired at first, it is true, but it soon got accustomed to the labour, and then it ceased to ache, and grew daily stronger. Mr Herriott paid him his eightpence every night, and let him sleep in the shed; but he took little more notice of him, for he looked upon it as pretty certain that he would follow

THE TWO BEGGAR BOYS.

the same course as George Macmahon had done, and disappear; and he was justified in thinking so, for he had put several beggar boys to the same proof, and not one of them had held out above a couple of days. However, when a week had elapsed, and John Reid was still hammering away as hard as ever, he began to think better of him—spoke to him encouragingly as he passed, shewed him how to do his work with the greatest ease to himself, and occasionally sent him out a slice of bread and meat from his own kitchen. In short, John Reid grew into favour, and Mr Herriott began to think of putting him into some employment more fit for him than breaking stones, which he was scarcely strong enough to do yet with advantage to himself or his employer. He therefore took him off the road, and set him to remove some earth where they wanted to make a drain; and when this was done, he was sent amongst the carters, to help to load the carts, and learn how to manage the horses. Thus, as is always the case with boys who are industriously inclined, John got on from one thing to another, till he found the way to make himself really useful; and as he always did whatever was given him to do to the best of his abilities, his services were soon in general request among the men; and John's place became no sinecure. He worked hard all day, but then his wages were raised to six shillings a week; he had enough to eat, and he could afford to pay for half a bed, which was a comfort he had very seldom enjoyed; and then he had the satisfaction of seeing that he was getting on, and gaining the confidence of his employers. It is true he was often extremely tired after his day's work, yet he felt contented and happy, and rejoiced that he had not followed the example of George Macmahon; for he had earned a treasure that George knew nothing of—the treasure of hope—hope for the future—hope that he might some day have good clothes and a nice house, and live comfortably 'like the gentlefolks,' and be called *Sir*, as Mr Herriott was; for John thought it must be very pleasant to be respected and looked up to. And John was quite right—it was a very legitimate object of ambition; and it would be well if it were more generally entertained amongst the poor, because there is but one road to success, and that is by the way of industry and honesty. John felt this, and that was the reason he liked his work: he saw that it made him respectable, because it is respectable to be useful. Indeed the being useful is the source of the only true respect mankind can ever enjoy; all the homage which is yielded to their other attributes—wealth, station, and power—unless these are beneficially exercised—that is, made useful—is only factitious; a sentiment compounded of fear, baseness, and self-interest.

Amongst the persons under Mr Herriott was a young man called Gale, who acted as clerk and bookkeeper. His connections were in rather a superior condition of life; but having been himself imprudent, and reduced to distress, interest had been made with Mr

THE TWO BEGGAR BOYS.

Herriott's employers, who had appointed him to the situation he held. But adversity had not remedied the faults of his character ; he was still too fond of company and convivial parties, and not unfrequently, for the sake of yielding to their seductions, neglected his business.

One Saturday, about three months after John Reid's first introduction to Mr Herriott, that gentleman had desired Gale to go to the town, which was about two miles distant, and bring back the money that would be wanted to pay the men's wages at night ; but in the morning Gale forgot it, and in the afternoon there was some amusement in the way that made him dislike the expedition. So he looked about for some one to send in his place, and at last fixed upon John, because he could be the best spared, and was the least likely to be missed ; his work being of such various kinds, that if he were not seen busy in one spot, he would be supposed to be busy in another. So he despatched John with a note, desiring the money might be given to the bearer ; and although the agent thought *the bearer* rather an odd person to be intrusted with so large a sum, he did not consider himself justified in withholding the money ; and consequently John received a bundle of bank-notes, which he buttoned carefully up in his pocket, and set off back again. On his way he fell in with Maggy Macmahon, George's mother. She was begging ; and seeing that he looked decent, and no longer wore his beggar's rags, she told him that she supposed, now he was grown such a great man, he could afford to give a poor body a penny. John had some pence in his pocket ; and more, perhaps, from a little pardonable vanity than from charity—for he knew Maggy to be a bad woman—he unbuttoned his pocket in order to comply with her request ; but he had no sooner done so than she caught sight of the bank-notes, and made a snatch at them, calling him, at the same time, a young thief, and asking him where he had stole all that money from. Failing, however, in her object, she tried to seize him by the collar, but John slipped through her fingers and took to his heels. She ran after him for some time, calling '*Stop thief*'—but as there was nobody at hand to stop him, and as, being half-intoxicated, she could not overtake him herself, she soon gave up the chase, and John arrived safe with his charge, and delivered it to Gale. But Maggy, who had heard from her own son where John was employed, was shrewd enough to guess that he had been sent to fetch the money to pay the week's wages, and that, probably, on the following or some other Saturday, he might be employed on the same errand ; and as the road was not much frequented, it occurred to her that, with a coadjutor, if not alone, she could hardly fail to obtain the booty.

It happened as Maggy had expected. John having been found a faithful messenger on the first occasion, the next time Gale's engagements made it inconvenient for him to go himself, he

THE TWO BEGGAR BOYS.

despatched him again. John went, accordingly, and received the money : but remembering what had happened on his former expedition, and having the fear of Maggy before his eyes, he hid the money this time in his bosom, resolving to run all the way back, and not to answer her if she accosted him. But Maggy was too cunning for him ; she had watched him up to the town ; and not doubting the purpose of his errand, she waylaid him on his return, selecting for her purpose the most lonely part of the road, and taking her son George with her as a reinforcement. Thus, when the poor boy approached, she suddenly darted out from her concealment, and seizing him by the arm, told him that if he did not give her the money he was carrying she would kill him ; but instead of doing what she desired, John cried out for help, and struggled hard to get away ; and as he was an active boy, he did at last succeed in releasing himself from her grasp ; but unfortunately, just as he was taking to his heels, his clothes having been loosened in the scuffle, the bundle of notes fell from his bosom to the ground, and were in an instant picked up by George, who had been hitherto an inactive spectator of the conflict. As soon as Maggy saw that her object was attained, she made no further effort to detain John ; but, deaf to his entreaties to restore him the money, she, with her son, started off in an opposite direction, declaring that if he attempted to follow her she would take his life. But John, too much alarmed at his loss to heed her threats, persisted in following her, hoping to meet some one to whom he could appeal for assistance ; but Maggy obviated this danger by cutting across the fields, till at length, finding she could not get rid of him, she turned suddenly round, and with a savage blow felled him to the earth. By the time John had risen and wiped the blood from his face, Maggy and her son were far out of his reach, so there was nothing left for him but to pursue his way home, which he did with a heavy heart, greatly fearing that this misfortune would bring him much trouble, and perhaps be the occasion of his losing his situation.

As may be imagined, Gale, when he heard John's story, was extremely frightened, and, consequently, extremely angry, for he knew very well the fault was his own, and that his neglect of duty would now be disclosed to Mr Herriott ; and as fear and anger are apt to render people very unjust, he refused to believe John's account of the matter, accusing him in one breath of carelessness, and in the next of dishonesty, threatening to turn him off, and to have him up to the police ; but as he could not do either of his own authority, he began by dragging him to Mr Herriott's office, and presenting him to that gentleman in the guise of a culprit brought up for chastisement. After reproving Gale severely for delegating a commission of such a nature to another, and especially to a boy who had so lately been taken off the streets, Mr Herriott turned to John to hear what he had to say for himself, not doubting

THE TWO BEGGAR BOYS.

that the temptation had been too strong for a lad brought up under circumstances so unfavourable, and that he was really guilty of appropriating the money. 'But who has given you that blow on the face?' inquired he, on observing that John's nose had been bleeding, and that his mouth was swollen.

'Maggy Macmahon,' said he, 'because I ran after her to try to get the money back; and after she had knocked me down, she ran so fast that I could not overtake her; but if you'd be pleased to send to where she lives, perhaps you might catch her, and get it yet.'

This suggestion, whether honestly offered or not, Mr Herriott thought it right to follow; so, having hastily gathered an outline of the case from John, he despatched him, with three of his most trusty workmen, to look after Maggy, giving the men strict orders not to let John escape, nor even to lose sight of him for a moment. But neither Maggy nor George was to be found at their lodgings; neither did they return there all night; so on the following day, the police having been put upon the alert, the expedition presented themselves before Mr Herriott with John still in their custody, but without any tidings of the money. The disappearance of the mother and son was in some degree a confirmation of the boy's story, and disposed Mr Herriott to listen with a more believing ear to what he said. Still it was possible that there might have been collusion amongst the parties, and that John's share of the booty was somewhere secured for him till he could accept it without danger; and then it occurred to Mr Herriott that very likely it had been given to his mother. The police were therefore desired to investigate the matter, and keep a close eye upon Jane Reid's proceedings; but, on inquiry, it appeared that Jane Reid was in the hospital ill of a fever, and had been there for some days. So far the circumstances were favourable to John, as was also the discovery that he had brought the money safely on a former occasion; therefore, though still uncertain what to think, Mr Herriott did not turn him away, but merely kept him under strict *surveillance*, desiring the men he could trust to lose sight of him as little as possible. Thus John went on as before, doing his duty as well as he could: but he was not so happy, because he felt he was suspected; and he saw little hopes of his justification, for Maggy and George returned no more to their lodging, nor did the police succeed in tracing them.

However, fortunately, when people intend to do right, being watched is much to their advantage; and so it proved with John, for the more narrowly his conduct was observed, the more reason Mr Herriott saw to approve it; and as time advanced, and his acquaintance with John increased, he became thoroughly satisfied that the account the boy had given of the notes had been correct, and that he had actually been robbed of them. This conviction

THE TWO BEGGAR BOYS.

was accompanied by a great increase of interest for John, who, he felt, had been injured by the suspicion, and had thus had an additional difficulty thrown in his upward path, and one that, in a less well-disposed boy, might have discouraged him altogether from well-doing; for, besides the mortification of being doubted, John had many crosses to bear from Gale, who resented the loss of the money as the cause of his own exposure, and took many opportunities of making the culprit feel the weight of his displeasure. But Mr Herriott's favour and good opinion were the road to fortune, and John seeing that, bore Gale's ill-will with patience; and accordingly, in spite of it, he rose from one thing to another, till he found himself in a situation of trust and authority, being employed as clerk and overseer under Mr Herriott, with a salary of one hundred pounds a year. This happened when John was twenty-five, exactly fifteen years after the time when he had found George breaking stones, and had asked Mr Herriott to let him have a hammer and give him a job.

John Reid was now a very happy young man, and his mother was a happy woman; for, having recovered from her fever, she was now kindly provided with every comfort in a neat and decent house by her dutiful son, and did not any longer need to lower herself by begging for a subsistence. John was the more happy from the contrast betwixt the present and the past, his comfortable and respectable situation being very unlike the prospect that had opened itself to him in his early years, when, a beggar born, he saw no hopes of ever being anything else; and nothing else would he ever have been, had he not had the wisdom to seize upon fortune, and having once laid hold of her, taken good care not to let her go again. The opportunity had offered—John had *seized* it—George had *refused* it—and these reflections led him often to think of George, and to wonder what was become of him; the more especially as he could not but remember that George was, in fact, the humble instrument of his own good-fortune; for had he not seen him breaking the stones, it never would have occurred to him to make the application for himself.

It happened, on the occasion of some public rejoicing, that the men were allowed to leave work early, and some indulgences were given to permit of their spending the evening convivially together; but Mr Herriott particularly charged John to see that there was no drunkenness or disorder; and with this view, John put on his hat and cloak a little before midnight, in order to ascertain that the party had broken up, and that the men had retired peaceably to their beds. It was in the depth of winter, the weather was very cold, and the snow was lying three feet deep upon the ground. Having seen that the place where the men had supped was empty, and that all was apparently quiet in the cottages where they slept, Reid gladly turned towards his own dwelling, for the cold gusts of

THE TWO BEGGAR BOYS.

wind that seemed to blow through him, and the sharp sleet that drove against his face, brought out in bold relief the comforts of his tidily-furnished room, bright fire, and wholesome bed; but as he passed a temporary building which had been run up to defend some stores from the weather, he fancied he heard a groan. He listened, and it was repeated. 'Ah!' thought he, 'after all I am afraid they have not been so steady as I had hoped; this is some drunken fellow, I suppose, paying the penalty of his excesses;' and he turned into the shed to see who it was. He had a lantern in his hand, and by its dim light he perceived a bundle of rags in one corner, whence the sounds proceeded, and on touching the object with his foot, a face was lifted up from the heap—a face on which death was imprinted, and which, with its hollow eyes, stared upon him with a meaningless stare, that shewed that the senses were paralysed by the wretchedness to which the body was reduced. Seeing that this poor creature must die if he remained exposed to the cold of the night, John called up one of the workmen, and with his assistance removed him to a warmer situation; and there, after a little while, the heat of the stove, and a glass of warm brandy and water which they procured from Mr Herriott's house, restored the sufferer to consciousness. John then offered him something to eat; but he shook his head, and said if it had come earlier it might have done him good, but that now he believed he was past eating. And so he was—and yet he was but a youth; but intemperance when he had money, and want and exposure to the inclemency of the weather when he had none, had done the work of years, and he had reached the last stage of his pilgrimage upon earth. In the morning, Mr Herriott, hearing of the circumstance, came to see him, and perceiving that death was fast approaching, he asked him where he came from, and if he had any friends? The man lifted up his heavy eyelids on hearing the interrogation; but when his eyes fell on Mr Herriott's features, a ray of intelligence and recognition shot from them. 'Ah, sir!' said he, 'I know you, but you have forgotten me.'

'Did I ever see you before?' said Mr Herriott.

'You once gave me a job, sir, and said you'd be a friend to me,' answered the miserable creature; 'but I hadn't the sense to see what was for my own good. There was a boy, called John Reid'—

'Ah!' said Mr Herriott, interrupting him, for he recognised at once who the stranger was, and saw the importance of seizing the opportunity to clear his friend John's character from the shadow of an imputation—'I remember you now, and John Reid too; but John got into trouble about some money that he lost betwixt this and the town. Did you ever hear anything of it?'

'Did he lose his situation for it?' said the dying man, making an effort to raise himself on his elbow—'that was hard—very hard, for

THE WIDOW'S SON.

he couldn't help it ; we took the money from him, I and my mother—but it did us no good ; it was soon gone, and then she took to thieving to get more, and made me thief too. It's too late now : but if I'd stayed and broken the stones, it might have been different with me this day ; but I was idle, and let the chance slip by me, and I never got another. I wish I could live my life over again, and I would behave differently ; but that is impossible. I can now only hope that God will have mercy on me.' In a few minutes the poor wretch breathed his last, presenting a melancholy sight to those who saw him expire.

And such was the dismal end of George Macmahon, the beggar, who refused to work because he could get a shilling a day and his food without the inconvenience of labour.

But John Reid, who reflected that a beggar can never be anything but a beggar, and who thought it must be pleasant to be respected, and wear good clothes, and be called '*Sir*, like the gentlefolks,' lived to see his honest ambition realised ; and after passing his existence in peace, plenty, and contentment—having risen step by step, till, at Mr Herriott's death, he was appointed to that gentleman's situation—died at a good old age, on a bed surrounded by his children and his grandchildren, to whom he left a comfortable provision, and the blessed inheritance of a *good name*.

THE WIDOW'S SON.

A TALE.

BY MRS STONE, AUTHORESS OF THE 'COTTON LORD.'

'COME, Susan, do not take on so ; it is true the death of your husband is a sad loss ; still it is your duty to submit.'

'I know that,' said Susan to her visitor ; 'I know that ; but it is thain hard.' And the new-made widow wrung her hands, and wept in the extremity of grief. Just then a gentleman entered the cottage.

'I'm glad you're come, sir, for Susan's in a sad way ; mayhap you can make her hear reason.'

'She must have time, poor woman ; she must have time. Don't bother her, Betty ; let her weep ; it will do her good.'

So saying, the gentleman, who was Mr Fenton, the master of the free grammar-school, sat down, took the widow's only child, a boy of about four years, between his knees, and began to talk to the visitor on indifferent topics.

By degrees the paroxysm of the poor woman's grief subsided ;

THE WIDOW'S SON.

though she still wept, her tears fell calmly, and she was able to look about her, and to pay some attention to the conversation of those who were around.

Mr Fenton, though he appeared to take no notice, had observed her from time to time, quietly waiting till she would be in a state to 'hear reason,' as her friend Betty termed it, before he addressed her; and when he did so, to Betty's great surprise, it was to talk hopefully of the future, not to lament over the past.

'What a fine boy Tommy is grown,' said he, stroking the boy's head; 'how old is he now?'

'I am five year old,' said Tommy, quite manfully.

'Five years! why, you're growing quite a man. What do you mean to do with him, Susan?'

'I know not, sir; he's owre young yet for aught. He's a good child, but a sore burden for a lone woman to have to keep.'

'A sore burden! not at all, if you train him up well, and make him useful. He might do something now.'

'No, no; he's owre young yet for aught but play.'

'My good woman, the plays children find for themselves are far harder and more toilsome than any work I would put him to. The habit, the early habit of industry and usefulness, is what you must try to give your child; and that habit alone is the best fortune he can have. But, as I said, he is not too young even now to achieve something useful, as well as to gain a habit of industry. He can pick up stones, I warrant.'

'Yes, to be sure,' said the widow.

'Yes, and I'll be bound he could weed out the groundsel and chickweed in a garden bed, if he were kindly and plainly shewn which they are.'

'Yes, he's a sharp boy, and minds what's said to him.'

'Sharp and attentive, and five years old! oh, never tell me he can do nothing. I hear you begin your charring again on Monday, and Mrs Fenton says, that now the school's so full, she can find you almost constant employment at our house. Now, Susan, listen to me. Bring your boy with you; I have a small field I want cleared of stones; I have some rough but very easy and light work in my garden. I will take care that the child is properly set agoing. Thus he will be out of harm's way; he will be acquiring a habit of industry, besides learning his letters; and he will be even earning a trifle towards his own support. You will mind what I say?'

'I will, sir, and I offer you many, many thanks.'

The good effect of this judicious kindness on the poor woman was immediate; for the remainder of the funeral week, instead of being passed in vain tears and lamentations, was busily occupied in mending up Tommy's clothes, that he might 'go decent o' Monday.'

Monday came, and Tommy was duly initiated into the mystery not

THE WIDOW'S SON.

merely of filling a little basket with stones, and emptying it again (for in that he was, like the rest of the world of children, a tolerable proficient), but he was taught always to empty the basket at one spot, so as to make a heap ; and he directly felt a laudable pride in the size of his heap, and worked manfully.

It was no very long time before Tommy became really useful, for he was docile, and attentive, and industrious. The schoolmaster—whose servant, before her marriage, Susan had been, and who respected her for her strict integrity and steady industry—kept, amid his own important avocations, an observant eye on her boy, and took care that some sort of work, suited to his age, should always be found for him. In due time Tommy was elevated to the post of errand-boy and shoe-cleaner to the school, and there was now no need to seek out for work for him ; his own vocation brought him abundance ; but the principle of industry was already securely inculcated ; the boy never shirked his work.

It was about this time that Mr Fenton frequently observed Tom and his own son, who was a year or two younger, in earnest conference apart from the other boys. Their usual rendezvous was the steps of a dry well in the playground. One day he came upon them quite unexpectedly, and both boys started, whilst his own endeavoured to huddle something into his pocket.

‘What is that you are hiding, Harry?’ said Mr Fenton. ‘Give it to me.’

‘Please, father, it’s only this,’ said the boy holding out a tattered horn-book.

‘Why do you hide this, Harry? What are you doing with it?’

‘Only teaching Tom to read, father.’

‘Which is creditable both to you and him. You need not be ashamed of it, either of you. So, you wish to learn to read, Tom?’

‘I would give all I have in the world to learn, sir.’

‘Well, my boy,’ said Mr Fenton, smiling, ‘it shall not cost you so much as that ; nevertheless, you must pay for it.’

Tom stared at the idea of *his* paying, and so did Harry.

‘What I mean is this, Tom: you are hired here to perform certain duties, you are paid for doing them ; and I must have none of them omitted, or even neglected. But, by *working a little harder*, you may contrive to have a spare hour in the afternoon, and that hour you may spend in the school-room. This extra work, Tom, this coming an hour earlier in the morning, or working in your dinner-hour—for one or the other you must do—this is the way in which you must pay for your learning ; and, as you grow older, you will find that nothing great or important can be achieved without self-denial and exertion ; you must begin to practise both *now*, even to learn to read.’

A proud day was it for Tom Multon, and for his happy mother, when, with newly washed hands, and a face as shining as soap and

THE WIDOW'S SON.

water could make it, he made his first appearance in the school-room as a *scholar*. He blushed scarlet, and felt painfully confused as he glanced timidly round and saw the jeering and quizzical looks that were cast on him; but Harry Fenton smiled kindly on him; and the usher, who had been previously instructed by Mr Fenton, called him to a form near himself, and immediately set him to work.

From this day Tom never once missed his afternoon attendance at school; his time of entering became earlier and earlier, till at last he habitually came in almost as soon as the bell rang. Mr Fenton at first made some remark, as, 'Are you not too early, Tom?' but the invariable answer was, 'I've done my work, sir, every bit of it;' and as the answer was always true, as nothing of his regular employment was ever neglected, the schoolmaster ceased to notice the matter.

He could not shut his eyes, however, to the extraordinary progress Tom made in his schooling. The usher, who began to take quite a pride in the boy, frequently called his attention to the fact, and begged him to enlarge the circumscribed plan which he had laid down for his learning. For a long time Mr Fenton refused to do this. He was afraid of entailing misery on the boy, by giving him tastes beyond what his station in life would permit him to gratify. His mother was earning her bread by the sorest drudgery; the boy had no prospect but of doing the same; and he thought that, by enabling him to read English, to write a little, and cast common accounts, he was giving him learning sufficient to make him respectable in his own station of life, and even to elevate him moderately above it. He was not proof, however, against the repeated hints of his usher, the solicitations of his own son, and more especially the patient perseverance of the boy himself, when he found that he had absolutely, against orders, been secretly toiling at the Latin grammar. Moreover, he began to feel that, possessing, from his own position, every facility to help Tom forward, he might himself be doing wrong to repress, determinately, the evidently strong bent of his disposition. The boy was quiet and docile, perseveringly *industrious* in all he had to do, but above all, *fond of his book*.

So, having at length made up his own mind, the schoolmaster betook himself to the widow, to induce her to dispense with the present profit of her son's labour, and to let him give himself entirely to the school. She remonstrated sorely: 'she saw no good so much learning would do him; she was a lone widow; she had nobody to work for her; and she could not afford to keep a great boy like him in idleness.'

The schoolmaster urged her to try, for her boy's sake, for his future good; and at length, but not without considerable difficulty, he obtained her consent, promising that she should be at no expense about books, and that he would endeavour to help her in the matter of clothes.

THE WIDOW'S SON.

These latter stipulations Mr Fenton managed in a peculiar way ; for, with a heart open as the day to charity, he had not a purse wherewithal to second his wishes.

‘I have a great favour to beg of you, Mr Courtney,’ said he to a gentleman who had come to take his son home for the holidays.

‘Pray, name it, Mr Fenton ; I shall feel much pleasure in obliging you, if it be in my power.’

‘It is quite so, easily so. I have a *protégé*, a poor lad, humble and industrious, but with such an irrepressible love of books that it is useless to attempt to curb it. I am willing to give him the run of the school ; his mother, a hard-working woman, consents to give up his time ; but we are at a loss for clothes and books. Your son is about a year older, and my petition to you is, that I may have Master Edward’s cast-off suit, at the end of each half-year, for poor Tom Multon.’

‘Oh, willingly—most willingly.’

‘And perhaps I may be permitted to take Mr Edward’s school classics as he relinquishes them : truth compels me to say, they will hardly grace your library shelves after they have done duty here.’

There is hardly need to add, that ready permission was granted, and, moreover, that a lasting interest in his fortunes was thus awakened for Tom in Mr Courtney’s breast. Similar applications were made, as they became requisite, by Mr Fenton to other parents, and with the like success. Thus was the errand-boy provided regularly and permanently with clothes, with books, and placed in the path of scholarship. And he became a scholar ; not a great, not a shining one, but a safe, a sure, a correct one. He was always assiduous, always attentive, always industrious. If he made no great or sudden steps forward, he never retrograded ; and thus gradually and surely winning his onward way, he was fully qualified in a few years to succeed, in the post of usher, the young man who had so kindly and cordially co-operated with Mr Fenton in his education. And it may be doubtful whether Tom Multon himself, now called Mr Thomas, was more proud of his advancement than was his ever-kind patron, Mr Fenton, or his fast friend, Harry Fenton, who was now bound for the university.

But there was yet another who, silent, unobserved, unsuspected, watched Tom Multon’s progress with a far deeper interest than either his patron, his school-friend, or even she who watched his cradle, and fostered him with a mother’s love. This was a young girl of domestic habits and retired manners, gentle and unobtrusive, who had been nurtured from infancy in the house which now, since he assumed the duties of usher, was also his home. Rose Fenton was an orphan, but not a destitute one, for her good uncle and guardian had taken care that the little patrimony bequeathed to her should not diminish in his hands. She was kind and good-tempered, a clever housewife for her years, obliging to those about

THE WIDOW'S SON.

her, and very good to her poor neighbours. Her uncle used to say jokingly, but most kindly, that she was 'cut out for a parson's wife;' but at present all Rose's hopes and wishes seemed to be centered in the home of her childhood. But ere long they began to stray, and it could not escape the notice of so observant a person as Mr Fenton, that a warm and mutual attachment was ripening between his usher and his niece.

At first this sorely grieved and perplexed him; for he felt, naturally enough, the inequality of their stations; for, though bred up in a homely and domestic way, Rose Fenton had a right to look to a much higher marriage than one with the child of charity, the son of his charwoman, Susan. But when, again, he reflected on the youth's course of conduct even from his cradle until now; his unvarying integrity, industry, and docility; his good temper, his kind disposition, and the advance in station which his own unwearied perseverance had already achieved—he thought perhaps he might rather congratulate his niece than otherwise. He determined to let matters take their course.

But whatever hopes Thomas Multon might secretly cherish, he was too prudent as yet to give any expression to them. True, he had made his way wonderfully; but he felt he had yet much to achieve ere he dared to whisper his hopes to Miss Fenton, or seek the approbation of her uncle. His mother was yet drudging as a servant; she, who had for years deprived herself of every superfluity, in order to procure him the necessaries of life whilst he was a school-boy—a mere burden on her hands. His first object must be to place her above want. He had, from the moment he received a fixed allowance as assistant-teacher, set aside a part of it for her; but she, with the energy which had characterised her, placed it, with her other little savings, to accumulate. 'She did not need to rest yet,' she said. Nevertheless, her son hoped to see her rest before long.

So some years passed away, whilst he continued patiently toiling through his duties as usher, but devoting, unremittingly, his private hours to study, with a view to qualify himself for the function of a clergyman. Mr Fenton would fain have dissuaded him from the last step, as he saw little prospect of advancement for him; but in this one instance Multon's wishes were too powerful to be persuaded away. Ordination at that time, and in that district, was easily obtained, without those fitting and decent preliminaries which are now indispensable; and being fortunate enough, through Mr Fenton's influence, to obtain a nomination to an adjoining curacy, the duties of which would not interfere with those of the school, he was ordained by the bishop of the diocese. And this great point being achieved, our errand-boy, now the Rev. Thomas Multon, asked and obtained Mr Fenton's consent to a union with Rose, so soon as he should have obtained the means to support her in respectability and comfort.

THE WIDOW'S SON.

These came suddenly, as good-fortune generally does, and from an unlooked-for quarter. On entering the little parlour one day at tea-time, a few months after his ordination, Mr Multon was surprised to find an elderly gentleman whom he did not know and a young man in a military undress, whom he was some time in recognising as Edward Courtney, the youth to whose library and wardrobe he had himself been indebted for several years. The gentlemen had been making a tour in the northern counties, and at the earnest desire of the younger one, had turned aside to visit his old school-fellow. His greeting to Mr Multon was frank and cordial, that of the old gentleman was kind and even respectful, for Mr Fenton had been preparing the way for his young friend's appearance.

No allusion whatever was made to his circumstances that night ; but a few weeks afterwards, a letter arrived from the elder Mr Courtney to Mr Multon, presenting him the rectory of Northerton, in —shire, worth £200 a year, with a commodious parsonage house. And thus was the poor widow's son rewarded for his perseverance in well-doing.

A few years ago, a friend paid me a morning visit, bringing with her a young lady of most prepossessing appearance, and of gentle manners and speech ; and who, I was informed, was Rose Multon, the daughter of the rector of Northerton—one of six children, united and affectionate, and as much respected as their parents.

'And what of old Susan,' inquired I, 'as her old acquaintance here still call her?'

'Old Mrs Multon,' replied my friend, 'lives happily in a small cottage near her son, which, partly from her own former savings, and partly from his liberality, she is able to keep in very comfortable order. I hear but of one dissatisfaction in the family.'

'What is that?'

'It is the rector himself, who complains that his children have quite superseded him in his mother's good graces, and that he really often fancies that she does not think half so much of him now as she did when he was an ERRAND-BOY.'





ANECDOTES OF THE DEAF, DUMB, AND BLIND.

ALL knowledge is received through the medium of the senses, usually reckoned five in number—seeing, hearing, taste, smell, and touch or feeling; these, in fact, being the agents by which the mind is excited to receive or communicate ideas. A deprivation of one or more of the senses, as is well known, ordinarily leads to increased activity of the others, in consequence of the greater reliance placed upon them; nevertheless, it seems evident that any such deprivation must, less or more, cause a deficiency in the intellectual conceptions. A person who has been blind from earliest infancy can, by no process of feeling, hearing, or smelling, be made to have even moderately correct ideas of light or colours; neither does it appear to us that any one who has been always deaf can attain to anything like a proper understanding of sound. Deprivation of hearing from birth may be considered a double calamity, for it is naturally attended with deprivation of speech; and hence the deaf-mute, whatever be his acquirements, always excites our warmest compassion.

Which of the senses could be most conveniently spared, has probably been with most persons a subject of occasional consideration, and it is only when their merits are severally compared that we have a thorough notion of their value. Had we never possessed eyes, then should we never have beheld the glories of the sun, moon, and stars; the beautiful earth we tread, fields, flowers, colours, the magnificent ocean, or the face of those we love. Had we been

deaf from birth, then should we never have heard sounds, music, language, nor have been able to hold communication by speech ; of the tones of affection we should never have been conscious. Had we been deficient in taste, we should have been exposed to injury in eating that which should be rejected as food ; and along with a deprivation of the kindred sense of smell, we should have been constantly in a state of difficulty and danger. It would be needless to speculate on the deprivation of feeling, for we cannot conceive that life should exist for any length of time with such a deficiency. Greatly as we must deplore the misfortune of those who labour under an irremediable privation of any of the senses, we must in as great a degree admire that Providential care which provides a measure of compensatory happiness. Although those stricken with blindness are shut out from being spectators of nature's marvellous handiwork, how usually superior is their enjoyment of harmonious sounds, how exquisite their love of music ! The deaf, too, have their enjoyments, and are at least blest with a pleasing unconsciousness of the loss which they sustain. Lamentable, indeed, is the fate of those who have been deprived of the two more important senses—seeing and hearing ; yet that even blind deaf-mutes, with no other senses to rely upon than smell, taste, and feeling, may enjoy a qualified happiness, and be susceptible of moral cultivation, has been shewn in several well-accredited instances. One of the most remarkable cases of the kind is that of James Mitchell, the story of whose blameless and interesting life we propose in the first place to lay before our readers.

JAMES MITCHELL.

JAMES MITCHELL was born in the year 1795 at Ardcloch, a parish in the north of Scotland, of which his father was clergyman. He was the youngest except one of seven children, and neither his parents nor his brothers or sisters had any deficiency in the senses. Soon after birth, his mother discovered that he was blind, from his manifesting no desire to turn his eyes to the light. On inspection, it was observed that it was blindness caused by cataract ; both the lenses were opaque, a cloudy pearl-like substance resting over the retina or seeing part of each eye. This was a sufficiently distressing discovery, but how much greater was the anguish of the poor mother when she soon after found that her infant was deaf as well as blind ! Excluded from all ordinary means of direction, the child was guided only by feeling and natural impulse—an object so helpless as to require constant and careful attention. Fortunately, his constitution was otherwise sound : he learned to walk like other children, by being put to the ground and left to scramble to his feet, holding by any objects near him.

ANECDOTES OF THE DEAF, DUMB, AND BLIND.

While between one and two years of age, he began to evince considerable acuteness in touch, taste, and smell, being able by these to distinguish strangers from the members of his own family, and any little article which was appropriated to himself from what belonged to others. As he advanced in years, various circumstances concurred to prove that neither the auditory nerves nor retina were entirely insensible to impressions of sound and light, and that though he derived little information from these organs, he received from them a considerable degree of gratification. A key having accidentally come into his hand, he put it to his mouth; it struck on his teeth. This was to him a most important discovery. He found that the blow communicated a vibration through his head, and this, the nearest approach to sound, was hailed with delight; henceforth the striking of a key on his teeth became a daily gratification. As great was the pleasure he derived from any bright or dazzling object being held to his eyes. One of his chief amusements was to concentrate the sun's rays by means of pieces of glass, transparent pebbles, or similar substances, which he held between his eye and the light, and turned about in various directions. There were other modes by which he was often in the habit of gratifying his desire of light. He would go to any outhouse or room within his reach, shut the windows and doors, and remain there for a considerable time, with his eyes fixed on some small hole or chink which admitted the sun's rays, eagerly catching them. He would also, during the winter nights, frequently retire to a corner of a dark room, and kindle a light for his amusement. Such indeed seemed to be the degree of pleasure which he received from feasting his eyes with light, that he would often occupy himself in this manner for several hours without interruption. In this, as well as in the gratification of the other senses, his countenance and gestures displayed a most interesting avidity and curiosity. His father often remarked him employing many hours in selecting from the bed of the river, which flows within a few yards of the house, stones of a round shape, nearly of the same weight, and having a certain degree of smoothness. These he placed in a circular form on the bank, and then seated himself in the middle of the circle.

At the age of thirteen his father took him to London, where the operation of piercing the membrane of each tympanum of the ear was performed by Sir Astley Cooper, but without improving his hearing in the least. An operation was also performed on the left eye by Mr Saunders, but with little or no success. As there appeared still some hopes of restoring vision, his father a second time carried him to London in the year 1810, when fifteen years of age, and placed him under the charge of Mr Wardrop, an eminent surgeon. Mr Wardrop's account of the boy is so interesting that we shall give it in his own words. 'This poor boy,' says he, 'had the usual appearance of strength and good health, and his countenance

was extremely pleasing, and indicated a considerable degree of intelligence. On examining the state of his eyes, the pupil of each was observed to be obscured by a cataract. In the right eye the cataract was of a white colour and pearly lustre, and appeared to pervade the whole of the crystalline lens. The pupil, however, readily dilated or contracted according to the different degrees of light to which it was exposed. The cataract in the left eye was not equally opaque, about one-third of it being dim and clouded, arising, as it appeared, from very thin dusky webs crossing it in various directions, the rest being of an opaque white colour. The pupil of this eye did not, however, seem so susceptible of impressions from varieties in the intensity of light as that of the other, nor did he employ this eye so often as the other to gratify his fondness for light. I could discover no defect in the organisation of his ears. It was difficult, if not impossible, to ascertain with precision the degree of sight which he enjoyed, but from the preternatural acuteness which his senses of touch and smell had acquired, in consequence of having been habitually employed to collect that information for which the sight is peculiarly adapted, it may be with confidence presumed that he derived little if any assistance from his eyes or organs of vision. Besides, the appearances of the disease in the eyes were such as to render it extremely probable that they enabled him merely to distinguish some colours and differences in the intensity of light. The organs of hearing seemed equally unfit for receiving the impressions of ordinary sounds as his eyes were those of objects of sight. Many circumstances at the same time proved that he was not insensible to sound. It has been already observed that he often amused himself by striking hard substances against his teeth, from which he appeared to derive as much gratification as he did from receiving the impression of light on his eyes. When a ring of keys was given to him he seized them with great avidity, and tried each separately by suspending it loosely between two of his fingers; so as to allow it to vibrate freely; and after jingling them amongst his teeth in this manner, he generally selected one from the others, the sound of which seemed to please him most. A gentleman observing this circumstance, brought to him a musical snuff-box, and placed it between his teeth. This seemed not only to excite his wonder, but to afford him exquisite delight; and his father and sister, who were present, remarked that they had never seen him so much interested on any former occasion. Whilst the instrument continued to play, he kept it closely between his teeth; and even when the notes were ended, he continued to hold the box to his mouth, and to examine it minutely with his fingers, his lips, and the point of his tongue, expressing by his gestures and by his countenance extreme curiosity. Besides the musical snuff-box, I procured for him a common musical key. When it was first applied to his teeth, he exhibited expressions of fear mixed with surprise. However, he soon perceived that it

ANECDOTES OF THE DEAF, DUMB, AND BLIND.

was attended with no harm, so that he not only allowed it to be renewed, but he soon acquired the habit of striking it on his own hand so as to make it sound, and then touching his teeth with it. One day his father observed him place it upon the external ear. He has also, on some occasions, been observed to take notice of, and to appear uneasy with very loud sounds. Thus, therefore, the teeth, besides being organs of mastication, and also serving as organs of touch in examining the food in the mouth, so that the hard and indigestible part may be rejected, in this boy seemed to be the best channel of communicating sound to the auditory nerve. His organs of touch, smell, and taste had all acquired a preternatural degree of acuteness, and appeared to have supplied in an astonishing manner the deficiencies in the senses of seeing and hearing. By those of touch and smell, in particular, he was in the habit of examining everything within his reach. Large objects, such as the furniture of a room, he felt over with his fingers; whilst those which were more minute, and which excited more of his interest, he applied to his teeth, or touched with the point of his tongue. In exercising the sense of touch, it was interesting to notice the delicate and precise manner in which he applied the extremities of his fingers, and with what ease and flexibility he would insinuate the point of his tongue into all the inequalities of the body under examination. But there were many substances which he not only touched, but smelled during his examination. To the sense of smell he seemed chiefly indebted for his knowledge of different persons; he appeared to know his relations and intimate friends by smelling them very slightly, and he at once detected strangers. It was difficult, however, to ascertain at what distance he could distinguish people by this sense; but from what I was able to observe, he appeared to be able to do so at a considerable distance from the object. This was particularly striking when a person entered the room, as he seemed to be aware of this before he could derive information from any other sense than that of smell, except it may be that the vibrations of the air indicated the approach of some person. In selecting his food, he was always guided by his sense of smell, for he never took anything into his mouth without previously smelling it carefully. His taste was extremely delicate, and he shewed a great predilection for some kinds of food, whilst there were others of which he never partook. He had on no occasion tasted butter, cheese, or any of the pulpy fruits, but he was fond of milk, plain dressed animal food, apples, peas, and other simple nutriment. He never took food from any one but his parents or sister.

‘But the imperfections which have been noticed in his organs of sight and of hearing were by no means accompanied with such defects in the powers of his mind as might be suspected. He seemed to possess the faculties of the understanding in a considerable degree; and when we reflect that his channels of communication

with the external world must have afforded very slow means of acquiring information, it is rather surprising how much knowledge he had obtained. Impressions transmitted through the medium of *one* sense might call into being some of the most important operations of intellect. Facts have been given to prove that this boy possessed both recollection and judgment. We are ignorant of the qualities of bodies which influenced his determinations and his affections. On all occasions, however, it was clear that he made his experiments on the objects which he examined with all the accuracy and caution that his circumscribed means of gaining intelligence could admit. The senses he enjoyed, being thus disciplined, acquired a preternatural degree of acuteness, and must have furnished him with information respecting the qualities of many bodies which we either overlook, or are in the habit of obtaining through other channels. Perhaps the most striking feature of the boy's mind was his avidity and curiosity to become acquainted with the different objects around him. When a person came into the room where he was, the moment he knew of his presence he fearlessly went up to him and touched him all over, and smelled him with eagerness. He shewed the same inquisitiveness in becoming acquainted with everything within the sphere of his observation, and was daily in the habit of exploring the objects around his father's abode. He had become familiar with all the most minute parts of the house and furniture, the outhouses and several of the adjacent fields, and the various farming utensils. He shewed great partiality to some animals, particularly to horses, and nothing seemed to give him more delight than to be put on one of their backs. When his father went out to ride, he was always one of the first to watch his return; and it was astonishing how he became warned of this from remarking a variety of little incidents. His father putting on his boots, and such like occurrences, were all accurately observed by the boy, and led him to conclude how his father was to be employed. In the remote situation where he resided, male visitors were most frequent; and therefore the first thing he generally did was to examine whether or not the stranger wore boots. If he did, he immediately quitted him, went to the lobby, found out and accurately examined his whip, then proceeded to the stable, and handled his horse with great care and the utmost attention. It occasionally happened that visitors arrived in a carriage. He never failed to go to the place where the carriage stood, examined the whole of it with much anxiety, and amused himself with the elasticity of the springs. The locks of doors attracted much of his attention; and he seemed to derive great pleasure from turning the keys. He was very docile and obedient to his father and sister, who accompanied him to London, and reposed in them every confidence for his safety, and for the means of his subsistence. It has been already noticed that he never took food from any one but the members of his own family.

ANECDOTES OF THE DEAF, DUMB, AND BLIND.

I several times offered him an apple, of which I knew he was extremely fond; but he always refused it with signs of mistrust, though the same apple, afterwards given him by his sister, was accepted greedily. It was difficult to ascertain the manner in which his mind was guided in the judgment he formed of strangers, as there were some people whom he never permitted to approach him, whilst others at once excited his interest and attention. The opinions which he formed of individuals, and the means he employed to study their character, were extremely interesting. In doing this, he appeared to be chiefly influenced by the impressions communicated to him by his sense of smell. When a stranger approached him he eagerly began to touch some part of his body, commonly taking hold of the arm, which he held near his nose; and after two or three strong inspirations through the nostrils, he appeared to form a decided opinion regarding him. If this was favourable, he shewed a disposition to become more intimate, examined more minutely his dress, and expressed by his countenance more or less satisfaction; but if it happened to be unfavourable, he suddenly went off to a distance with expressions of carelessness or disgust. When he was first brought to my house to have his eyes examined, he both touched and smelled several parts of my body; and the following day, whenever he found me near him, he grasped my arm, then smelled it, and immediately recognised me, which he signified to his father by touching his eyelids with the fingers of both hands, and imitating the examination of his eyes, which I had formerly made. I was very much struck with his behaviour during this examination. He held his head, and allowed his eyes to be touched with an apparent interest and anxiety, as if he had been aware of the object of my occupation. On expressing to his father my surprise at the apparent consciousness of the boy of what was to be done, he said that he had frequently, during the voyage from Scotland, signified his expectation and his desire that some operation should be performed on his eyes; thus shewing an accurate recollection of his former visit, and a conception of the objects of it. During the first examination, and on several future ones, when I purposely handled the eye roughly, I was surprised to find him submit to everything that was done with fortitude and complete resignation, as if he was persuaded that he had an organ imperfectly developed, and an imperfection to be remedied by the assistance of his fellow-creatures.

‘Many little incidents in his life have displayed a good deal of reasoning and observation. On one occasion a pair of shoes were given to him, which he found too small, and his mother put them aside into a closet. Some time afterwards, young Mitchell found means to get the key of the closet, opened the door, and taking out the shoes, put them on a young man, his attendant, whom they fitted exactly. On another occasion, finding his sister’s shoes very wet after a walk, he appeared uneasy till she changed them. He frequently attempted

to imitate his father's farm-servants in their work, and was particularly fond of assisting them in cleaning the stables. At one time, when his brothers were employed making basket-work, he attempted to imitate them ; but he did not seem to have patience to overcome the difficulties he had to surmount. In many of his actions he displayed a retentive memory, and in no one was this more remarkable than in his second voyage to London. Indeed, as the objects of his attention must have been very limited, it is not to be wondered at that those few should be well remembered. He seemed to select and shew a preference to particular forms, smells, and other qualities of bodies. He has often been observed to break substances with his teeth, or by other means, so as to give them a form which seemed to please him. He also preferred to touch those substances which were smooth, and which had a rounded form ; and he has been known to employ many hours in selecting smooth water-worn pebbles from the channel of the river. He also seemed to be much pleased with some smells, and equally disgusted with others ; and this latter feeling he expressed by squeezing his nostrils, and turning his head from whence the smell came. He shewed an equal nicety in the selection of his food.

‘He sometimes shewed a good deal of drollery and cunning, particularly in his amusements with his constant companion and friend, his sister. He took great pleasure in locking people up in a room or closet, and would sometimes conceal things about his person or otherwise, which he knew not to be his own property, and when he was detected doing so, he would laugh heartily. That he was endowed with affection and kindness to his own family cannot be doubted. The meeting with his mother after his return from this London visit shewed this very strongly. On one occasion, finding his mother unwell, he was observed to weep ; and on another, when the boy who attended him happened to have a sore foot, he went up to a garret room, and brought down a stool for his foot to rest upon, which he recollected to have so used himself on a similar occasion long before. He seemed fond too of young children, and was often in the habit of taking them up in his arms. His disposition and temper were generally placid, and when kind means were employed, he was obedient and docile. But if he was teased or interrupted in any of his amusements, he became irascible, and sometimes got into violent paroxysms of rage. At no other time did he ever make use of his voice, with which he produced most harsh and loud screams. It is not one of the least curious parts of his history that he seemed to have a love of finery. He early shewed a great partiality to new clothes ; and when the tailor used to come to make clothes at his father's house (a practice common in that part of the country), it seemed to afford him great pleasure to sit down beside him whilst he was at work ; and he never left him until his own suit was finished. He expressed much disappointment

and anger when any of his brothers got new clothes and none were given to him. Immediately before he came to London each of his brothers got a new hat, while his father considered his own good enough for the sea voyage. Such, however, was his disappointment and rage, that he secretly went to one of the outhouses, and tore the old hat to pieces. Indeed, his fondness for new clothes afforded a means of rewarding him when he merited approbation; and his parents knew no severer mode of punishment than by obliging him to wear old ones.

* With respect to the means which were employed to communicate to him information, and which he made use of to communicate his desires and feelings to others, these were very ingenious and simple. His sister, under whose management he chiefly was, had contrived signs addressing his organs of touch, by which she could control him and regulate his conduct. On the other hand, he by his gestures could express his wishes and desires. His sister employed various modes of holding his arm, and patting him on the head and shoulders, to express consent, and different degrees of approbation. She signified time by shutting his eyelids and putting down his head, which done once meant one night. He expressed his wish to go to bed by reclining his head, distinguished me by touching his eyes, and many workmen by imitating their different employments. When he wished for food he pointed to his mouth, or to the place where provisions were usually kept.'

Mr Wardrop then details the particulars of the operation of *couching* the left eye, having abandoned the idea of extraction of the lens, which operation was rendered extremely difficult, in consequence of the struggles of his patient, who although evidently willing to submit to whatever was intended to be done, yet had not resolution when the operation was actually commenced. By confining him in a machine, however, the cataract was broken up, and so far displaced that he obtained a certain degree of vision. 'On the fifth day,' continues Mr Wardrop, 'he got out of bed, and was brought into a room having an equal and moderate light. Before even touching or seeming to smell me, he recognised me, which he expressed by the fear of something to be done to his eyes. He went about his room readily, and the appearance of his countenance was much altered, having acquired that look which indicated the enjoyment of vision. He appeared well acquainted with the furniture of the room, having lived in it several days previous to the operation; and though, from placing things before him, he evidently distinguished and attempted to touch them, judging of their dimensions with tolerable accuracy, yet he seemed to trust little to the information given by the eye, and always turned away his head while he carefully examined by his sense of touch the whole surfaces of bodies presented to him. Next day he could distinguish a shilling placed on the table, and put his hand on it, as also a piece

of white paper the size of a sixpence. When taken out on the street, he was much interested with the busy scene around. A post supporting a scaffold at the distance of two or three yards chiefly attracted his notice, and he timorously approached it, groping and stretching out his hand cautiously until he touched it. On being taken to a tailor's shop, he expressed a great desire for a suit of new clothes, and it was signified to him that his wishes would be complied with; and being allowed to make a choice, he selected from among the variety of colours a light yellow for his breeches, and a green for his coat and waistcoat. Accordingly these were made, and as I solicited his father not to allow them to be put on until I was present, it was signified to him that he should have permission to wear them in two days. The mode by which he received this communication was by closing his eyelids and bending down his head twice, thereby expressing that he must first have two sleeps. One day after the clothes were finished, I called and requested that he should be dressed in them. This was intimated to him by touching his coat and giving him a ring of keys, one of which opened the door of the room where the clothes were kept. He gladly grasped the keys, and in an instant pitched on the one he wanted, opened the door, and brought a bundle containing his new suit into the room where we were sitting. With a joyful smile he loosened the bundle, and took out of the coat-pocket a pair of new white stockings, a pair of yellow gloves, and a pair of new shoes. The succeeding scene was perhaps one of the most extraordinary displays of sensual gratification which can well be conceived. He began by first trying on his new shoes, after throwing away the old ones with great scorn, and then with a smiling countenance went to his father and sister, holding up to each of them and to me his feet in succession, that we might admire his treasure. He next put on the yellow gloves, and in like manner shewing them to his father and sister, they expressed their admiration by patting him on the head and shoulders. He afterwards sat down opposite to a window, stretched out on each knee an expanded hand, and seemed to contemplate the beauty of his gloves with a degree of gratification scarcely to be imagined. At one time I attempted to deceive him, by putting a yellow glove very little soiled in place of one of his new ones. But this he instantly detected as a trick, and smiled, throwing away the old glove, and demanding his new one. This occupation lasted a considerable time, after which he and his sister retired to another room, where he was dressed completely in his new suit. The expression of his countenance on returning into the room in his gaudy uniform excited universal laughter, and every means was taken to flatter his vanity and increase his delight. One day I gave him a pair of green glasses to wear, in order to lessen the influence of light on his eye. He looked through them at a number of objects in succession; and so great was his

surprise, and so excessive his pleasure, that he burst into a loud fit of laughter. In general he seemed much pleased with objects which were of a white, and still more particularly those of a red colour. I observed him one day take from his pocket a piece of red sealing-wax, which he appeared to have preserved for the beauty of its colour. A white waistcoat and white stockings pleased him exceedingly, and he always gave a marked preference to yellow gloves.'

After leaving London, his father writes: 'James seemed much amused with the shipping in the river, and until we passed Yarmouth Roads. During the rest of the passage we were so far out at sea that there was little to attract his notice, except the objects around him on the deck. He appeared to feel no anxiety till we reached this coast, and observed land and a boat coming alongside of the vessel to carry some of the passengers on shore. He seemed then to express both anxiety and joy; and we had no sooner got into the river which led to the landing-place, than he observed from the side of the boat the sandy bottom, and was desirous to get out. When we got to land he appeared happy, and felt impatient to proceed homewards. On our arrival that evening, after a journey of seventeen miles, he expressed great pleasure on meeting with his mother and the rest of the family. He made signs that his eye had been operated upon, that he also saw with it, and at the same time signified that he was fixed in a particular posture, alluding to the machine in which he had been secured during the operation. He has now learned to feed himself and to put on his own clothes. No particular object has yet attracted his attention in the way of amusement.'

This short gleam of hope and sunshine soon closed upon poor Mitchell. Couching for cataract is seldom permanently successful. The cloudy pearl-like matter being for the most part only broken up, not altogether removed, again settles into a mass, and blindness once more ensues. Such was the case with the object of our memoir: his eye again became opaque, and he relapsed into a state of, as it was thought, irremediable blindness. The brief and partial view which he thus got of the world around him was all that he was destined to see of the face of nature, and all the recollections which he could treasure up of the green earth, the sun and sky, to cheer his future life of loneliness.

In the following year he is described as incapable of distinguishing even a large object at the distance of only a yard or two; and though he recovered a little more vision a few months afterwards, he seems to have relapsed again into as great a state of darkness as before. In 1811 his father died. The day after, his sister took him into the room, and made him touch the corpse. The touch of the dead body surprised and alarmed him, though expressions of grief were not apparent. This was the first dead human body he had ever had an opportunity of examining: before this he had

felt the dead bodies of animals, and one day was seen amusing himself by attempting to make a dead fowl stand on its legs. On the day of the funeral a number of friends assembled to pay the last tribute to the honoured remains. The poor boy, unconscious of the full extent of his loss, glided about among the crowd, his curiosity excited by the unusual assemblage. Two of the observers state that when the coffin was first brought out containing his father's corpse, he clung to it, and seemed for the moment deeply affected. It is certain that he afterwards repeatedly visited the grave, and patted the turf with his hands.

The death of his mother a few years later, after the family had removed to the neighbouring town of Nairn, was a new source of grief; and the suggestion naturally rose in his mind that he should lose his sister also, and for some time he shewed an extraordinary unwillingness to quit her even for an instant. His feelings of distress on this and other occasions were somewhat assuaged by a recourse to a new species of amusement. When he last visited London, he happened to be in the house of a friend of his father, who was in the habit of smoking; and a pipe being given to him, he smoked it and seemed much delighted. After his return home, a gentleman came on a visit to Ardcloch, who was also in the habit of smoking, and having tobacco, wished for a pipe. Mrs Mitchell gave the boy a halfpenny, and permitted him to smell the tobacco. He understood her signs, went out to a shop in the neighbourhood where pipes were to be had, and returned with one in his hand. From this time the smoking of tobacco became a favourite indulgence, from which it was not considered necessary to divert him.

Numerous particulars are related of the subsequent life of Mitchell, but these it is unnecessary to repeat, and we confine ourselves to what follows, as interest in his conduct and habits in a great degree ceases from the time he obtained a view of the external world—a view which, however short, must have given him a distinct idea of light and colours, and also the appearance of animate and inanimate objects. His sister, in describing his condition after this period, mentions that 'he continued to take an unabated interest in the employment of the various workmen in town; and in the progress of their work, particularly mason-work, examining minutely what has been done in his absence, and fearlessly ascending the highest part of their scaffolding, in which he has hitherto been most providentially preserved from any serious accident. While the addition lately made to a house was roofing, I remarked him ascending the slater's ladder and getting on the roof. Laying himself down, and fixing his heel in a rough part of the surface, he moved himself along, one foot after the other, until the fear of his slipping rendered me unable to remain longer to look at him. I believe such is his common practice whenever anything of the kind is carrying on. He is so perfectly inoffensive, that all classes contribute towards

ANECDOTES OF THE DEAF, DUMB, AND BLIND.

his safety and even to his amusement, allowing him to enter their houses and handle whatever he has a mind to, as he never attempts carrying anything away with him or injuring it while in his possession. Indeed, except in one instance, I never knew him exposed to any unpleasant treatment in these unceremonious visits. It was in the case of a family who came to reside in this neighbourhood about three years ago, and who were quite unacquainted with his situation. When he went out as usual to the house (where with the former occupants he had been accustomed to range at pleasure), and began feeling the umbrellas and other articles in the lobby, with the intent, as they supposed, of carrying them off, they first remonstrated with him, and getting no reply, they then proceeded to turn him forcibly out of doors, which they effected after receiving as many kicks and blows as he could bestow in the struggle. He was afterwards seen by two gentlemen who knew him, bellowing with rage. They wished to get hold of him and soothe him, but found it impossible from the furious rate at which he was going; and although regretting his apparent irritation, they were not a little amused upon approaching the house to see a domestic peeping fearfully out at a half-opened door, and the other members of the family, which consisted mostly of females, at the various windows, whence they could obtain a view of the person who had been the cause of so much fear and trouble to them.'

In 1826, Sir Thomas Dick Lauder thus relates an interesting visit which he received from Mitchell at Relugas, a distance of seventeen miles from Nairn: 'It was one day about noon, in the month of May, that I saw him pass the window of the dining-room where I was sitting, and immediately recognising him, I hastened to the house door, and met him in the porch, in the act of entering. I took him by the hand, clapped him gently on the back, and led him to the room I had just left, and taking him towards Mrs Cumin, who was the only person with me at the time, he shook hands with her. I then conducted him to a sofa, where he sat down; and being apparently a good deal tired, he leaned back in expectation of finding support, but the sofa being one of those constructed without a back, he was surprised, and instantly made himself master of its form by feeling it all over. I then took his hand and put it to his mouth, with the intention of making him understand that he should have something to eat. He immediately put his hand into his waistcoat-pocket, where he had some copper, as if with the intention of taking it out. . . . My impression was that he meant to express that he could pay for food if it was given him. Miss Mitchell seems to think that it was an indication of satisfaction merely. I confess, however, that his action appeared to me to be so immediately consequent on mine, that I cannot yet doubt that it resulted from it. He may have misinterpreted my signal, and imagined that it referred to a pipe and tobacco; and this may perhaps reconcile our

difference of opinion. I lost no time in ordering luncheon, and in the meanwhile I gave my interesting visitor a cigar. He took it in his hand, smelt it, and then put it into his waistcoat-pocket with a smile of infinite satisfaction. I took another cigar from the case, and having lighted it, I put it into his hand. He carried it also directly towards his nose, but in its way thither the red glare of the burning end of it caught his eye (which is perfectly aware of light, although not of form), and arrested his hand. He looked at it for a moment, turned it round, and having extinguished it between his finger and his thumb, he put it also into his pocket with the air of being much amused. I was then convinced that he had never before met with a cigar, and that he knew it only as tobacco. I therefore prepared another, lighted it, smoked two or three whiffs so as to make him sensible of the odour, and then taking his hand, I put the cigar into it, and guided it to his mouth. He now at once comprehended matters, and began whiffing away with great delight; but the fumes of the tobacco ascending from the burning end of the cigar stimulated his eye, and gave him pain; yet he was not to be defeated by this circumstance, for, retaining the cigar between his forefinger and thumb, he stretched up his middle finger, and keeping his eyelid close with it, he went on smoking until I judged it proper to remove the end of the cigar from his mouth when it was nearly finished. By this time Lady Lauder came in, and I begged that the children might be brought. I took each of them to him in succession, and he patted their heads; but the ceremony, though tolerated, seemed to give him little pleasure. A tray now appeared, and I led him to a seat at the table. I put a napkin on his knee, and comprehending what he was to be employed in, he drew his chair very close to the table, as if to prevent accident to the carpet, and spread the napkin so as to protect his clothes. I helped him to some broth, and guided his spoon for two or three times, after which I left him to himself, when he leaned over the table, and continued to eat the broth without spilling any of it, groping for the bread, and eating slice after slice of it with seeming appetite. The truth was, he had been wandering for some days, had been at Ardcloch, had had a long walk that morning, and was very hungry. I then cut some cold meat for him, and he helped himself to it very adroitly with his fork, drinking beer from time to time as he wanted it, without losing a drop of it. After he had finished he sat for a few minutes, and then he arose as if he wished to go. I then gave him a glass of wine, and each of us having shaken him by the hand, he moved towards the door, where I got him his hat, and taking him by the arm, I led him down the approach to the lodge. Having made him aware of the obstruction which the gate presented, I opened it for him, led him into the road, and giving his arm a swing in the direction I wished him to take, I shook hands with him again, and he moved away at a good round pace, as I had indicated.

Some years ago Mitchell paid a visit to Relugas, but I was from home at the time, and as he was known to no one else, his awkward gait occasioned his being mistaken for a drunk or insane person. and the doors being shut against him, he went away. He never repeated his visit until the late occasion, but I am not without hope that the kind treatment he last met with may induce him to come here the next time he takes a ramble. His countenance is so intelligent, and its expression in every respect so good, that he interested every individual of the family, and delighted us all.'

A gentleman who visited Mitchell in 1832, has thus described to us his interview: 'When I called he was abroad, but in a short time he made his appearance, and was led into the room by his sister. His face was weather-beaten, but he had the appearance of robust health. He was of middle stature, and at this time thirty-seven years of age. His countenance was mild and pleasant; with nothing of a vacant look, his features had that precise and distinct outline, especially his mouth, that indicates a reflecting mind. His head was well formed, round, and what would be termed large. He was plainly dressed, but with that appearance of neatness and cleanliness which shewed he had sufficient self-respect to take the proper care of his clothes; indeed, as I afterwards learned, he is particularly nice regarding his dress. On examination, I found his eyes and his state of vision such as I had been led to expect—that is, he can distinguish bright sunshine from darkness, and perhaps white or brilliant objects from black ones, but this is the whole extent of his powers; he cannot distinguish the lines of form of bodies, or the lineaments or expressions of the human countenance. The left eye, which had been operated upon, is opaque and muddy over the whole pupil; with it I conjectured he saw little or none: in the other eye the opacity of the lens is somewhat circumscribed, especially on the inferior margin, and it is on this edge of the pupil that I could perceive an opening by which a few rays of light might enter. His sister thought that his vision had somewhat improved of late. When an object is presented to him, if it be bright and glittering, he holds it towards the inferior edge of this eye; but immediately after he puts it to the test of the organs of touch, taste, and smell, which evidently shews his still very limited extent of vision.

'After having satisfied my curiosity regarding this highly interesting being, I rose to take leave. He seemed to be sensible of the movement, and also rose. His sister intimated that a shake of the hand would be acceptable, and I impressed upon him a most cordial adieu. I could not help thinking how different might have been my interview with this same person had it pleased God to have endowed him with the use of all his senses; how I might have been instructed by his intelligence, amused with his cheerful active fancy, and warmed with that tide of benevolent feeling and affection, of

all of which so many unequivocal traces were visible, even as it was.'

To his inestimable guide and companion the following eulogium by the late Sir James Mackintosh is appropriately due: 'His sister is a young woman, of most pleasing appearance and manners, distinguished by a very uncommon degree of modesty, caution, and precision in her accounts of him, and probably one of the most intelligent as well as kindest companions that ever guided a being doomed to such unusual if not unexampled privations. Her aversion to exaggeration, and her singular superiority to the pleasure of inspiring wonder, make it important to the purposes of philosophy as well as humanity that she should continue to attend her brother. Separation from her would indeed be an irreparable calamity to this unfortunate youth. By her own unaided ingenuity she has conquered the obstacles which seemed for ever to preclude all intercourse between him and other minds; and what is still more important, by the firm and gentle exertion of her well-earned ascendant over him, she spares him much of the pain which he must otherwise have suffered from the occasional violences of a temper irritated by a fruitless struggle to give utterance to his thoughts and wishes.'

Mitchell survived his sister, living to the age of seventy-four. In the prime of life he was possessed of great strength, and he continued to enjoy robust health until within a few weeks of his death, which took place at Nairn, August 1869.

We now turn to the case of a blind deaf-mute, who has excited a lively interest in this country and in America.

LAURA BRIDGEMAN.

LAURA BRIDGEMAN was born in Hanover, New Hampshire, on the 21st of December 1829. For a few months after birth she was a sprightly infant with blue eyes, but being of a weakly constitution, and afflicted with severe fits, her parents had little hope of rearing her. When eighteen months old, her health improved, and she advanced considerably in intelligence; but soon she relapsed; disease raged violently during five weeks; and her eyes becoming inflamed, they suppurated, and their contents were discharged. At the same time she lost the sense of hearing. She was now, at two years of age, blind and deaf. But this was not all her misfortunes. The fever having continued to rage, after a few months her sense of smell was almost destroyed, and her taste was much blunted. She was also so greatly reduced in strength, that it was a year before she could walk unsupported, and two years before she could sit up all day. It was not until she was four years of age that her health was

entirely restored ; and yet in what a condition was she placed—deaf, dumb, blind, and possessing only a slight consciousness of smell and taste ! Every avenue of communication with the external world might be said to be gone, except feeling. The deprivations having taken place when she was an infant of two years of age, she consequently retained no recollection of having either seen or heard ; and as her eyes were destroyed, any hope of restoring vision was out of the question.

‘What a situation was hers !’ observes Dr Howe, in the account of poor Laura’s case. ‘The darkness and the silence of the tomb were around her ; no mother’s smile called forth her answering smile, no father’s voice taught her to imitate his sounds ; brothers and sisters were but forms of matter which resisted her touch, but which differed not from the furniture of the house, save in warmth and in the power of locomotion, and not even in these respects from the dog and the cat. But the immortal spirit which had been implanted within her could not die, nor be maimed nor mutilated ; and though most of its avenues of communication with the world were cut off, it began to manifest itself through the others. As soon as she could walk, she began to explore the room, and then the house : she became familiar with the form, density, weight, and heat of every article she could lay her hands upon. She followed her mother, and felt her hands and arms as she was occupied about the house ; and her disposition to imitate led her to repeat everything herself. She even learned to sew a little, and to knit.

‘At this time I was so fortunate as to hear of the child, and immediately hastened to Hanover to see her. I found her with a well-formed figure, a strongly-marked, nervous-sanguine temperament, a large and beautifully shaped head, and the whole system in healthy action. The parents were easily induced to consent to her coming to Boston, and on the 4th of October 1837, they brought her to the institution.*

‘For a while she was much bewildered, and after waiting about two weeks until she became acquainted with her new locality, and somewhat familiar with the inmates, the attempt was made to give her a knowledge of arbitrary signs, by which she could interchange thoughts with others. There was one of two ways to be adopted ; either to go on to build up a language of signs on the basis of the natural language which she had already commenced herself, or to teach her the purely arbitrary language in common use ; that is, to give her a sign for every individual thing, or to give her a knowledge of letters by combination of which she might express her idea of the existence, and the mode and condition of existence, of anything. The former would have been easy, but very ineffectual ;

* The Perkins Institution and Massachusetts Asylum for the Blind, at Boston, over which Dr Howe presided.

the latter seemed very difficult, but if accomplished, very effectual. I determined therefore to try the latter.

'The first experiments were made by taking articles in common use, such as knives, forks, spoons, keys, &c. and pasting upon them labels with their names printed in raised letters. These she felt very carefully, and soon of course distinguished that the crooked lines *spoon* differed as much from the crooked lines *key*, as the spoon differed from the key in form. Then small detached labels, with the same words printed upon them, were put into her hands; and she soon observed that they were similar to the ones pasted on the articles. She shewed her perception of this similarity by laying the label *key* upon the key, and the label *spoon* upon the spoon. She was encouraged here by the natural sign of approbation—patting on the head. The same process was then repeated with all the articles which she could handle; and she very easily learned to place the proper labels upon them. It was evident, however, that the only intellectual exercise was that of imitation and memory. She recollected that the label *book* was placed upon a book, and she repeated the process first from imitation, next from memory, with only the motive of love of approbation, but apparently without the intellectual perception of any relation between the things.

'After a while, instead of labels the individual letters were given to her on detached bits of paper; they were arranged side by side so as to spell *book*, *key*, &c.; then they were mixed up in a heap, and a sign was made for her to arrange them herself, so as to express the words *book*, *key*, &c.; and she did so. Hitherto the process had been mechanical, and the success about as great as teaching a very knowing dog a variety of tricks. The poor child had sat in mute amazement, and patiently imitated everything her teacher did; but now the truth began to flash upon her; her intellect began to work. She perceived that here was a way by which she could herself make up a sign of anything that was in her own mind, and shew it to another mind; and at once her countenance lighted up with a human expression. It was no longer a dog or parrot; it was an immortal spirit eagerly seizing upon a new link of union with other spirits! I could almost fix upon the moment when this truth dawned upon her mind, and spread its light to her countenance; I saw that the great obstacle was overcome, and that henceforward nothing but patient and persevering, but plain and straightforward efforts were to be used. The result thus far is quickly related and easily conceived, but not so was the process; for many weeks of apparently unprofitable labour were passed before it was effected.

'When it was said above that a sign was made, it was intended to say that the action was performed by her teacher, she feeling his hands, and then imitating the motion. The next step was to procure a set of metal types, with the different letters of the alphabet cast upon their ends; also a board, in which were square holes,

ANECDOTES OF THE DEAF, DUMB, AND BLIND.

into which holes she could set the types, so that the letters on their ends could alone be felt above the surface. Then, on any article being handed to her—for instance, a pencil or a watch—she would select the component letters and arrange them on her board, and read them with apparent pleasure. She was exercised for several weeks in this way, until her vocabulary became extensive; and then the important step was taken of teaching her how to represent the different letters by the position of her fingers, instead of the cumbrous apparatus of the board and types. She accomplished this speedily and easily, for her intellect had begun to work in aid of her teacher, and her progress was rapid.

‘This was the period, about three months after she had commenced, that the first report of her case was made, in which it is stated that “she has just learned the manual alphabet, as used by the deaf-mutes: and it is a subject of delight and wonder to see how rapidly, correctly, and eagerly she goes on with her labours. Her teacher gives her a new object—for instance, a pencil—first lets her examine it, and get an idea of its use, then teaches her how to spell it by making the signs for the letters with her own fingers. The child grasps her hand, and feels her fingers as the different letters are formed; she turns her head a little on one side, like a person listening closely; her lips are apart, she seems scarcely to breathe; and her countenance, at first anxious, gradually changes to a smile as she comprehends the lesson. She then holds up her tiny fingers, and spells the word in the manual alphabet; next she takes her types and arranges her letters; and last, to make sure that she is right, she takes the whole of the types composing the word, and places them upon or in contact with the pencil, or whatever the object may be.”

‘The whole of the succeeding year was passed in gratifying her eager inquiries for the names of every object which she could possibly handle; in exercising her in the use of the manual alphabet; in extending in every possible way her knowledge of the physical relations of things; and in proper care of her health. At the end of the year a report of her case was made, from which the following is an extract: “It has been ascertained, beyond the possibility of doubt, that she cannot see a ray of light, cannot hear the least sound, and never exercises her sense of smell, if she have any. Thus her mind dwells in darkness and stillness as profound as that of a closed tomb at midnight. Of beautiful sights, and sweet sounds, and pleasant odours, she has no conception; nevertheless she seems as happy and playful as a bird or a lamb; and the employment of her intellectual faculties, or the acquirement of a new idea, gives her a vivid pleasure which is plainly marked in her expressive features. She never seems to repine, but has all the buoyancy and gaiety of childhood. She is fond of fun and frolic, and when playing with the rest of the children, her shrill laugh sounds loudest of the group.

ANECDOTES OF THE DEAF, DUMB, AND BLIND.

“When left alone, she seems very happy if she have her knitting or sewing, and will busy herself for hours ; if she have no occupation, she evidently amuses herself by imaginary dialogues, or by recalling past impressions. She counts with her fingers, or spells out names of things which she has recently learned in the manual alphabet of the deaf-mutes. In this lonely self-communion she seems to reason, reflect, and argue ; if she spell a word wrong with the fingers of her right hand, she instantly strikes it with her left, as her teacher does, in sign of disapprobation ; if right, then she pats herself upon the head, and looks pleased. She sometimes purposely spells a word wrong with the left hand, looks roguish for a moment and laughs, and then with the right hand strikes the left, as if to correct it.

“During the year, she has attained great dexterity in the use of the manual alphabet of the deaf-mutes ; and she spells out the words and sentences which she knows so fast and so deftly, that only those accustomed to this language can follow with the eye the rapid motions of her fingers. But wonderful as is the rapidity with which she writes her thoughts upon the air, still more so is the ease and accuracy with which she reads the words thus written by another, grasping their hands in hers, and following every movement of their fingers, as letter after letter conveys their meaning to her mind. It is in this way that she converses with her blind playmates, and nothing can more forcibly shew the power of mind in forcing matter to its purpose than a meeting between them ; for if great talent and skill are necessary for two pantomimes to paint their thoughts and feelings by the movements of the body, and the expression of the countenance, how much greater the difficulty when darkness shrouds them both, and the one can hear no sound !”

“During this year, and six months after she had left home, her mother came to visit her, and the scene of their meeting was an interesting one. The mother stood some time gazing with overflowing eyes upon her unfortunate child, who, all unconscious of her presence, was playing about the room. Presently Laura ran against her, and at once began feeling her hands, examining her dress, and trying to find out if she knew her ; but not succeeding in this, she turned away as from a stranger, and the poor woman could not conceal the pang she felt at finding that her beloved child did not know her.

“She then gave Laura a string of beads which she used to wear at home, which were recognised by the child at once, who with much joy put them around her neck, and sought me eagerly to say she understood the string was from her home.

“The mother now tried to caress her, but poor Laura repelled her, preferring to be with her acquaintances. Another article from home was now given her, and she began to look much interested ; she examined the stranger much closer, and gave me to understand that she knew she came from Hanover ; she even endured her caresses,

but would leave her with indifference at the slightest signal. The distress of the mother was now painful to behold ; for although she had feared that she should not be recognised, the painful reality of being treated with cold indifference by a darling child was too much for woman's nature to bear.

'After a while, on the mother taking hold of her again, a vague idea seemed to flit across Laura's mind that this could not be a stranger ; she therefore felt her hands very eagerly, while her countenance assumed an expression of intense interest ; she became very pale, and then suddenly red ; hope seemed struggling with doubt and anxiety, and never were contending emotions more strongly painted upon the human face. At this moment of painful uncertainty the mother drew her close to her side, and kissed her fondly, when at once the truth flashed upon the child, and all mistrust and anxiety disappeared from her face, as, with an expression of exceeding joy, she eagerly nestled to the bosom of her parent, and yielded herself to her fond embraces.

'After this the beads were all unheeded ; the playthings offered her were utterly disregarded ; her playmates, for whom but a moment before she gladly left the stranger, now vainly strove to pull her from her mother ; and though she yielded her usual instantaneous obedience to my signal to follow me, it was evidently with painful reluctance. She clung close to me, as if bewildered and fearful ; and when, after a moment, I took her to her mother, she sprang to her arms, and clung to her with eager joy.

'The subsequent parting between them shewed alike the affection, the intelligence, and the resolution of the child. Laura accompanied her mother to the door, clinging close to her all the way until they arrived at the threshold, where she paused and felt around to ascertain who was near her. Perceiving the matron, of whom she is very fond, she grasped her with one hand, holding on convulsively to her mother with the other, and thus she stood for a moment ; then she dropped her mother's hand, put her handkerchief to her eyes, and turning round, clung sobbing to the matron, while her mother departed with emotions as deep as those of her child.

'Her social feelings and her affections are very strong, and when she is sitting at work or at her studies by the side of one of her little friends, she will break off from her task every few moments to hug and kiss them with an earnestness and warmth that is touching to behold. When left alone she occupies and apparently amuses herself, and seems quite contented ; and so strong seems to be the natural tendency of thought to put on the garb of language, that she often soliloquises in the *finger language*, slow and tedious as it is. But it is only when alone that she is quiet ; for if she become sensible of the presence of any one near her, she is restless until she can sit close beside them, hold their hand, and converse with them by signs. In her intellectual character it is pleasing to observe

an insatiable thirst for knowledge, and a quick perception of the relations of things. In her moral character it is beautiful to behold her continual gladness, her keen enjoyment of existence, her expansive love, her unhesitating confidence, her sympathy with suffering, her conscientiousness, truthfulness, and hopefulness.'

She now writes a legible hand, and can express all simple ideas in words, uniting nouns with adjectives and verbs in a manner perfectly intelligible. She writes with a pencil in a grooved line. At first she was puzzled to comprehend the meaning of the process to which she was subjected; but when the idea dawned upon her mind, that by means of it she could convey intelligence to her mother, her delight was unbounded. She applied herself with great diligence, and in a few months actually wrote a legible letter to her mother, in which she conveyed information of her being well, and of her coming home in ten weeks. It was indeed only the skeleton of a letter, but still it expressed in legible characters a vague outline of the ideas which were passing in her mind.

We are told that she has improved very much in personal appearance as well as in intellect; her countenance beams with intelligence; she is always active at study, work, or play; she never repines; and most of her time is gay and frolicsome. She is now very expert with her needle, she knits easily, and can make twine bags and various fancy articles very prettily. She is very docile, has a quick sense of propriety, dresses herself with great neatness, and is always correct in her deportment. In short, it would be difficult to find a person in the possession of all her senses, and the enjoyment of the advantages that wealth and parental love can bestow, who is more contented and cheerful, or to whom existence seems a greater blessing, than it does to this bereaved creature, for whom the sun has no light, the air no sound, and the flowers no colour or smell.

Mr Charles Dickens, who visited the asylum in the course of his journey in the States some years ago, mentions, in his *American Notes*, that he had an interview with Laura, whose condition greatly interested him. We take the liberty of extracting a few passages from the account of his visit.

'The thought occurred to me,' he observes, 'as I sat down before a girl, blind, deaf, and dumb, destitute of smell, and nearly so of taste; before a fair young creature with every human faculty, and hope, and power of goodness and affection, enclosed within her delicate frame, and but one outward sense—the sense of touch. There she was before me, built up, as it were, in a marble cell, impervious to any ray of light or particle of sound, with her poor white hand peeping through a chink in the wall, beckoning to some good man for help, that an immortal soul might be awakened. Long before I looked upon her, the help had come. Her face was radiant with intelligence and pleasure. Her hair, braided by her

own hands, was bound about a head whose intellectual capacity and development were beautifully expressed in its graceful outline and its broad open brow ; her dress, arranged by herself, was a pattern of neatness and simplicity ; the work she had knitted lay beside her ; her writing-book was on the desk she leaned upon. From the mournful ruin of such bereavement, there had slowly risen up this gentle, tender, guileless, grateful-hearted being. Like other inmates of that house, she had a green ribbon bound round her eyelids. A doll she had dressed lay near upon the ground. I took it up and saw that she had made a green fillet such as she wore herself, and fastened it about its mimic eyes. She was seated in a little enclosure, made by school-desks and forms, writing her daily journal. But soon finishing this pursuit, she engaged in an animated communication with a teacher who sat beside her. This was a favourite mistress with the poor pupil. If she could see the face of her fair instructress, she would not love her less, I am sure.

‘I turned over the leaves of her diary, and found it written in a fair, legible, square hand, and expressed in terms which were quite intelligible without any explanation. On my saying that I should like to see her write again, the teacher who sat beside her bade her, in their language, sign her name upon a slip of paper twice or thrice. In doing so, I observed that she kept her left hand always touching and following up her right, in which, of course, she held the pen. No line was indicated by any contrivance, but she wrote straight and freely.

‘She had, until now, been quite unconscious of the presence of visitors ; but having her hand placed in that of the gentleman who accompanied me, she immediately expressed his name upon her teacher’s palm. Indeed her sense of touch is now so exquisite, that having been acquainted with a person once, she can recognise him or her after almost any interval. This gentleman had been in her company, I believe, but very seldom, and certainly had not seen her for many months. My hand she rejected at once, as she does that of any man who is a stranger to her. But she retained my wife’s with evident pleasure, kissed her, and examined her dress with a girl’s curiosity and interest. She was merry and cheerful, and shewed much innocent playfulness in her intercourse with her teacher. Her delight on recognising a favourite playfellow and companion—herself a blind girl—who silently, and with an equal enjoyment of the coming surprise, took a seat beside her, was beautiful to witness. It elicited from her at first, as other slight circumstances did twice or thrice during my visit, an uncouth noise which was rather painful to hear. But on her teacher touching her lips, she immediately desisted, and embraced her laughingly and affectionately.’

Since this account was given to the world, other reports have been issued, from which we learn that Laura has become one of the most skilful teachers in the asylum for the blind at Boston.

ANECDOTES OF THE DEAF, DUMB, AND BLIND.

We learn from the further account of Mr Dickens, that there was in this institution a boy named Oliver Caswell, who had been deaf and blind since he was a few months old, and was now at thirteen years of age in a state resembling that of Laura Bridgeman. By the same kind attentions, he was learning to read by the touch, and to communicate his ideas by the fingers.

MISCELLANEOUS CASES.

Of the performances of persons who have been blind from early infancy—their remarkable tact in finding their way unassisted, their accurate memory of events and places, their skill and taste in music, their dexterity in many operations in science and art, and their acquirements in other respects, numerous anecdotes might be related. The following will be read with a degree of interest, as exemplifying the abilities of this unfortunate class of individuals.

JOHN METCALF.—The case of this person has always been spoken of as bordering on the marvellous, though, as he did not lose his sight till he was six years of age, and after he had been at school two years, the wonder is considerably lessened. John was the son of poor parents, and was born at Knaresborough, in Yorkshire, in 1717. After recovering from the disease which deprived him of sight, he continued to take part in boyish sports with his companions as formerly, roamed fearlessly over fields, walls, and ditches, learned to ride on horseback, to take a hand at whist, bowls, and other games. Swimming was another of his accomplishments, and he performed feats in this department which astonished everybody. On one occasion, when two men were drowned in the Nidd, he was employed to dive for their bodies, and succeeded in bringing up one of them.

Music, the usual resource of the blind, was not neglected by Metcalf. Before he reached the age of sixteen, he had acquired such proficiency on the violin, as to be engaged as a performer both at Knaresborough and at Harrogate, where he was much liked and caressed. With his earnings as a musical performer, he bought a horse, and not only rode frequently in the hunting-field, but ran his horse for small plates at York and elsewhere. On one occasion he engaged, for a considerable stake, to ride his own horse three times round a circular course of a mile in length against another party. As it was believed that Metcalf would never be able to keep the course, large odds were taken against him; but by the ingenious plan of stationing persons with bells at different points, he not only kept the circle, but won the race.

At the age of twenty-one, John Metcalf was six feet one inch and

a half in height, and extremely robust in person. He was so lively in spirits, and so quick in his motions, that few perceived his want at a casual glance; nor durst any one presume so far upon his defects as to ill-use or insult him. Not deterred by his privation, he paid his addresses to Miss Benson, the daughter of a respectable innkeeper at Harrowgate, to whom he was married. After assuming this serious engagement, he continued to perform during every season at Harrowgate, increasing his income by keeping a chaise or two for hire. Being indefatigable in his search for means of bettering the condition of his family, he also travelled, at intervals of professional leisure, to the coast for fish, which he brought to the markets of Leeds and Manchester. Such was his quickness and ingenuity, that no accident ever happened to himself or his horses on these journeys.

When the rebellion broke out in 1745, Metcalf's stirring spirit led him to join the English army as a musician, and he remained with them up till the victory of Culloden. He then returned home, but not until he had formed a plan of future employment from what he had learned—for we can scarcely say observed—in Scotland. He adopted the idea that a number of the cotton and worsted manufactures of the north would sell well in England, and accordingly he made one or two journeys back to Scotland for these stuffs, which he disposed of in Yorkshire. Among a thousand articles, he knew exactly what each cost him, from a peculiar mode of marking. Still this trafficking did not prove suitable for a permanent line of life, and in 1751 he commenced driving a stage-wagon, twice a week in summer and once in winter, between York and Knaresborough. This employment apparently drew his attention to the subject of roads, and fixed him in the pursuit which finally gained him his chief celebrity, and proved a source of no slight advantage to his country. During his leisure hours he had studied mensuration in a way peculiar to himself, and when certain of the girth and length of any piece of timber, could reduce its contents to feet and inches, or could bring the dimensions of any building into yards and feet. In short, he had formed for himself accurate and practical modes of mensuration. At this time it chanced that a new piece of road, about three miles long, was wanted between Fearnby and Minskip. Being well acquainted with the locality, he proposed to contract for it, and his offer was accepted. The materials for the road were to be taken from one quarry, and there, with his wonted activity, he erected temporary houses, hired horses, fixed racks and mangers, and set the work agoing with great spirit. He completed the road much sooner than was expected by the trustees, and in every way to their satisfaction.

Thus commenced the most remarkable portion of this man's life. Metcalf soon undertook other road contracts, and, strange to say, succeeded in laying down good lines where others were hopeless of

success. In Yorkshire, Lancashire, Cheshire, and Derbyshire, during a period of nearly forty years, he pursued the employment of road-making and bridge-building, being by far the most noted and esteemed follower of such occupations in those parts. The large bridge at Boroughbridge, and various others, might be named as proofs of his abilities and success. An anecdote is told which will exhibit the ingenious way in which he overcame difficulties which staggered other surveyors. Among the numerous roads for which he contracted was one on the Manchester line between Blackmoor and Standish-Foot. The original surveyor took the new line over deep marshes, which, in the opinion of the trustees and all concerned, seemed only passable by cutting or digging the earth till a solid bottom was found. This plan appeared to Metcalf tedious and expensive, and he attempted to prove to the trustees that such was the case; but they were fixed in their original views, and only permitted the blind road-maker to follow his own way, on condition that he should afterwards execute their plan if his own failed. Metcalf began to his task. The worst part of the line was on Standish Common, where a deep bog existed, which it seemed impossible to cut a road through. Metcalf set his men to work in cutting a line, and draining off the water, as far as that was possible. So little progress, however, was at first made, that everybody laughed at the poor blind man, who, it was thought, would have given up the task in despair had he had his eyes like other people. Nevertheless he proceeded unweariedly, until he had levelled the bog across, and he then ordered his men to collect heather or ling, and bind it in round bundles which they could span with their hands. These bundles were laid down close together on the cut line, and successive bundles laid over them again, after which they were covered and pressed down with stones and gravel. The issue was, that this portion of the road, when completed, was so remarkably firm and good, that it needed no repairs for twelve years, while other parts required frequent repairs. Even in winter it was perfectly dry.

It was Metcalf's custom, in making purchases of wood, hay, or stones, to span the articles with his arms, and then calculate the amount mentally. Having learned the height, he could tell with great accuracy what number of square yards were contained in a stack of grain, of any value between one and five hundred pounds. His memory was astonishing, and it was no doubt principally by this faculty that he was enabled to traverse so many towns, and ride along so many roads. While in York. on one occasion, a friend of his, the landlord of the George Inn, asked him as a personal favour to guide a gentleman towards Harrowgate. This place lay in Metcalf's own way, and he agreed to the request upon condition that his blindness was kept a secret from the gentleman. The pair accordingly started, both on horseback, and Metcalf taking the lead. By a little dexterity, Metcalf contrived to pass some gates without

leading to a suspicion of the truth, and finally the travellers entered a forest beyond Knaresborough, where there was as yet no turnpike. Evening came on, and by asking his companion if he saw lights in particular directions, Metcalf brought the journey to a safe close, though in those days a man with all his eyes about him might well have strayed from the path. On landing at the Granby Inn, the two travellers took some warm liquor, after which Metcalf retired. Having noticed some difficulty on the part of his companion in lifting the glass, the gentleman remarked to the landlord that his guide had surely taken drink since his arrival. 'I judge so,' added he, 'from the appearance of his eyes.'

'Eyes! bless you, sir, don't you know that he is blind?'

'Blind!' cried the traveller; 'surely that cannot be; he acted as my guide.'

'I can assure you, sir, he is as blind as a stone; but you shall judge for yourself.'

Metcalf was called in, and his late companion, yet trembling with agitation, exclaimed: 'Had I known your condition, sir, I would not have ventured with you for a hundred pounds!'

'And I,' said Metcalf, 'would not have lost my way for a thousand!'

The nicety of touch which Metcalf had acquired was very wonderful. He could play at cards with no other guide; and when persons were by on whom he could depend, he frequently played for serious stakes, and won through the advantage of his uncommon memory. Even when no friend was near him, it would have been very difficult for an opponent to have taken unfair advantage, such was his acuteness of ear and powers of observation. One occasion is mentioned where he won eighteen guineas from strangers at cards.

In the summer of 1788, Mr Metcalf lost his wife, who had brought him four children. He had before this realised a handsome sum by his road and bridge contracts, but he lost considerably in his old days by some cotton speculations into which he was led by his enterprising spirit. In 1792, he gave up his extensive engagements, and settled at Spotsforth, near Wetherby, in his native county. Here, having retained as much of his fortune as to secure a comfortable independence, he spent his latter days in happy ease in the bosom of his family. He died in the year 1802.

Of the attainment of skill in the arts by the blind, we have perhaps a still more remarkable case in that of the late Mr Strong of Carlisle. Although blind from birth, he acquired a thorough knowledge of diaper weaving, and was an adept in various mechanical arts; among other things, he constructed many articles of household furniture, and the model of a loom with a figure working it. The following anecdote is related of him while a boy of fifteen years of age. He concealed himself one afternoon in the cathedral during the time of service; after the congregation was gone and the doors

shut, he got into the organ-loft, and examined every part of the instrument. This had engaged his attention till about midnight, when, having satisfied himself respecting the general construction, he proceeded to try the tones of the different stops, and the proportion they bore to each other : this experiment was not to be conducted in so silent a manner. In short, the noise alarmed the neighbourhood, and some people went to see what was the matter, when Joseph was found playing the organ. The next day, he was taken before the dean, who, after reprimanding him for the step he had taken in order to gratify his curiosity, gave him leave to play it whenever he pleased. In consequence of this, he set about making a chamber organ, which he completed without the assistance of anybody. He sold this instrument to a mechanic in the Isle of Man. Soon after this he made another, on which he played both for amusement and devotion.

In Scotland some interesting cases of blind persons arriving at dexterity in the arts could be produced. We have seen many figures of fair proportions and of delicate finish come from the hand of a blind man—his only instruments being the blades of a common pocket-knife. The daily work of another whom we knew was the fashioning of ornamental spoons, paper-folders, and the like, by which he gained for himself a more than comfortable livelihood. We believe the Laurencekirk snuff-boxes were originally executed by a blind man, and certainly nothing could surpass them for accuracy of form and beauty of finish. What is more wonderful, there resided in a country town in Scotland, some years ago, a blind person who followed the profession of an optician. This respectable individual grinded and polished lenses of all shapes with the most perfect accuracy, and fitted them to the exact focal distances with an aptitude which could not be surpassed by any one possessing the most perfect vision. That a person altogether blind was thus able to supply a customer with exactly the kind of spectacles he required, is surely a fine instance of the compensatory powers in the human faculties and energies. The ingenious individual to whom we refer possessed a touch so delicate that he could detect not only the most minute flaw on the surface of a lens, but could tell where the form departed in the least from the required convexity or concavity. We have likewise heard it mentioned that he could by feeling distinguish decided colours in cloth, such as black, red, green, or blue, from others of a fainter tint.

There are, we believe, few districts in England and Scotland which have not produced proficients on the violin who were blind; and in a like manner Ireland can shew its illustrious catalogue of blind performers on the national harp. Among the most remarkable harp-players of a past age was the famous Hempson, who died in 1807 at the age of 112, having been born in 1695. Hempson lost his sight when three years old, and being taught the harp

while still a youth, he devoted himself with extraordinary ardour to the playing of the old national airs. Travelling from place to place with his harp, and playing at the houses of the nobility and gentry, where he was very acceptable, he visited most parts of Ireland and Scotland; and in 1745 had the honour of playing before Prince Charles Stuart at Holyrood. Latterly, when no longer able to travel, he lived in the house of his daughter; and such was his attachment to his harp, that he kept it constantly beside him in bed. A gentleman who visited him in 1805, when he was 110 years of age, mentions that, gratified with a call from an old friend, he started up in bed, and tuning the ancient companion of his wanderings, played some of the fine old airs of Ireland with indescribable feeling and delicacy. Hempson left few successors, the national instrument having gone almost out of use in Ireland. He left, however, one blind Irish harper—we might call him the last of the minstrels—Mr Patrick Byrne, who made a livelihood by playing to parties, and for this purpose he travelled, like Hempson, through different parts of England and Scotland, as well as his own country. Byrne was a well-informed, modest, and agreeable man, and was a delightful performer on his instrument. Such was his confidence in himself, that he walked everywhere without a guide: he successfully groped his way through the streets of the largest cities to the houses he intended to visit.

Of all the exploits in the way of travelling by blind persons, we imagine none excel those of Mr James Holman, usually styled the blind traveller. Mr Holman was bred to the naval profession, in which he had hopes of gaining distinction, when at twenty-five years of age his prospects were irrecoverably blighted by an illness leading to loss of sight. After the distressing feelings which accompanied the first shock of his bodily privation had in some degree subsided, the active mind began to seek for occupation and amusement, and finally pitched on locomotion. Acquiring an insatiable thirst for moving about, and if not seeing, at least hearing from description on the spot what each place and scene was like, he began to travel into foreign countries. Thus, between 1819 and 1821 he travelled through France, Italy, Savoy, Switzerland, parts of Germany bordering on the Rhine, Holland, and Belgium, of all which countries he has published a lively description. In 1827 he undertook a far grander expedition—a voyage round the world, which occupied him till 1832. What he heard and felt during this hazardous enterprise, which took him through Africa, Asia, Australia, and America, has also been described in a published narrative extending to several volumes.

Nothing more strikingly exemplifies the pliancy of the human faculties than the pleasure which this unfortunate gentleman derives from his examinations of remote and obscure parts of the globe, in the midst of numerous dangers and difficulties. Speaking of an

exploring expedition on the coast of Africa in which he was concerned, and which required him to march for several days inland to visit a tribe of natives, he observes : ' I have ever throughout life, but perhaps more particularly since the loss of my sight, felt an intense interest in entering into association with human nature, and observing human character in its more primitive forms : this propensity I have previously had opportunities of enjoying in some of the countries most remote from European knowledge, amidst the wilds of Tartary and the deserts of Siberia : and I can refer to the indulgence of it many of my more pleasurable emotions. I believe the intensity of my enjoyment under the system I have adopted equals, if not surpasses, what other travellers experience who journey with the eyes open. It is true I see nothing *visibly* ; but, thank God, I possess most exquisitely the other senses, which it has pleased Providence to leave me endowed with ; and I have reason to believe that my deficiency of sight is in a considerable degree compensated by a greater abundance of the powers of the imagination, which enables me to form *ideal pictures* from the description of others, which, as far as my experience goes, I have reason to believe constitute fair and correct representations of the objects they were originally derived from.' We may safely aver that after the success which has attended Mr Holman's efforts, no man need be afraid to travel over the world blindfold.

It may have been remarked by those who have given attention to the physical disabilities of the blind, the deaf, and the dumb, that blindness alone is much less a disqualification in point of mental aptitude than congenital deafness. The difference arises from the impossibility of conveying intelligence to the mind by spoken language. The blind can be made to comprehend many things by means of oral communication, which the deaf cannot readily acquire by any species of literature. Spoken language is the means pointed out by nature to communicate ideas, to express emotions and sentiments of every kind ; literature, at best, is only an auxiliary, and fails to convey the refinements of expression, the delicacies of feeling, utterable by the tongue. On this account, it may be doubted if the most accomplished deaf and dumb scholar can be made to possess a nice perception of philosophical reasoning, or be able to write with force, eloquence, and precision. In ordinary circumstances, deaf-mutes, even after lengthened instruction, fail to write with grammatical accuracy ; so much do they lose by never having heard spoken language, and their ignorance of the value of sounds. We have seen, in the foregoing notices, that blindness does not prevent the attainment of a certain proficiency in arts requiring a knowledge of the beautiful and the exact in form. The deaf-mute from birth, however, rarely attains this distinction. We hear of a hundred blind musicians and poets for one congenitally deaf painter, sculptor, or author.

ANECDOTES OF THE DEAF, DUMB, AND BLIND.

Among the long roll of blind poets who have gained a deathless fame for their effusions, two distinguished names will readily occur to remembrance—those of Homer and Milton. Happily for themselves, these renowned followers of the Muses had not been always blind, and having made good use of their eyes in youth, they had little difficulty in presenting finished pictures of natural scenery and other visible objects of creation which are to be found in their compositions. Blind Harry, an eminent Scottish poet of the era of Chaucer, was less fortunate, as he was blind from birth, yet has presented many vivid descriptions of natural scenery. Dr Blacklock, the early friend and patron of Burns, blind from infancy, left behind him poetical compositions remarkable for their taste and feeling. But of modern blind poets none has excelled Carolan, the celebrated Irish musician and lyrical writer. A piece which he composed in his native Irish on the death of his wife—an event he did not long survive—has been generally admired. From a translation we extract the following lines :

‘Once every thought and every scene was gay,
Friends, mirth, and music, all my hours employed—
Now doomed to mourn my last sad years away,
My life a solitude, my heart a void !
Alas, the change !—to change again no more—
For every comfort is with Mary fled ;
And ceaseless anguish shall her loss deplore,
Till age and sorrow join me with the dead.

Adieu each gift of nature and of art,
That erst adorned me in life’s early prime !
The cloudless temper, and the social heart !
The soul ethereal, and the flights sublime !
Thy loss, my Mary, chased them from my breast,
Thy sweetness cheers, thy judgment aids no more ;
The Muse deserts a heart with grief oppress,
And lost is every joy that charmed before.’

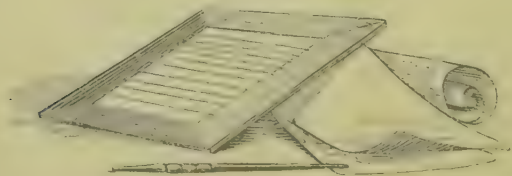
How far the deaf may be made to acquire an idea of sounds has been a subject of much conjecture. In comparatively few cases is the auditory nerve entirely destroyed, and it is often only in a state of dormancy or secluded by superficial disease from the action of sounds. We have seen how the unfortunate boy Mitchell delighted in tingling a key or tuning-fork on his teeth. The greater number of those who are ordinarily considered deaf are keenly alive to sensations produced by music, when the instrument is brought in contact with their persons. We are told of a lady in Paris who tried an experiment upon a young woman who was both deaf and dumb. She fastened a silk thread about the girl’s mouth, and rested the other end upon her pianoforte, upon which she played a pathetic air ; her visitor soon appeared much affected, and at length

burst into tears. When she recovered, she wrote down upon a piece of paper that she had experienced a delight which she could not express, and that it had forced her to weep.

It is mentioned in a German journal, that, in 1750, a merchant of Cleves, named Jorissen, who had become almost totally deaf, sitting one day near a harpsichord where some persons were playing, and having a tobacco-pipe in his mouth, the bowl of which rested against the body of the instrument, was agreeably surprised to hear all the notes in the most distinct manner. By a little reflection and practice he again obtained the use of this valuable sense; for he soon learned by means of a piece of hard wood, one end of which he placed against his teeth, to keep up a conversation, and to be able to understand the least whisper. He soon afterwards made his beneficial discovery the subject of an inaugural dissertation, published at Halle in 1754. The effect is the same if the person who speaks rests the stick against his throat or his breast, or when one rests the stick which he holds in his teeth against some vessel into which the other speaks.

Various devices have been adopted to teach the blind to read, the most successful being that in which raised letters are employed; the touch of the fingers answering the purpose of sight. To perfect this species of printing for the blind, several kinds of letters, all more or less arbitrary in form, have been tried, in each case with some degree of success; so that opinion is still divided as to which is on the whole the best. On this plan of raised figures palpable to the touch, maps and globes for teaching geography have been formed for the use of the blind, and are now introduced into all well-conducted asylums. To enable the blind to practise ordinary writing, a frame with cross wires is used; and the writing is traced, without ink, by means of a style and a sheet of carbonised paper.*

* A simple and inexpensive form of this frame, contrived recently by a lady whose husband had lost his sight, is figured below; the mode of using it is represented at the head of this tract. A description of it is given in *Chambers's Journal* for February 29, 1868.





STORY OF RICHARD FALCONER.*



T WAS born at Bruton, a market-town in Somersetshire, of parents in tolerably good circumstances. My mother having died while I was very young, I was left entirely to the charge of my father, who had been a great traveller in his youth, and frequently related his adventures abroad. This roused a desire in my mind to follow his steps. I often begged he would let me go to sea with some captain of his acquaintance; but he would reply: 'Stay where you are; you know not the hazards and dangers that attend a sea-life; think no more of going to sea, for I know it is only the desire of youth, prone to change: and if I should give you leave, one week's voyage would make you wish to be at home again.' It was with me as with many other heedless lads; I disregarded my father's advice, and used all the arguments I could think of to move him from his opposition, but without effect. At length, in consequence of certain family misfortunes, my father gave his consent to my departure. I now proceeded to Bristol, and by the recommendation of my parent to

* This narrative is reprinted, with some slight alterations, from a rare old work, now little known, but which was a favourite with Sir Walter Scott in his younger days, as appears from the following observations made by him on the blank-leaf of a copy which had been in his possession: 'This book I read in early youth. I am ignorant whether it is altogether fictitious, and written upon Defoe's plan, which it generally resembles, or whether it is only an exaggerated account of the adventures of a real person. It is very scarce; for, endeavouring to add it to the other favourites of my infancy, I think I looked for it ten years to no purpose, and at last owed it to the active kindness of Mr Terry: yet *Richard Falconer's Adventures* seem to have passed through several editions.'

STORY OF RICHARD FALCONER.

a Captain Pultney, was put on board the *Albion* frigate, Captain Wase commander; it was a trader bound to Jamaica, and set sail with a fair wind on the 2d of May 1699. The vessel reached its destination in safety after a stormy, and to me far from pleasant voyage.

Finding our affairs would detain us here about half a year, I obtained leave of the captain to go in a sloop, with some of my acquaintances, to seek logwood on the South American coast, at the Bay of Campeachy; and on the 25th of September we set sail on this expedition. The manner of getting this wood is as follows: A company of desperate fellows go together in a sloop, well armed, and land by stealth, to avoid an encounter with the Spaniards, to whom the country at that time belonged; but in case of any resistance, the whole crew attend on the cutters ready armed, to defend them. We sailed merrily on our course for six days together, with a fair wind towards the bay; but on the seventh, the clouds darkened, and the welkin seemed all on fire with lightning, and the thunder roared louder than ever I heard it in my life. In short, a dreadful hurricane approached. The sailors had furled their sails, and lowered their topmasts, waiting for it under a double-reefed foresail. At length it came with extreme violence, which lasted three hours, until it insensibly abated, and brought on a dead calm. We then loosed our sails in expectation of the wind, which stole out again in about half an hour. About six in the evening, we saw a waterspout, an aerial cloud that draws up the salt water of the sea, and distils it into fresh showers of rain. This cloud comes down in the form of a pipe of lead, of a vast thickness, and, by the force of the sun, sucks up a great quantity of water. I stood an hour to observe it. After it had continued about half an hour in the water, it drew up insensibly, by degrees, till it was lost in the clouds; but in closing, it shut out some of the water, which fell into the sea again with a noise like that of thunder, and occasioned a thick mist, that continued for a considerable time.

October the 6th, we anchored at Triste Island, in the Bay of Campeachy, and sent our men ashore at Logwood Creek, to seek for the logwood cutters, who immediately came on board. The bargain was soon struck; and in exchange for our rum and sugar, and a little money, we got in our lading in eight days, and set sail for Jamaica on the 15th day of October. Now, getting up to Jamaica again generally takes up two months, because we are obliged to ply it all the way to windward. I one day went down into the hold to bottle off a small parcel of wine I had there: coming upon deck again, I wanted to wash myself, but did not care to go into the water, so went into the boat astern that we had hoisted out in the morning to look after a wreck. Having washed and dressed myself, I took a book out of my pocket, and sat reading in the boat; when, before I was aware, a storm began to rise, so that I could not get

up the ship's side as usual, but called for the ladder of ropes that hangs over the ship's quarter, in order to get up that way. Whether it broke through rottenness, as being seldom used, I cannot tell, but down I fell into the sea ; and though the ship tacked about to take me up, yet I lost sight of them through the duskiness of the evening and the storm. I had the most dismal fears that could ever possess any one in my condition. I was forced to drive with the wind, which, by good-fortune, set in with the current ; and having kept myself above water, as near as I could guess in this fright, four hours, I felt my feet every now and then touch the ground ; and at last, by a great wave, I was thrown and left upon the sand. Yet, it being dark, I knew not what to do ; but I got up and walked as well as my tired limbs would let me, and every now and then was overtaken by the waves, which were not high enough to wash me away. When I had got far enough, as I thought, to be out of danger, I could not discover anything of land, and I immediately conjectured that it was but some bank of sand that the sea would overflow at high tide ; whereupon I sat down to rest my weary limbs, and fit myself for death ; for that was all I could expect, in my own opinion. Then all my sins came flying in my face. I offered up fervent prayers, not for my safety, because I did not expect any such thing, but for all my past offences ; and I may really say I expected my dissolution with a calmness that led me to hope I had made my peace with Heaven. At last I fell asleep, though I tried all I could against it, by getting up and walking, till I was obliged, through weariness, to lie down again.

When I awoke in the morning, I was amazed to find myself among four or five very low sandy islands, separated half a mile or more, as I guessed, by the sea. With that I began to be a little cheerful, and walked about to see if I could find anything that was eatable ; but, to my great grief, I found nothing but a few eggs, which I was obliged to eat raw. The fear of starving seemed to me to be worse than that of drowning ; and often did I wish that the sea had swallowed me, rather than thrown me on this desolate island ; for I could perceive, by the evenness of them, that they were not inhabited, either by man or beast, or anything else but rats, and several sorts of fowl. Upon this island there were some bushes of a wood they call burton-wood, which used to be my shelter at night ; but, to complete my misery, there was not to be found one drop of fresh water anywhere, so that I was forced to drink sea-water for two or three days, which made my skin come off like the peel of a broiled codling. At last my misery so increased that I often was in the mind of terminating my life, but desisted, from the expectation I had that some alligator or other voracious creature would come and do it for me.

I had lived a week upon eggs only, when, by good-fortune, I discovered a bird called a booby sitting upon a bush. I ran immediately,

STORY OF RICHARD FALCONER.

as fast as I could, and knocked it down with a stick. I never considered whether it was proper food, but sucked the blood and ate the flesh with such a pleasure as none can express but those who have felt the pain of hunger to the same degree as myself. After I had devoured this banquet, I walked about and discovered many more of these birds, which I killed. My stomach being now pretty well appeased, I began to consider whether I could not with two sticks make a fire, as I had seen the blacks do in Jamaica. I tried with all the wood I could get, and at last happily accomplished it. This done, I gathered some more sticks, and made a fire, picked several of my boobies, and broiled them as well as I could; and now I resolved to come to an allowance.

At night, I and my fellow-inhabitants endured a great storm of rain and thunder, with the reddest lightning I had ever seen, which well washed us all, I believe. As for myself, my clothes, which were only a pair of thin shoes and thread stockings, and a canvas waist-coat and breeches, were soundly wet; but I had the happiness to find in the morning several cavities of rain-water, which put in my head a thought of making a deep well, or hollow place, that I might have water continually by me, which I brought to perfection in this manner: I took a piece of wood, and pitched upon a place under a burton-tree, where, with my hands and the stick together, I dug a hole, or well, big enough to contain a hogshead of water; then I put in stones, and paved it, and got in and stamped them down hard all round, and with my sticks beat the sides close, so that I made it capable of holding water. But the difficulty was how to get the water there, which I at length effected by means of a sort of bucket made from a part of my clothing. I now felt greatly cheered with my prospects, and thought I should not be very badly off for a while; for, besides the water for my drink, I had ready broiled forty boobies, designing to allow myself half a one a day. I had a small Ovid, printed by Elzevir, which was in my trousers-pocket when I was going up the ladder of ropes; and, by being pressed close, was not quite spoiled, but only the cover off, and a little stained with the wet. This was a great mitigation of my misfortune; for I could entertain myself with this book under a burton-bush till I fell asleep. I remained always in good health, only a little troubled with the headache, for want of a hat, which I lost in the water in falling down from the ladder of ropes. But I remedied this as well as I could by gathering a parcel of chick-weed, which grows there in plenty, and strewing it over the burton-bushes under which I sat. Nay, at last finding my time might be longer there than I expected, I tore off one of the sleeves of my shirt, and lined a cap that I had made of green sprigs, twisted with the green bark that I peeled off.

I had been here a month by my reckoning, and in that time my skin looked as if it had been rubbed over with walnut-shells. I

STORY OF RICHARD FALCONER.

several times thought to have swum to one of the other islands ; but as they looked only like heaps of sand, I believed I had got the best berth, so contented myself with my present station. Of boobies I could get enough, which built on the ground, and another bird that lays eggs, which I used to eat, but I never ventured to taste the eggs. I was so well satisfied with my boobies that I did not care to try experiments. The island which I was upon seemed to me to be about two miles in circumference, and was almost round. On the west side, there was a good anchoring-place, the water being very deep within two fathoms of the shore. God forgive me ! but I often wished to have had companions in my misfortune, and hoped every day either to have seen some vessel come that way, or a wreck, where, perhaps, I might have found some necessaries which I wanted. I used to fancy that if I should be forced to stay there long, I should forget my speech ; so I used to talk aloud, ask myself questions, and answer them. But if anybody had been by to have heard me, they would certainly have thought me bewitched, I often asked myself such odd questions. All this while, I could not inform myself where I was, nor how near any inhabited place.

One morning, which I took to be the 8th of November, a violent storm arose, which continued till noon. In the meantime, I discerned a bark labouring with the waves for several hours ; and at last, with the violence of the tempest, perfectly thrown out of the water upon the shore, within a quarter of a mile from the place where I observed it. I ran to see if there were anybody I could assist, when I found four men (being all there were in the vessel) busy about saving what they could. When I came up with them, and hailed them in English, they seemed mightily surprised. They asked me how I came there, and how long I had been there. When I told them my story, they were concerned for themselves as well as for me, for they found there was no possibility of getting their bark off the sands, the wind having forced her so far. With that we began to bemoan one another's misfortunes ; but I must confess to you, without lying, I was never more rejoiced in my whole life, for they had on board plenty of everything for a twelvemonth, and not an article spoiled. Their lading, which was logwood, they had thrown overboard to lighten the ship, which was the occasion of the wind forcing her so far. Had they kept in their lading, they would have bulged in the sands half a quarter of a mile from the place where they did ; and the sea, flying over them, would not only have spoiled their provisions, but perhaps have been the death of them all. By these men, I understood to what place I had got—namely, one of the islands of the Alcranes, which are five islands, or rather large banks of sand, for there is not a tree or bush upon any but that on which we were. They lie in the latitude of 22° N., twenty-five leagues from Yucatan, and about sixty from Campeachy town. We worked as fast as we could, and got at everything that would be useful to us

STORY OF RICHARD FALCONER.

before night. We had six barrels of salt beef, three of pork, two of biscuit, a small copper and iron pot, some wearing-clothes, and a spare hat, which I wanted mightily. We had, besides, several kegs of rum, and one of brandy, and a chest of sugar, with many other things of use, some gunpowder, and one fowling-piece. We took off the sails from the yards, and, with some pieces of timber, raised a hut big enough to hold twenty men, under which we put their beds that we got from the bark. It is true we had no shelter from the wind, for the trees were so low they were of no use. I now thought myself in a palace, and was as merry as if I had been at Jamaica, or even at home in my own country. In short, when we had been there some time, we began to be very easy, and to wait contentedly till Providence should fetch us out of this island. The bark lay upon the sands, fifty yards from the water when at the highest, so that I used to lie in her cabin, by reason there were no more beds ashore than were for my four companions—namely, Thomas Randal of Cork, in Ireland, whose bed was largest, which he did me the favour to spare a part of now and then, when the wind was high, and I did not care to lie on board; Richard White; William Musgrave of Kingston, in Jamaica; and Ralph Middleton of Cowes, in the Isle of Wight. These men, with eight others, set out of Port Royal about a month after us, bound for the same place; but the latter lying ashore, and wandering too far up the country, were met, as it is supposed, by some Spaniards and Indians, who set upon them in great numbers. Yet, nevertheless, by all appearance, they fought desperately; for when Mr Randal and Mr Middleton went to seek for them, they found all the eight dead, with fifteen Indians and two Spaniards. All the Englishmen had several cuts in their heads, arms, breasts, &c., that made it very plainly appear they had sold their lives dearly. They were too far up in the country to bring down their dead, so they were obliged to dig a hole in the earth, and put them in as they lay, in their clothes. As for the Indians and Spaniards, they stripped them, and left them above ground as they found them, and made all the haste they could to embark, for fear of any other unlucky accident that might happen. They set sail as soon as they came on board, and made the best of their way for Jamaica, till they were overtaken by the storm that shipwrecked them on Make-shift Island, as I had named it.

Now, we had all manner of fishing-tackle with us, but we wanted a boat to go a little way from shore to catch fish; therefore, we set our wits to work, in order to make some manner of float, and at last we pitched upon this odd project: We took six casks, and tarred them all over, then stopped up the bungs with corks, and nailed them close down with a piece of tarred canvas. These six casks we tied together with some of the cordage of the vessel, and upon them we placed the scuttles of the deck, and fixed them, and made it so strong that two men might sit upon them; but for fear a storm

STORY OF RICHARD FALCONER.

should happen, we tied to one end of her a coil or two of small rope, of five hundred fathoms long, which we fixed to a small stake on the shore. Then two of them went out (as for my part, I was no fisherman) in order to see what success they should have, but returned with only one nurse, a fish so called, about two feet long, something like a shark, only its skin is very rough, and when dry will do the same office as a seal-skin. The same, boiled in lemon-juice, is the only remedy in the world for the scurvy, by applying pieces of the skin to the calves of your legs, and rubbing your body with some of the liquor once or twice. We sent out our fishermen the next day again, and they returned with two old wives, and a young shark about two feet long, which were dressed for dinner, and they proved excellent eating. In the morning following, we killed a young seal with our fowling-piece. This we salted, and it ate very well after lying two or three days in the brine.

We passed our time in this Make-shift Island as well as we could, and invented several games to divert ourselves. One day, when we had been merry, sorrow, as after gaiety often happens, stole insensibly on us all. I, as being the youngest, began to reflect on my sad condition, spending my youth on a barren land, without hopes of being ever redeemed. Whereupon, Mr Randal, who was a man of great experience, and had come through many sufferings, gave me considerable comfort in my affliction, both by a narrative of his own mishaps, and by a plan he laid before us of a means of getting off the island. 'Mr Falconer, and my fellow-sufferers,' said he; 'but it is to you,' pointing to me, 'that I chiefly address myself, as you seem to despair of a safe removal from this place more than any other. Is not your condition much better now than you could have expected it to be a month ago? There is a virtue in manly suffering; as to repine seems to doubt of the all-seeing Power which regulates our actions. Our bark is strong and firm; and, by degrees, I do not doubt but with time and much labour to get her into the water again. I have been aboard her this morning when you were all asleep, and examined her carefully inside and out, and fancy our liberty may soon be effected. I only wonder we have never thought before of clearing the sand from our vessel, which, once done, I believe we may launch her out into deep water.'

Having spent the night in reflection on what had passed, the next morning we went to work to clear the sand from our vessel, which we continued working on for sixteen days together, resting only on Sunday, which at last we effected. The next thing we had to do was to get poles to put under our vessel to launch her out; which we got from the burton-wood, but with much difficulty, as we were forced to cut a great many before we could get them that were fit for our purpose. After we had done this, we returned God thanks for our success hitherto; and on the day following, resolved to thrust off our vessel into the water; but we were prevented by Mr Randal

STORY OF RICHARD FALCONER.

being taken ill of a fever, occasioned, as we supposed, by his great fatigue in working to free our ship from the sand, wherein he spared no pains to encourage us, as much by his actions as his words, even beyond his strength. The concern we were all in upon this occasioned our delay in not getting our vessel out. Besides, one hand out of five was a weakening of our strength. Mr Randal never thought of his instruments till now, when he wanted to let himself blood; but not feeling them about his clothes, we supposed they might have been overlooked in the vessel: so I ran immediately to see if I could find them; and, getting up the side, my very weight pulled her down to the sand, which had certainly bruised me to death if I had not sunk into the hollow that we had made by throwing the sand from the ship. I crept out in a great fright, and ran to my companions, who, with much ado, got her upright; and afterwards we fixed some spare oars on each side, to keep her from falling again; for the pieces of wood that were placed under her were greased, to facilitate her slipping into the water, and we had dug the sand so entirely from her, that she rested only on them, which occasioned her leaning to one side with my weight only. When we were entered into the vessel, and our endeavours to find the box of instruments were fruitless, we were all mightily concerned, for we verily believed that bleeding would have cured him; nay, even he himself said that if he could be let blood, he was certain his fever would abate, and he should be easier; yet to see with what a perfect resignation he submitted to the will of Heaven, would have inspired one with a true knowledge of the state good men enjoy after a dissolution from this painful life. He grew still worse and worse, but yet so patient in his sufferings, that it perfectly amazed us all. He continued in this manner a whole week, at the end of which time he expired. After our sorrow for his death was somewhat abated, we consulted how to bury him, and at last agreed on committing his body to the hole in the sand which I had dug for my well. After fulfilling this melancholy duty, the whole of our thoughts were bent on our vessel, and the means of escape from the island.

On Monday, the 31st of December, we launched our vessel out into the sea, and designed to set sail the next day from the island upon which we had been so long confined. After we had fixed her fast with two anchors and a hawser on shore, we went on board to dine and make ourselves merry, which we did very heartily; and, to add to our mirth, we made a large can of punch, which we never attempted to do before, as we had but one bottle of lime-juice in all, which was what indeed we designed for this occasion. In short, the punch ran down so merrily, that we were all in a drunken condition. When it was gone, we resolved to go to rest; but all I could do would not persuade them to lie on board that night in their cabins, yet without a bed: they would venture, though they were obliged to swim a hundred yards before they could wade to

shore; but, however, they got safe, which I knew by their hallooing and rejoicing.

Having brought my bed on board, I went to rest very contentedly, which I did till next morning; but, O horror! when I had dressed myself, and gone on deck to call my companions to come on board to breakfast, which was intended overnight, and afterwards to go on shore and bring our sails and yards on board, and make to sea as fast as we could, I could not see any land! The vessel had driven from the shore, and was now on the broad ocean. The sudden shock of this catastrophe so overcame me, that I sank down on the deck without sense or motion. How long I continued so, I cannot tell, but I awoke full of the sense of my melancholy condition; and ten thousand times, in spite of my resolution to forbear, cursed my unhappy fate that had brought me to that deplorable state. Instead of coming on board to be frolicsome and merry, we should have given thanks to Him who gave us the blessing of thinking we were no longer subject to such hardships as we might probably have undergone if we had been detained longer on that island. I had no compass, neither was I of myself capable of ruling the vessel in a calm, much less in a storm, should it happen—a case not infrequent in this climate.

After I had vented my grief in a torrent of words and tears, I began to think how the vessel could have got to sea without my knowledge. By remembrance of the matter the night before, I found, by our eagerness and fatal carelessness, we had forgotten to fasten our cables to the gears; and, pulling up the hawser which we had fastened to one of the burton-trees on shore, I perceived that the force of the vessel had pulled the tree out of the earth. Then I, too late, found that a hurricane had risen when I was sound asleep and stupefied with too much liquor. When I began to be something better contented in my mind, and thought of sustaining nature, almost spent with fatigue and grieving, one great comfort I had on my side, which my poor wretched companions wanted, was provision in plenty and fresh water; so that, when I began to consider coolly, I found I had not that cause to complain which they had, for they were left on a barren island without any other provision than that very same diet which I was forced to take up with when first thrown on shore.

I remained tossed upon the sea for a fortnight without discovering land; for the weather continued very calm, but yet so hazy that I could not perceive the sun for several days. One day, searching for some linen that I had dropped under the sacking of my bed, for I did not lie in a hammock, I found a glove with seventy-five pieces of eight in it, which I took and sewed in the waistband of my trousers, for fear I should want it some time or other. I made no scruple in taking it, for I was well assured it had belonged to poor Mr Randal. Besides, I had heard the other people say that they

STORY OF RICHARD FALCONER.

were sure that he had money somewhere ; and, after his death, we searched for it, but could not find any. January the 20th, 1700, I discovered a sail near me, but she bore away so fast, that there was not any hope of succour from her, and I had not anything to distinguish me. I supposed, though I could see them, yet they could not see me, by reason of my want of sail, which would have made me the more conspicuous. The next day I discovered land, about six leagues to the south-west of me, which, I observed, my vessel did not come nigh, but coasted along shore. I was well assured it was the province of Yucatan, belonging to the Spaniards, and was the place we came from. Now, all my fear was that I should fall into their hands, who would make me do the work of a slave ; but even that, I thought, was better than to live in continual fear of storms, and tempests, or shipwreck.

I coasted along in this manner for two or three days, and at last discovered land right ahead, which I was very glad of, but yet mixed with fear, in not knowing what treatment I should have. On January the 30th, I made the bay and town of Francisco di Campeachy, as it proved afterwards, and was almost upon it before I was met by anything of a ship or a boat ; but at last two canoes came on board, with one Spaniard and six Indians, who were much surprised when they learned my condition, by speaking broken French, which the Spaniard understood. They immediately carried me on shore, and thence to the governor, who was at dinner. They would have made me stay till he had dined ; but he, hearing of me, commanded me to come in where he was at dinner with several gentlemen and two ladies ; and though it is very rare any one sees the women in these countries, yet they did not offer to veil themselves. I was ordered to sit down by myself at a little table, placed for that purpose, where I had sent me of what composed their dinner, which was some fish and fowls, and excellent wine of several sorts.

After they had feasted me for two or three days, they sent me about, with several officers appointed by the governor, to make a gathering, which was done with success, for in three days we had got seven hundred and odd pieces of eight ; and two merchants there were at the charge of fitting up my bark, in order to send it for my poor companions, to hearten us up ; as some bottles of fine wines, two bottles of citron-water for a cordial, chocolate, and several other useful things ; but the difficulty was to get seamen to go with me. At last they remembered they had five Englishmen that were prisoners there, and taken in the Bay of Campeachy upon suspicion of piracy, but nothing could be proved against them, whom they freed without any ransom. I indeed received as much humanity among them as could be expected from any of the most civilised nations.

All things being prepared, on the 15th of February 1700 we set

sail from Campeachy Bay, after paying my acknowledgments to the generous governor; but having nothing to present him worth acceptance but my Ovid, I gave him that, which he took very kindly, and said he would prize it mightily, not only in the esteem he had for that author, but in remembrance of me and my misfortunes. We plied it to windward very briskly, and in fifteen days discovered the isles of the Alcranes; but we durst not go in within the shoals, because we were all ignorant of the channel. So we cast anchor, and hoisted out our boat, with two men and myself, and made to shore, where we found my three companions, but in a miserable condition, and Mr Musgrave so faint and weak, that they expected he would not live long.

They mentioned to me, that when they awoke, after I had driven off in the vessel in the dark from the island, they were all in despair to find the ship gone, which they perceived was occasioned by a hurricane, that they were assured was violent, because it had blown down their tent, though without awaking them. When they began to consider they had no food, and but very little fresh water, which was left in a barrel without a head in the tent, their despair increased. As no passion, however, can last long that is violent, it wore off with their care for sustenance, which they diligently searched for; and not finding any quantity of eggs or boobies, the dreadful fear of starving came into their minds, with all its horrid attendants. They had been five days without eating or drinking, for the boobies were retired, out of fear or custom, to some other place; neither could they find one egg more; and weakness came so fast upon them, with hunger and drought, that they were hardly able to crawl, so they thought of nothing but dying; when at last they remembered the body of good Mr Randal, that had been buried a week, which they dug up without being putrefied; and that poor wretch, that helped to support our misfortunes, when alive, with his sage advice, now was a means of preserving their life, though dead. We arrived in time to save them from continuing this horrid cannibalism; and having seen the remains of my old friend once more consigned to the tomb, we all got on board our vessel, in order to sail as soon as the wind would rise, it being perfectly calm, and continued so for two days. At last it blew a little, and we weighed anchor, and stood out to sea, but made but little way.

I was now master or captain of a ship, and began to act accordingly. We were nine men, all English; that is, myself first, Richard White, W. Musgrave, and Ralph Middleton, my old companions; John Stone, W. Keater, Francis Hood, W. Warren, and Joseph Meadows (all of England), the five men given me by Don Antonio, who, as I said before, were taken on suspicion of piracy; whereupon a thought came into my head that had escaped me before. I considered if these were really pirates, being five to four, they might be too powerful for us, and perhaps murder us. One day we all

STORY OF RICHARD FALCONER.

dined together upon deck under our awning, it being very calm weather. I then asked the five men what was the reason that they were taken by the Spaniards for pirates. Upon this they seemed considerably at a loss ; but Warren soon recovered himself, as well as all the rest, and spoke for the others in this manner : ' We embarked on board the ship *Bonaventure* in the Thames, bound for Jamaica, whither we made a prosperous voyage ; but after taking in our lading, on our way home we were overtaken by a storm, in which our ship was lost, and all the men perished, except myself and four companions, who were saved in the long-boat. But the reason we were taken for pirates was, that, going on shore to save ourselves, we saw a bark riding at anchor without the port of Campeachy, which we made to, in order to inquire whereabouts we were, and to beg some provisions, our own being gone. On entering the vessel, we found but two people in it ; the third, jumping into the water, swam on shore, and brought three boats filled with Spanish soldiers, who came on board before we could make off.'

' Make off !' said I. ' What ! did you design to run away with the vessel ?'

' No,' answered Warren with some confusion ; ' but we did design to weigh anchor, and go further inshore, that we might land in the morning, it being late at night.'

I must confess I did not like the fellow hesitating now and then, as if not knowing what to say ; but, upon consideration, thought it might be for want of words to express himself better ; so for that time I took no more notice, not weighing it in my mind ; but in the evening Mr Middleton came to me with a face of concern, and told me he did not like these fellows' tale. ' Why so ?' said I. ' Because I observe they herd together,' answered he, ' and are always whispering and speaking low to one another. If a foreboding heart may speak, I am sure we shall suffer something from these fellows that will be of danger to us.'

Upon this I began to stagger in my opinion of their honesty, and therefore we resolved to stand upon our guard. We took no notice of our conference then to our other two companions, but resolved to stay till night, having a better opportunity then, as we lay together in the cabin aft. When we were to go to supper, we called one another to come ; but five of the sailors excused themselves by saying they had dined so lately that they had no stomach yet ; whereupon we had an opportunity sooner to converse together than we designed ; for, being at supper, we opened the matter to our other two companions, and they agreed immediately that we were in some danger ; so we resolved in the middle watch of the night to seize them in their sleep. We were to have the first watch, which we set at eight o'clock ; then they were to watch till twelve ; and then, in their third watch, between one and two, we had concluded to seize upon them as they slept ; that is, four of them ; for one of

them watched with us, which was Frank Hood, the cook, whom we agreed to seize and bind fast towards the latter end of the watch, and to threaten him with death if he offered to make the least noise.

As soon as ever our first watch was set, we sent Mr Musgrave to prepare our arms. In about half an hour, or thereabouts, Warren called to Hood upon deck (they lying below) to get him a little water, for he was very dry, he said; whereupon the other went down immediately with some water in a can to him. As soon as he was gone down, I had the curiosity to draw as near the scuttle as I could, to hear the discourse. Now, you must know Hood our cook had been employed that day in examining our provisions, our beef-casks and pork, to see what quantity we had, that we might know how long it could last; so that the others had not an opportunity to disclose the design to him. As soon as he had got down, I could hear Will Warren say to him: 'Hark ye, Frank, we had liked to have been smoked to-day; and though we had contrived the story that I told you, yet I was a little surprised at their asking me, because then I did not expect it; but we design to be even with them in a very little time; for, hark ye'—said he, and spoke so low that I could not hear him.

Upon which the other said: 'There is no difficulty in the matter; but we need not be in such haste, for you know, as we ply it to windward, a day or two can break no squares, and we can soon (after effecting our design) bear down to leeward to our comrades that we left on shore; for I fancy,' added he, 'that they have some small suspicion of you now, which in time will sleep, and may be on their guard; therefore, it is better to wait a day or two.'

'No; we'll do it to-night when they are asleep,' replied Warren; whereupon there were many arguments *pro* and *con.*, as I fancied.

A little while after, Hood came up again; and after walking up and down, and fixing his eyes often upon me, who in the meantime was provided with a couple of pistols under my watch-coat, and which, indeed, were their own, that we had hung up ready charged in our cabin (which was one reason of their design to attack us in our sleep)—Hood, as I said before, seemed to fix his eyes frequently on me, for, till now, I never watched in the night. At last, said he very softly: 'If you please, Mr Falconer, I have a word or two to say to you that much concerns you all.'

'What is it?' said I.

'Why,' answered he, 'I would have the rest of your companions ear-witnesses too.' With that I called them together. 'But,' said he, 'let us retire as far from the scuttle as we can, that we may not be heard by any below deck.' So we went into the cabin, and opened the scuttle above, that Mr Musgrave, who steered, might hear what was said.

When we had sat down upon the floor, Hood began as follows:

'My four companions below have a wicked design upon you; that is, to seize you, and put you into the boat, and run away with the vessel; but I think it is an inhuman action, not only to any one, but to you in particular, that have been the means of their freedom.'

Upon this (finding his sincerity), I told him that we were provided against it already; and, with the consent of my companions, I told him of our design of seizing them in the third watch.

'But,' said he, 'they intend to put their project in practice their next watch; therefore, I think 'twill be more proper for us to counter-plot them, and seize them at once.'

'As they have no arms,' said I, 'and we have, we need not fear them.'

We had several debates about this, which took up too much time, to our sorrow; for Warren, mistrusting Hood, it seems, got up and listened; and when he found that we retired, all of us, to the cabin, he got upon deck, and, stealing softly, came so close that he overheard everything we said, which, as soon as he understood, he went immediately to his companions, who waited impatiently, as they told us afterwards, and let them know all our discourse; whereupon, without pausing, they resolved to attack us immediately in the midst of our consultation; which was no sooner resolved upon than done; for we were immediately surprised with their seizing us, which they did with that quickness, and so unperceivable, that we were all confounded and amazed: they had got off two pistols in our consternation, which they clapped to our breasts. In this confusion, I had forgotten mine that were at my girdle (or else we might have been hard enough for them); neither did I remember them till they found them about me. They shut the cabin-door on the inside till they had bound us, and never heeded Mr Musgrave's knocking and making a noise, till they had secured us; which done, they opened the door and seized him, who came to know what the matter was, for we had no candle in the cabin; and he, hearing a noise amongst us, thought we were seizing Hood, and called to us to forbear (as he said afterwards), and make haste, for he was going to tack about, though we did not hear him; on which he clapped the helm alee, and came down to fetch us out to haul off the sheets, &c. and was seized; and the sails fluttered in the wind, by reason she was veering round when the helm was alee.

After they had fixed the vessel, and it was broad day, they came and unbound our legs, and gave us leave to walk upon deck; whereupon I began to expostulate with them, particularly Warren, as he seemed to have a sort of command over the others. 'And what,' said I to him, 'do you design to do with us, now you have your desire?'

'Do with you! Why, by and by we design to put you into the boat, and turn you adrift; but for that Hood, we'll murder him without mercy! A dog to betray us! But as you have not so much injured

us, we'll put you immediately into the boat, with a week's provision and a small sail, and you shall seek your fortune, as I suppose you would have done by us.'

'No,' answered I; 'we only designed to confine you till we came to Jamaica, and there to have given you your liberty to go where you had thought fit. Put us ashore at any land that belongs to the English, and we will think you have not done us an injury.'

'No,' said he; 'we must go to meet our captain and fifty men upon the mainland of Yucatan, where our vessel was stranded, not to be gotten off. Our first design, when we were taken in our boat, was to get us a vessel to go a-bucaniering, which we had done at Campeachy, if it had not been for the Indian that swam on shore, unknown to us, and brought succours too soon.'

When they had got everything ready—that is to say, a barrel of biscuit, another of water, about half-a-dozen pieces of beef, and as much pork, a small kettle, and a tinder-box—we were better provided than we expected, by much: besides, they granted us four cutlasses and a fowling-piece, with about four pounds of powder, and a sufficient quantity of shot; together with all poor Mr Randal's journals, after their perusing them, and finding them of no use. When this was done, Warren ordered them to tie Hood to the mast of the vessel, and was charging a pistol to shoot him through the head, not considering it was charged before; for it was one of them I had at my girdle, and which they took from me; but in his eagerness and heat of passion, he did not mind it. We all entreated for the poor fellow; and he himself fell upon his knees, and begged, with all the eloquence he had, to spare him, and let him go with us; but Warren swore bitterly nothing should save him. With that he cocked his pistol, and levelled it at Hood; but firing, it split into several pieces, and one struck Warren into the skull so deep that it almost killed him on the spot. One of the bullets grazed the side of my temple, and did but just break the skin. As for Hood, he was not hurt, but, with the fright and noise of the pistol (as we supposed), laboured with such an agony of spirit that he broke the cords that tied him by the arms, though as thick as a middle finger, and fell down, but rose immediately; and not finding himself hurt, ran to us, and unbound our arms, unperceived by the other two, who were busy about the unfortunate Warren; and though they were called to by the man that steered (who ran immediately to prevent it), yet they did not mind it, they were so concerned about Warren. Before he that steered came, Hood had unbound me, and stopped the fellow (Meadows) by giving him a blow with his fist that knocked him down. In the meantime I had unbound White, Musgrave, and Middleton, and we went and seized upon the other two pirates, as now we called them nothing else.

After we had bound them in our turn, we went to see what assistance could be given to Warren, when we found that a piece of

STORY OF RICHARD FALCONER.

the barrel of the pistol had sunk into his skull, and that he was just expiring ; but yet he sat up with great resolution. ' You have overpowered us,' said he, ' and I likewise see the hand of Heaven is in it. I was born of good honest parents, whose steps, if I had followed, would have made my conscience easy to me at this time ; but I forsook all religion ; and now, too late, I find that to dally with Heaven is fooling one's self ; but yet, in this one moment of my life that is left, I heartily repent of all my past crimes, and rely upon the Saviour of the world, that died for our sins, to pardon mine.' With that he crossed himself, and expired. I must confess I was very sorry for the unhappy accident of his death, but yet glad that we were at liberty, and felt something easy that the poor soul repented before his expiring.

After we had secured the others, we threw Warren overboard, and bore to the wind ; for after our first tacking about in the morning, when the bustle happened, they bore away with tack at cat-head, as being for their purpose. The three men that were left desired us to let them have the boat, and go seek their companions, which we refused, not having hands enough to carry our vessel to Jamaica. But we promised them, if they would freely work in the voyage, they should have their entire liberty to go where they thought fit, without any complaints against them. Upon this we began to be a little sociable, as before ; and they all declared that what they did was at the instigation of Warren.

The next day we discovered a ship to windward of us, that bore down upon us with crowded sails. We filled all the sails we had, and endeavoured to get away from her as fast as we could, but all to no purpose. We saw they gained upon us every moment ; and therefore, seeing it was not possible for us to escape, we backed our sails, and lay by for them, that they might be more civil if they were enemies. As soon as ever they came up with us, they hailed us, and ordered us to come on board, which we durst not deny ; when Mr Musgrave and I, with Hood and White for rowers, went on board them. We found by Hood's knowing them that they were his captain and comrades. Now, as Hood said, we did not know how we should behave ourselves, or what we should say about Warren ; but we only told the captain how we met with his men, and that they were redeemed upon my account. He never asked particularly for Warren, but how they all did ; and when they sent on board to search our vessel, they soon came to the truth, for the other three told them the story, though not with aggravated circumstances ; upon which poor Hood was tied to the mainmast, lashed with a cat-o'-nine-tails most abominably, and, after that, pickled in brine, which was more pain than the whipping ; but it kept his back from festering, which it might otherwise have done, because they flay the skin at every stroke, and then wash it with brine, which is called whipping and tickling. After this, they would not

keep him among them, but sent for the other three men from our vessel, and ordered us all on board, with another of their men, who was ill of a dangerous fever, which they feared might prove infectious. They did not take anything from us, as we expected at first; only gave us this sick man to look after, which we were very contented with; so we parted with them very well satisfied, but much better when we were out of sight, fearing they had forgotten themselves, and would send for us back, and take our provisions from us, or one mischief or another; for pirates do not often use to be so courteous.

Two nights after we had parted from the pirate, we encountered a dreadful storm, that lasted two days without abating; and our poor bark, which was none of the best, was tumbled and tossed about like a tennis-ball; yet we received no damage, but that she would not answer the helm; so we were obliged to let her go before the tempest, and trust to the mercy of Heaven for relief. We in the middle of the storm discovered land right ahead, which put us all in a panic. We endeavoured to bring our vessel to bear up to the wind, but all to no purpose; for she still drove nearer the shore, where we discovered several tokens of a shipwreck, as pieces of broken masts and barrels swimming on the water, and a little farther, men's hats. Then we began to think that we certainly should run the same fate—when, as soon as thought, our bark was driven on shore in a smooth sandy bay, where we had opportunity to quit her; which was happy for us, for the sea washed over her with such violence, that we had not any hopes of her escaping the storm, and thought, of course, we should be torn to pieces.

When we were ashore, we all concluded it could be no other land but the south of Cuba island, belonging to the Spaniards. We were then in a terrible fright lest we were near any place that belonged to the Indians; for Musgrave assured me that Indians dwelt in some parts of the south side of Cuba, in spite of the Spaniards, and massacred them wherever they encountered them, or any other whites. We remained all night in great fear; and though we found the storm abated, or rather a calm succeeded, yet we durst not stir till the moon rose, and then we walked towards our vessel, which we found all on one side; but, by good-fortune, most of our provisions were dry, which mightily rejoiced us. But all the vessel's rigging and masts were shattered and torn to pieces, and some part of her quarter wrung off, so that she could not be of any use to us if we could have got her upright. We took out all our provisions and our arms, with two barrels of gunpowder that were dry, the rest being damaged with water and sand that had got in. We had arms enough, as having those that belonged to the three sailors that were taken in the pirate, which we supposed they had forgotten; so we were six men well armed, with each a musket, a case of pistols, and a bayonet, besides two cutlasses, if we should need them. By

STORY OF RICHARD FALCONER.

the time we had taken everything out, day approached, and then we designed all together, well armed, to go and view the country. John Rouse was very well recovered of his fever, but a little weak; yet his heart was as good as the best of us; so we resolved, if we were set upon by Indians, to defend ourselves to the last drop of blood, choosing rather to die by their hands in fight than to be tortured after their usual manner.

When we had placed our provisions and other necessities safe behind a tuft of trees that grew close by the water-side, we fixed our arms, and ventured to walk up into the country, which we did almost every way that day, four or five miles, but could not discover any living creature, nor any sign of inhabitants; only in one place the grass seemed to be lately trodden, but whether by man or beast we could not discover; so, being tired, we went back again to our station, where we ate heartily, and at night we laid ourselves upon the grass, and fell asleep; for we durst not lie upon the sails we had got for that purpose, as they were not dry, though spread all day long.

I was awakened the next morning by a company of lizards creeping over me, which is an animal frightful enough to look at, but very harmless, and great lovers of mankind. They say that these creatures (if any person lie asleep, and any voracious beast, or the alligator, which comes on shore often, is approaching the place where you lie) will crawl to you as fast as they can, and, with their forked tongues, tickle you till you awake, that you may avoid, by their timely notice, the coming danger. I got up, being roused by these animals, and looked about me, but saw nothing except an odd kind of snake, about two feet long, having a head something like a weasel, and eyes fiery like a cat. As soon as it spied me, it ran away, and my dog after it, but he did not kill it.

We now resolved on another walk to discover what inhabitants were our neighbours, whether Indians or Spaniards; if Indians, we designed to patch up our boat, which had several holes in it, and make off as fast as we could, and row northward, till we came to some place inhabited by Spaniards; but if we found the latter, to beg protection, and some means to get to Jamaica: whereupon we ventured out with these resolutions.

We had not gone far before my dog began to bark, when turning my head on one side, I beheld a black approaching us; and being startled at the sight, I cocked my piece and resolved to fire at him; but he called to me in English, and told me he did not come to do me any harm, but was a poor distressed Englishman that wanted food, and was almost starved, having eaten nothing but wild fruit for four days. Upon that I let him come near, when he was soon known by Rouse to be William Plymouth, the black trumpeter to the captain that commanded the pirate-ship. Upon this, knowing him, we sat down and gave him some provision, which we had brought with us, because we designed to be out all day.

STORY OF RICHARD FALCONER.

After he had refreshed himself a little, we asked him how he came into this island; to which he answered: 'We were cruising about Cuba, in hopes of some Spanish prize, when a storm arose, and drove us upon a rock, where our ship was beaten to pieces, and not above eighteen men saved, beside the captain.'

'And did that wicked wretch escape the shipwreck?' said I.

'Yes,' answered Plymouth, 'but to undergo a more violent death; for as soon as ever we landed, we wandered up the country to seek for some food, without any weapons but a few cutlasses, having lost our firearms; but, however, we all got something or other to defend ourselves on shore, as long clubs, which we took from the trees we found in our walks. Our captain resolved, if he met with any Indian or Spanish huts, he would murder all that he found in them, for fear they should make their escape and bring more upon us. Thus he encouraged his men to follow him with their clubs. "We will walk," said he, "till we find some beaten path, and there lie hid till night, when we may go on to some house, and come upon them undiscovered, by which means we may get provision and other arms;" for the Indians of Cuba use firearms as well as the Spaniards, and are fully as dexterous in using them as any Europeans. After travelling about ten miles to the north-west, we discovered a path, upon which a halt was commanded; and we retired into the woods again till night, and dined upon what fruits we could get on the trees.

'About two hours before night, a dog smelled us out, and, running away from us, barked most furiously. Upon that, we were afraid of being discovered, which fear proved true; for in half an hour, or thereabouts, after the dog left us, we were saluted with several arrows and musket-shot, that killed three men and wounded me in the foot; but it proved the means of saving my life; for as soon as our men perceived what had happened, they ran as hard as they could to meet the danger, knowing they could do no good till they came to handy blows. I, in endeavouring to follow them, found my hurt, which prevented me keeping up with the rest; but I could hear and see them at it. About two hundred Indians set upon our men, and in half an hour killed them every one. I saw the captain lay about him desperately, but at last he fell, being run through the throat with a wooden stake. As soon as ever the Indians had conquered, or rather murdered them, they fell to stripping them as fast as they could, and carried them off, together with their own dead, which were many; for the English sold their lives very dearly.

'After they were gone, I ventured to steal out from behind a row of bushes where I had placed myself to see what had happened. I went to the place of battle, where I found two of our men that they had left, with all their arms; so I took up one of their best muskets and a cutlass, and made farther into the wood, for fear of being caught, which I had certainly been if I had staid a quarter of

an hour longer ; for I soon heard them whooping, screaming, and hallooing back, to fetch the other two bodies and their arms, as I conjectured.

‘I walked as far as my injured foot would let me that night, and out of the danger of the Indians, as I thought ; and then laid me down to sleep as well as I could, being very hungry and sadly tired, and slept very well till morning, when I proceeded forward in my painful journey, and directed my course north-east, thinking that was the best way to avoid the Indians, and probably to meet with some Spaniards, who, I knew, inhabited towards the north ; the Havana, the capital city of the whole island, being seated there. I wandered for four days, eating nothing but fruit, in the woods ; but, laying myself down about an hour ago to rest myself a little, I thought I heard the tongues of Englishmen, which, to my great joy, proved true. I left my musket behind the bushes, for fear of alarming you ; but now, after returning God and you thanks for this timely nourishment, I’ll go and fetch it ;’ which he did, and it might be easily known to be an Indian piece, for it was rudely carved all over with several figures of birds and beasts.

‘Now,’ said I to my companions, ‘you see the reward of wickedness. The pirate was not suffered to go on long in his crimes ; for though Justice has leaden feet, yet they always find she has iron hands.’

After poor Plymouth had refreshed himself, we set forward, and walked along till we came to a road that seemed to be the main road of the island. Here we consulted what we should do—whether we should go on, or return for more provision. We resolved to go a little distance from the road, for fear we should meet with more of the Indians, and run the same fate with the other Englishmen. But Plymouth told us we were a great way from the place where his countrymen were killed (for Plymouth, though born in Guinea, would always call himself an Englishman, being brought over very young) ; so we resolved one and all to venture.

We sent up prayers to the Almighty for our safety, and went on with an idea that we should come off with success ; but we had not gone far when we heard the reports of several muskets, and shouting in a barbarous manner behind us. Looking that way, we saw a mulatto riding as fast as his mule could carry him. When he came up to us he stopped, and cried in Spanish : ‘Make haste ! run !—the Indians are coming upon you ; they have killed several Spaniards already, and are fighting with them !’ Mr Musgrave, who understood Spanish very well, interpreted what he said to us, and asked how far they were off. He answered : ‘Just by ;’ and hearing another shout, put spurs to his mule, and left us in an instant. We found, by the shouting and the firing, that they would be immediately upon us ; so we retired out of the road, to let them pass, and lay down upon the ground, that they might not discover us. Immediately

came by about twenty Spaniards on horseback, pursued by nearly a hundred Indians. Just as they came by us, one Spaniard dropped, and crept into a bush on the other side of the road; and presently the Indians followed, shouting in a horrid manner, and overtook the Spaniards again, who, being very swift of foot, outran an ordinary horse; and they had thrown away their firearms, to make them the lighter to run, as we supposed. The Spaniards knew they would soon overtake them, so only ran to charge their pistols, and staid till they came up; then discharged them to put them in confusion, and then ran again to prolong the time, in hopes of some aid. All this we understood from the Spaniard who crept into the bush undiscovered by the Indians, he being the foremost in the flight. He told us, moreover, that, about three leagues farther, there was a fort belonging to the Spaniards, to stop the Indians, they using to make inroads, before that fort was built, even to the gates of the city of Havana. Upon this we consulted, and resolved to follow on the edge of the road, to see if we could be useful. We soon came even with them, for they were in a narrow place, and the Spaniards kept them at bay pretty well. By good-fortune there was a high hedge, made by trees, all along as we went, which hindered us from being discovered. Here we resolved to fire upon them all together, and then run farther up, and, if possible, get out into the road and face them.

Accordingly, we agreed to fire four and three, and the first four to charge again immediately. Mr Musgrave, Mr Middleton, Mr White, and myself agreed to fire first; then Hood, Rouse, and Plymouth; which, as soon as we had taken good aim, we did; and firing at their backs, killed four downright, and wounded several; for I had ordered them to put two bullets into each piece. As soon as we had fired our muskets, we let fly one pistol each, and then the other three fired their guns. After a good deal of fighting and skirmishing, we put the savages completely to the rout. However, we took four of them prisoners, and tying their hands behind them, fastened them to two of our foremost horses, the rest following after, that they might not get loose.

We were met on the road by twenty Spanish horse, each with a foot-soldier behind, upon the full gallop to our assistance, having been alarmed by the mulatto that rode by; but I believe some were glad they came too late. The officers and the rest saluted us very courteously when they heard how luckily we came to their assistance; but they fell a-whipping the poor naked Indians so barbarously, that, though they deserved it, I could not bear to see it done; and though the blood followed every lash, yet they never cried out.

We were well entertained at a gentleman's house at dinner, with provision dressed after the English way, and all manner of sweet-meats and cool wines. As soon as we had dined, we were obliged

to get upon horseback, and away for the Havana, which we reached about six o'clock in the evening. We had rooms allotted us ; and several Englishmen and Irishmen who lived there came to see us.

I met there with a priest, who, I am sure, harboured nothing of cruelty in his breast, for he came to see us every day, and in such a friendly manner that charmed us all. He was always sending one good thing or other, and would take us, to divert us, abroad. He understood Latin very well, and some English. On the Sunday, he preached an excellent sermon in Spanish, in order to excite charity in the auditors, and let us have what was necessary for carrying us to Jamaica. The next day he brought us to the value of £50 in Spanish dollars, which were collected at the church-doors for us. There was a small vessel upon the stocks, that was bought of the owners for us, and a collection made in the town for money to pay for it. This was very agreeable news, and we were told our vessel was ready, and therefore might be going when we pleased. It was as neat a one as ever was built by the Spaniards, and carried between thirteen and fourteen tons. We had all sorts of provisions sent on board for half a year or more, so that we only staid for the wind to rise, it being quite a calm. While we remained there, the four unfortunate Indians were executed in the midst of the parade.

When all was over, Father Antonio took us home to his lodgings, to give us a small collation for the last time, as the next day we all designed to lie on board, in expectation of the wind rising. In the morning, we paid our hearty acknowledgments to all our benefactors, and went on board, where we had not been a quarter of an hour, before an extraordinary message came from the governor for Plymouth, our black, who went with them without any hesitation, and returned with a present from the governor of several bottles of rack, Spanish wines, fowls, rice, and brandy, with twenty pieces of Spanish gold, as the messenger told us, in recompense for the loss of our companion ; for the governor had sent for Plymouth to know if he would serve him in quality of his trumpeter, and a pension should be settled on him for life. Plymouth thought fit to accept of it, as having no master, nor knowing when he should have one ; but he got leave to come on board to bid us farewell, which he did in a very affectionate manner ; so we parted with Plymouth, and with hearty thanks commended ourselves to Father Antonio for all his favours. Plymouth had a trumpet given him by the governor as soon as he came on shore, which he brought with him, and so sounded all the way in the boat as he went back again, to oblige us ; for really he sounded extraordinarily well, and had learned on several other instruments, having a tolerable knowledge of music. The wind rising, we weighed anchor, and left port with three huzzas and a volley of small-arms (having no cannon), and in two days lost sight of the island of Cuba.

The weather continued favourable, so that we arrived at Jamaica

without meeting anything remarkable in our passage. As soon as we had cast anchor, I ordered the boat to be made ready to carry me on board my own ship, which I saw riding there. But when I got up the ship's side, I found my clothes selling at the mast at 'Who bids more?' which is the method as soon as a person is dead or killed: the first harbour they anchor in, the clothes of the deceased are brought upon the deck and sold by auction, the money to be paid when they come to England; for it generally happens that sailors have not any till they come home again.

They were at the last article when I came up to the ship's side, which was a pair of black worsted stockings, that cost, I believe, about 4s., which went off at 12s. 6d., though they had been worn. As soon as I was seen by them, some cried out: 'A ghost! a ghost!' and others ran away to secure the clothes they had bought, suspecting that now I would have them again. When they were satisfied of my being alive, and were told my story, they were all rejoiced at my good-fortune; but none could be prevailed upon to let me have my clothes again; so I took up the slop-book, and cast up what they were sold for, and found what cost me about £20 were sold for four times the money. When I was satisfied in that, I called every person, one by one, that had bought any of my clothes, and struck a bargain with them for ready money, and bought them for about £10; but the ready money pleased them mightily.

Captain Wase being sick ashore, I went to pay him a visit: he was exceedingly glad to see me, believing that I had perished. He told me that the vessel hung lights out for several hours, that I might know where to swim, and lay by as long as the wind would permit; as the crew acquainted him when they came into harbour. The captain told me that he did not think he should live long, therefore was extremely glad I was come to take charge of the ship, which would have sailed before, if he had been in a condition to bear the sea. From thence I went on board my new bark, and settled my affairs there with my new companions, who were very sorry to think of parting from me. Hood and Rouse desired they might be received on board as sailors, and go to England with us; for Hood was an Englishman, and Rouse had friends there. Besides, it was as easy to go from England to Bermudas as from Jamaica. So I spoke to the captain, who was very well pleased to receive them, as he had lost five men by the distemper of the country. Captain Wase died in a week after my coming, and left me executor for his wife, who lived at Bristol.

As soon as we had buried him, I went on board with my two men, designing to sail in three days at farthest; which I would have done before, but that I was hindered by wanting a chapman for our bark, as we had shares to dispose of. When I came on board, the master told me he had no occasion for the two men, to add to their charge.

'That is as I shall think fit,' said I ; 'for the power is in my hands now.'

'And who put that power into your hands?' said the master.

'He that had power so to do,' said I : 'the captain ;' whereupon I shewed him his writing. He told me it did not signify anything, and that I should find not one of the sailors would obey a boy incapable of steering a vessel. 'It would be a fine thing,' added he, 'for my mate to become my captain ; and as I was designed by the captain to have the command of the vessel before you came, so I intend to keep it.'

'But,' said I, 'this paper, signed by his own hand, is but of two days' date, and you cannot shew anything for the command, as you pretend to ; therefore, I'll make my complaint to the governor, and he shall right me.'

'Ay, ay, do so,' said he. 'I'll stand to anything he shall command.'

Whereupon, Rouse, Hood, and myself went into the boat again, and rowed immediately on shore ; but the governor was six miles up in the country ; and as it was pretty late, we designed to wait for his coming home, which, we were told, would be in the morning early : so I went on board the bark, and lay there all night, the ship lying beyond the quays, two leagues from the harbour, in order to sail. The next morning, getting up with an intent to wait upon the governor, and looking towards the place where the ship lay overnight, I found she was gone ; and casting my eyes towards the sea, saw a ship four or five leagues distant from us, which we supposed to be ours. I immediately went on shore, and found the governor had just come to town, and made my complaint. He told me there was no remedy but to send immediately to Blewfield Bay, where he supposed they would stop to get wood, which was usual with our ships that were bound for England : whereupon there was a messenger ordered for Blewfield, whom I accompanied, to give instructions to the officer that commanded at the fort to seize the master of the ship, and order him before the governor at Port Royal ; so we got on horseback, and reached it in three days, it being almost a hundred miles. When we came there, we found several ships in the harbour, but none that we wanted ; so we waited a week, all to no purpose ; for she passed the bay, as mistrusting our design. Upon this, we were obliged to return with heavy hearts, and tell the governor of our ill success, who pitied me, and told me he would see me shipped in the first vessel bound for England : so I went on board my own bark, where they were all glad to see me, though sorry I was so disappointed. Now, I was very glad that I had not disposed of my bark, for I thought it might be of use to me. We consulted together to know what it was best to do ; at last I made a bargain with them, if they would venture with me in our bark to England. Upon this we agreed ; and, with what money I had, I

began to lade my vessel with things to traffic with. I bought a good quantity of indigo, some cotton, sugar, and rum; in short, I laid out the best part of my money; and on the 1st of June 1700, set sail with a fair wind, and steered our course to England.

We put in at Blewfield Bay for the convenience of obtaining wood and water, and when we were provided, steered our course onward as fast as possible; but as soon as we came within ten leagues of the Havana, a Spanish man-of-war of forty guns came up with us, and commanded us to strike our sails, which we did immediately; and coming on board us, were surprised to find us all Englishmen, not expecting other than Spaniards, from the build of our vessel; whereupon they made us all prisoners, and sent fifteen men on board to carry the vessel into the Havana. Telling them how we came by the vessel, did not signify anything, for they said we were pirates, and had seized it; and our pass which we had from the governor of Havana not being to be found, made things appear so different from what they really were, that it had on the face of it a very suspicious appearance. We were very much afraid we should find a great number of difficulties in obtaining our liberty, especially if they proceeded to their station, which was St Jago. But it happened much better than we had any reason to expect; for she proceeded directly to the Havana, where we knew everything would be placed in a true light again. When we were anchored, and the people could come on board us, we were soon known, and the captain going to the governor, was informed of the matter; so we were released immediately, and had a visit made us from Father Antonio and honest Plymouth, who were mightily rejoiced to see us. We were detained two days before we could get away; and then we set sail with a brisk gale, first saluting the town.

In two days after our sailing, we made Cape Florida, and entered the gulf which bears the same name, and passed it without danger. But here a sudden calm overtook us, as frequently happens when you are past the gulf, and the current set strong to westward, occasioned, as we supposed, by the opening of the land upon that coast. The calm lasting for four days, we were insensibly carried within half a league of the shore; but a little breeze rising from land, helped us farther out again. Still, our danger increased; for we soon perceived three large canoes making towards us, full of armed Indians.

We had not much time to consult what to do, for they gained upon us every moment. Now, death, or something worse than death, stared us in the face; and most of us thought this the last day we had to live. 'Come, friends,' said I, 'if we must die, let us die bravely, like Englishmen.' We charged our four guns with double and round, and our patteraroes with musket-balls; the rest of our arms we got in readiness, and resolved to die fighting, and not suffer ourselves to be taken to be miserably butchered, as all the

BYRON'S NARRATIVE.

Indians of Florida do when they get any whites in their power. We resolved to fire our six muskets upon them as soon as they came within reach ; so we took our aim, two at each canoe, and fired upon them, which did them some damage, for they stopped upon it. Whereupon we made the best of our way ; but they soon pursued us with loud and rude shouts.

By this time we had charged our pieces the third time, which we fired as before, but did more execution, as they were nearer to us ; and now we charged them the fourth time, and laid them along the deck for a further occasion.

Looking towards the shore, we saw eight more of their canoes standing towards us. This put us upon making all the sail we could ; and the sea-breeze being now pretty strong, we had good way. Being anxious to avoid killing the poor and ignorant creatures, we made all the sail we could, and as they could not keep up with us, we soon left them far behind. And so we sailed on with a prosperous gale, and met with no incident worth recording till Thursday, the 15th of July, when we discovered land, which amazed us all for we did not think of falling in with any land till we saw England. We went to consult our charts, and saw we were near Newfoundland ; and finding that we steered directly into St John's harbour, which is the most commodious in the island, and the capital of that part of Newfoundland which belongs to the English, we were very well pleased.

After being there two days, we set sail, and made our course to England, July 25, 1700. We met with no extraordinary incident in our passage till we discovered the Land's End, on the 21st of August. How rejoiced I was to see my native country, let them judge that have been placed in the same condition that I have. I may with truth say, that the transports I felt on first seeing the white cliffs of the island that gave me birth, exceeded the joy I received when I was delivered from the most imminent danger.

BYRON'S NARRATIVE OF THE LOSS OF THE *WAGER*.

ON the 18th of September 1740, the *Wager*, one of five ships of war under the command of Commodore Anson, sailed with its consorts from St Helen's, being intended for service against the Spaniards in the Southern Pacific Ocean. The *Wager* was the least effective of all the vessels of the squadron, being an old Indiaman, recently fitted out as a man-of-war, and the crew being formed of men pressed from other services ; while all the land-force on board consisted of a detachment of invalids, or men but partially convalescent, from Chelsea Hospital. Besides being intended to act as a store-ship, the *Wager* was heavily laden with military and other

stores for the use of the squadron. All these circumstances conspired to render the vessel more than usually hazardous, from the very commencement of its long voyage.

The *Wager* rounded Cape Horn, with the other ships in company, about the beginning of April 1741, and soon after, the distresses of the ship began. The weather became tempestuous, and the mizzen-mast was carried away by a heavy sea, all the chain-plates to windward being also broken. The best bower-anchor had next to be cut away, and the ship lost sight of its companions. The men were seized with sickness and scurvy, and one evil followed another, till, on the 14th of May, about four in the morning, the ship struck on a sunken rock, and was laid on her beam-ends, with the sea breaking dreadfully over her. All who could stir, flew to the deck; but some poor creatures who could not leave their hammocks were immediately drowned. For some time, until day broke, the crew of the *Wager* saw nothing before or around them but breakers, and imagined that every moment would be their last.

When daylight came, land was seen not far off, and the thoughts of all were turned to the immediate leaving of the ship, and saving of their lives. With the help of the boats, the crew, with the exception of a few who were either drunk or thought the ship safe for a time, got on shore; but the prospect before them was still a dreadful one. 'Whichever way we looked, a scene of horror presented itself; on one side, the wreck (in which was all that we had in the world to support and subsist us), together with a boisterous sea; on the other, the land did not wear a much more favourable appearance; desolate and barren, without sign of culture, we could hope to receive little other benefit from it than the preservation it afforded us from the sea. We had wet, cold, and hunger to struggle with, and no visible remedy against any of those evils.' The land on which the crew had been cast was unknown to them, excepting in so far as they were aware of its being an island near, or a part of, the western coast of South America, about a hundred leagues north of the Strait of Magellan. In all, the shipwrecked party amounted to about a hundred and forty, exclusive of the few on board. The first night was passed in an old Indian hut, and the discovery of some lances in a corner of it bred a new source of alarm—namely, from the natives. For some days afterwards, the men were busied in the attempt to get beef-casks and other things from the wreck, which did not go entirely to pieces for a considerable time, although all the articles on deck were washed ashore one by one. After great difficulty, the men who remained on board, and who indulged there in great disorder, were persuaded to come on shore. With materials got from the wreck, or cast ashore, tents were got up, and a common store-tent erected for all the food or casks of liquor got from the ship in the same way. This place was watched incessantly; for the allowance was of course a very short or small one, and the men

could scarcely pick up a morsel of fish, flesh, or fowl on the coast for themselves. The weather also continued wet and cold.

'Ill-humour and discontent, from the difficulties we laboured under in procuring sustenance, and the little prospect there was of any amendment in our condition, were now breaking out apace.' Some men separated themselves from the others, and ten of the hardest of these seceders resolved to desert altogether. They got a canoe made, 'went away up one of the lagoons, and were never heard of more!' The spirit of discord was much aggravated by an accident that occurred on the 10th of May. A midshipman named Cozens, who had roused the anger of Captain Cheap by various acts and words, was finally shot by his superior's hand. The act was a rash one, but the captain had cause to imagine at the moment that Cozens had openly mutinied, or was about to mutiny. This act made an unfortunate impression on the minds of the men, who found food every day growing more scarce. A few Indians, men and women, of small stature, and very swarthy, visited the party, and were of service in procuring food; but the seamen affronted their wives, and they all went away. 'The Indians having left us, and the weather continuing tempestuous and rainy, the distresses of the people for want of food became insupportable. Our number, which was at first one hundred and forty-five, was now reduced to one hundred, and chiefly by famine. The pressing calls of hunger drove our men to their wits' end, and put them on a variety of devices to satisfy it. Among the ingenious this way, one Phipps, a boatswain's mate, having got a water-puncheon, scuttled it; then lashing two logs, one on each side, set out in quest of adventures in this extraordinary and original piece of embarkation.' He often got shell-fish and wild-fowl, but had to venture out far from land, and on one occasion was cast upon a rock, and remained there two days. A poor Indian dog belonging to Mr Byron, and which had become much attached to him, was taken by the men and devoured; and three weeks after, its owner was glad to search for the paws, which had been thrown aside, and of which, though rotten, he made a hearty meal.

Till the 24th of September, the party continued in this condition of continually augmenting wretchedness, with only one hope of relief before them, and this resting on the long-boat, which the carpenter was incessantly working at, to bring it into a strong and safe condition. On the day mentioned, the long-boat being nearly finished, Mr Byron and a small party were sent to explore the coast to the southward, almost the whole crew being resolute to make for Magellan's Strait, although the captain wished to go along the coast to the northward. In a day or two, the party returned to the island (for such was the land on which the wreck had taken place), and the long-boat was immediately afterwards launched, with the cutter and barge, all of which boats had been saved at first. Eighty-one men entered these

boats, being the whole survivors of the party, with the exception of Captain Cheap and two companions, who remained voluntarily, and for whose use another boat, the yawl, was left. The leaving of the captain was a thing unexpected by Byron and some others; and when a necessity occurred for sending back the barge to the island for some left canvas, these parties seized the chance of going in the boat to rejoin the captain and share his fate. On the 21st of October the final separation took place between the shore-party and those in the long-boat, who sailed for the south. Captain Cheap and those who came to him were joined by a small party who had originally seceded from the main body; and the whole of this united band, amounting to twenty men, set sail in the barge and the yawl towards the north, on the 15th of December. Up to that time, they contrived, with almost unheard-of difficulty, to subsist on what they could pick up. 'A weed called slaugh, fried in the tallow of some candles we had saved, and wild celery, were our only fare, by which our strength was so much impaired that we could scarcely crawl.' One fine day, the hull of the *Wager*, still sticking together, was exposed, and by visiting her, the party got three small casks of beef hooked up. This soon restored to them sufficient strength for their enterprise, which they undertook on the day mentioned, in the barge and yawl. Unhappily, the sea grew very tempestuous, and 'the men in the boats were obliged to sit as close as possible, to receive the seas on their backs, and prevent their filling us. We were obliged to throw everything overboard to lighten the boats, all our beef, and even the grapnel, to prevent sinking. Night was coming on, and we were fast running on a lee shore, where the sea broke in a frightful manner.' Just as every man thought certain death approaching, an opening was seen in the rocks, the boats ran into it, and found a haven as 'smooth as a mill-pond!'

The party remained here four days, suffering much from their old enemy, hunger. In passing further along the coast, which they did at continual risk, they were reduced to such distress as to 'eat the shoes off' their feet, these shoes being of raw sealskin. They never knew what it was to have a dry thread about them, and the climate was very cold. During the first few weeks of their course, the yawl was lost, and one man drowned; but what was a more distressing consequence, they were obliged to leave four men on shore, as the barge could not carry all. The men did not object to being left; they were wearied of their lives. When the poor fellows were left, 'they stood upon the beach, giving us three cheers, and called out God bless the king!' They were never heard of more; and it is but too probable, as Byron says, that they met a miserable end. But, indeed, every one had now given up hope of ultimate escape, and this was shewn by the resolution taken almost immediately afterwards, to 'go back to Wager's Island (the place of shipwreck), there to linger out a miserable life.' Eating nothing but

sea-weed and tangle by the way, the poor mariners again reached the island. They were here no better off. The weather was wretchedly wet, and 'wild celery was all we could procure, which raked our stomachs instead of assuaging our hunger. That dreadful and last resource of men in not much worse circumstances than ours, of consigning one man to death for the support of the rest, began to be mentioned in whispers.' Fortunately, one man found some rotten pieces of beef on the sea-shore, and with a degree of generosity only to be appreciated by persons so placed, he shared it fairly with the rest.

This supply sustained the whole till the arrival of some Indians, accompanied by a chief or cacique from the island of Chiloe, which lies in 40° 42' of south latitude. This cacique could speak a little Spanish, and he agreed to conduct the party in the barge to the nearest Spanish settlement, being to receive the barge and all its contents for his trouble. Fourteen in number, the wrecked sailors again put to sea, and were conducted by their guide to the mouth of a river, which he proposed to ascend. But after toiling one whole day, the attempt to go up against the current was given over, and they were forced to try the coast again. The severe day's work, conjoined with hunger, caused the death of one of the strongest men of the party, although it was thought that he might have been preserved but for the inhumanity of Captain Cheap, who alone had food at the moment (got from the Indians), but would not give a morsel to the dying man. This roused the indignation of the others, and the consequence was, that, while others sought food on shore, 'six of the men seized the boat, put off, and left us, to return no more. And now all the difficulties we had hitherto encountered seemed light in comparison of what we expected to suffer from the treachery of our men, who, with the boat, had taken away everything that might be the means of preserving our lives. Yet under these dismal and forlorn appearances was our delivery now preparing.'

Mr Byron was now taken, with Captain Cheap, by the Indian guide to a native village, whence he expected to get more assistance in conducting the party, who, if they could not recover the barge for him, were to give a musket and some other articles as a reward. On coming in the evening to the Indian wigwams, after two days' travel, Mr Byron was neglected, and left alone. Urged by want and cold, he crept into a wigwam upon chance, and found there two women, one young and the other old, whose conduct amply corroborates the well-known and beautiful eulogium passed by Ledyard upon the kindness of that sex everywhere to poor travellers. They saw the young seaman wet and shivering, and made him a fire. They brought out their only food, a large fish, and broiled it for him. When he lay down upon some dry boughs, he found, on awaking a few hours after, that the women had gently covered him

with warm clothes, at the expense of enduring the cold themselves. When he had made signs that his appetite was not appeased, 'they both went out, taking with them a couple of dogs, which they train to assist them in fishing. After an hour's absence, they came in trembling with cold, and their hair streaming with water, and brought two fish, which having broiled, they gave me the largest share.' For a poor stranger they had just gone out in the middle of the night, plunged into the cold sea, and, with the aid of their nets or other apparatus, had got him food. These kind creatures were the wives of an old Indian, who was then absent, but who on his return struck them with brutal violence for their hospitality, Mr Byron looking on with impotent rage and indignation. The return of this Indian and his companions enabled the native guide of Captain Cheap and Byron to make an arrangement for conducting the shipwrecked party northward as they wished. The captain and Byron then left the wigwams to go back to their companions, being joined soon after by a body of Indian guides.

It was the middle of March 1742, ere this journey to the northward was begun. Various Indian canoes conveyed the whole party day after day along the sea-coast; shell-fish, eggs from the rocks, and sea-weed, being the food of the band, and even this being procurable in such miserable quantities as barely to sustain life. The condition of the captain in this respect was better than the others, for the Indians thought their reward safe if they attended to the chief of the whites alone, and he cruelly encouraged the notion. But what but selfishness could be expected from one in the following state: 'I could compare Captain Cheap's body to nothing but an ant-hill, with thousands of vermin crawling over about it; for he was now past attempting to rid himself in the least from this torment, as he had quite lost himself, not recollecting our names that were about him, or even his own. His beard was as long as a hermit's, that and his face being covered with train-oil and dirt, from his sleeping; to secure them, upon pieces of stinking seal. His legs were as big as mill-posts, though his body appeared to be nothing but skin and bone.' The rest were little better, and Mr Byron had often to strip himself in the midst of hail and snow, and beat his clothes with stones, to kill the insects that swarmed about him. At length, however, after one of them had sunk under his sufferings, the party got to the island of Chiloe, a place at the south extremity of the province of Chili, and under the rule of the Spaniards. Being a remote corner, Chiloe had only a few Spaniards in it, and these chiefly Jesuit priests; but the Indian inhabitants were comparatively civilised. The troubles of the party may be said to have ended here, for the natives pitied them much, and supplied them with abundance of food; fortunately, the quantity taken did not prove injurious.

Even after staying on the island for a considerable time, and being conveyed to the mainland to the town of Chaco, where a Spanish

governor resided, the eating of the famished mariners continued to be enormous. 'Every house was open to us; and though it was but an hour after we had dined, they always spread a table, thinking we could never eat enough after what we had suffered, and we were much of the same opinion.' Mr Byron made friends with the governor's cook, and so carried his pockets always full to his apartment, there to feed at leisure. They were in all four in number now; namely, Captain Cheap, Messrs Byron, Hamilton, and Campbell. From Chaco, they were taken to the larger town of Castro, and remained there for some months in the condition of prisoners at large, poorly clad, but decently lodged and well fed. On the 2d of January 1743, their case having become known to the authorities of Chili, they were put on board a ship to be conveyed to the city of St Jago. Here they remained two years as prisoners, but not in confinement. Fortunately for them, a Scotch physician, who bore the name of Don Patricio Ged, entreated the governor to allow the captives to stay with him; and for two years this generous man maintained them like brothers, nearly at his own expence. In December following, Captain Cheap and Messrs Byron and Hamilton were put on board a French vessel, to be conveyed to Europe: Mr Campbell, having become a Catholic, remained in Chili. They reached France safely, and after some detention there, were permitted to go to Britain by an order from Spain. Their friends were much surprised to see them, having long given them up for lost. Their term of absence exceeded five years.

The six men who cruelly made off with the barge, appear never to have been heard of again, and perished, doubtless, on the coast. The fate of the more numerous body who went off to the south in the long-boat, is known from the narrative of John Bulkely, gunner, one of the survivors. This band actually succeeded in rounding South America through the Strait of Magellan, and reached the Portuguese territory of Rio Janeiro, after hardships equal to those of the other party, and which reduced their number from nearly eighty to thirty. They reached the Rio Grande in January 1742. All of the thirty, however, probably did not see Britain. On coming to the Portuguese colony, they found food, friends, and countrymen, and separated from one another, Bulkely and two others reached England on the 1st of January 1743.

The members of this expedition went out with the hope of gathering gold at will among the Spanish colonies. What a different fate befell the unhappy crew of the *Wager*!





HISTORY OF THE MORMONS.

OF all the religious sects which have originated in Christendom, the most singular in its birth, its fortunes, and its tenets is undoubtedly 'The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints'—the name by which the Mormon community designates itself. Its founder was a man in whose character, at no period of his career, can we discern the customary lineaments of a saint, a reformer, or even a fanatic; and yet it is certain that he gathered round him a body of zealous and devoted followers, the majority of whom implicitly accepted him as a person divinely inspired and commissioned to regenerate and reconstruct human society. That he was illiterate, and yet achieved so much, is not the remarkable thing about him. Men almost, if not altogether, as illiterate as he have created and perpetuated sects; nor is it the mere fact that before he acquired notoriety as a prophet,

he was suspected of sheep-stealing and other evil practices—for moral contradictions as great, if not as grotesque as this, could be found in the history of other ‘saints;’ still less is it the utterly unintellectual, and in some parts unintelligible rubbish which constitutes Mormon theology and metaphysics—for history teaches us that there is nothing so foolish that some people will not believe it. The mystery or enigma of his success lies here—that retaining to the last an essentially low, coarse, unspiritual mind, and a language tainted not only by vulgarities of sentiment, but by positive impurities of phrase, he nevertheless swayed his followers like a Wesley, and, as Captain Burton remarks, is now spoken of by them ‘with a respectful reverential *sotto voce*, as Christians name the founder of their faith.’ What we propose to do in the following pages is to narrate the rise and progress of this extraordinary sect, to explain its tenets, and as far as possible to account for its success.

Joseph Smith, the founder of Mormonism, was the son of a farmer, also called Joseph Smith, or more generally, ‘Old Father Smith,’ and of Lucy Mark, and was born in the town of Sharon, Windsor County, Vermont, United States, on the 23d of December 1805. When he had reached the age of ten, his parents removed to Palmyra, in the state of New York, and four years later, to the town of Manchester, about six miles off. The reputation of the family (according to the testimony of neighbours) was of the worst kind; we are told that they avoided honest labour, were intemperate and untruthful, addicted to sheep-stealing, digging for hidden treasures, &c.; but these accusations, though frequently made at a later period, when the new sect was visibly establishing itself in the land, were never definitely proved; and remembering the extreme recklessness of statement prevalent in America, impartial judges will hesitate to allow their validity. There is indeed some ground for supposing that they were not wholly false. Smith himself, when assailed for his antecedents, used to reply, that he had never done anything so bad as was reported of King David, whom his orthodox enemies could not consistently deny to have been a ‘man after God’s own heart;’ and his successor in the prophethood, Brigham Young, seems to acknowledge a certain degree of truth in the hostile charges, when he says: ‘The doctrine he teaches is all I know about the matter; bring anything against that if you can. As to anything else, I do not care.’ Perhaps it would not be far from the fact to suppose that Smith’s early life had been generally careless, and sometimes immoral, even if we look with suspicion upon the testimony ‘under oath’ of ‘upwards of sixty of the most respectable citizens of Wayne Co.,’ who declared the prophet’s family to be ‘false, immoral, and fraudulent,’ and Joseph to be ‘the worst of the whole.’ That such a man could be the subject of religious impressions may appear strange to those who have never studied the mysterious vagaries of human nature; but all who are aware that there is no necessary

HISTORY OF THE MORMONS.

connection between religious emotions and moral habits, will not be staggered when they learn that from his boyhood a rude and sensual religiosity was mixed up with his more carnal conduct, and that as early as the age of thirteen, he was 'powerfully awakened by the preaching of Mr Lane, an earnest Methodist minister.' There is the most satisfactory evidence—that of his enemies—to shew that from an early period he was regarded as a visionary and a fanatic. This fact is of the utmost importance, as affording a clue to his *real* character, and an explanation of that otherwise unaccountable tenacity of purpose and moral heroism which he displayed in the midst of fierce persecution. A *mere* impostor—that is, a person who did not in some sense or other partly believe in his own mission, but who, on the contrary, felt that he was simply the liar and cheat that people called him—would have broken down under such a tempest of opposition and hate as Smith's preaching excited.

Mr Orson Pratt, an eminent Mormon apostle, has furnished us with a record of some of those 'visions' vouchsafed to Smith from time to time. It is extremely difficult for an outsider to discuss them in a rational manner. Although intrinsically absurd and theatrical, we seem to discern in the tone and accessory circumstances a certain strong, morbid susceptibility to religious impressions. How far persons in this condition are capable of speaking the truth, to what extent they are inwardly tempted to discolour, or even fabricate details in their narratives concerning themselves, is a moot-point with psychologists. With this hint to point criticism, we may proceed. According to Pratt, when Smith 'was about fourteen or fifteen years of age, he began seriously to reflect upon the necessity of being prepared for a future state of existence.' It was a period of hot revivalism in Western New York, and he went about from one religious denomination to another, but could find nothing satisfactory anywhere—nothing but 'a great clash in religious sentiment.' Then he began to retire to a secret place in a grove, a short distance from his father's house, and there occupy himself for many hours in prayer and meditation. Once, when so engaged, he 'saw a very bright and glorious light in the heavens above, which at first seemed to be at a considerable distance;' but as he continued praying, 'the light appeared to be gradually descending towards him, and as it drew nearer, it increased in brightness and magnitude, so that by the time it reached the tops of the trees, the whole wilderness around was illuminated in a most glorious and brilliant manner.' The account goes on to say that the light 'continued descending slowly, until it rested upon the earth, and he was enveloped in the midst of it. When it first came upon him, it produced a peculiar sensation throughout his whole system; and immediately his mind was caught away from the natural objects with which he was surrounded, and he was inwrapped in a heavenly vision, and saw two glorious personages, who exactly resembled

HISTORY OF THE MORMONS.

each other in their features and likeness.' These wondrous beings informed him that his sins were forgiven; and they furthermore disclosed to him that all the existing religious denominations were 'believing in incorrect doctrines;' and that, consequently, 'none of them was acknowledged of God as His church and kingdom.' He was expressly forbidden to attach himself to any of them; and received a promise that in due time 'the true doctrine, the fulness of the Gospel,' should be graciously revealed to him; 'after which the vision withdrew, leaving his mind in a state of calmness and peace indescribable.'

The narrative proceeds with a curious Old Testament frankness to tell how Smith, being still young, became 'entangled in the vanities of the world,' and for a while demeaned himself so like a 'vessel of dishonour' as to be rendered temporarily unfit for seeing visions. But after due penitence, the miraculous light reappeared on the 21st of September 1823, and 'it seemed as though the house was filled with consuming fire.' In another moment a 'personage' stood before him, 'with a countenance like lightning,' and 'visible to the extremities of the body.' The apparition of this mysterious stranger restored Smith to his former state of indescribable serenity. He was now informed that he stood in the presence of the angel Moroni, who had been sent forth 'to communicate to him that his sins were forgiven, and that his prayers were heard; and also to bring the joyful tidings that the covenant which God made with ancient Israel concerning their posterity was at hand to be fulfilled; that the great preparatory work for the second coming of the Messiah was speedily to commence; that the time was at hand for the gospel in its fulness to be preached in power unto all nations, that a people might be prepared with faith and righteousness for the millennial reign of universal peace and joy.' Then followed the inevitable announcement that Smith 'was called and chosen to be an instrument in the hands of God to bring about his marvellous purposes in this glorious dispensation.' A historic basis for the new 'dispensation' to rest on was finally revealed by Moroni. He explained that the Indian tribes were a remnant of Israel; that when they originally emigrated to America they were a pious and enlightened people, enjoying the peculiar favour and blessing of God; that prophets and inspired writers had been appointed to keep a sacred history of events happening among them; that this history was handed down for many generations, till at length the people fell into great wickedness, and afterwards the records were hidden, 'to preserve them from the hands of the wicked,' who were seeking to destroy them; that these records contained 'many sacred revelations pertaining to the gospel of the kingdom, as well as prophecies relating to the great events of the last days,' and that Smith, if he proved faithful, would be divinely commissioned to restore them to the world.

HISTORY OF THE MORMONS.

We have now reached that point in Smith's history when criticism becomes possible. So long as a man tells us only of his visions and experiences, we never can be certain to what extent he is deceiving us, to what extent deceiving himself. Religious exaltation (however low the type) so wondrously blends into illusory unity the two worlds of mind and matter, and so strangely dims the clear eye of conscience itself, that when a 'visionary' declares an angel has spoken with him, and has told him a thousand things in detail, he may either literally believe his own words, or, what is more probable, and far worse, he may fancy himself justified in summoning to his presence the heavenly messenger, and manufacturing conversations that never occurred. Smith, brooding much in his dull coarse way over his own confused and motley thoughts, may have deemed himself inspired—we rather think he did—and, his sense of veracity and honour being singularly weak, it would cost him small effort to put into fictitious shape the religious crudities of his brain, and palm them off for revelations without a blush or a twinge. But the next step is a different one. We have got beyond the region of the prophet's visions and experiences, and are face to face with outward fact. To any man who has no faith in the divine origin of Mormonism, the story of the discovery of the lost records—otherwise known as the *Book of Mormon*—must appear a most flagrant falsehood. In this instance, he could not possibly be deceiving himself, and must have known he was grossly imposing upon others. What upheld him all through his lying story was probably an unexpressed conviction that when a man was really called to found a religion all things were lawful to him. Many people prefer simply to brand Smith as a liar and impostor of the most vulgar description; a man who invented a religion merely to *swindle* the community; but those who content themselves with this easy solution of the problem of Mormonism find it very hard to account for the fortitude and enthusiasm of the prophet's later career. The truth is, the religious impostor defies the analysis of common minds, who have never studied the strange perversities of human nature, and who do not know what it is capable of. This we may confidently say in regard to the founder of Mormonism, that whoever reads his life, failing to see that it really has a religious side, that he was in earnest about his work, and had a thorough belief in his mission and himself—whatever were his private thoughts about the 'lost records'—will entirely miss the most wonderful feature of that life, and, in all likelihood, will misread it through all its stages.

Having, as we hope, furnished the reader with a proper stand-point from which to judge the character and work of Smith, we return to the narrative of his life. Up to the period when the angel Moroni visited him, he had been in the habit of working on his father's farm; and on the morning after this vision he went to his labour as usual, apparently not supposing that his mission as a messenger

HISTORY OF THE MORMONS.

of a new and peculiar gospel was yet to be commenced. But while he was at work, the angel again appeared to him, and gave him direct instructions to go and 'view the records,' which for many ages had been deposited in a place which was pointed out to him. This was 'on the west side of a hill, not far from the top,' about four miles from Palmyra, in the county of Mayne, state of New York, and near the mail-road, which leads thence to the little town of Manchester.

While contemplating this extraordinary treasure with great astonishment, Smith became aware of the presence of the angel who had previously visited him, and who now, with due solemnity, called on him to 'Look !' 'And as he thus spake,' says the Mormonite apostle before quoted, 'he beheld the Prince of Darkness, surrounded by his innumerable train of associates. All this passed before him, and the heavenly messenger said : "All this is shewn, the good and the evil, the holy and impure, the glory of God and the power of darkness, that you may know hereafter the two powers, and never be influenced or overcome by the wicked one. You cannot at this time obtain this record, for the commandment of God is strict, and if ever these sacred things are obtained, they must be by prayer and faithfulness in obeying the Lord. They are not deposited here for the sake of accumulating gain and wealth for the glory of this world, they were sealed by the prayer of faith, and because of the knowledge which they contain ; they are of no worth among the children of men only for their knowledge. In them is contained the fulness of the gospel of Jesus Christ, as it was given to his people on this land ; and when it shall be brought forth by the power of God, it shall be carried to the Gentiles, of whom many will receive it ; and after will the seed of Israel be brought into the field of their Redeemer by obeying it also."'

Smith had to wait four years before the records were finally delivered by the angel into his hands. During that time, however, he had numerous interviews with the 'heavenly messenger,' and 'frequently received instructions' from his mouth. At length, on the morning of the 22d of September 1827, when he was about two-and-twenty years of age, he was formally permitted to take possession of his discovery. 'These records,' says our authority, Mr Pratt, 'were engraved on plates which had the appearance of gold. Each plate was not far from seven by eight inches in width and length, being not quite as thick as common tin. They were filled on both sides with engravings in Egyptian characters, and bound together in a volume as the leaves of a book, and fastened at one edge with three rings running through the whole. This volume was something near six inches in thickness, a part of which was sealed. The characters or letters upon the unsealed part were small and beautifully engraved. The whole book exhibited many marks of antiquity in its construction, as well as much skill in the art of engraving. With the records

was found "a curious instrument, called by the ancients the Urim and Thummim, which consisted of two transparent stones, clear as crystal, set in the two rims of a bow. This was in use in ancient times by persons called seers. It was an instrument by the use of which they received revelation of things distant, or of things past, or future."⁵

Being in an unknown tongue, the book required to be translated before its contents could be intelligibly communicated to mankind; and Smith having now provided for himself a separate home, straightway commenced turning this ancient record into English. His mode of procedure was rather suspicious. He hung a blanket across the room, to conceal the sacred records from profane eyes, and then by means of the stone spectacles dictated the translation to one Oliver Cowdery. In this way the work proceeded, as Smith's 'pecuniary circumstances would permit,' until he had finished what he describes as the 'unsealed portion of the records.' This is that part of the revelations which is styled the *Book of Mormon*, the recognised Bible of the Latter-day Saints, deemed by them of equal authority with the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures, and represented to contain that 'fulness of the gospel' which was to be revealed in the latter days. An abstract of its contents is given in Burton's *City of the Saints*.

When the volume was completed, there arose an obvious difficulty respecting its publication. As no man is accounted a prophet in his own country, who would believe the miraculous story about its origin, and the way in which the work had been brought to light? How was any one to know that it was not utterly a fabrication, and that Joseph Smith, junior, was not an arrant knave and impostor? Assuredly there ought to be witnesses to testify concerning the facts set forth, and vouch in some way for the credibility of Smith's pretensions. This circumstance was accordingly provided for; witnesses were providentially 'raised up' in the persons of Oliver Cowdery, David Whitmer, and Martin Harris; and when the work was published in 1830 there was appended to it a statement by these three persons (hence known among Mormons as 'the three witnesses'), in which they solemnly declare that 'an angel of God came down from heaven, and he brought and laid before our eyes that we beheld and saw the plates and engravings thereon.' This statement was presently supported by eight other witnesses, who testify expressly that 'Joseph Smith, junior, the translator of this work, has shewn unto us the plates of which hath been spoken, which have the appearance of gold; as many of the leaves as the said Smith has translated, we did handle with our hands; . . . and we know of a surety that the said Smith has got the plates . . . and we give our names unto the world of that which we have seen; and we lie not, God bearing witness to it.' It might strike a sceptic as a suspicious circumstance,

HISTORY OF THE MORMONS.

that the 'eight,' with one exception, belong to two families, evidently on terms of intimacy with each other; and further, that three of them belong to the family of Joseph Smith—being, in fact, his father and two brothers. What is undoubtedly still more 'suspicious,' is that several years after, 'the three witnesses' having quarrelled with Smith, renounced Mormonism, and avowed the falsity of their testimony. The prophet was enraged by their apostacy; and in a publication of the new sect, called the *Elder's Journal*, he writes (1837) of Harris in a style of vituperation that is ludicrously feeble: 'There are negroes who have white skins (!) as well as black ones; Granny Parish and others, who acted as lackeys, such as Martin Harris. But they are so far beneath my contempt, that to notice any of them would be too great a sacrifice for a gentleman to make.' In Smith's own neighbourhood the story of the origin of the book did not find much credence; but a shrewd critic will place no value on statements like that of Peter Ingersoll (one of Smith's non-Mormon associates), though given upon oath: 'Smith told me the whole affair was a hoax, that he had no such book, and did not believe there was such a book in existence: but, said he, as I have got the fools fixed, I shall carry out the fun.' Such evidence is the mere reckless outcome of vulgar spite and hatred. No man in the process of founding a new religious sect, however corrupt his motives—no man earnestly interested in its mere success (apart altogether from considerations of its truth), would so express himself. There is nothing in the public career of the prophet to lead us to believe for a moment that he started his system for a 'lark.' It is beyond the power of any but a blockhead to think that the man who was torn by his infuriate enemies from the bosom of his wife, tarred and feathered in a meadow at midnight, and who heroically preached next day 'with his flesh all scarified and defaced,' was merely animated by a desire 'to carry out the fun.'

With the exception of the persons mentioned, we do not find that any other individuals, Mormonites or otherwise, ever professed to have seen the plates. Like Macpherson's Ossianic manuscripts, they have never been forthcoming, however loudly demanded; and of late years, all knowledge or account of them has been confessedly traditional.

The account so far given of the *Book of Mormon* will be understood to be that of the Mormonites themselves; but there remains to be presented another relation of its origin, which the American opponents of Mormonism consider the true one. According to this account, it would appear that one Solomon Spaulding (born in Ashford, Connecticut, 1761, and a graduate of Dartmouth College), a man who had once been a clergyman, and had afterwards gone into business, having his attention attracted about 1809 by the notion that the North American Indians were descendants of the lost ten tribes of Israel, conceived that the idea might be turned to

HISTORY OF THE MORMONS.

account as the groundwork of a religious novel. He accordingly set about a work of that description, which he entitled *The Manuscript Found*; and labouring at it at intervals for three years, he in that time completed it. Two of the principal characters in this production are Mormon and his son Moroni—the same who act so large a part in Joseph Smith's *Book of Mormon*. As early as 1813 (according to the *New American Cyclopædia*), the work was announced in the newspapers as forthcoming, and as containing a description of the *Book of Mormon*. In the year 1812, Spaulding shewed his manuscript to a printer named Patterson, residing at Pittsburgh, in Pennsylvania; but before any satisfactory arrangement had been made in regard to its publication, the author died (1816), and the manuscript is said to have remained for some time thereafter in Mr Patterson's possession. While here, it came under the notice of a compositor in his employment, named Sidney Rigdon, who was also a preacher in connection with some Christian sect, whose proper designation has not been stated. Rigdon (according to a statement published by Spaulding's widow in the *Boston Journal*, May 18, 1839) borrowed and copied the manuscript; and his possession of a copy was known to all in the printing-office, and was often mentioned by himself. The original manuscript was, however, she says, returned to her husband before his death, and subsequently read by several of her friends. But after her husband's decease, she seems to have spent the next three years in visiting her friends in different parts of the States; and during this period the manuscript was left at her brother's, somewhere near the residence of the Smiths. Whether Rigdon had, as she asserts, taken a copy of it, or whether the original now fell into the hands of Joseph Smith, there is no evidence for deciding. What in any case is a very significant circumstance, is that Rigdon afterwards became, next to Joseph Smith himself, the principal leader of the Mormons. How Smith and this person became connected is not known, but soon after leaving Mr Patterson's printing-office he came out as a preacher of doctrines very like those afterwards incorporated in the *Book of Mormon*, and had actually succeeded in obtaining a small body of converts, when Smith and he grew intimate about 1829—the year before the appearance in print of the famous work. No sooner was it published than the wife, several friends, and the brother of Solomon Spaulding affirmed the identity of the principal portions of the *Book of Mormon* with the novel of *The Manuscript Found*, which the author had from time to time, and in separate portions, read over to them. John Spaulding declared upon oath that his brother's book was a historical romance, relating to the first settlers in America, endeavouring to shew that the American Indians were descendants of the Jews, or of the lost ten tribes. He stated that it gave a detailed account of their journey from Jerusalem by land and sea, till they arrived in America under the command of Nephi and Lehi; and

HISTORY OF THE MORMONS.

that it also mentioned the Lamanites. He added that 'he had recently read the *Book of Mormon*, and to his great surprise he found nearly the same historical matter and names as in his brother's writings. To the best of his recollection and belief, it was the same that his brother Solomon wrote, with the exception of the religious matter.' Similarly, John N. Miller of Springfield, Pennsylvania, testified, in September 1833, that in 1811 he was in the employment of Spaulding, lodged and boarded in his house, and frequently perused portions of *The Manuscript Found*, which the author also sometimes read to him. Miller says: 'I have recently examined the *Book of Mormon*, and find in it the writings of Solomon Spaulding from beginning to end, but mixed up with Scripture and other religious matter, which I did not meet in *The Manuscript Found*. Many of the passages in the *Mormon Book* are *verbatim* from Spaulding, and others in part. The names of Nephi, Lehi, Moroni, and, in fact, all the principal names are brought fresh to my recollection by the gold Bible.' Such evidence (and it might be indefinitely multiplied) is certainly very strong, and will probably constrain most readers to conclude that Spaulding's unpublished romance formed the basis of the Mormon Bible. If our conception of Smith's character be the true one (as we honestly think it is), he was just the kind of man to be charmed by a delusive hypothesis like that which is found in Spaulding's work. It would appeal to his fancy, his ignorance, and his impulsive credulity. He would naturally think it a probable account of the peopling of America, and there was nothing in the region of his moral nature sufficiently stern to deter him from investing the record with the dignity of supernatural sanctions.

As a literary composition, the work is but a bungling affair; the religious matter ingrafted upon the original romance being full of ungrammatical and illiterate expressions. For instance, such phrases as the following very frequently occur: 'Ye are like unto they;' 'Do as ye hath hitherto done;' 'I saith unto them;' 'These things had not ought to be;' 'Ye saith unto him;' 'I, the Lord, delighteth in the chastity of women;' 'For a more history part are written upon my other plates.' Anachronisms are also frequent, and blunders of almost every imaginable kind abound.

In confirmation of the theory that only the 'religious matter' is Smith's, we may here state that this religious matter does not refer to old-world faiths and the practices of an ancient ritual, but to quite modern questions, such, we are told, as were rife in the villages of Western New York about 1830. Calvinism, Universalism, Methodism, Millenarianism, Roman Catholicism, are discussed. Infant baptism is warmly condemned, and polygamy, many will be surprised to learn, is repeatedly denounced; as, for example: 'For, behold, thus saith the Lord, this people begin to wax in iniquity; they understand not the Scriptures. Behold David and

HISTORY OF THE MORMONS.

Solomon truly had many wives and concubines, which thing was abominable before me, saith the Lord. Wherefore thus saith the Lord, I have led this people forth out of the land of Jerusalem, by the power of mine arm, that I might raise up unto me a righteous branch from the fruit of the loins of Joseph. Wherefore, my brethren, hear me, and hearken to the word of the Lord ; for there shall not any man among you have save it be one wife ; and concubines he shall have none ; for I, the Lord, delighteth in the chastity of women.' Freemasonry is also liberally anathematised, although Smith and his followers were subsequently not only initiated into its puerile mysteries, but modelled their hierarchy on its system of degrees.

Before the publication of the *Book of Mormon*, Smith had already gathered to himself a small number of adherents. Their notions of what they should preach were apparently rather confused, but moved by the interest then felt in Millenarianism (always a great favourite with the ignorant and superstitious) throughout Western New York, they finally settled into the doctrine that the millennium was close at hand, that the Indians were to be speedily converted, and that America was to be the final gathering-place of the saints, who were to assemble at New Zion or New Jerusalem, somewhere in the interior of the continent. In 1830, the year after Smith began to announce his visions and to speak of the discovery of the plates, his followers amounted to five persons. Among these were included his father and three brothers ; but in the course of a few weeks the number increased to thirty. On the 1st of June, in the year just mentioned, the first conference of the sect, as an organised church, was held at Fayetteville, New York, where the prophet at that time resided. As the people of the neighbourhood generally regarded him as an impostor, his proceedings from the outset met with considerable opposition. Smith, on the present occasion, had ordered the construction of a dam across a stream of water, for the purpose of baptising his disciples. But before the ceremony was commenced, a mob collected, and broke down the preparations, using such language towards the prophet as was anything but flattering to him or his followers, threatening him with violence, and accusing him of robbery and swindling. They derided his prophetic pretensions, charged him with having lived the life of a reprobate, and in every way did their utmost to make him the object of ridicule and suspicion. Smith, however, was nothing daunted. With singular tact, as well as courage, he bore down all detraction by confessing boldly that he *had once* led an improper and immoral life ; but, unworthy as he was, ' the Lord had chosen him—had forgiven him all his sins, and intended, in his own inscrutable purposes, to make him—weak and erring as he might have been—the instrument of his glory. Unlettered and comparatively ignorant he acknowledged himself to be ; but then, said he, was not St Peter illiterate ? Were not John

and the other Christian apostles men of low birth and mean position before they were called to the ministry? And what had been done before, might it not be done again, if God willed it?'

He appears to have had many contests with the preachers and leading people of other religious sects, and to have signally exasperated them against him by the boldness of his self-sufficiency, and the boundless resources of his ingenuity and impudence, in asserting and defending his pretensions. Yet if he was arrogant and presumptuous, they were not less dogmatic and intolerant. When Joseph proved himself utterly invincible by their logic, and not to be put down by any taunts concerning his unworthiness as a man or his incompetency as a scholar, they had recourse to the ordinary expedient of persecution. Their animosity rose so high at last, that the prophet and his followers found the place too strait for them; and, accordingly, to escape from the virulent opposition they had to contend with, the whole family of the Smiths and the most tenacious of their adherents deemed it prudent to remove from Palmyra and Fayetteville, and to settle themselves in other quarters. The place they selected was Kirtland, in Ohio, the birthplace of Sidney Rigdon, where they received considerable accessions to their numbers. It was, however, regarded only as a temporary resting-place. The attention of the sect was directed, from the very commencement of their organisation, to the desirableness of establishing themselves in the 'Far West' territories, where, in a thinly settled and partially explored country, they might squat down or purchase lands at a cheap rate, and clear the wilderness for their own purposes. Shortly after their removal to Kirtland, Oliver Cowdery was sent out on an exploratory expedition, and, coming back, reported so favourably of the beauty, fertility, and cheapness of the land in Jackson County, in Missouri, that Joseph Smith himself determined to go and visit the location.

Leaving his family and principal connections in Kirtland, he proceeded with Sidney Rigdon and some others upon a long and arduous journey, his object being to fix upon a site for the 'New Jerusalem'—the future city and metropolis of the divine kingdom, where Christ was to reign over the Saints as a temporal king, in 'power and great glory.' They started, apparently, about the middle of June 1831, travelling by wagons or canal-boats, and sometimes on foot, as far as Cincinnati. From this place they proceeded by steamer to Louisville and St Louis, where at length all the civilised means of transport failed them. The rest of the journey, a distance of three hundred miles, had to be performed on foot. With brave hearts and hopeful faces, however, they toiled along through the wilderness, and finally reached the town of Independence, in Jackson County, in the middle of July. Though footsore and weary, they were not sad; for the country, with its grandeurs and conveniences, surpassed their most sanguine expectations. It is pleasant to see

how the prophet was enraptured at the sight of it, and how, in his description, there is even a touch of poetry. Looking intently on the landscape, he notes, 'as far as the eye can glance, the beautiful rolling prairies lay spread around like a sea of meadows.'

That there might be no doubt among his followers that this was assuredly the spot marked out by Providence as their place of settlement, Smith, after the fashion of many greater prophets, produced a direct revelation on the subject—a practice to which he always had recourse whenever a difficulty presented itself or a novelty had to be introduced. On the present occasion, it was revealed to him that a certain district in Jackson County was 'the land of promise, and the place for the city of Zion.'

On his return to Kirtland, by the aid of others, members of the church, he established a mill, a store, and a bank. Of the latter, he appointed himself president, and intrusted Sidney Rigdon with the office of cashier. It was the object of himself and of the sect to stay in Kirtland and make money for the next five years; until, in short, the wilderness should be cleared, and the temple built in Zion.

It is impossible to deny that from this point the history of Mormonism becomes something more than respectable. Whatever opinion we may form regarding the character and motives of the founder, none can doubt that henceforth a certain degree of high enthusiasm prevailed among the sect, and that some of the best virtues of common life, industry, order, sobriety, and cleanliness, were strikingly developed. Rigid and unbending critics may be reluctant to admit that a system founded (as is most certain) on fabrication and falsehood, could ever produce such beneficial results; but it is nevertheless clear, from the testimony of impartial observers, that morally, industrially, and socially, the Mormons were far in advance of their neighbours. The prophet himself seems to have risen in tone with the fortunes of his faith. None of the numerous missionaries of the sect, who spread over the states of Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York, Indiana, Illinois, &c., everywhere establishing churches, surpassed its founder in zeal, energy, perseverance, and heroic courage. Of course, his success as a propagandist was the signal for an outburst of persecution. One night, in the month of March 1832, 'a mob of Methodists, Baptists, Campbellites, and other miscellaneous bigots, broke into his peaceable dwelling-house, and dragging him from the wife of his bosom, stripped him naked, and most spitefully maltreated him. Under the bleak midnight sky, they carried him into a meadow a little distance from the house, and there, with curses and wild uproar, anointed his sacred person with that dark impurity which Falstaff mentions as having a tendency to defile; and then rolling him well in feathers, set him at liberty. Sidney Rigdon was similarly handled, and rendered temporarily crazy by the treatment. As to the prophet, it took the whole night for his friends to cleanse his polluted skin. Yet, the next day being the Sabbath, with his

'flesh all scarified and defaced,' he preached to the congregation as usual, and (for once we record the fact with a certain degree of pleasure) in the afternoon of the same day baptised three individuals. It is but fair to state, however, that the wrath of his enemies was not purely religious, but had also a secular origin. Smith's bank had, it seems, flooded the neighbouring country with notes of doubtful value, and certain business transactions had likewise taken place in which the backwoodsmen thought they had been swindled by the prophet and Rigdon; hence the furious outrage.

Meanwhile the brethren in Missouri continued to prosper, and Smith resolved to pay them a second visit. Accordingly, he started on the 2d of April (eleven days after the tarring and feathering) with a small company of adherents. Some of his inhuman persecutors dogged his steps as far as Louisville, taunting and harassing him by the way; but, getting protection from the captain of a steamboat, he arrived in safety at Independence on the 26th. In obedience to a revelation which he had sent them, a printing-press had been established, and the work of proselytising was advancing vigorously. A monthly periodical, called the *Morning and Evening Star*, was conducted by Mr Phelps, the printer to the church; and a weekly newspaper, devoted exclusively to the interests of Mormonism, had been started under the title of the *Upper Missouri Advertiser*. The number of the disciples amounted to nearly 3000; while in Kirtland, including women and children, they had not yet exceeded 150. Being enthusiastically received by the congregation, and solemnly acknowledged as their 'prophet, seer, and president of the high-priesthood of the church,' Smith, after a brief and pleasant sojourn, left the place in perfect confidence that all was going on prosperously.

But the very prosperity of the sect deepened the hostility of all the non-Mormon population. Strange rumours also began to spread concerning their peculiarities of intercourse and ways of living. They were accused of communism, and not simply of a community of goods and chattels, but also of a community of wives. This charge appears to have been utterly unfounded, and probably originated in some manifestations of a tendency towards polygamy, a doctrine not yet revealed, however (in fact, as we have seen, *contrary* to the revealed doctrine on the subject); but it materially helped to inflame the hatred of the impulsive and unscrupulous backwoodsmen. Smith himself affirms that the neighbours of the Saints were 'many of them the basest of men, who had fled from the face of civilised society to the frontier country, to escape the hand of justice.' Be that as it may, a party was secretly formed whose object was to expel them from the state. The printing-office of the *Star* was razed to the ground, and the types and presses confiscated. A Mormon bishop was tarred and feathered (July 20), and Editor Phelps had a narrow escape from a touch of the like treatment. Outrages of almost every description were committed by armed

HISTORY OF THE MORMONS.

mobs upon the Mormons, till at length they saw no chance or likelihood of ever being left at peace ; and the final result was, that—having no other resource—the leaders agreed that, if time were given, the people should remove westward to some other situation.

Under circumstances of such peril and humiliation, the Saints despatched Oliver Cowdery to Kirtland with a message to the prophet. Smith proved himself not unfertile in resources. He decided that the *Morning and Evening Star* should be thenceforth published in Kirtland, and that another newspaper should be started to supply the place of the one lately printed in Missouri. He also resolved to apply to the governor of that state, and to demand justice for the outrages inflicted upon the sect ; and on the 8th of October, Elders W. W. Phelps and O. Hyde presented a petition from the Saints praying for redress.

The governor of Missouri responded by a sensible and conciliatory letter. He alluded to the attack upon them as being illegal and unjustifiable, and recommended them to remain where they were, and to apply for redress to the ordinary tribunals of the country. Acting on the strength of this advice, the Mormons commenced actions against the ringleaders of the mob, engaging, by a fee of 1000 dollars, the best legal assistance to support their case. But on the 30th of October, the mob again rose in arms to expel them. Several houses of the Saints were sacked and partially demolished. The Mormons, in some instances, defended their possessions, and a regular battle ensued between them and their opponents. In this encounter, it happened that two of the latter were killed. 'This was the first bloodshed, and the Mormons shed it,' say their opponents with rather silly exultation. Thenceforth the fray became so furious and alarming, that the militia had to be called out to suppress it. The militia, however, being anti-Mormon to a man, took sides entirely against them, and the hapless Saints had no alternative except in flight. They sought refuge across the Missouri river, November 4, and encamped in the open wilderness, but ultimately took up their abode for the most part in Clay County, where they appear to have been received with some degree of kindness.

The public authorities of Missouri, and indeed all the principal people, except those of Jackson County, were exceedingly scandalised at these proceedings, and sympathised with the efforts of the Mormon leaders to obtain redress. The attorney-general of the state wrote to say, that if the Mormons desired to be re-established in their possessions, an adequate public force should be sent for their protection. He also advised them to remain in the state, and organise themselves into a regular company of militia, promising to supply them with arms at the public expense. About the same time a message arrived from the prophet, who had now returned to Kirtland from a missionary tour through Canada, urging them to abide by their possessions, and not in any case to sell any land to which

they had a legal title, but hold on 'until the Lord in His wisdom should open a way for their return.'

The Mormons, however, were never more restored to their beloved Zion. They remained for upwards of four years in Clay County. The land on which they settled was mostly uncleared, but being an industrious and persevering people, they laid out farms, erected mills and stores, and carried on their business as successfully as in their previous location. But here also the suspicions and ill-feeling of the people were soon aroused against them, and were eventually the cause of their expulsion from the whole state of Missouri. The bearing of the Mormons towards the slavery question, the calumny about their community of wives, their loud pretensions of superior holiness, their repeated declarations that Missouri had been assigned to their possession by divine command, and the quarrels that were constantly resulting, brought about the same kind of misunderstandings and collisions which they had experienced in Jackson County.

On the 3d of May 1834, a conference of elders was held in Kirtland, and the Mormon body was first named 'The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.' Two days later, the prophet marched for Missouri at the head of an organised body of Mormons, one hundred and fifty in number, mostly young men, and nearly all priests, deacons, teachers, and officers of the church. Twenty of them formed the body-guard of the prophet; his brother, Hyrum Smith, being captain, and another brother, George Smith, his armour-bearer. His aim was to put the affairs of his scattered and dispirited disciples into order; but the Missouri mobs were convinced that he meant to conquer the state, and introduce a theocratic government, and accordingly the history of the sect for the next three years is one of strife and contention with their enemies.

Meanwhile, a remarkable accession to their ranks had been received. On the 14th of April 1832, Brigham Young (born 1801) was converted by Elder Samuel Smith, and baptised by Eleazar Millard. In the year following, he came to Kirtland, and soon rose to high honour among the Saints. His wonderful sagacity and force of character, his immovable faith in Mormonism, his ardent but not obstreperous enthusiasm, marked him out from the beginning as a natural leader of the new church; and when in February 1835 a further step was taken in the development of a hierarchy, by the institution of a body of apostles—twelve in number—Young was appointed head of the apostolic college. A fortnight later, the organisation of the 'Seventies' was established. On the 3d of May, the apostles departed on their first mission among the Gentiles—Young being ordered down east among the New Englanders, where he made numerous converts, even among that acute race. Shortly after the departure of the Twelve, a 'discovery' was made of certain rolls of Egyptian papyrus, which contained the writings of Abraham and

HISTORY OF THE MORMONS.

Joseph in Egypt (!); and on the 17th of August, at a General Assembly held at Kirtland, the *Book of Doctrines and Covenants*, together with the '*Lectures on Faith*' delivered by Sidney Rigdon, was accepted as a rule of faith and practice. In other words, the Mormons drew up their *creed*. On the 4th of January 1836, a Hebrew professorship was established at Kirtland, which one would have thought superfluous to a community which had for three years enjoyed the miraculous gift of tongues. Finally, on the 30th of April in the same year, the keystone was put to the edifice of spiritual despotism which Smith had gradually been rearing, for on that day, as was alleged, in the House of the Lord at Kirtland, the Saviour, Moses, Elias, and Elijah appeared to him and Cowdery, delivered to them the keys of the several priesthoods, and bestowed unlimited power in things temporal and spiritual.

While the internal organisation of the sect was being thus perfected, its numbers in Missouri went on increasing so rapidly that its opponents were both alarmed and enraged. Smith, Rigdon, and others had been forced to take refuge there in order to escape a sudden outburst of fury on the part of the mob in Kirtland, owing to the awkward stoppage of the Mormon bank there. On arriving in Missouri the prophet found the affairs of his church in the greatest confusion. Conflicts with the anti-Mormon mobs continually occurred, many outrages were committed, and several persons killed on both sides. Worse than all, a great schism (as it has been called), took place in the spring of the year, and the new religion seemed on the point of ruin. Martin Harris, Oliver Cowdery, and David Whitmer (the 'three witnesses' to the *Book of Mormon*), charged with lying, theft, counterfeiting and defamation of the prophet's character, were cut off from the church, while others of its most influential members apostatised. Among these were Orson Hyde, Thomas B. Marsh (then president of the Twelve Apostles), and W. W. Phelps, who accused Smith in turn of being accessory to several thefts and murders, and of meditating a tyranny not only over the state of Missouri, but over the whole American Republic (!). The language of their affidavits, however (it must be confessed), strikes one as suspiciously extravagant; for example: 'I have heard the prophet say that he would yet tread down his enemies, and walk over their dead bodies: that if he was not let alone, he would be a second Mohammed to this generation, and that he would make it one gore of blood from the Rocky Mountains to the Atlantic Ocean.' And finally, what deprives their accusations of any real weight is that the renegades themselves subsequently retracted them, sought forgiveness, and were restored to their former privileges. There can indeed be no doubt that violent language was used during this crisis, when foes without and within threatened the very existence of the sect. Toward the close of the year, the conflict assumed the character and proportions of a civil war—Smith himself and his brother

HISTORY OF THE MORMONS.

Hyrum being twice imprisoned and once sentenced to be shot. The most determined efforts, in fact, were made to expel the Mormons from the state.

This object was finally effected in April 1839, and the Mormons, to the number of 15,000, took refuge in Illinois. They purchased lands in the vicinity of the town of Commerce, and shortly afterwards changed the name of the place into Nauvoo, or the 'City of Beauty.' The country was rich in agricultural resources, and the Mormons failed not to turn them to account. 'Soon,' says Lieutenant Gunnison, 'the colonists changed the desert to an abode of plenty and richness: gardens sprang up as by magic, decorated with the most beautiful flowers of the Old and New World, whose seeds were brought as mementoes from former homes by the converts that flocked to the new state of Zion; broad streets were soon fenced, houses erected, and the busy hum of industry heard in the marts of commerce; the steam-boat unladed its stores and passengers, and departed for a fresh supply of merchandise; fields waved with the golden harvests, and cattle dotted the rolling hills.' A site for the temple was chosen on the brow of a hill overlooking the town, and the building was commenced according to a plan or pattern which the prophet professed to have received by revelation. In the course of eighteen months, the people had erected about 2000 houses, besides schools and a variety of public buildings. The place became a populous and imposing-looking town. Joseph Smith was appointed mayor, and for a while enjoyed an undisturbed supremacy. His word was law; he was the temporal and spiritual head of the community; and, besides his titles of prophet, president, and mayor, he held the military title of general, in right of his command over a body of militia, which he organised (1841) under the name of the Nauvoo Legion.

As early as 1837, Kimball, Hyde, Richards, and other Mormon leaders had visited England and preached the new gospel. Lancashire has the doubtful honour of furnishing the first converts. On the 20th of July in that year, at Preston, the first Mormon baptism was performed by immersion in the river Ribble. It does not appear, however, that great success attended this effort; but in the autumn after the settlement at Nauvoo, a second attempt was made by a body of enthusiastic 'elders,' among whom was Brigham Young. They cunningly sought the great centres of industry, Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, Birmingham, Glasgow, South Wales, and by pictures of worldly prosperity, no less than by the magic influence of fanatical zeal, they charmed and led away multitudes of the 'weary and heavy-laden' poor, to whom the new faith had at once the zest of novelty and the allurements of an earthly Paradise.

At home, affairs did not run quite so smoothly as the prophet wished. Prosperity, in his case, unfortunately involved additional persecution. The more his followers, the more his enemies. It

was dangerous to boast of the '100,000 Mormons in the United States,' or to meddle in political elections. Thrice in 1841-42, Smith was arrested on a charge of instigating or attempting the assassination of the United States' authorities, and it gradually became clear to him that even Nauvoo could not be an abiding city. The result of his conviction was a prophecy that 'the Saints would be driven to the Rocky Mountains.' What probably strengthened this conviction was the development about the same time of a new social feature of his system, since become its most distinctive and perilous one: we mean polygamy. In 1842, it began to be whispered about Nauvoo that polygamy was secretly practised among what we may perhaps call the fully initiated Saints, the prophet himself setting a liberal example. It is, we confess, extremely difficult to ascertain what amount of truth was contained in the allegation. Our readers will remember that in the *Book of Mormon* polygamy is actually denounced, and that up to this date, twelve years after the formation of the sect, no evidence exists that the subject had seriously if at all engaged the thoughts of the Saints. What raised the marriage question into such startling prominence all at once, cannot probably be discovered. Of course, if we are persuaded (with his enemies) that Smith was simply a drunken and licentious reprobate, the explanation is easy. It was mere lust that provoked the new revelation; but when we consider the sobriety and decorum of household life among the Mormons (according to all candid observers), we will be slow to believe that their domestic relations—however repugnant to our social ideas—have no better origin than the depraved appetites of one of the leaders. Further, it must not be overlooked that there is a large body of Mormons who positively deny that the prophet is the author of the 'revelation' ascribed to him, or that he ever lived in polygamous relations. That he did not openly live with more than one woman, is admitted by all. 'Emma, Joseph's wife and secretary, the partner of all his toils, of all his glories, coolly, firmly, permanently denies that her husband ever had any other wife than herself. She declares the story to be false, the revelation a fraud. She denounces polygamy as the invention of Young and Pratt—a work of the devil—brought in by them for the destruction of God's new church. On account of this doctrine, she has separated herself from the Saints of Utah, and has taken up her dwelling with what she calls a remnant of the true church at Nauvoo.'—Dixon's *New America*, sixth edition, vol. i., p. 321. Testimony to the same effect, and no less emphatic, is borne by the four sons of Joseph—Joseph, William, Alexander, and David—who have practically formed a great schism in the church. Under the name of Josephites, there exist, particularly in Missouri and Illinois, but also to some extent in Utah, considerable numbers of Mormons who denounce in the strongest language the doctrine of a plurality of wives. On the other hand, most of the elders stoutly

assert that the prophet had secretly taken or 'sealed' to himself a multitude of wives at Nauvoo, though Young alone seems to know anything about the matter. 'I was pointing out to him,' says Mr Dixon, 'the loss of moral force to which his people must be always subject, while the testimony on that cardinal point of practice is incomplete. If Joseph were sealed to many women, there must be records, witnesses, of the fact: where are those records and those witnesses?' "I," said Young vehemently, "am the witness—I myself sealed dozens of women to Joseph." But Young at the same time admitted that his predecessor had no issue by any of these 'dozens of women.' The conclusion at which Mr Dixon arrives ('after testing all the evidence to be gathered from friend and foe') is one in which we are disposed to agree. He says: 'These ladies, though they may have been sealed to Joseph for eternity, were not his wives in the sense in which Emma, like the rest of women, would use the word wife. I think they were his spiritual queens and companions, chosen after the method of the Wesleyan Perfectionists—with a view not to pleasures of the flesh, but to the glories of another world. Young may be technically right in the dispute; but the prophet's sons are, in my opinion, legally and morally in the right. It is my firm conviction that if the practice of plurality should become a permanent conquest of this American church, the Saints will not owe it to Joseph Smith, but to Brigham Young.'

But if the calmer and less prejudiced verdict of posterity is likely to free Smith from the imputation of having introduced the obsolete Turkish harem to the modern society of the New World, it was a very different affair with his Gentile contemporaries and enemies in 1842-44. Every wild slander was greedily caught up, and intensified by circulation. Women recklessly accused him of offensive conduct; apostates from the faith furnished the world with 'revelations' of his secret character; persons expelled from the Mormon community for misdemeanours of their own, kept up an incessant fire of malignant recriminations. Finally, in May 1844, a paper in Nauvoo, called the *Expositor*, and edited by some Mormon renegades, made the most specific and offensive charges against the prophet, who was then mayor of the city. A council was convened, and measures instantly taken to silence the defamers. The marshal and municipal officers, with a posse, destroyed their printing-press, scattering the types in the streets, and burning an edition of their paper. After finishing this work of demolition, they repaired to headquarters, and were complimented by the prophet and his brother Hyrum, and received from them the promise of some appropriate reward. This, however, they never got, for a grand and fatal outrage was presently transacted, which brought both the power and the life of the prophet suddenly to an end.

It being impossible to bring the Mormon mob to justice through the Nauvoo courts, the officer who undertook to deal with them

HISTORY OF THE MORMONS.

procured a county writ, and attempted to enforce it in the manner resorted to against ordinary offenders. But this attempt was opposed and prevented by the people and troops in Nauvoo; and when at length the militia were called out, Joseph Smith, as mayor and commanding-general of the legion, declared the city under martial law. Thereupon an appeal was made to Governor Ford of Illinois, who forthwith ordered out three companies of the state militia, to bring the prophet and his adherents to submission, and to enforce their obedience to the laws. An officer was despatched to arrest Joseph and his brother Hyrum; but to avoid the indignity, they crossed over the Mississippi into Iowa, and there remained to watch events, keeping up by a boat a correspondence with the Mormon council. At length (June 24), the governor persuaded them to surrender, pledging his word, and the faith and honour of the state, that no harm should befall them in consequence, and that they should have a fair trial. They accordingly repaired to Carthage, the seat of government, and were there indicted for treason, and, in company with two of their apostles, were lodged in the county jail.

It is related that the prophet had a presentiment of evil in this affair, and said, as he surrendered: 'I am going like a lamb to the slaughter, but I am calm as a summer morning; I have a conscience void of offence, and shall die innocent.' As the mob still breathed vengeance against the prisoners, and as the militia sided with the people, and were not to be depended on in the way of preventing violence, the governor was requested by the citizens of Nauvoo and other Mormons to set a guard over the jail. But the governor, seeing things apparently quiet, discharged the troops, and simply promised justice to all parties. It now began to be rumoured that there would be no case forthcoming against the Smiths, and that the governor was anxious they should escape. Influenced by this belief, a band of about two hundred ruffians conspired to attack the jail, and take justice into their own hands. 'If law could not reach them,' they said, 'powder and shot should.' On the 27th of June 1844, they assaulted the door of the room in which the prisoners were incarcerated, and having broken in, fired upon the four all at once. Hyrum Smith was instantly killed. Joseph, with a revolver, returned two shots, hitting one man in the elbow. He then threw up the window, and attempted to leap out, but was killed in the act by the shot of the assailants outside. Both were again shot after they were dead, each receiving no less than four bullets. One of the two Mormons who were with them was seriously wounded, but afterwards recovered; and the other is said to have escaped 'without a hole in his robe.'

Here, then, ends the life and prophetic mission of Joseph Smith. Henceforth, the Mormons are left to be guided by another leader. Of himself it has been said: 'He founded a dynasty which his death

HISTORY OF THE MORMONS.

rendered more secure, and sent forth principles that take fast hold on thousands in all lands ; and the name of Great Martyr of the nineteenth century is a tower of strength to his followers. He lived fourteen years and three months after founding a society with six members, and could boast of having 150,000 ready to do his bidding when he died ; all of whom regarded his voice as from heaven. Among his disciples he bears a character for talent, uprightness, and purity, far surpassing all other men with whom they ever were acquainted, or whose biography they have read. But few of these admirers were cognizant of other than his prophetic career, and treat with scornful disdain all that is said in disparagement of his earlier life.' The man had faults enough, no doubt ; but it would be the grossest injustice to deny that he had also some sterling and commanding qualities. Whatever of the liar or vagabond he may have been in his youth and the beginnings of his career, any one who carefully observes his progress cannot fail to perceive that his character and designs became developed into something that was at least partially commendable. A rude, uncouth genius, who, like many another genius, for a long while apprehended not his mission ; knew not the things which Nature had appointed him to do ; and yet, with a blind unconscious instinct—manifested through many follies and insincerities—he struggled, and could not help but struggle, to make felt the influence and administrative power which he was born to exercise among mankind. We may call him a sort of mongrel hero, and non-commissioned leader of the unguided ; a charlatan-fanatic, whose work was half-knavery and half-earnest, and whom, probably, Nature had ordained to do the rough pioneering of civilisation in the waste places of her kingdoms. That he had available powers for leading and for ruling men, there is proof in the multitude and successful consolidation of his adherents. Saint or sinner, Joseph Smith must be reckoned a remarkable man in his generation ; one who began and accomplished a more extraordinary work than he was aware of ; and whose name, whatever he may have been whilst living, will take its place among the notabilities of the world.

After his death, the Mormons were somewhat agitated by the question of the succession to his seership. Sidney Rigdon and others came forward with claims and pretensions to the office ; but finally, on the 7th of August, the council of the twelve unanimously elected Brigham Young. 'This man,' says Lieutenant Gunnison, 'with a mien of the most retiring modesty and diffidence in ordinary intercourse in society, holds a spirit of ardent feeling and great shrewdness ; and when roused in debate, or upon the preacher's stand, exhibits a boldness of speech and grasp of thought that awes and enchains with intense interest—controlling, soothing, or exasperating at pleasure the multitudes that listen to his eloquence.'

One of the first things which the new president had to do, carrying

HISTORY OF THE MORMONS.

out the prophecy of the founder, was to conduct the removal of the Mormons from Nauvoo, and to establish them in a settlement where they should no longer be molested. Almost as soon as he was elected, arrangements began to be made for abandoning the city. For the hostility of the Gentiles continued unabated; the houses of the Saints were frequently burned down, and even the charter of the city was repealed by the state legislature. Several places were proposed: Vancouver's Island, Texas, California, &c.; but finally they decided in favour of the barren valleys of the Rocky Mountains.

'Beyond the western prairies,' says Dixon, 'lay a howling wilderness of salt and stones, a property which no white man had yet been greedy enough to claim. Some pope, in the middle ages, had bestowed it on the crown of Spain, from which it had fallen as a paper waste, to the Mexican Republic; but neither Spaniard nor Mexican had ever gone up north into the land to possess it. In the centre of this howling wilderness lay a Dead Sea, not less terrible than Bahr Lout, the Sea of Lot. One-fourth of its water was known to be solid salt. The creeks which run into it were said to be putrid; the wells around it were known to be bitter; and the shores for many miles were crusted white with saleratus. These shores were like nothing else on earth except the Syrian Ghor, and they were more forbidding than the Syrian Ghor in this particular, that the waters of Salt Lake are dull, impure, and the water-lines studded with ditches and pools, intolerable to the nostrils of living men. To crown its repulsive features, this desert of salt, of stones, and of putrid creeks, was shut off from the world, eastward by the Rocky Mountains, westward by the Sierra Nevada, ranges of Alps high as the chain of Mont Blanc, and covered with eternal ice and snow. The red men who roamed over this country in search of roots and insects, were known to be the most savage and degraded tribes of their savage and degraded race. A herd of bison, a flight of gulls, a swarm of locusts peopled the plain with a fitful life. In spring, when a little verdure rose upon the ground, a little wild sage, a few dwarf sunflowers, the locusts sprang from the earth and stripped the few green plants of every leaf and twig. No forests could be seen; the grass, where it grew, appeared to be rank and thin. Only the wild sage and the dwarf sunflower seemed to find food in the soil, plants which are useless to man, and were then thought to be poisonous to his beast.'

But though the Indian and the trapper alike held it unfit for a human dwelling-place, Young thought otherwise, and in February 1846 the westward exodus began. Two thousand Mormons crossed the frozen Mississippi, and formed a temporary camp at Council Bluffs in Iowa; others gradually followed, till the remnant of Saints left at Nauvoo was so small that their enemies expelled them from their homes with ease. Yet, with singular magnanimity, the new prophet, in the midst of perplexities and brutal persecutions, furnished

HISTORY OF THE MORMONS.

to the United States' government, then entering on the Mexican campaign, a Mormon battalion of five hundred youths, 'the flower of the migrating bands.'

'Weakened by the departure of this living force, the Mormons crossed the Missouri river in a ferry made by themselves, entering on the great wilderness, the features of which they laid down on a map, making a rough road, and throwing light bridges over streams as they went on; collecting grass and herbs for their own use; sowing corn for those who were to come later in the year; raising temporary sheds in which their little ones might sleep; and digging caves in the earth as a refuge from the winter snow. Their food was scarce, their water bad, and such wild game as they could find in the plains, the elk, the antelope, and the buffalo, poisoned their blood.' From their winter-quarters, Omaha nation on the west bank of the Missouri river, a pioneer band of 143 men, headed by Brigham Young, started on the 14th of April, and after terrible hardships, entered the valley of the Great Salt Lake on the 24th of July. The rest of the people soon followed in greater or smaller parties.

The journey ended, work was instantly commenced. The industry of the Mormons has, ever since they became a sect, been pre-eminently exemplary. In five days a field was consecrated, fenced, ploughed, and planted! Tents and cabins were rapidly erected for the temporary service of the emigrants; but very shortly a city was laid out, and a fort, enclosing about forty acres, built for its protection. Everywhere the most cheerful and prosperous activity went on. As yet, however, the hardships of the Mormons were not ended. During the first year, every month was so mild that they constantly ploughed and sowed; but though the winter was thus auspicious, and all things promising, they were so reduced in provisions as to be obliged to eat the hides of the slaughtered animals, and even eagerly searched for them out of the ditches, and tore them from the roofs of the houses, to boil them for that purpose. They also dug up the wild roots used for food by the Indians. But, we are informed, the most formidable enemy they had to contend with, as the crops were nearing maturity, was an army of black ungainly crickets, which, descending from the mountain-sides, destroyed every bit of herbage in their way. No wonder the Mormon farmers considered it a miracle, when, in despair from the ravages of these 'black Philistines,' they at length were visited by large flights of beautiful white gulls, which in a short time exterminated the enemy. The next season they came earlier, and thereby saved the wheat from any harm whatever; and since then they have regularly appeared, and move hither and thither about the settlement, as tame as household pigeons. Since the first year, the crops of the Mormons have amply met their wants; and for the last three years there has been a surplus of food among them, which was sold to the gold emigrants at a less price than provisions were selling four

HISTORY OF THE MORMONS.

hundred miles nearer the States, and of course that distance further from the California diggings.

Among no people is the dignity of labour held more sacred than among the Mormons. The excellency and honourableness of work is exemplified in their whole polity and organisation. 'A lazy person,' we are told, 'is either accursed, or likely to be ; usefulness is their motto ; and those who will not keep themselves, or try their best, are left to starve into industry. . . . The labour for support of one's self and family is taught to be of as divine a character as public worship and prayer. In practice, their views unite them so as to procure all the benefits of social Christianity without running into communism. The priest and the bishop make it their boast that, like Paul the tent-maker, they earn their bread by the sweat of their brow ; and teach by example on the week-day what they preach on the Sabbath.'

The territory of Utah is extensive, but it is calculated that hardly one acre in ten is fit for profitable cultivation. Immense tracts of pasturage around the cultivable spots are held in common, and are not intended to be given up to the possession of individuals. It is worthy of being mentioned, that when the Mormons arrived in the valley, they did not quarrel about the fertile, eligible plots, but put a portion under cultivation jointly, and made equitable apportionment of the proceeds of the crop, according to the skill, labour, and seed contributed. The city was laid off into lots, which, by mutual consent, were assigned by the presidency, on a plan of equitable and judicious distribution. It is true, after the assignments were made, some persons commenced the usual speculations of selling according to eligibility of situation ; but this called forth anathemas from the spiritual power, and no one was permitted to traffic for the sake of profit. If any sales were to be made, the first cost and actual value of improvements were all that was to be allowed. 'The land belongs to the Lord,' it was said, 'and his Saints are to use so much as each can work profitably.'

The Great Salt Lake City, which is laid out in squares, is described as a place of great attractions. The streets are 132 feet wide, with 20 feet side-walks ; and a creek which runs through the city is so divided as to run along each walk and water a colonnade of trees, and is made likewise to communicate with the gardens. The lots contain nearly an acre each, with eight lots in every block. The site of the city is slightly sloping, with the exception of a part to the north, where it rises into a sort of natural terrace. It is four miles square, and is watered by several small streams, and a canal twelve miles long, besides being bounded on the western side by the Jordan river. Besides this central city, there are other four colonies which have branched off from it : and towns, with thickly populated and rapidly growing suburbs, extend along a line of 200 miles of country. Various public edifices have

HISTORY OF THE MORMONS.

been built, or are now in progress of erection. In one place, a large and commodious state-house was completed in 1850; and there is a wooden railway laid down to certain quarries some miles distant, for the purpose of transporting the fine red sandstone to a situation called the Temple Block, 'where a gorgeous pile is to be erected, which shall surpass in magnificence any yet built by man, and which shall be second only to that finally to be constructed by themselves, when the presidency shall be installed at the New Jerusalem, on the temple-site of Zion.'

The system of government under which the Mormons live is described by themselves as a 'Theo-democracy.' They are organised into a state, with all the order of legislative, judicial, and executive offices, regularly filled, under a constitution said to be eminently republican in sentiment, and tolerant in religion. Its priesthood, who rule in matters temporal and ecclesiastical, are divided into various orders. The highest is the *First Presidency*, composed at present of Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, and Daniel C. Wells—the successors of Peter, James, and John in the Gospel Church. Of these, Brigham Young acts as chief. The first presidency is elected by the whole body of the church, and possesses supreme authority. The second office in point of dignity is that of *Patriarch*, held at present by the nephew of Joseph Smith, whose chief duty is to administer blessings. Then follows the council of 'The Twelve,' whose functions are of great practical importance. They ordain all other officers, elders, priests, teachers, and deacons; they baptise, administer the sacraments, and take the lead in all meetings. Next come the *Seventies* (of whom there are many). They are under the direction of the 'Twelve Apostles'—and are the great propagandists, missionaries, and preachers of the body. The fifth order is that of *High-priests*, composed usually of men advanced in years. Their duty is to officiate in all the offices of the church when there are no higher authorities present. After these come the *Bishops*, who are 'overseers' of the church chiefly in secular matters, attending to the registration of births, marriages, and deaths, the support of 'literary concerns' (such as newspapers and magazines), house-visiting, and the settlement of private grievances. The duties of the *Elders* are not very precise; they are charged with the conduct of meetings, and exercise a general surveillance over the *Priests*, who correspond to the 'fixed ministry' of other sects, that is, they preach, exhort, and expound the Scriptures. The lowest orders are the *Teachers* and *Deacons*; the former are simply assistants to the priests, elders, and bishops, and act as catechists; the latter are church-collectors, treasurers, &c.—The whole priesthood is divided into two classes, the Melchisedek and the Aaronic. To the first belong the offices of apostle, seventy, patriarch, high-priest, and elder; to the second, those of bishop, priest, teacher, and deacon. The latter can be held only by

'literal descendants of Aaron,' who are pointed out by special revelation.

The Mormon church calls itself universal, because it claims to have preached in almost every nation, and in every congressional district of the United States; and to have established societies called 'Stakes of Zion,' on the model of the home-assembly, on the islands of the ocean, and on both continents. All are bound to obey the presidency—at home, in all things; and abroad, in things spiritual, independent of every consideration—and the converts are commanded to gather to the mountains as fast as may be convenient and compatible with their character and situation.

The *Doctrine* which has gradually evolved itself out of the history, experience, and crude speculation of the Mormon leaders generally, and more particularly of Orson Pratt, about 1848-49, is incredibly materialistic. Their Godhead is formed on Buddhistic principles. While professing to believe in the Trinity, they explain that God was once a man, who has, however, so advanced in intelligence and power that he may now be called (comparatively speaking) perfect, infinite, &c., but that he has still the form and figure of a man; he has even 'legs,' as is evident (according to Mr Pratt, an eminent Mormon) from his appearance to Abraham; though he has this advantage over his creature, that 'he can move up or down through the air without using them.' Christ is the offspring of the 'material' union, on the plains of Palestine, of God and the Virgin Mary—the latter being duly married after betrothal by the angel Gabriel. Yet he is believed to have had a previous existence, to have even made the universe out of 'unformed chaotic matter as old as God,' and his worship is enjoined as Lord of all. The Holy Spirit is vaguely described, but is also material. It would appear, however, that there is an older Trinity, that of 'Elohim, Jehovah, and Michael, which is Adam.' Adam, again, is declared to be the 'god' of Jesus Christ; Jesus Christ the god of Joseph Smith; and Joseph Smith is now the god of this generation. But the whole affair is a mass of unintelligible jargon. The human intellect probably never sank into more absolute nonsense; all that can be definitely set before the mind is, that Mormons believe that by faith, obedience, holiness, any man may rise into a deity, and acquire the power of making, peopling, and ruling a 'world' for ever. The *second* article of the Mormon creed affirms that 'men will be punished for their own sins, and *not* for Adam's transgressions'—an opinion which, if not very orthodox, is considerably more rational than those embodied in the first article. The *third* article states that 'through the atonement of Christ, all mankind may be saved by obedience to the laws and ordinances of the Gospel.' The *fourth* article affirms these 'ordinances' to be:

1. Faith in the Lord Jesus (which is very curiously expounded).
2. Repentance.
3. Baptism (which takes place at eight years of age—that being, according to the Saints, the period at which moral

HISTORY OF THE MORMONS.

responsibility begins). They also baptise for the dead, in accordance with St Paul's saying (1 Cor. xv. 29), and assert that, at the resurrection, all the persons for whom a man has been baptised will be added to his family. 4. Imposition of hands by the gift of the Holy Spirit. 5. The Lord's Supper, administered kneeling. The Saints, who are much averse to strong drinks, use water instead of wine in the sacrament, which is taken every week. The *fifth* article declares that 'men must be called to the work of God by inspiration;' the *sixth*, that the same organisation must now exist that existed in the primitive church; the *seventh*, that miraculous gifts—'discerning of spirits, prophecy, revelations, visions, healing, tongues,' &c.—have not ceased. The 'discerning of spirits' led Smith into a variety of curious speculations. He believes that the soul of man was not created, but 'coexisted equal with God. "God," he says, "never did have power to create the spirit of man at all—the very idea lessens man in my estimation—I *know better!*"' He also believes in the transmigration of souls. Rebellious spirits descend into brute tabernacles, till they yield to 'the law of the everlasting gospel.' The *eighth* article is decidedly liberal; it expresses a belief that the word of God is recorded not only in the Bible and the Book of Mormon, but in 'all other good books.' As for the contradictions that exist in the first, Smith admits them, but alleges that they are 'corruptions,' and that they can be removed by his or any other prophet's inspired explanations. It is said that he has left an 'inspired translation' of the whole Bible in manuscript. The *ninth* article expresses a belief in all that God has revealed, is revealing, or will yet reveal. The *tenth* affirms the literal gathering of Israel, the restoration of the ten tribes (the 'American Indians,' who are, in consequence, treated with considerable humanity by the Saints), the establishment of the New Zion on the western continent—the millennial reign of Christ on earth, and the transformation of earth into a Paradise. The *eleventh* article maintains 'the literal resurrection of the body'—to 'flesh and bones,' but not blood—blood being, according to Smith, 'the principle of mortality.' The *twelfth* article asserts the absolute liberty of private judgment in matters of religion; the *thirteenth* declares it the duty of the Saints and all others to be 'subject to the powers that be,' whether monarchical or republican. The *fourteenth* and last is worthy of being universally accepted: 'We believe in being honest, true, chaste, temperate, benevolent, virtuous, and upright; and in doing good to all men;' also, that 'an idle or lazy person cannot be a Christian, neither have salvation.'

The religious views of the Mormons are, it will thus be seen, an extraordinary jumble. They have something in common with nearly every sect that has ever been known. Hebraism, Persian Dualism, Brahmanism, Buddhistic apotheosis of saints; Christianity, both in its orthodoxy and heterodoxy; Mohammedanism, Drusism, Free-

HISTORY OF THE MORMONS.

masonry, and latterly, Methodism, Swedenborgianism, Mesmerism, and Spirit-rapping, have all contributed something. The Saints do not deny this. Smith, in fact, declares that as every religion in the world 'has a little truth mixed with error,' it is the duty of his followers to pick it out, that 'all the good and true principles may be gathered together;' 'otherwise,' he adds, 'we shall never become pure Mormons.'

We are told that the preaching from the pulpit and the usual extempore teachings are restricted to the promulgation of doctrines like those commonly inculcated by the Christian sects which hold to faith, repentance, baptism, and the resurrection of the body. 'Their mode of conducting worship,' says Gunnison, 'is to assemble at a particular hour, and the senior priest then indicates order by asking a blessing on the congregation and exercises, when a hymn from their own collection is sung, prayer made extempore, and another sacred song, followed by a sermon from some one previously appointed to preach, which is usually continued by exhortations and remarks from those who "feel moved upon to speak." Then notice of the arrangement of the tithe-labour for the ensuing week, and information on all secular matters interesting to them in a church capacity, is read by the council-clerk, and the congregation dismissed by a benediction.' Everything of a gloomy or sombre character is excluded from the ordinances; and during the assembling and departure of the congregation, their feelings are exhilarated by an excellent band of music playing marches, waltzes, and animating anthems.

In all their social and domestic relations, the Mormons are represented as being uniformly cheerful. Though professedly living in anticipation of a miraculous millennium, they object not to enjoy the hour that now is, and cordially participate in all the healthful and gladdening satisfactions which this temporary state affords. It is one of their peculiarities to blend the serious with the gay, and to invest their most light and frivolous pastimes with a kind of religious sanction. 'In their social gatherings and evening-parties,' says Lieutenant Gunnison, 'patronised by the presence of the prophets and apostles, it is not unusual to open the ball with prayer, asking the blessing of God upon their amusements, as well as upon any other engagement; and then will follow the most sprightly dancing, in which all join with hearty good-will, from the highest dignitary to the humblest individual; and this exercise is to become part of the temple-worship, to "praise God in songs and dances." These private balls and soirées are frequently extended beyond the time of cock-crowing by the younger members; and the remains of the evening repast furnish the breakfast for the jovial guests. The cheerful happy faces, the self-satisfied countenances, the cordial salutation of brother or sister on all occasions of address, the lively strains of music pouring forth from merry hearts in every domicile,

HISTORY OF THE MORMONS.

as women and children sing their "songs of Zion," while plying the domestic tasks, give an impression of a happy society in the vales of Deseret.'

The testimony of Captain Burton in his clever but somewhat irritating and mocking book, *The City of the Saints*, and of Mr Dixon, in his *New America* (the most valuable work on Mormonism that has yet appeared), is equally emphatic. The latter gives a description of the Mormon theatre erected by Brigham Young that is positively charming; and, in fact, it is beyond all question that the Mormon community of Utah is one of the happiest and most comfortable in the world. The time is gone by when the public can be excited by the monstrous calumnies of infuriated and reckless adversaries, who sought to persuade us that the Salt Lake City was an earthly Gehenna, where every vice was practised without shame or restraint; that men were drawn to it by the vilest of motives, and that the character of its inhabitants had its counterpart only in our dens of infamy at home. This notion, or any, even the faintest approach to it, is utterly false. The Mormons are not a sensual, or impure, or demoralised community at all: they are exactly the opposite. We must, if we honestly wish to understand them and their system, try to subordinate our preconceived theories to the facts. Whatever aversion we may entertain to polygamy, either as a thing wrong in itself (because tending to the dishonouring of women as a class, with all the injurious consequences to the family), or as a barbarous attempt to restore an obsolete form of domestic life, we are driven to allow that its evils have not yet become apparent. They may be at work, and may one day come to the surface, but in the meantime the Mormons are entitled to assert that their community is free of the horrible sin and viciousness that prevail elsewhere; the obtrusive and loathsome vices which are the reproach of our large cities are almost unknown; there are no wretched prostitutes, no illegitimate children, no vile seducers; their wives, as far as can be ascertained, are happy, virtuous, and healthy; and, in a word, they boldly challenge comparison, in regard to their domestic and social purity and felicity, with any monogamic community in the world.

The later history of this extraordinary sect may be briefly sketched. After founding the Salt Lake City, an emigration fund was established, and settlers poured in from all parts of Europe and America. In 1850, the government of the United States admitted the region occupied by the Mormons into the Union as a territory, under the name of Utah, and Brigham Young was appointed governor by President Fillmore. District judges were also appointed by the federal government, but these were looked upon with great suspicion and mistrust by the Saints, who finally drove them out of the country in 1851. Brigham Young was now suspended from his office of governor, and Colonel Steptoe of

HISTORY OF THE MORMONS.

the United States' army was appointed his successor. He arrived in Utah in 1854, but found it prudent, after some time, to withdraw from the country. During the next two years, the collisions between the United States' officers and the Saints became more and more frequent, and in the spring of 1856, the whole of the former were forced to flee from the territory. A new governor, Alfred Cumming, was appointed by the authorities at Washington in 1857, and also a new superintendent of Indian Affairs; besides, a force of 2500 men was sent to enforce obedience to the laws of the United States. The Saints attacked their supply-trains, and compelled the enemy to winter at some distance from the Salt Lake. In the early part of next year, negotiations were entered into between the contending parties; the Mormons submitted to the federal authority, and the federal troops were allowed to encamp on the western side of Lake Utah, about forty miles from Salt Lake City, where they remained till 1860, when they withdrew.

The exact number of the Saints cannot be ascertained, but it is believed to amount to at least 200,000, of whom perhaps one half are scattered over the Old World; the rest are chiefly in Utah.

In drawing what we have written to a close, it may safely be asserted that though the Mormon metaphysics are for the most part nonsense, and their Bible a clumsy, dull, and illiterate forgery, yet what the Mormons *do* is in many ways commendable. The world may very well permit them to indulge in their millennial fancies and patriarchal crotchets, so long as they live peaceably and honestly among themselves, and make no intolerant aggressions on the beliefs and religious systems that differ from their own. Their steadfast and honourable industry, the unity of aim and sentiment that subsists among them, their zealous devotion to a central idea, their reverent, if perverted, recognition of a Supreme Power over them, the pleasant fellowship that results from their social regulations, and the robust and sterling independence by which they are distinguished as a community; these, and other highly creditable qualities and characteristics, assuredly entitle them to the honest respect of all candid and discriminating persons. Their grand danger as a sect is the practice of polygamy. Sooner or later, they must come into collision with the forces of a monogamic civilisation. The opening of the Pacific Railway in 1869, at once brings them in contact with the ordinary usages and notions of the civilised world, and places them at the mercy of the United States' executive. It was no doubt very prudent and politic of Dr Richards, one of the chief Mormon dignitaries, to grace the ceremony of opening that magnificent line of railway with his presence; but though its immediate effect may be beneficial to the Saints, its ultimate but no less certain effect must be not only hurtful but absolutely ruinous. Mormonism has achieved wonders, but in order to give itself a chance of life, it has been

HISTORY OF THE MORMONS.

continually forced to retreat (like the Red Indian) before the imperious march of modern society. The one thing it will never do is to convert the people of the United States to a belief in the lawfulness, or the wisdom, or the purity of polygamy; and when the time comes in which the westward-pressing settlers of the New World stand once more face to face with these modern imitators of the patriarchal system, they will either have to abandon their practice of plurality, or submit to be 'wiped out.' Perhaps the instinct of self-preservation may be strong enough to convert them into 'Josephites' (see page 19), even before the approach of that critical hour, especially if the lapse of years shall have removed from their midst the iron will and commanding soul of Brigham Young.*

* Since the above was written, news has reached this country that Brigham Young himself has resolved to take time by the forelock, by bringing out a 'revelation,' enjoining a return to the practice of monogamy.





THE SCOTTISH ADVENTURERS.*

I.

EARLY LIFE AND EDUCATION.

TOM DRYSDALE and ANDREW COCHRAN were both sons of two respectable Scotch mechanics in Edinburgh; the one by trade a shoemaker, and the other a tailor. William, the father of Tom, had, after serving his apprenticeship, repaired to London, with the view of obtaining higher wages as a journeyman, and at the same time a more perfect knowledge of his business. Walter, the father of Andrew, after his apprenticeship, continued in the place of his nativity, and, previous to the return of William Drysdale from London, had commenced business for himself. As they were both industrious and respectable men in their conduct, and lived within a few doors of each other, an intimacy naturally took place; and, getting gradually forward in the world, both married much about the same time, and had each a son born in the same year. The intimacy between the fathers produced of course the like between the two boys; and when the time came when it was necessary to give them instruction, they were both sent to the same school, to attain reading, writing, and arithmetic. Although different in some

* The present tract is an abridgment of a work of the same name, by Hector Macneill, Esq., published in Edinburgh in 1812, and though popular at the time, now little seen.—*Ed.*

respects, the two boys were both good scholars, and met with the approbation of their teachers ; for although one was quicker than the other, it enabled him not to get before the superior attention and perseverance of his competitor, who, with much less memory, and consequently readiness, excelled him not only in application, but in judgment. This difference in the progress of the two boys was partly occasioned by the different manner in which they were brought up by their respective fathers ; for, while Walter Cochran contented himself with Andrew's executing things quickly, William Drysdale constantly inculcated this advice to his son Tom—never to do anything he was engaged in superficially. ‘The quicker you do it the better,’ he would say ; ‘but never let quickness dispose you to put anything out of your hand without doing it well.’

When the two boys had mastered the elementary branches of instruction, Walter resolved on giving his son a classical education, by a course of study at the High School ; such, in his opinion, being all that was desirable for personal accomplishment and advancement in life. William Drysdale, a shrewd, sagacious man, prudent and circumspect in his conduct, and, withal, possessed of an acuteness in his observations on men and manners, differed from his friend on this important subject. Without entertaining any enmity to Latin, and other branches of classical study, he felt it to be his duty to give his son an education of a more useful and practical kind—geography and the use of the globes ; plane and spherical trigonometry ; geometry and algebra—these, with a perfect knowledge of English grammar, and instruction in the French language sufficient to enable him to prosecute it at any future period, as occasion might require, together with an excellent hand, and a thorough acquaintance with figures and accounts, William very justly conceived were much more beneficial than Latin or Greek, or anything that classical learning could afford in six tedious years at the High School. What was still more gratifying, and of infinite importance to a tradesman's son, the boy's progress was fully equal to the father's wishes and expectations, and everything mentioned accomplished in the course of three years. But perhaps the most beneficial part of Tom's education was the private instruction of his own father. Convinced of the importance of early impressions, he lost no opportunity to inculcate sound morals, and to imbue the young and ductile mind of his son with everything connected with principle, piety, and rectitude of conduct. For this purpose he selected proper books for his perusal during his evenings at home ; and while Andrew Cochran was poring over his Rudiments, and conning his lesson at his father's fireside (who contented himself with constantly telling him ‘to be sure and get it weel by heart’), Tom was delightfully occupied and amused in reading to his parents stories and histories pregnant with entertainment and instruction, while his father commented on different passages and descriptions, explaining what was difficult or

abstruse, and moralising on what was impressive, serious, amiable, and respectable. By this means the boy not only advanced in useful knowledge and experience, but improved in genius, sentiment, and judgment ; while he became the constant companion and delight of his parents. While his mind was imbued with knowledge, and impressed with serious admonition, his heart was warmly attached to the authors of his birth. Both parents were devout, and regularly attentive to the duties of Christianity ; but it was that happy species of piety which is untinged with superstitious gloom and austerity, and totally free from intolerance.

In due course of time young Drysdale, following the bent of his inclinations, was put apprentice to the business of a cabinetmaker and joiner ; and to enable him the better to prosecute an art which might at some future period extend to other branches connected with it, his father very judiciously sent him to attend a private natural philosophy class, where, among other subjects of useful knowledge, an acquaintance with the powers of mechanics could not fail to be of material service.

During all this time Andrew Cochran was constantly occupied with his Latin exercises at the High School, where he certainly made no contemptible figure. By the help of his extraordinary memory, he soon surmounted the uninteresting and painful labours annexed to the elementary parts of an unknown language, which generally proves so irksome to boys at the commencement ; in consequence of which he ere long outstripped his competitors, and became dux of his class. This, while it procured him the eulogiums of the teachers, operated so powerfully on the vanity of the delighted tailor and his wife, that they did nothing but expatiate on the wonderful genius and talents of their laddie to all their friends and acquaintance around, and looked forward to little less than a professor's chair as the ultimate reward of their son's celebrity. These sanguine expectations, however, were not permanent ; for, as Andrew advanced further, it was discovered by his teachers that some of those boys who at first were left far behind, were now not only approaching him, but treading fast on his heels. In fact, neither Andrew's taste nor judgment kept pace with his memory, and when he arrived at those parts of the language where both were necessary, it was found that nature had not been equally bountiful to him. His teachers did all they could to support their favourite, and maintain him in his wonted station, by explaining to him the principles of good composition, and illustrating passages in the best Roman authors where elegance was conspicuous, and by exemplifying the difference between refinement and vulgarity of style and phraseology ; but these distinctions were so obscured from Andrew's sight, that little or nothing was perceived. All he could do was to get the approved passages by rote, and repeat them afterwards to incompetent judges, as a proof of his refined taste and critical knowledge of the Latin language ; but in his themes and

THE SCOTTISH ADVENTURERS.

versions, it was very evident to his instructors that he got not one step forward, and that others, who were not gifted with a third of his memory, were greatly his superiors.

Having continued long stationary in his classical stance, and losing ground in his reputation, the teachers at last, finding they could do no more, thought it advisable to intimate to him that, being now qualified to attend the humanity class, he might tell his father, from them, that he might send him to college. As this was some months previous to the allotted time at the High School, it was most gratifying intelligence to Andrew, although not equally so to the father, who, notwithstanding he experienced no small degree of pride and pleasure in his son's success, began seriously to consider the additional expense he must necessarily be put to in giving him a college education for another year or two. While he was ruminating on this circumstance, and a further loss of time in establishing his laddie in some line more productive and less burdensome to him, Andrew, inflated with the prospect of going to college, ran to all his acquaintance, and communicated the important intelligence; among others to Tom Drysdale, with whom he had had little intercourse for a considerable time, in consequence of the dissimilarity of their occupations. They were at this time both about the age of seventeen, and stout, fine-looking young men; with this material difference, that while one had been instructed in the different branches of useful knowledge—was acquainted with men, manners, and things, and had already served two years of his apprenticeship—the other knew nothing but Latin superficially, had a very imperfect *knowledge* of figures and accounts, and wrote an exceedingly bad hand.

The interview between Tom and Andrew happened to be on a holiday morning, and as neither of them had anything to interrupt them, Tom proposed taking a long walk, by way of exercise, as well as to have a long conversation.

The ramble which the two friends took on this occasion conducted them to Newhaven, a fishing-village on the Firth of Forth, near Edinburgh, at the time, which was during the heat of the war, the resort of a press-gang in connection with a vessel of war in the roads. Accident brought the two young men into an unfortunate collision with this party, who were armed, and seeking for seamen. Having seized on a sailor, who loudly remonstrated against the cruelty of carrying him from his home, his wife, and family, Cochran's sense of justice was roused, and he interfered to assist in a rescue, but in a manner so insolent and inconsiderate, as greatly irritated the officer in command of the party, who immediately seized him, and proceeded to drag him away with him. Seeing his friend in this jeopardy, Drysdale flew to his rescue, grappled with the officer, and being a stouter man, threw him to the ground, at the same time calling on those around to assist him in effecting the liberation of

his companion. The scuffle now became general ; the press-gang drew their cutlasses, beat off their assailants, and succeeded in carrying both the lads to their boat—the commander of the party saying that he would make two landsmen supply the place of the seaman he had lost ; for the latter had made his escape during the struggle.

Drysdale and Cochran were now immediately rowed on board the tender, which was at that moment under-weigh in the roads ; and in a few days after they found themselves at Spithead. Here they were put on board the ship of the admiral of the Channel fleet, which was then waiting for a fair wind ; and in a few days more they were at sea. The lieutenant, who accompanied them, after having brought them on the quarter-deck, addressing himself to the captain, said : ‘These are two young Scotch lads, whom I was in a manner forced to bring along with me, in consequence of their very improper conduct in opposing me in the execution of my duty. I know not who they are, but I know that they are spirited young fellows, and as stout as they are brave. As to that young man,’ said he, pointing to Tom, ‘I don’t know whether he will make a good seaman or not, but I will answer for him that he will not flinch from his gun. Had he not lost me a good seaman, whom I wished to have got, I would have let him off for having come manfully forward to rescue his companion there, who brought everything on by his own folly, in meddling with what he had no business with.’

All eyes were turned on our two unfortunate heroes, who, with their heads bound up and bloody, made a rueful appearance, and excited the sympathy of the bystanders ; but, as they had been guilty of opposing a king’s officer in the execution of his duty, they were committed to the care and tuition of the boatswain, after a caution and gentle reprimand from the captain.

The boatswain, who was naturally a humane man, and, as far as was consistent with his duty, kind and indulgent to the seamen, had the two lads berthed and messed ; and telling them to be of good cheer, and not cast down with their misfortune, assured them that, if they conducted themselves properly, and minded their business, they should be taken care of. ‘You have had a hard brush, I find, my lads,’ said he, ‘at the commencement of your service ; but that’s nothing at all against you, but rather in your favour. We seamen must lay our account with meeting with these things every day in our lives, and the sooner we meet with them the better. All you have to do is, to attend to your duty, obey your orders, and do everything as well as you can, and there is no fear of your coming on. We have no idlers, no skulkers here ; every one must be active and alert.’ So saying, he left them.

Sadly at variance as his new situation was with all his former habits and pursuits, Drysdale wisely resolved, since no better could now be done, not only to get reconciled to it as fast as possible, but

THE SCOTTISH ADVENTURERS.

to endeavour to make himself useful, and to acquire, as speedily as he could, a knowledge of the profession which he had thus been compelled to adopt; and so diligent and successful was he in this laudable pursuit, that he soon promised to be one of the best seamen on board, and, as such, was soon distinguished by little marks of kindness and favour from his superiors, who, pleased with the zeal he displayed, and with the cheerfulness and good-will with which he became reconciled to and discharged the duties of his new profession, gave him every encouragement to hope for better fortune than he might have expected to arise from the accident which had so strangely changed his apparent destiny.

Cochran's conduct and situation were very different. No persuasions of his friend, neither encouragement nor threats on the part of the subordinate officers who had immediate command over him, could induce him to bestir himself, or to take any interest in the new duties which he was now called upon to perform. He gave himself entirely up to despondency, and sat weeping in his berth, reading a copy of Horace, which he happened to have with him, for nearly a fortnight after the ship had put to sea. The boatswain, however, becoming at length tired of what he called his skulking and shamming of Abraham, compelled him, by threats of punishment, to take to the deck, and to begin to make himself useful. All he did, however, was done negligently and reluctantly, and of course done ill. He became the laughing-stock of his shipmates, from the awkward and unseamanlike manner in which he performed the tasks allotted him, and lived under a continual threat of the cat-o'-nine-tails from his superiors. In short, it soon became evident that he never would be a sailor. The poor lad's own feelings on the subject—and they were in some measure the result of his education—were, that it was a disgusting employment, unfitted for and degrading to a person of refined tastes and classical acquirements. He therefore continued to read his Horace, and to treat with great contempt and indifference the duties which he was now compelled to perform. On one occasion, he with difficulty escaped a severe chastisement, for having had the silly impertinence to write a letter in Latin to the admiral, complaining of his situation; and though pardoned the offence, he sunk still lower in the esteem of his messmates and officers.

II.

SERVICE ON SHIPBOARD.

The ship in which were the two lads—the one active and attentive to his new duties, the other sullen and indifferent—had been now at sea some time, when a serious accident occurred. The large spar called the mainyard of the ship having broken in two during a violent storm, it became a matter of painful consideration how it

THE SCOTTISH ADVENTURERS.

was to be repaired, as it could not be done without, and there was no spare stick on board of sufficient size to supply its place. It had always been a matter of great difficulty, nay, it had hitherto been deemed an impossibility, to unite the broken beam, when such accidents occurred, so securely as to enable it to resist a repetition or continuance of the violence to which it had already yielded. The accident was a frequent one in the navy, and a remedy for it, when it occurred, was long considered a most serious desideratum. All that ingenuity had hitherto been able to devise towards repairing the broken spar was to *fish* or to splice it; and when done by the former process, no dependence could be placed on it; and when by the latter, it was necessarily so much shortened as to be rendered all but useless. The great object desired, therefore, was to keep the spar to its original length, and to restore it to its original strength, and both of these points Drysdale thought he could undertake to accomplish. He accordingly took occasion to open his mind on the subject to his friends the carpenter and boatswain; but both at first seemed sceptical of his project. Taking a model of the yard in several pieces from his pocket, he demonstrated how the operation of uniting them was to be performed.

‘You observe, sir,’ said Tom, addressing the carpenter, ‘here are the two broken pieces of the mainyard sawn asunder, two parts of the one four feet longer than the other two.’

‘Well, we see that very plainly,’ said the carpenter, winking to the boatswain.

‘I first take one of the *long* pieces,’ said Tom (laying it on the table with the plain side uppermost), ‘to the broken part of which I join one of the *short* pieces, which you know, sir, is the half of the whole yard sawed in two.’

‘It is so, Tom,’ said the carpenter, again winking to the boatswain.

‘I then, sir, take the other long piece, and, by reversing it thus, it covers the short piece and part of the long one below, which you see makes *two splices*; and by joining the remaining short piece, which you likewise see covers the remaining part of the long one under it, it makes another splice, without the yard being one inch shorter.’

‘Well, there’s something in this,’ said the boatswain seriously.

‘Here,’ continued Tom, taking up the pieces thus joined neatly between his fingers; ‘there is the yard, you see, complete, with *three splices*, each piece supporting and strengthening the other, by which I conceive that the yard is not only mended, but rendered fully as strong, if not stronger than it was before, and not the least shortened.’

The carpenter, who had hitherto been silently attentive, exchanged looks with the boatswain, very different from what they expressed formerly, and taking the pieces out of Tom’s hand, began replacing them in the same manner he had done; and after having carefully examined every part and purchase of the whole when put together,

THE SCOTTISH ADVENTURERS.

said : ' I protest I am astonished ! This certainly must be Sir Charles Douglas's grand secret.'

' I don't care whether it is or not,' said the boatswain, ' but it is one that will do our business, if as how you can secure the pieces strongly together.'

' That can be easily done,' rejoined the carpenter ; ' for, in addition to good pinning, we can serve the whole yard round with strong cordage, well tarred, which I am convinced, with you, will render the yard stronger than ever it was.'

' Don't you likewise think, sir,' said Tom, ' that it will be much less liable to snap than if it was all of one solid piece?'

' Certainly, Tom,' said the carpenter ; ' for the different pieces, supporting and yielding to each other, the yard must bend like a bow before it breaks.'

' That's a great point,' said the boatswain ; ' for it warns us of our danger before it comes !'

' I'll go this instant,' said the carpenter, putting the pieces in his pocket, ' and shew it to the captain and the admiral.'

When the carpenter had gone, the boatswain turned round to Tom with his usual archness, and said : ' Tom, how did you think of all this ? It is a matter that has puzzled the brains of all the carpenters in the fleet for these six weeks to no manner of purpose.'

' I owe it all to my father,' said Tom impressively.

' Your father?' rejoined the boatswain ; ' what ! is he a ship's carpenter ?'

' No,' answered Tom ; ' but he gave me an education which enabled me to know something of mechanics, and if I could live to repay him for all his kindness and attention to me, by being placed in some situation to insure independence, and afford him pleasure, it is all I wish for.'

The boatswain, who was himself a father, and a warm-hearted man, was sensibly touched with Tom's observation ; and taking him by the hand, while he turned his head aside to conceal his emotion, said : ' You are a good fellow, Tom, as well as a clever one, and if you are not rewarded, why, we live in an ungrateful world, I say !'

By this time the carpenter had returned, and acquainting Tom that the captain and the admiral were not only satisfied, but delighted with the ingenuity of the invention, desired him to go to breakfast, and hasten up, as they were to set about the reparation of the yard immediately, and that he appointed him to perform the sawing of the pieces asunder, as he was convinced none on board could execute it so correctly.

Tom, delighted with the duty imposed on him, in three days had the accident completely repaired, a new mainsail bent, and everything replaced as formerly. No sooner was the double-reefed sheet let go and secured, the yard properly bound, and the ship scudding away before a stiff gale, than the men gave three cheers, while all

eyes were fixed on the happy contriver of their present good-fortune.

After two days and three nights of very tempestuous weather, the carpenter and boatswain went aloft, and having very minutely examined the mainyard, found it in every part as strong and secure as when it was put up. The old admiral was so delighted with this intelligence, that he determined to give a public mark of his approbation to Tom, and as the gale had now moderated, he desired that the signal should be made for all captains. On their coming on board, among whom was Sir Charles Douglas, the admiral was anxious to ascertain whether the method adopted was the same as Sir Charles's; and when the latter observed that we had had a severe time of it for the last fortnight, the admiral answered: 'Ay, that we have indeed, Sir Charles; and in addition to our other trials, we have had our mainyard broken.'

'That is a serious matter indeed,' said Sir Charles: 'I hope it has not snapped in the slings?'

'No,' said the other; 'about four feet from it.'

'That's lucky, that's lucky!' said Sir Charles; 'for in that case we can mend it; and now, since none of the carpenters in the fleet know anything about the matter, it would be unpardonable in me to conceal my secret any longer; and I assure you it affords me infinite pleasure to discover it on the present occasion.'

'Thank you, Sir Charles,' said the old gentleman; 'we are much obliged to you, but we have had our mainyard repaired already.'

'Repaired!' said the other contemptuously; 'but in what manner?—fished, I suppose, which is not worth one farthing?'

'It is not fished,' rejoined the admiral.

'Then it must be shortened,' said the other, 'which is still worse?'

'Not an inch, or the twentieth part of an inch,' said the admiral.

'Where is it?' resumed the other eagerly.

'It is performing its duty,' said the old gentleman smiling; 'and it has done so these last three days and nights—which you must allow, Sir Charles, was no trifling trial—and is at this moment as sound as when it was put up.'

'If this is the case,' said the other, a good deal discomposed, 'your carpenter is the cleverest fellow in the British navy.'

'Our carpenter certainly is a very good man,' said the old admiral, 'and understands his profession, I believe, as well as any in the fleet; but it was not he that mended our mainyard, Sir Charles.'

'Not he?' said the other with astonishment.

'No,' rejoined the admiral; 'and it will perhaps surprise you still more, when you are informed that this has been contrived and executed by a young countryman of your own, who has not yet attained his nineteenth year.'

THE SCOTTISH ADVENTURERS.

A disclosure of this importance could hardly fail to awaken the curiosity of all the captains present, who forthwith repaired to the quarter-deck to inspect this new object of general interest; and on a critical investigation of the invention, it was found to be precisely the same with that of Sir Charles Douglas. When they had taken their departure, Sir Charles, who remained behind, expressed a wish to see and converse with the ingenious artist who had discovered his secret, and proved it to be effectual. 'Stay and dine with me,' said the good old admiral, 'and you will then have an opportunity to gratify your curiosity, Sir Charles; for I have determined, by way of public reward and public example, to break through established rules and etiquette, and have this young man at my table to-day.—Captain, do you intimate this to him and the carpenter; and pray, let as many of the midshipmen be asked as our table can accommodate.'

This was a trial for Tom's sensibility for which he was not prepared; but he got through it with his usual modesty and good sense. From the service he had rendered on this occasion, and the favourable impression he made, may be dated his advancement in life.

The friendly feeling and respect now entertained on board for young Drysdale, were of some advantage to his acquaintance Cochran. By his influence he was placed in the admiral's secretary's office as a clerk; yet for this he was not by any means well suited. For some time the extreme badness of his handwriting, which, with all other acquirements, he had neglected for an exclusive acquisition of Latin, threatened not only to render him entirely useless here also, but to prevent his being permitted to remain in the office. At the earnest entreaties of his friend, however, he was at length induced to shake off somewhat of his lethargy, and to betake himself assiduously to the improvement of his penmanship. In this he was so successful, that in a few months he acquired an excellent hand, and otherwise gained so much on the good graces of the secretary, that he became an especial favourite with that gentleman, and was intrusted with the execution of some of the higher duties of the office.

III.

ARRIVAL IN PORT.

A cruise of six months at length terminated in the return of the grand fleet to Spithead, and in the old admiral resigning his command, in consequence of age and a love of retirement. Previous to this, however, an opening had occurred for the appointment of a purser to one of the frigates, which was immediately filled up by a commission for the first assistant in the office; and although

THE SCOTTISH ADVENTURERS.

the secretary did not formally appoint any to supply his place, he uniformly gave Andrew the first drafts of the official letters to transcribe, on account of his superior penmanship and improvement. As this had been always executed by the first assistant, it was an unequivocal proof of preference; nor did the succeeding conduct of Andrew, during the remainder of the cruise, abate it. On the contrary, when the secretary found that, in consequence of the admiral's resignation, all hopes of his continuing longer in office vanished, he took an opportunity, previous to his departure, to assure Andrew that he was much pleased with his conduct and assiduity—advised him to remain where he was till the ship was paid off, giving him hints that ere long, perhaps, something might occur to enable him to serve him; and in the interim, gave him his address, and permission to draw on him occasionally to the amount of a certain sum; concluding with an assurance, that should circumstances induce him to visit London, he would at all times be happy to see him at his house.

As for Tom, who had nothing but his character and industry to depend upon, now that his old admiral was to give up his command, he consoled himself with the hope of obtaining some berth on board of another ship, through the recommendation of his friends the carpenter and the boatswain; for as to what the old gentleman said to him on his departure, he viewed it in no other light than as a compliment. Seeing Tom on the gangway, as he was descending the accommodation-ladder, the old gentleman nodded to him, and said: 'Fare-you-well, Tom; I have not forgot you.'

Tom felt the parting address most sensibly, and for the first time since his leaving home shed a tear—but it was the tear of gratitude, for the marked attention paid to him by one who had now no other favours to bestow. In a short time after, the ship's company was paid off, and the ship put into ordinary. Of course, none but the warrant-officers remained on board, and every one else was left to shift for himself. The carpenter, who had a wife and family on Portsmouth Common, took Tom to his house till something might cast up for future employment; while the boatswain and gunner, willing to contribute their share, told him that the oftener they saw him in theirs the better. Matters were very different with Andrew.

Perceiving that nothing now remained for him in his official capacity, and unwilling to depend on the assistance of the secretary in pecuniary matters, he determined on an immediate return to Scotland.

This intention Tom strenuously opposed, as a step not only mortifying to his own feelings, but unfavourable to his success in life, in the event of something being done by the secretary to promote his interest. 'You have already secured his friendship,' said he, 'which is evident from his generous conduct; why, therefore, relinquish it? What could you possibly gain by returning to your friends

THE SCOTTISH ADVENTURERS.

in Scotland, after all your late exertions and improvements, but pity and neglect? My advice is, that you should repair to London, and wait on the secretary without delay—thank him for his proffered assistance, without making use of it, and communicate your intention of earning your subsistence as clerk in some counting-house, till more favourable events occur to enable you to return to your former station. This, while it is performing a duty which you owe to him, is securing him in your interest, and placing you near him in case anything may cast up. It will likewise be the most likely means of procuring you immediate employment in London through his assistance, and as you are now sufficiently qualified for executing the office of a clerk, you can, without incurring unnecessary expense, remain quietly and patiently till you see how matters are likely to turn out. Should things not succeed according to your wish, it will be then time enough to return to Scotland. In the meantime, write to your father and friends, and avoid despondency in your letter.’

Andrew, who had good cause to attend to Tom’s advice in all matters, complied with his request ; and after a very interesting parting between the two friends, with mutual promises of regular correspondence, Andrew, without further delay, set off in the stage-coach for London.

As for Tom (who must now be the principal subject of our narrative), a new scene immediately opened to him. Entering the dock-yard a few days after his coming on shore, he was struck with everything around him. The various operations of ship-building, the different artificers employed, and all the implements necessary for constructing a fabric which he had never before examined separately and in detail, engaged his whole attention, and excited a strong desire to make himself completely acquainted with every particular relative to the art by his own manual labour. Communicating this wish to his friend the carpenter, who was intimately acquainted with the master-builder in the yard, he not only approved of the intention, but called on his old friend next day, and gave him such an account of our young hero’s genius and invention, that he cheerfully assented, adding that, for the better accommodation, and the readier attainment of Tom’s object, his house and table were at his service. On the carpenter’s returning and communicating this pleasing intelligence, he could not help congratulating Tom on the occasion. ‘You will now,’ said he, ‘have not only every opportunity to obtain all the information you wish for, but the daily society and conversation of a man whose long experience and knowledge in the profession will be of infinite service to you. He is, besides, an agreeable companion, and, in consequence of his industry and long residence here, has laid up something very handsome, and lives conformable to it. His family, now that he has lost a favourite son, consists of only his wife and daughter ; the first, a good motherly woman, well advanced

THE SCOTTISH ADVENTURERS.

in years; the other, one of the best and prettiest girls we have among us. You must take care of your heart, Tom, for although a master-builder's daughter, this young woman has already refused several good offers, to my certain knowledge, and although young, seems to prefer living with her old father and mother to every other wish; so be on your guard!

When the carpenter and Tom repaired next day to the dockyard, they found the master-builder at home, in a house greatly exceeding Tom's expectations. On their entering, the old man received them with much cordiality, and turning to his wife and daughter, who were both present, introduced Tom as one who for some time was to be part of the family.

Tom had taken care to dress himself neatly in his best sailor's attire that morning, and as nature had been as bountiful to him externally as mentally, he failed not, on his first appearance, to make a very favourable impression on the whole family. After exchanging a few remarks, the old builder proposed taking a walk through the dockyard till dinner-time, acquainting his wife and daughter that his friend the carpenter, and one or two more, would be his guests that day. When they were gone, the mother and daughter had the following conversation.

'Well, Susan, what think you of our young companion that is to be?'

'I think him a modest, well-behaved young man,' answered Susan, 'and certainly very good-looking, mother; but don't you think this an odd whim in my father to bring a stranger, of whom we know nothing, to live with us as one of the family?'

'He is, you know, Susan, a particular friend of Mr —, and highly recommended by him as a young man of excellent character and great abilities, and as he will be constantly employed in working all day in the dockyard, he will only be with us during meal-times, and remain no longer here than he makes himself master of ship-building.'

'Working in the dockyard!' said Susan with surprise. 'What! are we to have a common dirty shipwright in the dock every day at our table, mother?'

'The young man is anxious to make himself particularly acquainted with everything belonging to ship-building, my dear,' said the mother: 'he has, it seems, an extraordinary genius for mechanics, and has already made surprising discoveries in the admiral's last ship, and got the thanks and praises of all the officers on board. Who knows, Susan, but this may be some gentleman's son in disguise? for I have heard some story of a great king or emperor who once worked like a common carpenter in the dockyard, just to make himself acquainted with ship-building.'

'Upon my word, now that you mention it,' said Susan, 'I think that this is not unlikely, for there is something in the manners, and

THE SCOTTISH ADVENTURERS.

even in the appearance of this young man, that is too genteel for his station. Don't you think so, mother?'

'We shall see more of that hereafter,' answered the old woman smiling. 'In the meantime, let us go and prepare dinner, Sue.'

The deportment and conduct of Tom during the time of dinner, and indeed while he continued in the family, rather confirmed than weakened the fallacious idea of the mother and daughter with regard to his birth and parentage. His mind, naturally studious and thoughtful, gave him often an apparent air of pensiveness, which they attributed to the change he now experienced from what he had formerly been accustomed to; and the superior intelligence and knowledge which he evinced on every subject introduced, convinced them that the education he had received was not that of a common mechanic or seaman. But what chiefly contributed to confirm their opinion, was the attention which Tom uniformly paid to his dress and appearance at meal-times; for however tarred and dirty he might be when coming from his daily occupation in the dockyard, he never sat down to table without changing his apparel, and having everything personally clean and neat about him. 'Ay, ay,' would the old woman say, 'it is easy to see the gentleman in whatever situation he is placed!'

Tom had not been long in the family till he became not only an intimate, but a favourite. With all his habitual attention to everything connected with his immediate object, he was naturally cheerful and communicative, and as he had frequent opportunities of exhibiting these agreeable qualities in his evening conversations, his facetiousness, joined to his excellent understanding, rendered his society particularly agreeable to the little circle. In addition to this, he frequently read to them, during an evening, such books as chance threw in his way, exclusive of those which the old builder had in his small library; and while he commented, with his usual good sense, on certain passages, and explained the meaning of technical terms and French idioms, he became a kind of instructor and commentator to the family. One thing in particular tended to ingratiate him with the daughter. His knowledge of drawing, which he had acquired during his apprenticeship with the cabinetmaker, enabled him to instruct Susan in the principles of the art; and as she was generally occupied with her needle in preparing articles of dress, Tom's taste and ingenuity were of material service to her, in improving and designing patterns for her workmanship.

In this manner he continued, much to his own improvement, and to the satisfaction and pleasure of the family, for nearly six months, when one evening, as they were conversing cheerfully round a sea-coal fire, two letters by post were brought to him, one of which, by the superscription, he knew came from his constant correspondent Andrew, and the other in a frank, which, from its size, he concluded contained something more than a letter. Upon opening it, he found

a warrant from the Navy Board appointing him carpenter to a seventy-four; and from the contents learned that, in consequence of the high commendations and particular request of his old admiral, the Board had appointed him one of the warrant-officers of the —, at that time fitting out at Plymouth for the East Indies, under the command of Commodore —, who was to sail with a squadron for that quarter as speedily as possible. Handing the letter and its contents to the old builder with a smile, Tom proceeded to open the other, which was from his friend Cochran, announcing that he had received an appointment as clerk on board, as it appeared, the same vessel in which Drysdale was to act as carpenter.

This announcement surprised and delighted Tom; and he was congratulated on his own as well as his friend's success by the kind family with whom he had taken up his residence. Susan's expressions of satisfaction were, however, not unmingled with sorrow, and she hurried from the room.

'Susan,' said the old woman, 'feels this more than any one of us: I hope she may bear up against it.'

The meaning of this last remark the husband did not comprehend; for while he had perceived nothing but attention and civility between Tom and his daughter, the mother had plainly perceived, in spite of their endeavours to conceal it from each other, that a strong and mutual affection existed. Notwithstanding all Tom's caution and resolution to conform to the advice he had received from his friend the carpenter, it was impossible for him to see and converse with this lovely and amiable girl daily, without feeling what hearts like his are susceptible of; and although, from the prudence and propriety of the object he loved, he perceived nothing to give him encouragement, he could, on his side, do nothing but struggle with a passion which he could not overcome. On the other hand, Susan, cautioned by the mother to beware of an attachment which was unlikely to insure matrimonial union (not only from the dissent of the father, but from a conviction that Tom was in reality the son of a gentleman, and looked higher), did all she could to repel the kindling flame, and, when at its height, used every possible means to conceal it, if not from her mother, at least from her lover. The time now came when all these ineffectual arts were forgot and cast aside; for, when the trying period arrives that two mutually attached are to part, and perhaps to be separated for ever, what are the feeble studied methods of disguise and concealment against the genuine burst of nature!

During the remainder of the evening, Susan made not her appearance, pleading the excuse of a violent headache. The next morning, on Tom's coming into the parlour earlier than usual, he was surprised to find her at her needle, and, inquiring kindly after her health, she informed him that her headache was considerably easier. After a short pause, she addressed him in the following terms: 'You are

THE SCOTTISH ADVENTURERS.

now going to leave us, Tom, and I have been considering that you will require a number of articles for your long voyage. You can procure these much better here than at Plymouth, where you will be occupied and hurried with necessary business on board; among other things, you must have a sufficient stock of linen, and I am much better qualified to judge of these articles than you are. I mean to go a-shopping this morning for that purpose, and, with your permission, which I'm sure you'll grant, I will purchase some shirts, and mark them for you. It is but a small return, I confess, for the many obligations I owe you since you have been in this family; but it may at least serve to remind you now and then of those you have left behind you, and whom it is likely you will never again see.'

As she falteringly pronounced the last words, a tear had insensibly stolen down her cheek; while Tom, equally affected, retired to the window, where for some minutes he continued, completely overpowered with his emotions. In a few minutes, however, he recovered himself, and in less than half an hour he and Susan understood the state of each other's heart perfectly. As an additional assurance of his attachment, and much to the satisfaction of Susan, Tom undeceived her with regard to her idea of his birth and parentage, and, although he mentioned not particularly his father's occupation, assured her that he was no more than the son of a plain, respectable tradesman, who had given him an education suitable to his prospects in life, to which he owed the success he had just met with.

There is, in the mixed emotions of sorrow and joy, that which many do not comprehend, and none but those who experience it can feel. Tom and Susan, while they foresaw and felt a separation which was to divide them far from each other for a considerable time, felt, however, what contributed powerfully to solace them—the assurance of mutual affection, of which formerly they were ignorant, and a mutual engagement of constancy, which gave them at least the prospect of happier days, should life continue. This counterpoise between sorrow and joy, although not exactly balanced, was, however, so nearly so, that when the family sat down to breakfast, our two lovers were not only the most composed, but the most cheerful of the four; a circumstance that failed not to surprise the old couple, who were really depressed with Tom's approaching departure.

We shall not attempt to describe the parting scene, because we are confident we could do it no manner of justice; neither shall we describe the meeting between Tom and Andrew on their first interview, but shall leave everything to the conception and feelings of those who, experiencing the genuine emotions of love and friendship, can easily paint in their own minds what we are unable to paint in description.

THE SCOTTISH ADVENTURERS.

IV.

AFLOAT—A CRITICAL SITUATION.

The situation of our two young men was now very different from what they experienced formerly. Tom, whom we must now designate Mr Drysdale, was not only a warrant-officer of considerable consequence and trust on board a flag-ship, destined for a long and precarious voyage, but, through the assistance of his friend the builder, was enabled to fit himself out in a manner that did credit to his station and appearance, and added to his consequence. On the other hand, Andrew, whom we must likewise call Mr Cochran, was the particular friend and assistant of the secretary, who upon all occasions treated him as such, and represented him to the commodore as one in whom he had the utmost confidence, and without whom he could not execute the important duties of his office. He had taken care, previous to their leaving London, to arrange matters so, that everything relative to personal appearance should not be wanting to procure him respect and do credit to his station on board, well knowing that *externals* in every situation, but particularly on board of a king's ship, have no small influence on general opinion.

Nothing material occurred during the voyage to Rio de Janeiro, and thence to the Cape of Good Hope. Our two messmates continued to rise in estimation in their respective stations. The carpenter's superior knowledge in his profession secured him the attention and regard of all on board, and as he naturally felt the consequence attached to his office, and the consciousness of acting with propriety, his air, manner, and address naturally acquired that ease of deportment which good sense and good feelings usually produce. On the other hand, Cochran, independently of the marked attention paid him by the secretary, felt the superiority of his station in the office, and naturally looked forward to future appointments and emoluments. Less steady and dignified than Drysdale, and greatly his inferior in judgment and genius, he was, however, extremely engaging in his manners, and particularly so in his conversation.

Excepting hard gales off the Cape, nothing material occurred till the fleet arrived in the Mozambique ; when one morning at the dawn of day, signal-guns of distress were heard from the north-east on board the commodore's ship, which was then considerably ahead. As the Mozambique passage, from a number of shoals and sandbanks, is but narrow in several places, navigation becomes not a little intricate and dangerous, and much attention and caution are requisite. Proceeding in this manner with a moderate gale under reefed topsails, and the lead constantly going, on a nearer approach, and better daylight, there was clearly perceived from the commodore's

THE SCOTTISH ADVENTURERS.

ship a large vessel at some distance evidently aground, with the sea breaking over her bows. Willing to afford all the assistance possible, and anxious to investigate matters critically, the cutter was immediately hoisted out, and the second-lieutenant and carpenter, with some stout hands, put into her, with instructions that, should more assistance be wanted, a certain signal should be made on board the strange ship. As the boat approached, Drysdale perceived, from the ship's position, that she was aground chiefly from the chest-tree forward; and on coming alongside, he made the boat to be rowed round her, in order to be more perfectly assured of the fact. During this preliminary step, he observed a lady with some children on the poop, apparently in great terror and distress, which induced him to say to the lieutenant, that whatever might happen, he could wish they were conveyed to some other ship, out of danger and confusion: a wish in which the other cordially joined him. On coming aboard, they found every person in the utmost consternation and despair; the captain walking the quarter-deck with a hurried step, and a countenance highly expressive of affliction; the officers standing in a state of stupefaction; the men spiritless and dejected; and the unhappy mother wringing her hands, and embracing her children by turns, repeatedly exclaiming: 'Oh that my dear infants were safely out of this ship!'

While the lieutenant proceeded to the quarter-deck to announce, with the usual naval air and consequence, the purport of the commodore's message, and the intention of the visit, Drysdale went forward to collect intelligence, and to investigate the immediate situation of the ship. Having found the carpenter, and been informed that the accident had happened but a few hours before, he begged to sound the bell, and, to his astonishment, found that there were seven feet of water in the hold. 'Why, your ship is completely water-logged,' said he, turning round to the carpenter.

'Yes,' said the other, with seeming indifference; 'we sprung a leak yesterday in a heavy squall, which no doubt by this time must have made a considerable quantity of water.'

'And why are not your pumps going?'

'Both of our chain pumps,' answered the carpenter, with the same degree of unconcern, 'have gone wrong, and will not work without great labour: our men are already quite knocked up at them, without doing any good; and as our ship is now fast aground, and cannot sink, it is just as well that they should rest and recruit themselves, in case anything can be done to get the ship off; though, for my part, I see not the least likelihood of it.'

After staring at him, Drysdale shook his head, and went immediately to examine the pumps, when he found that the defect proceeded from a couple of joints broken in the chains, which could be very easily repaired, if an armourer was on board. During this time the captain and the lieutenant had discussed everything

relative to the accident that had happened to the ship, which proved to be one of our homeward-bound East Indiamen, very richly laden. When the lieutenant informed the captain that the commodore had sent his carpenter to assist him with his advice, and pointed out Drysdale to him, while occupied about the pumps, the other remarked that he seemed to be quite a young lad, and could not have had much experience. 'However young he may be,' rejoined the lieutenant, 'he has more experience and knowledge than any I ever met with in the line of his profession; for, independent of his being an excellent carpenter, and a thorough-paced seaman, he seems to know everything.'

'I am blessed with a carpenter who knows nothing,' rejoined the other mournfully; 'and who, in addition to his ignorance, is one of the stupidest and most indolent fellows that ever was on board a ship. I should be glad to converse with this young man, and hear what he has to say on our melancholy situation.'

When Drysdale made his appearance on the quarter-deck, the captain said: 'Well, Mr Drysdale, what is your real opinion of matters as they now stand?'

'My opinion is, that nothing can possibly be worse,' answered the other.

'I am sorry to hear that from one of your knowledge,' rejoined the captain; 'but do you really think that there is no chance of the ship being saved?'

'I shan't say that,' answered Drysdale; 'on the contrary, I think there is a chance of her being saved, but not while matters remain in the state they are in at present on board. Why, sir, there are seven feet of water in the hold.'

'I make no doubt of it,' said the other; 'for the pumps have not worked these last twenty-four hours, owing to some unfortunate derangement, which our carpenter cannot find out, during all which time there has been a leak.'

'If you have an armourer on board,' said Drysdale, 'the derangement may be rectified in about an hour;' and accordingly described the impediment already mentioned.

'But, admitting them to be repaired, how is that to save the ship?' asked the captain.

'First, by lightening her of a heavy weight of water, without which nothing else, in my opinion, will be effectual,' answered Drysdale.

'And supposing this weight discharged, what is next to be done?'

'By lightening her still more forwards,' answered the other.

'But why do you conceive that lightening her forward would prove more effectual than anywhere else?'

'Because it is evident to me, from her position in the water, that she hangs forward, and grounds particularly from the head to the chest-tree; and, if I may be allowed to form an opinion, after having rowed round her,' continued Drysdale, 'I have reason to think that

all abaft is afloat. There are other circumstances that occur to me, which I shall not at present mention, as they must depend greatly on accident and favouring events. In the meantime, I humbly suggest that not a moment may be lost; for should it begin to blow, I'm afraid, sir, your ship and cargo are gone!

'You shall have the sole direction, Mr Drysdale,' said the captain ardently. 'I delegate everything to you, and whatever you order, shall be complied with.'

Drysdale modestly thanked him for the honour he did him, in reposing so much confidence in his knowledge, adding that, having delegated such an important charge to him, he had to request that the forge might be lighted instantly, and that the lieutenant should return, without loss of time, on board the commodore, and beg that a signal might be made for all the boats of the fleet to repair alongside, in case additional assistance should be wanted. 'I likewise propose, sir,' said Drysdale, 'that one of my mates may be sent me, in the event of discovering the leak after the ship is completely pumped out, which I flatter myself I shall be able to accomplish. In addition to these requests, sir, may I take the liberty to propose that this lady and her children should embrace the present opportunity of being conveyed on board the commodore's ship, safe from danger, and from a situation distressing to her, and painful to every humane and benevolent mind?'

'I have not the smallest objection,' said the captain, 'if you have none, madam?' turning to the disconsolate mother, who instantly exclaimed:

'Oh none! none whatever!—let me but preserve the lives of my children—I care not what becomes of mine!'

'Permit me, then, madam,' said the lieutenant, presenting his hand to her, 'to conduct you over the side. I shall take good care of you, so be under no apprehension or alarm.'

'And I shall take good care of your children,' said Drysdale approaching them, when a lovely girl of about six years old rushed into his arms, anxious to escape from scenes which for several hours had involved them all in horror and despair. As Drysdale handed the last child into the boat, the fond mother addressed him in these words: 'Unable as I am to repay you for your goodness, may the Almighty reward you for snatching me and mine from destruction!'

When the boat pushed off, Drysdale felt the genuine glow which every well-constituted mind must experience in performing an act of true benevolence; and as the impressive words of his grateful addresser recalled the pious sentiments and admonitions he had received from his parents in his early youth, he could not, even in his hurried ascent up the ship's side, avoid ejaculating: 'Well, blessed be God for having made me the humble instrument of giving even temporary happiness and consolation to the afflicted this day!' Every attention was now directed to expedition.

THE SCOTTISH ADVENTURERS.

To enable the reader to enter fully into Drysdale's views and plan of operation, and to account satisfactorily for his great anxiety to have everything executed as speedily as possible, it is necessary to explain what particularly occupied his mind on this occasion. In the first place, he was impressed with a belief that the ship was only partially aground, and consequently could be more easily detached from her present perilous situation; in the second, that, by lightening her where she was principally aground, there was a greater probability of getting her off; and, in the third, from considering the time when she struck, which was during ebb-tide, he had good reason to conclude that, on the return of full tide, there would be a very powerful agent in his favour. It was therefore highly necessary that all possible despatch should be made, in order to catch the only favouring circumstance that could occur during that day. In addition to these considerations, Drysdale also knew well the inconvenience and embarrassment annexed to the detention of a large fleet in so confined and dangerous a passage as the Mozambique; and, anxious to remove all impediments, determined to exert himself to the utmost of his power.

Having summoned the armourer to attend him, he not only gave the necessary directions for repairing the pump-chains, but superintended the operation till it was finally executed; and addressing himself to the ship's company, encouraged them to apply vigorously and with spirit to labour, by assuring them that in a very short time they would receive assistance from all the ships in the fleet. After seeing the pumps work freely and effectually, anxious to examine critically what hitherto he had only conjectured, he carefully sounded from stem to stern, having previously measured the exact height of the ship's hull above water, in order to ascertain precisely what effects the pumps produced in lightening her where he conceived she principally grounded. His first conjecture was fully supported by experiment; but, unwilling to leave anything untried that might contribute to the relief of the ship, he next determined to discover, if practicable, the nature and direction of the bank or shoal on which she struck, by sounding for a considerable distance around her. In performing this operation with care and correctness, he found that she rested on the edge of a sandbank, and that nearly adjacent there was another shoal, on which there was also good holding-ground. As he had provided himself with an additional boat, with a grappling and hawser, he brought her to anchor on a part which he conceived could be depended upon; and perceiving the commodore's boat returning with a number of others from the ships of the fleet, he hastened on board, anxious to ascertain what effect the pumps had produced.

It was with no small satisfaction that Drysdale perceived the consequence of his assiduity. Upon sounding the well, he found hardly three feet of water in the hold; but what afforded him the

THE SCOTTISH ADVENTURERS.

greatest pleasure was, the ship having lightened considerably from the quantity of water discharged. Giving immediate directions that the capstan should be manned, and that the best bower anchor and cable should be conveyed to the spot where he had stationed the boat, and where he directed that the anchor should be dropped, he suggested to the captain the propriety of backing the fore and fore-top sails, and all the other drawing sails, now that the wind had shifted nearly ahead, and freshened ; which, in addition to the operations at the capstan, he conceived the most likely means to accomplish matters during the continuance of the tide already set in, together with a strong current, which he had likewise discovered while sounding.

Leaving these operations to be executed on deck, he descended with his mate to try if they could discover the leak, which he considered as of the utmost importance. It was not till the pumps had sucked that Drysdale was enabled to find it out ; and when he did discover it, he was highly gratified in finding it such as could be effectually stopped without much difficulty. While he was giving directions to his mate for this purpose, he heard three cheers on deck, and perceiving the ship in motion, immediately concluded that she had been got off. Ascending to ascertain the fact, while his heart throbbed with anxious expectation, he was instantly surrounded by the poor fellows, who, but a few hours before, had given up everything for lost, and who, as soon as they saw him, in token of their gratitude and joy, gave him three cheers more. In return for this compliment, Drysdale informed them that he had discovered the leak, which in a very short time would be completely repaired, and that he hoped, after all their late disasters and labours, they would yet have a safe and prosperous voyage home to England.

As the ship was now fairly under-weight, the captain, after shaking Drysdale cordially by the hand, and congratulating him on the success of his skill and assiduity, insisted on his accompanying him to the cabin, and taking some refreshment after his indefatigable exertions. The lieutenant, who had returned with the carpenter's mate, likewise joined them, and in talking over the operations of the day, the captain could not avoid remarking the immense value of an experienced ship's carpenter, particularly in long voyages, and lamenting his own situation in the want of one.

'I wish from my heart, sir,' said Drysdale, 'that you had my mate, who is now below stopping the leak, in exchange for the man you have got ; for he is not only one of the cleverest fellows I have met with, but highly deserving of preferment.'

'I wish I had,' rejoined the captain ; 'but that, I am afraid, is altogether out of the question.'

'I don't know that,' said the lieutenant ; 'I have some reason to think that neither the captain nor commodore would object to it, were they applied to ; and as your late situation has been perilous,

and your present one critical, by not having one qualified to afford proper assistance in the event of your ship meeting with new misfortunes, I think,' continued he, turning to Drysdale, 'that we might represent matters in such a light as to obtain not only forgiveness, but approbation for having, without permission, done what neither time nor situation admits of delay; for I perceive the signal already made on board the commodore for sailing.'

'Nothing, I promise you, shall be wanting on my part to represent this circumstance in the strongest light possible,' said Drysdale; 'and it affords me a double gratification in sparing one of my best hands on the present occasion, and at the same time rewarding a very deserving, worthy man.'

As it was now time to repair on board their own ship, Drysdale and the lieutenant, after wishing the captain a safe and speedy voyage home, took their leave, and as they were proceeding to go down the ship's side, they perceived a boat approaching, which they soon recognised to be one of their own, conveying the lady and her three children back. Having been the principal agents in removing this family from apparent danger, it was but natural for them both to wish to see them safely on board, previous to their final departure; they accordingly remained standing on the steps of the accommodation-ladder ready to receive them. The boat had approached within half a cable's length of the ship, when the lovely girl formerly mentioned, delighted with the near prospect of getting once more into her favourite cabin in the cuddy, suddenly started up, clapping her hands with joy, at the very time the boat unfortunately took a deep heel, when, losing her balance, she instantly dropt overboard. Drysdale, who was standing half-way down the ladder, like a flash of lightning plunged in after the child, and being an excellent swimmer, got up to her just as she was about sinking, and supporting her head with one hand above the waves, dashed through them with the other, till the boat came to their assistance. The agonies of the mother may be well conceived; for, in addition to maternal affection, this of all her children was the greatest favourite. When she, therefore, saw her darling Isabella snatched from a watery grave, and heard her generous protector, as he bore his lovely charge firmly along, calling out to her not to be in the least alarm, for that there was no danger, she experienced a conflux of varied emotions, between terror, hope, and anxiety, not to be described; but when she once more clasped her recovered child to her bosom, and perceived that he who had saved her was the very man who had that morning, with such humanity, removed them all from a perilous and distressing situation, her sense of gratitude was such that she could only say, as she turned round to him with the most expressive look: 'What do I not owe to you this day!' The captain, and every one on board were uncommonly agitated during this accident. When the mother and children were safely brought on deck, little Isabella,

forgetting her own situation, was solicitous about nothing but the comfort of her deliverer. Running up to the captain, she continued exclaiming: 'Oh, give him dry clothes! give him dry clothes, or he will die!'

'He shall have dry clothes immediately,' said the captain; 'do you go and get some on likewise, Isabella, for you have had a very narrow escape indeed.' The mother with her children retired to their cabin, but not before she enjoined Drysdale not to depart till he first waited upon her, which he promised, and immediately accompanied the captain to his cabin, who was anxious to relieve him of his sea-drenched garments.

We must again disappoint our sentimental readers in not gratifying them with pathetic speeches, long harangues, and elevated sentiments on this interview. Time will really not admit of them; and consistency in this, as well as in everything else connected with plain unadorned narrative, we consider as of some importance. We shall therefore briefly state that the grateful mother, after lamenting her inability to reward the preserver of her child's life in the manner she could have wished, presented him with an order for 300 pagodas, enclosed in a letter to the father of her children, in the event of the commodore's ship touching at Madras; assuring him at the same time that, upon reading the contents, the person to whom it was addressed would, exclusive of this small testimony of her gratitude, be as willing as he was able to recompense in some degree one whom it was next to impossible he could ever repay for the obligation he owed him. To the lady's astonishment Drysdale positively refused receiving the letter, alleging as his excuse that he had done nothing more than what every man of common humanity and feeling would have done on the same occasion, and consequently that he had no claim or title whatever to recompenses or rewards. After surveying him for a few moments with a look of surprise, she requested that, since he rejected so trifling a mark of her gratitude, he would at least accept of some token in remembrance of her. 'Here,' said she, taking down a chased gold watch, with several seals attached to a rich chain, that hung near her in the cuddy—'here is the only article I have at hand to present to you, as a small remembrance of one whom perhaps you may never more see, but of whose gratitude and esteem you may be well assured, while life and memory remain.'

'What, madam!' said Drysdale, stepping back with affected astonishment, 'would you have me act the part of a common highwayman or footpad, and rob a lady of her watch and trinkets? Impossible! You cannot surely have so bad an opinion of me; but since you are so very anxious to give me something to keep in my remembrance what I am confident I never could forget, I shall with pleasure accept of one of those seals, which I shall most carefully preserve, not as a remembrancer of this memorable day's events, but

as a token of the kindness and worth of the giver. This is all I can or will receive at present.'

After another look, which disposed the lady to view Drysdale in a very different light from that in which his immediate station had placed him, she selected one of the seals, and presenting it to him, said: 'Should you ever chance to meet with the father of these children, and shew him this seal, he will know well from whom you received it.'

Drysdale, for its better security, immediately affixed it to a plain coarse steel chain that was attached to a silver watch of about forty shillings value; and embracing the children, with a warmth of affection peculiar to him, wished the fond mother (who, with little Isabella, wept at his departure) a safe and happy arrival in England, and hurried from a scene too powerful for his feelings.

The ships now proceeded on their different courses, and that on board of which were Drysdale and Cochran soon after arrived safely at Madras.

V.

INDIA—SKILL LEADS TO FORTUNE.

Shortly after arriving in India, one of those extraordinary and unforeseen occurrences which frequently happen in human affairs took place in favour of Cochran. The secretary was seized with a fever, which carried him off in a few days, and Cochran, at the special request of the dying man, was appointed to succeed him. One of our young heroes thus dropped immediately into an exceedingly lucrative office, and became the friend and associate of the naval commander-in-chief.

Drysdale's good-fortune was not less remarkable, but it came in a different and much more interesting way. For two years he was engaged in the ordinary duties of his profession, visiting during this period various ports in India and the Eastern Archipelago, and more than once doing great service to vessels in distress, for which he earned not only thanks, but rewards suitable to his merits. At the end of two years the vessel returned to Madras, where he again had the happiness of seeing his old friend Cochran. One day Cochran returned his visit to the ship, and chanced to use the seal of Drysdale's watch in sealing a note, not having brought his own with him. What great events spring from the most trifling causes! The seal employed on this occasion was that which the lady already spoken of had presented to Drysdale; and the note which bore its impress, by a fortunate coincidence, was one addressed to the husband of the lady in question. Surprised by the circumstance, he waited upon the secretary, and begged of him to inform him how the seal had come into his possession. This Mr Cochran readily did, stating all the circumstances which had led to his friend becoming its owner. Delighted

and surprised by the account, the gentleman instantly requested that the secretary would procure him an introduction to one to whom he was so much indebted; adding, that he would be most happy if his friend the secretary would dine with him on the following day, and bring Mr Drysdale along with him. To this the former readily agreed, and on the following day, accordingly, the desired meeting took place. Amongst other persons to whom Mr Drysdale was here introduced was a wealthy and beautiful young widow, in an exceedingly precarious state of health, sister-in-law of his host. Drysdale's upright character, his intrepidity in saving a sister and her family, and his amiable manners, made a deep impression on this fragile being; and on the occasion of her death, a few weeks afterwards, it was found that she had left him substantial marks of her esteem. When her repositories were examined, a paper was found, bearing her own signature, in which, after making some bequests to her friends, she directed the residue of her fortune to be given to the man who had preserved the lives of her beloved sister and her children, in token of her gratitude, and as a reward for his honourable and disinterested conduct. The sum thus left was found by the deceased's brother-in-law, who adjusted her affairs, to amount to £10,000 sterling; but before communicating the intelligence to Drysdale, he resolved to avail himself of the opportunity which it presented, of adding to the bequest some token of his own gratitude to the man who had saved his wife and children from a premature death, and whom he could never prevail upon to accept of any consideration for that important service. When, therefore, he called upon the secretary to inform him of what had occurred, he requested him to say to his friend that the sum left was *fifteen* thousand pounds, to be paid on demand.

The circumstances attending the bequest of this interesting woman were of so painful a nature, that they affected Drysdale's health as well as his feelings; and, depressed by a morbid sensibility, as well as by an enervating climate, he petitioned to be allowed to return home to England in one of the East India ships then lying in the roads. Unwilling as the commodore was to part with such a valuable officer, he, in reward for his services, granted his request.

The parting of the two friends who had been so long and intimately acquainted, and who were now to be separated, perhaps for ever, was such as may well be supposed. Setting sail with a fair wind, in company with three more East Indianmen, Drysdale bade adieu to the shores of Coromandel, where a succession of uncommon events had occurred in the space of two years, and with a heart agitated by a variety of emotions difficult to describe. He had, indeed, succeeded to a fortune—increased to the value of twenty thousand pounds by the presents of friends—which enabled him to return to the place of his nativity with honour, and with credit to himself and his connections; and at the same time, should nothing untoward have

THE SCOTTISH ADVENTURERS.

intervened in his absence, to unite himself for life to the woman of his affections. Still, he did not feel at ease, considering the melancholy circumstance which had placed fortune in his possession. It was a considerable time before he could repel distressing reflections; nor did he altogether gain health and spirits till his arrival on the coast of England.

VI.

RETURN TO ENGLAND.

No sooner had Drysdale set foot on shore at Portsmouth, than he hurried to the dockyard, and on calling at the porter's lodge, learned that the worthy old builder had died a few months before, and that his place had been supplied by his old friend and shipmate the carpenter. Unable to inquire after other particulars nearer his heart, he, with an agitated step and boding mind, proceeded straight to the house where he once enjoyed the sweetest moments of his life, and on approaching the door, discovered his two old friends, the carpenter and boatswain, by whom he was heartily cheered and welcomed.

After mutual congratulations were exhausted, Drysdale learned that the mother as well as the father of Susan was no more, and that she now resided near Fareham with a female relation. 'The old builder,' observed the carpenter, 'left not nearly the money that was expected of him; and as Susan wished for retirement and quiet, she took a small neat cottage about a mile from the town, where she and her friend live comfortably and prudently on her little income; which I hope, Tom, you are enabled to increase?'

'We shall talk more of that hereafter,' said our hero hastily; 'in the meantime I must get a boat to convey me to Gosport.'

No entreaty of his two friends could prevail on Drysdale to delay his intention till the next morning: he instantly hurried to the shore, nor stopped till, with a heart glowing with affection, he clasped his faithful Susan to his beating breast.

'How happy should I now be,' said Drysdale, 'in having the good-fortune to return so much sooner from India than I had any reason to anticipate.'

'Happy it certainly is to me, Tom,' answered Susan, sighing; 'but as to its being fortunate to you, I'm afraid it is otherwise. My poor father possessed not nearly the wealth he was thought to have. Five thousand is all he left behind him to her whom he loved while living, and whom he wished should be enabled to live comfortably and easily with the man of her choice after his death.'

'And is it not perfectly sufficient to do so?' rejoined Tom. 'Nay, more than sufficient, Susan?'

'Indeed, I don't know,' answered Susan, hesitating; 'but it gives me pleasure to perceive that, after having visited the rich shores of

India, you are so easily contented. I have, however, the satisfaction to inform you that both my dear parents approved and wished for our union, and that with their last breath they left you their blessing.'

'That is worth at least five thousand more,' rejoined Tom; 'and you, my dear Susan, an additional ten! Am not I, then, a fortunate fellow in the possession of twenty thousand pounds, and such a lass to the bargain?'

'Is it in this manner you adventurers calculate your fortunes in India?' said Susan smiling. 'If you have brought nothing home with you but this, Tom, I fancy we must live upon love as our best income.'

'Do you call a good constitution and an unchanged heart nothing, Susan?' asked the other jeeringly; 'for my part, I consider these well worth five thousand more! Set your mind, therefore, at rest about fortune, my dear Susan; depend upon it, I am worth good five-and-twenty thousand pounds, and if we can't contrive to live on that, we deserve to starve.'

Tom was not perfectly correct in his calculation, for his fortune was really considerably more; while Susan, conceiving that her five thousand was all they possessed in the world, turned affectionately round to him, and taking him by the hand, in the most earnest manner said: 'I could live with you, Tom, contented and happy in the humblest cottage in the kingdom; it only gives me concern that I have so little to reward you for your fidelity, and that fortune has not smiled upon you as a reward for your merit and services.'

Drysdale's impatience was such, that he could hardly permit a single fortnight to elapse ere he secured the prize he had long and anxiously wished to possess. During this short interval he lodged with his friend the carpenter in the dockyard, and every day passed the greatest part of his time with Susan at her cottage. One morning, as he was about departing for Fareham, the postman brought a letter directed for him at the old builder's, which upon opening, he found to his unspeakable surprise that it contained an intimation that the owners of the ship he had saved had awarded him a salvage of fifteen hundred pounds, as a small testimony of their gratitude, and which sum should be payable by his order on the agent in London. Already more than rewarded for this act of duty and humanity, Drysdale shrunk from accepting the proffered gift. His two friends entertained an opposite view on the subject. The boatswain was surprised at his hesitation, on the score of a fairly won recompense; while the carpenter, whose opinion had more weight, observed that, after the handsome manner in which the shipowners had come forward to reward his merit, and shew their own gratitude, a rejection of their offer would hurt them, and be attributed to ostentatious pride rather than to magnanimity. This determined Tom to accept of the sum; and being extremely anxious to transmit part of his acquired fortune to his father as speedily as possible, he

embraced the present occasion to enclose him an order for the £1500, as a testimony of his future assistance, should it be wanted. He likewise informed him of his approaching nuptials, and of the joy he should experience in once more embracing his affectionate parents on his return to the place of his nativity, which he hoped would be soon; begging his father to arrange matters so as to make himself perfectly easy and comfortable in everything during the remainder of life, as nothing on his part should be wanting to promote it. Previous to this, the old man had received from his son intimation of his success, and of his arrival in England.

When the long-wished-for day arrived that was to unite Drysdale to his beloved Susan, the carpenter and boatswain accompanied him to the cottage, where everything consistent with neatness and propriety was prepared for their reception. We pass over the detail of particulars, and shall shortly remark, that few events in this chequered scene of joys and disappointments could surpass the general happiness of this friendly and affectionate group, interested in each other's prosperity, and bound by the firmest ties of esteem.

One day spent at the carpenter's house, and another at the boatswain's, were all that Drysdale could allow to retard his departure to London on his way to Scotland, where he now ardently wished to be. A more affectionate and tender parting between friends can hardly be conceived. Susan naturally felt sensibly in bidding adieu, perhaps for ever, to the scenes of her youth, and to those who had been the friends and intimates of her good father; while the carpenter and boatswain, overcome with her tears, could only present their hands in silence, and turning aside their heads to conceal their sorrow, murmur out in a broken voice: 'God bless you!' Although sensibly touched with the evident affliction of his two old friends and shipmates, who had been his instructors in nautical knowledge, and the partial promoters of his present happiness, Drysdale was, from very natural causes, the most tranquil of the four. He was in possession of all he held dear and valuable on earth; he was repairing to London, where matters of importance were to be settled for his future establishment and comfort during life; and he was on his way to a spot where he was to meet with the authors of his birth, and once more restore to their arms a son who had been suddenly snatched from them, and who now, after all his hardships and trials, returned crowned with respectability, favours, and emolument. Such were the soothing sensations of Thomas Drysdale; and such must always be the sweet consolations of every mind conscious of having acted with uniform rectitude, accompanied with the well-earned rewards of industry and genuine merit.

On his arrival in London, his first object was to find out the abode of the lady who had been the accidental instrument of his present fortune, and to whom he was bound in honour to pay his respects. He found her in deep affliction for the loss of her beloved Sophia,

THE SCOTTISH ADVENTURERS.

but highly gratified at seeing him. Letters from her friends in Madras had informed her of all that had passed there relative to her sister's death; and while she was overwhelmed with sorrow for the loss of one whom she tenderly loved, she felt a sincere pleasure in learning that, unfortunate as the circumstances were, they had contributed to reward the man who had rendered her and her children such essential service, and who could not have been otherwise recompensed by her friends in India. During the stay of Drysdale in London, he had the pleasure of seeing her repeatedly, and of introducing to her his wife, with whose amiable manners she was highly charmed. Having despatched the business that brought him to town, he now proceeded to Scotland, where we shall follow him.

VII.

ARRIVAL IN SCOTLAND—CONCLUSION.

On the arrival of our hero in Edinburgh, he had the satisfaction of finding his father in perfect health, and in a commodious, good house, where everything was prepared for his reception. His mother had been dead nearly a twelvemonth before, and an only sister married to a respectable farmer about thirty miles distant, a few months before his arrival in England. His appearance at this time was therefore doubly gratifying to his affectionate parent, who, in addition to the pleasure he felt on the return of a favourite son, dignified with the fruits of honest industry, and the honourable rewards of merit, enjoyed the society of two persons the best qualified to cheer his hours of solitude, and render the remainder of his life placid and grateful.

The second day after his arrival, Drysdale made it his business to wait on the parents of his friend Cochran, and to gratify them with the accounts of their son, whom he had left in such prosperity in India. He found the old tailor, who had retired from business, very comfortably situated, and highly elated with the success of his son Andrew, which he attributed entirely to the education he had given him; and it was with no small pain that Drysdale was under the necessity of assuring him that the contrary was the case—that instruction in Latin, in due moderation, was by no means wrong in itself, but that by stopping short there, as in his son's case, and not preparing the mind, by a wider range of study, for the practical duties of life, a deplorable error in education was too frequently committed.

These views, however, as well as some others, were not relished either by old Cochran or by the society of Edinburgh generally. Classical education was at that time considered all in all; and young men supposed to be well educated were daily turned into the

world with a knowledge of no single principle in moral or physical science ; profoundly ignorant of nearly everything but Latin—which, however, not one in ten would have been able to write with fluency or elegance. Disconcerted with what he felt to be the general tone and tendencies of society—by no means charmed with the blending of sectarian prejudice and narrow circumstances with the straining after fashion which distinguished Edinburgh life—he determined to pay a visit to his sister, whom he had not yet seen since his coming home. Communicating his wish to his father and Susan, they, on the return of spring, set off to the residence of the farmer, with the view of passing some weeks with him and his wife, and seeing the adjacent country.

Every Scotsman who makes a fortune abroad, seems to be possessed with a strong desire to return home and settle as a proprietor of lands. In the case of our friend Drysdale there was no exception to the rule. Purchasing the small estate of Fauldslic, in the neighbourhood of his brother-in-law's residence, he there may be said to have settled down for the remainder of his days.

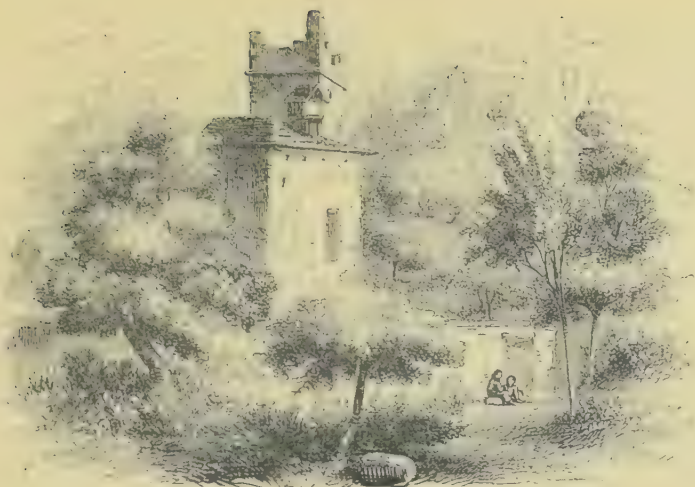
It was now that the important branches of Drysdale's early instruction came usefully and smilingly to his aid. His geometrical and mathematical knowledge enabled him not only to lay out his pleasure-ground with judgment and correctness, but to construct his house and offices with convenience and taste. From his knowledge in drawing and perspective, exclusive of the pleasure it afforded him, he was also enabled to sketch various plans to give ornament and additional effect to surrounding scenery ; and, in particular, to the formation of a new garden, which, for singularity and beauty, attracted the notice of all the neighbourhood. On each side of a small stream or brook grew a number of trees of various kinds, and on the north bank, a rising slope occupied a portion of rich arable ground belonging to one of his farms. To the southward of the brook, an uncultivated marsh and a deep moss terminated an opposite slope, which, while it was productive of nothing beneficial, was particularly offensive to the eye. After having first effectually drained the marsh, and judiciously intermixed argillaceous earth and lime with the remaining moss, Drysdale set about forming a garden, orchard, and shrubbery walks in one. For this purpose he enclosed a portion of the rich arable land on the north slope, facing the south, for his garden, with a good wall, sufficient in length to contain a variety of the best fruit-trees ; and on the south side of the brook he enclosed another portion of the improved moss-land with a thorn hedge and a deep drain, that conveyed the superabundant water from the adjacent grounds. Here he planted a number of fruit-trees for his orchard, interspersed and ornamented with gravel-walks, shrubberies, flower-pots, and arbours, which, corresponding with the windings of the stream, afforded, during the heat of the summer season, a delightful retreat for meditation and

retirement. But the principal effect produced was by the concealment of the adjacent objects, in consequence of the trees that intervened, and by your being suddenly and unexpectedly transported from one kind of scenery to another, by means of rustic bridges judiciously placed across the stream. What added considerably to this ingenious contrivance were the different approaches, the one entering by a shady walk along the rivulet to the orchard and shrubbery, the other at the opposite end into the garden, so as to produce, in either direction, the unexpected and pleasing effect of contrast already mentioned.

In the course of a few years Drysdale was visited by his friend Cochran, who had also retired with a competency from the duties of his profession, and increased his happiness by uniting himself with a lady every way worthy of his regard. Cochran, after some time, also settled in the country, and though at some distance from Fauldslic, he contrived occasionally to see one to whom he owed so deep a debt of gratitude.

The last time we heard of Drysdale, he was busily engaged in establishing a society for mutual improvement among the young men of the neighbourhood, and in performing other public services consistent with the benevolence of his character. Fully competent to the expense of his undertakings and that of his establishment, he, without show or ostentation, lived liberally and consistently; saw his friends frequently, and visited them in return; while the genuine worth of his character, and the unassuming sweetness and gentleness of his Susan, who was the benefactress of all the poor around, insured the esteem and affection of the whole neighbourhood.





STORY OF WALTER RUYSDAEL, THE WATCHMAKER.

BENEATH the shadow of the old and venerable castle of Rosenthal, on the beautiful river Rhine, there lived some years ago a humble husbandman with his family, the cultivators of a small patch of ground, whence they drew the meagre means of support. Hans Ruysdael, as this obscure tiller of the fields was named, and Greta his wife, though poor and hard wrought, though rising early and lying down late, were contented with the lot which Providence had assigned them, and the only heavy sigh they ever uttered was when a thought as to the rearing of their numerous children passed through their minds.

Besides requiring much labour, the grounds which Hans cultivated bore precarious crops. They were principally laid out for vines; and some seasons, from the effects of blighting winds and rains, these yielded scarcely any harvest. It was sometimes in vain that Greta would toilsomely carry earth from the low grounds to the higher, and lay it at the roots of the plants where the soil was the thinnest; or that the elder children would be set to pick the dead leaves from the drooping stalks; or that Hans himself would turn up the ground with his powerful mattock, so as to expose it to the sun. In a single night a blighting wind would rush up the valley, and at a blow disconcert the toils and plans of a whole summer.

‘It is clear, Greta,’ said Hans Ruysdael to his wife one day, after
No. 48.

the occurrence of a calamity of this kind—'it is clear that at least one of the boys must leave us, and perhaps more than one. The family cannot all live in this wretched spot, and in such circumstances it is wisdom to disperse. What do you say, Greta, to our beginning with Walter? He is too feeble for this toilsome and precarious profession, and would do better as an artisan in Strasbourg or some other large town.'

'I have had many sad thoughts on that score, dear Hans,' replied Greta. 'I should not by any means like to part with even one of them; but God's will be done. Let Walter go. He may become a great man.'

'I care nothing for that,' rejoined the husband and father. 'What I desire is to see my sons grow up honest men, diligent in their calling, whatever it may be. I say that a man, though ever so hard working and obscure, if he be honest and happy in his own mind, is a great man—greater far than the overbearing and sinful barons who used to live in the proud old tower up yonder.'

'No doubt of it, Hans; yet Walter is an aspiring child, and who knows to what height he may push himself?'

Walter was delighted with the notion of going to Strasbourg, to which it was arranged he should be taken, and placed under the charge of his uncle, the head worker in one of the principal watch-making establishments of that city. Ever since he had seen the watch of a passing stranger, he had formed a fancy for mechanical pursuits, and took a pleasure in making wheels and other little objects with his knife—all which he exhibited to his twin-sister Margaret, who admired them as prodigies of ingenuity.

Influenced by necessity, as well as by what he perceived to be his boy's inclinations, Hans applied to his brother, who promised, at the first vacancy, to place his nephew in a situation in the same employment with himself. A vacancy occurring when Walter was about fourteen years of age, and the master watchmaker being willing to gratify his foreman, Hans had the pleasure of learning that as soon as he could bring Walter to Strasbourg, his brother would take charge of the boy, and set him to a good line of business.

Walter scarcely knew how or where he stood with joy and pride when his father told him the good news. Choking with emotion, he ran to the old tower, where his sister was at the time employed, and there poured out to her his full and happy heart. They sat down together on a stone bench, and when Walter had finished speaking, she looked up in his face with her large tearful eyes. She thought how lonely she would be without him; but she remembered it was for his good, and she took his hand between hers and smiled. The brother and sister sat late that evening; but no one called them away, for they knew it would be their last evening together for many years—perhaps for ever. Walter talked of his projects

STORY OF WALTER RUYSDAEL.

for the future, and Margaret already fancied she saw him the great man which he wished to be. He promised her a watch of his own manufacture one day, and they counted the months and weeks which would elapse before they met again. Margaret scarcely liked to see him so glad to part with her, but she did not say so; and she talked to him of next Christmas, and her hopes that he would be allowed to come and see them then, and that they should all be very happy. Walter, however, was too full of his new greatness to think of returning so soon home; and his sister already thought she saw her brother was extinguishing affection in ambition. Her heart was heavy as they entered their father's dwelling, and tears forced themselves unbidden into her eyes.

The next morning was bright and beautiful as a May morning could be. Margaret had helped her mother to put up Walter's little bundle of clothes long before daybreak, and prepared breakfast for him and her father. It had been arranged that they should travel by one of the barges employed in passing up and down the Rhine; for at this time no steam-vessels navigated the river. The only conveyances were these barges, a clumsy kind of boats, partly moved by oars and sails, but chiefly by means of horses yoked one after the other to a long rope passing from a mast in the barge to the shore. Hans's occupation near the banks of the river had made him acquainted with many of the barge owners, and by some of them he was occasionally carried to Mayence and other places on the river to which his business led him. He had never, however, gone as far as Strasbourg with any of them. That was a long way up the river, and few barges went to such a remote distance. On the present occasion, he expected the passage upwards of an old acquaintance, whose profession was the conducting of large rafts of timber from the Black Forest, on the borders of Switzerland, down the Rhine all the way to Dort in Holland, and who therefore passed Strasbourg in his voyage. Having performed his duty of conductor of the raft, and consigned it to the timber-merchants who waited its arrival, Ludwig, as this pilot was called, was in the habit of returning up the Rhine in a barge along with the men under his charge.

Old and trustworthy Ludwig was now bending his way homewards to the Black Forest after one of these excursions. His barge had been perceived toiling its way up the strait of the Lurli, and was expected to pass the village and old tower of Rosenthal on the following morning.

By early morn, as we have said, everything was prepared for the departure of Walter and his father as soon as Ludwig should make his appearance. In a state of agitation, Margaret would one moment run out to see if the towing-horses were yet in sight at the nearest turn of the river, and the next she would rush into the cottage and again busy herself about Walter and his bundle, saying

to him a thousand things which she had said over and over again before.

At length, about seven o'clock, the cracking of whips and the noise of horses were heard. 'There they are at last!' exclaimed every one. Walter seized his bundle with one hand, and with the other led Margaret down the bank to the side of the Rhine, their hearts too full to speak. The anxious moment of departure had arrived. Hans, who had signalled his old acquaintance Ludwig to draw nigh, was already speaking to him of his proposed journey to Strasbourg. The bargain was settled in a moment, for the raft-pilot had made a more than usually good excursion, and was in the best possible humour. Besides, he was glad to have a fresh companion to talk to about his adventures on the river, and was quite happy to welcome Hans and Walter to a lift in the barge. They accordingly stepped on board, Walter's brothers giving him a hearty cheer, and his mother her blessing, as they left the shore. Margaret was the last they saw, as she stood on a bank near, straining her eyes through her fast-coming tears, to catch the last glimpse of Walter as they turned a bend in the Rhine.

Walter, who had never been more than a few miles up and down the Rhine from Rosenthal, was charmed with every new feature of the scenery which came into view, and he was equally delighted with the stories and anecdotes of Ludwig, who had something to say of every old castle and crag which they passed in their journey. Although a man of rough manners, he was kind to Walter, and gave him a place in which to sleep at night, under a little deck mounted near the stern of the vessel.

The first night Walter was on board the barge, he had little inclination to sleep, his mind being too much agitated with the novelty of his situation to allow of repose.

'Since you do not seem to wish to lie down,' said old Ludwig to him, as he sat looking out upon the broad river glittering in the moonlight, 'if you like I will tell you a story about that curious old tower which we are going to pass on our right.'

'What tower?' asked Walter. 'I do not see any one on the banks just now.'

'It does not stand on the banks at all, my young friend; it is situated on a rock which rises from the middle of the Rhine—a kind of island; and a strongly fortified place it must have been in the times of the old German wars. Do you not see it now, almost right ahead, like a grim giant rising from the bosom of the stream?'

'Now, I think I see it,' replied Walter. 'Do tell me the story about it, if you please. I am sure it must be something very terrible.'

'Terrible it is, if all be true, though of that one cannot be certain. Like all the Rhine stories, it is no doubt a mixture of truth and invention, and we must just take it as we find it. At all events,

here it is as the people round about tell it.' And Ludwig related the following legend.

'Once on a time, ages ago, when the castles on the Rhine were inhabited by barons and their men-at-arms, this tower in the midst of the river was erected by a wicked and powerful chief named Count Graaf, for the purpose of exacting tolls from every one who passed up or down the Rhine. If a boat or barge dared to go by without drawing up to the tower to pay a certain toll, the warders on the top of the battlements had orders to shoot with cross-bows at the voyager, and either oblige him to draw nigh, or kill him for daring to pass without paying. You must understand that the baron who exacted this toll had done nothing to deserve it, and had no law in his favour. It was solely from his own will and pleasure that he demanded a duty on passing boats; a means of supporting himself, and of acquiring wealth without working for it.

'Everybody far and near feared this domineering rascal. He kept a band of men in another castle which he had at some distance, and with these he defied any one to challenge his assumed rights. Often he had battles with neighbouring barons, but he was generally victorious, and on such occasions he never made any prisoners. All who were taken he put to death with shocking barbarism and ignominy.

'Among other ways by which he gathered money was that of occasionally buying up, or rather taking for a small price which he put upon it, the corn grown by the peasants in his neighbourhood. Graaf was a very cunning man in this respect. He could very easily have taken all the crops for ten miles round for nothing; but the consequence would have been, that no one would have tilled any more land in that quarter, and so he could not have taken more than the corn of a single season. He was, as I say, too cunning for this; his plan was to make a show of kindness to the peasantry, but to take advantage of their necessities. Sometimes he sent the corn which he thus got at a trifling expense to Mayence, and procured large sums for it; but more frequently he kept the corn up till there was a dearth, and then he could get for it any money he liked to name.

'Year after year Count Graaf grew richer and richer with spoils of one kind and another; and every one said that he could not pass out of the world without some sharp and signal punishment for his greed and manifold oppressions. This, however, seemed long of coming about. Yet the time of vengeance arrived at last. He had become old and more hard-hearted than ever, when one year there arose a dreadful famine in the land. The summer and autumn were so wet that the grain did not ripen, and it continued still green when the snows of winter fell on the ground. In every town and village the cry of distress was heard; the husbandman saw his little ones fainting and perishing for lack of food, and the wealthy were becoming

STORY OF WALTER RUYSDAEL.

poor, from being obliged to purchase at enormous prices small supplies of bread. Every one was suffering except the cunning old baron whom I am telling you of. While everybody else cried, he laughed and chuckled over the rare high prices he expected he should get for his great store of grain, which, for security, he transferred to the rooms and vaults of the tower in the river.

‘Things during that awful winter became daily worse throughout the country. The poor of the villages flocked to the towns for assistance; but the towns being as badly off as the villages and hamlets, the famishing crowds were refused admittance, and they perished in thousands at the gateways. All animals fit for food were killed and eaten up, as I have heard; cows, oxen, horses, dogs, and other creatures. A very curious thing was now observed. Large numbers of rats began to roam about the country in quest of food; and so bold and ferocious did they become, that people fled before them. When accounts of these distresses were taken to old Count Graaf at the tower, he did not in the smallest degree commiserate the woes of the poor. Instead of opening his granaries and selling his corn at a reasonable cost, he declared that he should not dispose of a particle till the price of the loaf in Mayence reached as high as ten guilders.* “If the people are starving,” said he jocularly, “why do they not eat rats, rather than allow so much good food to go to waste throughout the country?” This was a bitter saying, and was afterwards remembered against him. One night, when he was sitting in his tower there, congratulating himself on soon getting the price he demanded—for the loaf was now selling for nine and a half guilders—the warder from the top of the castle rushed suddenly into his apartment, and declared that the river was covered with armies of rats swimming boldly to the tower, and that some had already gained a landing, and were climbing the loopholes and walls. Scarcely had this intelligence been communicated by the terrified man-at-arms, when thousands of famishing rats poured in at the doors, windows, and passages, in search, no doubt, of something to eat, whether corn or human beings mattered not to them. Flight and defence were equally impossible. While host after host attacked the granaries, bands fell upon the wicked old baron, and he was worried to death where he lay, and almost immediately torn in pieces and devoured. The warder and one or two other attendants alone escaped, by throwing themselves into a boat and making with all speed for the nearest bank of the river. I need scarcely tell you that, when the news of Count Graaf’s death was spread abroad, nobody mourned his fate, which indeed was looked upon as a just punishment for his great covetousness and cruelty. No one ventured near the tower for several months afterwards. When at length the heirs of the count visited it, they found that all the grain had been

* Sixteen shillings and eightpence.

eaten up, and that nothing remained of its former owner but a skeleton stretched on the cold floor of one of the apartments. Such was the end of the wicked Count Graaf; and although such famines may never take place in our times, his fate is not the less a warning to those who would sinfully, and for their own ends, prevent the poor from having a proper supply of bread.'

With stories such as this, Ludwig made the long passage up the river seem short to Walter, who, when the barge arrived at Strasbourg on the fourth day after leaving Rosenthal, was surprised to find that he was at the end of his journey. Bidding adieu to Ludwig and his companions, Hans and his son now arrived at the fortifications of Strasbourg, and entered the crowded city. The streets, the houses, the shops, all seemed like a scene of enchantment before the eyes of the country boy; and as the great clock of the cathedral struck eight, he listened in wonder and delight to its fine deep tone, which led to a reverie on clocks and watches, and clockmakers and watchmakers, till he was roused by his father stopping at the small door of a tall, dismal-looking house in a narrow, dark, dirty little street. He now made Walter follow him up a long staircase, which seemed almost endless to the boy, till they stopped at the door of a room in one of the upper stories, and knocked with his hand. The door was opened by his brother, who had just returned from his work, and gave them a hearty reception, leading them in to his wife, a tall, bony-looking woman, not very clean in her person, who was preparing the supper of onion-broth and salad. There was a strong smell of onions and tobacco in the room; but to this Walter was accustomed at home; though his aunt's untidy appearance, and the gloomy discomfort of the small room, were not so like home, and for a moment his heart sank within him. However, a kind reception and some warm soup, which, as he was very hungry, he was glad of, cheered him; and he was soon asleep on the straw mattress of the little wooden bed prepared for him in a recess in the next room. He slept soundly, and dreamed that he was a watchmaker, and had made the clock of the cathedral; but just as his father and mother, and Margaret and his brothers, and all the village, were assembled, and admiring his work, the whole steeple fell down with such a crash that he awoke; and, starting up in bed, saw his father, who had upset the only chair in the room in his hurry to call Walter to bid him good-bye, as he was returning home. He kissed the boy affectionately, bade him be good and obedient to his master and his uncle, and not forget his duty to God, or all that his mother and he had taught him, and left the room. Walter was alone for the first time in his life, and he sat up in his bed and cried bitterly.

That morning his uncle introduced him to his new master, a quiet old man, with a mild benevolent countenance and a gentle manner. He spoke kindly, and seemed sorry for the little pale boy who was separated for the first time from his family and home. Walter felt

his kindness, and was happier. There were a great many men and boys employed in the business, and his uncle could not be often in the same room with him; but Walter was inclined to be diligent, and was in a few days so earnest about his employment, that he forgot he was among strangers, and worked as happily as if he had been doing something for his father in his own home. He only felt lonely when he walked through the busy crowded streets to his dark dirty lodgings at his uncle's, and looked round at the four bare walls and his straw mattress in the wooden bed, which was its only furniture, excepting one chair with a hole in it. His aunt, too, was sometimes cross, and when he sat down with his uncle to his uncomfortable supper, he thought of his mother, how nicely she prepared the evening meal, and he longed to hear again the cheerful voices of his brothers, and Margaret's sweet merry laugh when the day's work was over. But these were foolish thoughts to indulge, as they made him discontented; so Walter seldom allowed himself this painful pleasure. He was becoming tolerably reconciled to his situation, when he unfortunately placed a little too much confidence in a new friend.

The boy who worked next him lived in a street adjoining Walter's lodging, so they generally walked back together in the evenings. An intimacy soon grew up between them, and it was not long before Walter communicated to him all his projects for the future, that he meant one day to be a great man, and to make a clock like that in the cathedral. He told him what he had already done, his inventions, the wooden watches that he had constructed for his sister's amusement, and that he was at that time working at one every night after he came home, by which he meant to surprise her next Christmas. The next morning the boy amused his companions in the workshop by a recital of these projects. Nothing could exceed Walter's indignation. His face changed from pale to red, and then paler than before. He did not speak, but his quivering lips and flashing eyes, and the vain attempt at a scornful laugh, which only excited more merriment from those around him, shewed the violence of his resentment, and at last, provoked beyond endurance, he advanced to give a blow to his tormentor, when the master entered in the midst of his passion, and commanded silence; but remarking Walter's angry countenance, he desired to speak with him when work was over. He then inquired from him the cause of the morning's disturbance, which the boy frankly confessed; and his master, after acknowledging the provocation, yet blaming Walter's violence and imprudent openness to one almost a stranger to him, continued: 'But we must all learn by experience, my boy. So you hope one day to distinguish yourself: I commend your ambition; but the less said, the more is likely to be performed. I would, however, caution you in one thing: the mere love of distinction is the desire of gratifying your own vanity, often at the expense of something better;

and if you do not work from a higher motive, you will fail in that. Let the desire of being useful to your parents in their old age be your first object, and then endeavour to perfect and improve upon the inventions and discoveries of others, which will lead to your making inventions and discoveries yourself, and to the distinction you covet: though, Walter, I warn you, by the time you acquire it, you will have attained something so much better than this boyish ambition is worth, that you will not care for its possession. However, work on, and I do not fear your doing something yet; only beware of vain projects which hasten you on to your ruin. Pray to God to put a right spirit within you; fear no labour on your part, and His blessing will go along with you.' Walter only half comprehended his master's words, but they sounded encouragingly, and he felt happy that evening, and swallowed his onion-soup with so good an appetite that his aunt was almost alarmed for the family expenses.

The boy's character became from that day more and more reserved: he worked diligently, but associated as little as he could with his fellow-workmen. His waking hours, his nightly dreams, were spent in the vain projects from which his master had warned him; and the desire for the approbation of his fellow-creatures seemed to increase in proportion as he shunned their society, and fancied he despised them. Vanity was his foible; and, as is usually the case, he was the last to perceive his own infirmity. He imagined there was something noble in rising above those who were born his equals. God had given them the same beautiful world to inhabit; He was their Father as well as his; and what superior talents He had bestowed on one more than another, were intended that that one might serve his fellow-creatures more, and receive his reward in the consciousness of that service; but Walter only saw in those talents a promise of his own elevation. True, he was only a boy; but the full-grown man is the development of the boy; and if we do not early cut away those branches which encumber the sapling, they will, in its maturity, consume the richest nourishment, and destroy the beauty and excellence of the tree.

Christmas came at last, and Walter would have returned home, but it was inconvenient to do so, the distance being considerable; and he continued, without repining, to labour diligently at his employment.

Years rolled on, and Walter became a man: still the same earnestness, the same ambition, the same desire of fame, scarcely more rational, though more determined in the man than in the boy, characterised him. His master had placed him in one of the most responsible situations in the house: he had won his regard by his honesty, diligence, and obliging manners; but Walter was not happy. He was restless and discontented because he was not known by the world: all his savings were spent in books and in materials for the work which now occupied him the greater part of

the night. The clock of the cathedral had been the object of his admiration since the day he first entered the city, and he was never tired looking at it. This extraordinary piece of mechanism was begun about the year 1352, and placed in one of the spires of the cathedral in 1370. Until recent times, it shewed a variety of movements, some introduced since the period of its first fabrication. The basement of the clock exhibited three dial-plates, shewing the revolutions of the year and seasons, with eclipses of the sun and moon. Above the middle dial-plate, the days of the week were represented by different divinities, supposed to preside over the planets from which their common appellations are derived. The divinity of the current day appeared in a car rolling over the clouds, and at midnight retired to give place to the succeeding one. Before the basement a globe was displayed, borne on the wings of a pelican, round which the sun and moon were made to revolve, and consequently represented the motion of those bodies. The ornamental turret above the basement exhibited a large dial in the form of an astrolabe, which shewed the annual motion of the sun and moon through the ecliptic, as also the hours of the day, &c. The phases of the moon were likewise marked on a dial-plate above. Over this dial-plate were represented the four ages of man by symbolical figures, one of which passed every quarter of an hour, and marked this division of time by striking on small bells. Two angels were also seen in motion, one striking a bell with a sceptre, while the other turned an hour-glass at the expiration of every hour. This celebrated clock has lately undergone repair, and is now considerably simplified; but at the time of Walter's residence in the city, it was in all its glory; and he thought, if he could succeed in discovering its mechanism, make a model of it, and then exhibit it from city to city, he would realise a fortune for himself and his family, and be on the high-road to distinction.

Full of this idea, our young watchmaker studied the history of every curious clock which he could hear of. Among others, he was deeply interested in the clock of Bern, in Switzerland, which is renowned for its ingenious contrivances; but more particularly a clock made by Droz, a mechanic of Geneva, which rivalled even that of Strasbourg.* Procuring as minute an account as possible of

* To amuse our young readers, we may mention that this clock was so constructed as to be capable of performing the following movements. There were exhibited on it a negro, a shepherd, and a dog. When the clock struck, the shepherd played six tunes on his flute, and the dog approached and fawned upon him. This clock was exhibited to the king of Spain, who was greatly delighted with it. 'The gentleness of my dog,' said Droz, 'is his least merit. If your majesty touch one of the apples which you see in the shepherd's basket, you will admire the fidelity of this animal.' The king took an apple, and the dog flew at his hand, and barked so loud, that the king's dog, which was in the same room during the exhibition, began to bark also; at this, the courtiers, not doubting that it was an affair of witchcraft, hastily left the room, crossing themselves as they went out. Having desired the minister of marine, who was the only one who ventured to stay behind, to ask the negro what o'clock it was, the minister asked, but he obtained no reply.

these clocks, for the purpose of enlarging his ideas of mechanical combinations, he set ardently to work in making a model of the clock of Strasbourg, which should work perfectly in all its parts like the original. He kept his labours a profound secret, employing himself some hours every night for a space of two years. At the end of this time the model was nearly completed, and all the movements worked as smoothly as he could have wished. A feeling of pride now took possession of his mind. He almost looked with disdain and pity on the passengers in the streets; and became more distant than before to his fellow-workmen. He already felt as if he had reached the summit of his ambition. Sometimes his courage would sink, and then he was so forgetful of his business, that once or twice he nearly quarrelled with his good master; but the day at last arrived, the day he had reckoned on for years, the day he could shew the fruit of all his labours. His uncle was the first to whom he communicated his secret. He invited him to the garret, where he had lived and toiled since he finished his apprenticeship; and the astonishment and delight expressed by his uncle exceeded even his expectations. His uncle had always considered the clock as something beyond the reach of any human intellect but that of the great man who had invented it; and now his own nephew had, by his unassisted ingenuity, discovered all its mechanism, and produced an exact model, which performed all its evolutions, and if not so large, seemed to him quite as wonderful. The neighbours, who had watched his small lamp burning night after night in his garret till the sun's first rays broke into the narrow window, now hastened to satisfy their curiosity, and to express their surprise and delight. On the third day after the disclosure of his workmanship, as Walter was standing surrounded by eager admirers, the door opened, and Margaret threw her arms round his neck. She had been the only one to whom his secret had been confided. He had written to tell her of its completion; and she instantly set out on foot, with the young farmer to whom she was shortly to be married; but, tiring of this fatiguing mode of travelling, they had been fortunate in finding a diligence, which brought them to the scene of her brother's triumph. She could not speak; but her eyes told the fulness of her heart, and her silent pressure of Walter's hand was more grateful to him than all the words of praise and flattery with which his ears had been satiated the day before. The rest of the family followed in a few days, and a week was spent in nothing but rejoicing and proud congratulations.

Walter was not, however, satisfied with this, nor his master either,

Droz then observed, that the negro had not yet learned Spanish, upon which the minister repeated the question in French, and the black immediately answered him. At this new prodigy the firmness of the minister also forsook him, and he retreated precipitately, declaring that it must be the work of a supernatural being. It is probable that, in the performance of these tricks, Droz touched certain springs in the mechanism, although this is not mentioned in any of the accounts of his clock.

who now kindly proposed to him the alternative of becoming his partner in the business, or lending him money to set up for himself, as he had no doubt of his speedy success. Walter thanked his master, but refused both his proposals. His master was astonished, and gave him a week to consider them. Margaret was urgent with her brother to accept the one or the other.

‘What do you propose, dear Walter?’ she said gently. ‘You, the pride of our family, to be settled here in Strasbourg, a watchmaker! What could you desire better?’

‘To go to Paris.’

‘Paris! Walter, what would you do there?’

‘Yes, Paris. It is there—the great metropolis of France, almost of the world—that genius is properly acknowledged. There I shall rise to be somebody; here I should be no more than our good master—a respectable tradesman. I will be one of the great men of the age; and where can I hope to become one but in Paris?’

And to Paris he accordingly went. All his savings, as well as his sister’s, had been exhausted in his clock. His master refused to assist him in his wild projects, and lamented that so much talent and energy should be wasted: his father and uncle could not help him; but in this difficulty his fellow-workmen came forward: those whom he had so little regarded subscribed all they were able, and supplied him with a small sum for his journey. Walter hesitated whether to accept their loan, but his desire for fame was too ardent to be repressed; so, promising to repay them when he grew rich, which he had no doubt he would soon, he took a kind farewell of them all. He had procured a crazy sort of caravan, which contained his clock and himself, with a small bundle of clothes and provisions. His parents and Margaret accompanied him half a day’s journey, and left him to proceed, buoyant with hopes and spirits as when he made his entrance into Strasbourg at the age of fourteen.

Ten days after, Walter, with his tired horse, both covered with dust, and wearied with travel, were traversing the Boulevards of Paris. Speaking French imperfectly, and not knowing where to get a night’s lodging, with only two or three small coins remaining, he felt utterly helpless and forlorn. Turning down the first street he came to, he looked vainly on all sides for some small inn or beer-house, till chance happily favoured him in discovering written in a shop-window that German was spoken within. Fastening his horse to a post, he boldly entered the shop, and in spite of his miserable appearance, he was civilly received, and a young German who was employed there undertook to shew him the way to a place where he might lodge himself and his horse for the night: he even offered to lend him some money, with but slender chance of being repaid; and Walter, though unwillingly, accepted it, as he would rather incur a debt to a countryman than a stranger. The next morning the young German called to see him, and offered to assist him in finding a

STORY OF WALTER RUYSDAEL.

room fitted to accommodate his clock, and to direct him how to advertise it. He was interested in the success of his countryman, and Walter's mild yet enthusiastic manners attracted him. Before the end of the week Walter established his clock in its new lodgings, and promised himself soon to repay the expenses incurred by his friend.

Now was the grand essay to be made. With mingled hopes and fears he opened his exhibition.

The first day did not seem to open very auspiciously. Morning passed away, and no visitors appeared. Walter tried to console himself by thinking it was too early for any but workpeople to be abroad. About three o'clock a visitor appeared, and Walter, in taking his money, felt relieved of an irksome anxiety which was creeping upon him. The visitor was an old man with spectacles, and a sharp snarling countenance. He minutely examined the clock, asked Walter a string of questions, or rather gave him a series of his own observations; and, finding he was not understood, he shrugged his shoulders, smiled contemptuously at the clock, and walked out again. A lady with two little boys succeeded him. The children attempted to handle the machinery, to see how it was made, and on Walter's remonstrating, the lady seemed offended, and departed very shortly. Two or three young men followed, who seemed by their gestures to approve; and one of them told him, in very bad German, it was a pretty toy. No more came that day; but he had earned enough by the end of the week to pay his friendly countryman, which was fortunate, as he was leaving Paris immediately, and bade Walter a kind farewell, wishing him success.

During the second week, a number of visitors came; but Walter, to his great sorrow, found that the debt for the lodging increased at a quicker ratio than his gains. After the first fortnight, he thought himself very happy if four visitors appeared in the course of an afternoon: these gradually diminished, till his exhibition-room was totally deserted. The bitterness of his disappointment was even greater than his anxiety about his circumstances: still he hoped some scientific man might, by a happy chance, drop in, and, struck with his ingenuity, recommend him to the notice of his friends. In the meantime, Walter began to consider if he could, by any means, procure some employment, while waiting in his exhibition-room. His landlady, who was kind and compassionate, had a friend who was a working-jeweller, and he agreed to let Walter do any little work, such as mending chains or watches, which he could take with him to his lodging. He ate little and saved all he could; but the expense of his lodgings was very heavy, and his purse very light: his health, too, was sinking, and his courage with it; but the man great in science and influence might still appear and set all to rights. His landlord now told him he must pay his debt or leave the house. The first was impossible: he had pawned nearly all

his clothes, and sold his old horse and caravan for half their small value, which only sufficed to pay for his daily maintenance ; so, giving his landlord the remainder of his money, he removed his model to a small shabby room, which he hired at a very low price, and where he still hoped for those visitors who were not attracted by his more eligible quarters. In this obscure lodging there was no better success. Day after day passed, week after week, and still no one visited the exhibition. He earned still a scanty subsistence by the working-jeweller ; but even that failed at last ; for his sickly constitution gave way, more from sorrow than disease. The people of the house pressed for rent ; they were poor themselves, and Walter knew it. One cold wintry day, as he sat shivering with a tattered coat drawn round his thin figure, he heard a foot on the stairs leading to his apartment : hope and joy once more lighted up his countenance : it might be a visitor. It was indeed, but not such as he expected ; it was the officer appointed to seize his goods for debt. He had nothing left him but his clock ; that on which he had toiled so long, in which he had seen so many bright visions of the future ; the pride of his heart, the work of his genius, his friend and consolation when forsaking all others ; which had seemed to speak words of hope to him, and shine like a beacon in the darkness which had gathered around. Alas ! it had not warned him from the rock, but lured him on to his own destruction. He did not utter a word as they removed this his only treasure ; but as he heard the last heavy footstep descending the stairs, he cast himself on the ground and wept like a child.

That night he had no shelter for his head, and he left Paris to beg his way, sick, hungry, and weary, to that home which he left in the pride of his heart and the fulness of hope and joy.

Six months had passed since Walter left Strasbourg, when, on the road to the little village of Rosenthal, on the banks of the Rhine, a lonely wanderer was seen dragging his weary limbs along : his cheeks were hollow, and his sunken eyes, still restless and bright with the fever of the mind, seemed to tell a long tale of misery. A ragged handkerchief was bound round his head, his clothes hung loosely on his thin shrunk body, and he leaned for support on a stick, which he seemed to have cut from a tree on his way. On he toiled till he reached a low bank near a solitary cottage. There he paused, and stretched himself on the green grass which covered it. It was a mild day in spring ; the birds were singing merrily among the trees, and the flowers looked up with their little bright beautiful faces on the clear blue sky, and the cheerful sun, which shone on the green vineyards and danced in the broad blue river at a little distance. The sound of voices and busy feet from the cottage might be heard by the lonely stranger, who gazed silently at the happy scene, till the large tears rolled slowly down his cheeks. There is something touching in the very loveliness and peaceful joyousness

A spring day, when nature seems awakening from her long wintry sleep; but to the sad of heart, there is something in it inexpressibly melancholy, recalling as it does a thousand recollections of the past, and reminding him that there is a fresh source of happiness yearly springing up to all but him, and making him feel more lonely and desolate than before: but the stranger's grief was deeper than this; for he was Walter, and this was his home.

As he lay there he heard his own name pronounced, and he started from his reverie, and wished to conceal himself; but he was not addressed, though the voice that he heard was that of his own sweet sister Margaret. It was the day before her wedding, and she was talking with him who was soon to be her husband. She only wished that Walter could have been at home to witness her marriage; 'but,' she added laughing, 'he will soon despise us all, for I daresay by this time he is as great as he wished to be: God bless him, he was always a good brother to me.' This one kind word was too much for poor Walter; he groaned audibly, and Margaret and her lover turned and saw him. Margaret shrieked aloud, and the next moment he was in her arms. The whole family were soon assembled, and the poor wanderer was welcomed back more heartily to his home than if he had come laden with riches and honour. Shame and wounded vanity still struggled in his breast for an ascendancy; but better feelings had been slowly winning their way there, and the hard lesson of adversity had not been learned in vain.

It was long before even the tender care of his mother and Margaret could restore his feeble health; but as his strength returned, he felt also the necessity of doing something for himself and others. 'It seems strange,' he said one day to Margaret, 'that I should have been permitted to live, when so many of the truly great and good are dropping off day by day. If I were to die, none would be less happy; and my vacant place, even with those who love me, would be soon supplied, for my life has not benefited even them.'

'Ah, Walter,' replied Margaret, 'live for what we are all made to live—to endeavour earnestly to fulfil the duties of that situation in which God has placed us. We may never know why these duties are allotted to us; it is enough they are ours; and the sum of each little day will be sufficient, if rendered faithfully to our Lord, in that time when our earthly labours are over. Live, dear Walter, to be good and happy, not to be great: were you to attain the utmost you desire, you would not be content; for were you greater than the greatest on earth, you would still be little compared with the angels in heaven.'

'Yes, Margaret, that is true; and, however slowly, we are still moving onwards and onwards. There is greatness in the thought of an infinite growth in wisdom and goodness, infinite as the Divine perfections. This is indeed glorious.'

Walter had not yet been again at Strasbourg; he could not resolve

STORY OF WALTER RUYSDAEL.

to see all his old companions, and to come as their debtor instead of their benefactor; but Margaret was the good spirit who urged him to throw aside that weakness, so inherent in us all, which makes us ashamed of doing that which is right, more than that which is wrong. A humbled, yet a greater man, Walter returned to Strasbourg.

His first visit was to his uncle; this was also the worst; for it was hard to stand the prying eyes and curious inquiries of his old aunt, and harder still to feel he could be vexed by them. His old fellow-workmen had heard of his misfortune, and gave him a kind and hearty welcome, asking no questions. His last visit was to his master: he received him at first sternly, more to conceal his own tenderness of feeling than because he blamed the youth severely. Walter told him all; and his master, taking his hand kindly, spoke as follows: 'My dear boy, your experience has indeed been hard, but it has been of more use to you than all the advice of the wisest could have been. You have genius, talent, perseverance; with such qualities, you may indeed hope to rise to the highest position, but it must be by the same road as others who have gone before you. I offer you now what I offered you before; and, whichever you accept, I hope to live to see you attain the eminence you deserve.' Walter accepted the partnership gratefully; and, no longer the victim of self-deluding vanity, he led a life useful to his fellow-creatures, and we may hope that he presented his Talent with interest before Him from whom he received it.





SELECT POEMS OF KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

WORK-HORSES IN A PARK ON SUNDAY.



IS Sabbath-day, the poor man walks
 Blithe from his cottage door,
 And to his prattling young ones talks
 As they skip on before.

The father is a man of joy,
 From his week's toil released ;
 And jocund is each little boy
 To see his father pleased.

But, looking to a field at hand,
 Where the grass grows rich and high,
 A no less merry Sabbath band
 Of horses met my eye.

Poor skinny beasts ! that go all week
 With loads of earth and stones,
 Bearing, with aspect dull and meek,
 Hard work and cudgel'd bones ;

But now let loose to roam athwart
 The farmer's clover lea,
 With whisking tails, and jump and snort,
 They speak a clumsy glee.

SELECT POEMS OF KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

Lolling across each other's necks,
Some look like brothers dear;
Others are full of flings and kicks,
Antics uncouth and queer.

One tumbles wild from side to side,
With hoofs tossed to the sun,
Cooling his old gray seamy hide,
And making dreadful fun.

I thought how pleasant 'twas to see,
On this bright Sabbath-day,
Man and his beasts alike set free
To take some harmless play;
And how their joys were near the same—
The same in show at least—
Hinting that we may sometimes claim
Too much above the beast.

If like in joys, beasts surely must
Be like in sufferings too,
And we can not be right or just,
To treat them as we do.

Thus did God's day serve as a span
All things to bind together,
And make the humble brute to man
A patient pleading brother.

Oh, if to us *one precious thing*,
And not to them, is given,
Kindness to them will be a wing
To carry it on to heaven!

—R. CHAMBERS.

TO A YOUNG ASS.

(ITS MOTHER BEING TETHERED NEAR IT.)

POOR little foal of an oppressed race !
I love the languid patience of thy face :
And oft with gentle hand I give thee bread,
And clap thy ragged coat, and pat thy head.
But what thy dulled spirits hath dismayed,
That never thou dost sport along the glade?
And (most unlike the nature of things young)
That earthward still thy moveless head is hung?
Do thy prophetic fears anticipate,
Meek child of misery ! thy future fate?
The starving meal, and all the thousand aches
'Which patient merit of the unworthy takes?'

SELECT POEMS OF KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

Or is thy sad heart thrilled with filial pain
 To see thy wretched mother's shortened chain?
 And truly very piteous is her lot,
 Chained to a log within a narrow spot,
 Where the close-eaten grass is scarcely seen,
 While sweet around her waves the tempting green!
 Poor ass! thy master should have learned to shew
 Pity—best taught by fellowship of woe!
 For much I fear me that he lives like thee,
 Half famished in a land of luxury!
 How askingly its footsteps hither bend!
 It seems to say: 'And have I then one friend?'
 Innocent foal! thou poor despised forlorn!
 I hail thee brother, spite of the fool's scorn!
 And fain would take thee with me, in the dell
 Of peace and mild equality to dwell,
 Where Toil shall call the charmer Health his bride,
 And Laughter tickle Plenty's ribless side!
 How thou wouldst toss thy heels in gamesome play,
 And frisk about as lamb or kitten gay!
 Yea, and more musically sweet to me
 Thy dissonant harsh bray of joy would be,
 Than warbled melodies that soothe to rest
 The aching of pale fashion's vacant breast!

—COLERIDGE.

ETTRICK SHEPHERD'S ADDRESS TO HIS DOG HECTOR.

COME, my auld towzy,¹ trusty friend,
 What gars ye look sae dung wi' wae?²
 D'ye think my favour's at an end,
 Because thy head is turnin' gray?
 Although thy strength begins to fail,
 Its best was spent in serving me;
 And can I grudge thy wee bit meal,
 Some comfort in thy age to gi'e?
 For mony a day, frae sun to sun,
 We've toiled fu' hard wi' ane anither;
 And mony a thousand mile thou'st run,
 To keep my thraward flocks thegither.

* * *

O'er past imprudence, oft alane
 I've shed the saut and silent tear;
 Then sharin' a' my grief and pain,
 My poor auld friend came snoovin'³ near.

¹ Shaggy.

² Dejected with woe.

³ Poking.

SELECT POEMS OF KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

For a' the days we've sojourned here,
And they've been neither fine nor few,
That thought possest thee year to year,
That a' my griefs arose frae you.

Wi' waesome face and hingin' head,
Thou wad'st hae pressed thee to my knee;
While I thy looks as weel could read,
As thou hadst said in words to me :

' Oh, my dear master, dinna greet ;
What hae I ever done to vex thee ?
See, here I 'm cow'rin' at your feet ;
Just take my life if I perplex thee.

For a' my toil, my wee drap meat
Is a' the wage I ask of thee,
For whilk I'm oft obliged to wait
Wi' hungry wame and patient e'e.

Whatever wayward course ye steer,
Whatever sad mischance o'ertake ye,
Man, here is ane will hald ye dear !
Man, here is ane will ne'er forsake ye !'

Yes, my puir beast, though friends me scorn,
Whom mair than life I valued dear,
And thraw me out to fight forlorn,
Wi' ills my heart do hardly bear,

While I hae thee to bear a part—
My health, my plaid, and heezel rung¹—
I'll scorn the unfeeling haughty heart,
The saucy look and slanderous tongue.

Some friends, by pop'lar envy swayed,
Are ten times waur than ony fae !
My heart was theirs, and to them laid
As open as the light o' day.

I feared my ain ; but had nae dread
That I for loss o' theirs should mourn ;
Or that when luck and favour fled,
Their friendship wad injurious turn.

But He who feeds the ravens young,
Lets naething pass He disna see ;
He'll some time judge o' right and wrang,
And aye provide for you and me.

¹ Hazel staff.

SELECT POEMS OF KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

And hear me, Hector, thee I'll trust,
As far as thou hast wit and skill ;
Sae will I ae sweet lovely breast,
To me a balm for every ill.

* * *

I ne'er could thole thy cravin' face,
Nor when ye pattit on my knee ;
Though in a far and unco place
I've whiles been forced to beg for thee.

Even now I'm in my master's power,
Where my regard may scarce be shewn ;
But ere I'm forced to gi'e thee o'er,
When thou art auld and senseless grown,

I'll get a cottage o' my ain—
Some wee bit cannie, lonely biel',¹
Where thy auld heart shall rest fu' fain,
And share wi' me my humble meal.

Thy post shall be to guard the door
Wi' gousty bark, whate'er betides ;
Of cats and hens to clear the floor,
And bite the flaes that vex thy sides.

When my last bannock's on the hearth,
Of that thou sanna² want thy share ;
While I hae house or hald on earth,
My Hector shall hae shelter there.

And should grim death thy noddle save
Till he has made an end o' me,
Ye'll lie a wee while on the grave
O' ane wha aye was kind to thee.

There's nane alive will miss me mair ;
And though in words thou canst not wail,
On a' the claes thy master ware,
I ken thou'll smell and wag thy tail.

If e'er I'm forced wi' thee to part,
Which will be sair against my will,
I'll sometimes mind thy honest heart,
As lang as I can climb a hill.

Come, my auld, towzy, trusty friend,
Let's speel to Queensb'ry's lofty height ;
All warldly cares we'll leave behind,
And onward look to days more bright.

¹ Shelter.

² Shall not.

SELECT POEMS OF KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

TO A MOUSE,

ON TURNING ONE UP IN HER NEST WITH THE PLOUGH.

WEE, sleekit, cow'rin', tim'rous beastie,
Oh, what a panic's in thy breastie !
Thou needna start awa so hastie,
Wi' bickering brattle !¹
I wad be laith to rin and chase thee
Wi' murd'ring pattle.²

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
Has broken nature's social union,
And justifies that ill opinion
Which makes thee startle
At me, thy poor earth-born companion,
And fellow-mortal !

I doubtna, whyles, but thou mayst thieve :
What then ? poor beastie, thou maun live !
A daimen icker³ in a thrave⁴
'S a sma' request :
I'll get a blessing wi' the lave,⁵
And never miss 't.

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin !
Its silly wa's the winds are strewin' !
And naething now to big a new ane
O' foggage green !
And bleak December's winds ensuin',
Baith snell and keen !

Thou saw the fields laid bare and waste,
And weary winter comin' fast,
And cozie⁶ here beneath the blast,
Thou thought to dwell,
Till, crash ! the cruel coulter past
Out through thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves and stibble,
Has cost thee mony a weary nibble ;
Now thou's turned out for a' thy trouble,
But house or hald,
To thole the winter's sleety dribble,
And cranreuch⁷ could !

¹ A short race.

⁴ A shock of corn.

² Plough-staff.

⁵ The rest.

³ An ear of corn now and then.

⁶ Snugly.

⁷ The hoar-frost.

SELECT POEMS OF KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

But, mousie, thou art no thy lane,¹
In proving foresight may be vain :
The best-laid schemes o' mice and men
Gang aft a-gley,²
And lea'e us nought but grief and pain
For promised joy.

Still art thou blest, compared wi' me !
The present only toucheth thee :
But oh ! I backward cast my e'e
On prospects drear !
And forward, though I canna see,
I guess and fear.

—BURNS.

THE WOOD-MOUSE.

D' YE know the little wood-mouse,
That pretty little thing,
That sits among the forest leaves,
Or by the forest spring ?

Its fur is red, like the red chestnut,
And it is small and slim :
It leads a life most innocent,
Within the forest dim.

'Tis a timid gentle creature,
And seldom comes in sight ;
It has a long and wiry tail,
And eyes both black and bright :

It makes its bed of soft dry moss,
In a hole that's deep and strong ;
And there it sleeps, secure and warm,
The dreary winter long.

And though it keeps no calendar,
It knows when flowers are springing ;
And it waketh to its summer life
When the nightingale is singing.

Upon the boughs the squirrel plays,
The wood-mouse plays below ;
And plenty of food she finds for herself
Where the beech and chestnut grow.

He sits in the hedge-sparrow's nest
When its summer brood is fled,
And picks the berries from the bough
Of the hawthorn overhead.

¹ Not alone.

² Off the right line, wrong.

SELECT POEMS OF KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

And I saw a little wood-mouse once,
Like Oberon in his hall,
With the green, green moss beneath his feet,
Sit under a mushroom tall.

I saw him sit and his dinner eat,
All under the forest tree—
His dinner of chestnut ripe and red ;
And he ate it heartily.

I wish you could have seen him there :
It did my spirit good,
To see the small thing God had made
Thus eating in the wood!

I saw that God regardeth them,
Those creatures weak and small :
Their table in the wild is spread
By Him who cares for all!

—MARY HOWITT.

THE DYING SPANIEL.

OLD Oscar, how feebly thou crawl'st to the door,
Thou who wert all beauty and vigour of yore ;
How slow is thy stagger the sunshine to find,
And thy straw-sprinkled pallet—how crippled and blind !
But thy heart is still living—thou hearest my voice—
And thy faint-wagging tail says thou yet canst rejoice.
Ah ! how different art thou from the Oscar of old,
The sleek and the gamesome, the swift and the bold !

At sunrise I wakened to hear thy proud bark,
With the coo of the house-dove, the lay of the lark ;
And out to the green fields 'twas ours to repair,
When sunrise with glory empurpled the air ;
And the streamlet flowed down in its gold to the sea ;
And the night-dew like diamond sparks gleamed from the tree ;
And the sky o'er the earth in such purity glowed,
As if angels, not men, on its surface abode !

How then thou wouldst gambol, and start from my feet,
To scare the wild birds from their sylvan retreat !
Or plunge in the smooth stream, and bring to my hand
The twig or the wild-flower I threw from the land :
On the moss-sprinkled stone, if I sat for a space,
Thou wouldst crouch on the green-sward, and gaze in my face,
Then in wantonness pluck up the blooms in thy teeth,
And toss them above thee, or tread them beneath.

SELECT POEMS OF KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

Then, I was a school-boy, all thoughtless and free,
And thou wert a whelp, full of gambol and glee;
Now, dim is thine eyeball, and grizzled thy hair,
And I am a man, and of grief have my share!
Thou bring'st to my mind all the pleasures of youth.
When Hope was the mistress, not handmaid of Truth;
When Earth looked an Eden, when Joy's sunny hours
Were cloudless, and every path glowing with flowers.

Now, Summer is waning; soon tempest and rain
Shall harbinger desolate Winter again,
And thou, all unable its gripe to withstand,
Shalt die when the snow-mantle garments the land:
Then thy grave shall be dug 'neath the old cherry-tree,
Which in Spring-time will shed down its blossoms on thee;
And, when a few fast-fleeting seasons are o'er,
Thy faith and thy form shall be thought of no more!

Then all who caressed thee and loved, shall be laid,
Life's pilgrimage o'er, in the tomb's dreary shade;
Other steps shall be heard on these floors, and the past
Be like yesterday's clouds from the memory cast:
Improvements will follow; old walls be thrown down,
Old landmarks removed, when old masters are gone;
And the gardener, when delving, will marvel to see
White bones where once blossomed the old cherry-tree!

Frail things! could we read but the objects around,
In the meanest some deep-lurking truth may be found,
Some type of our frailty, some warning to shew
How shifting the sands are we build on below:
Our fathers have passed, and have mixed with the mould;
Year presses on year, till the young become old;
Time, though a stern teacher, is partial to none;
And the friend and the foe pass away, one by one!

—D. M. MOIR.

ON SCARING SOME WATER-FOWL IN LOCH TURIT.

A WILD SCENE AMONG THE HILLS OF OCHTERTYRE.

WHY, ye tenants of the lake,
For me your watery haunt forsake?
Tell me, fellow-creatures, why
At my presence thus you fly?
Why disturb your social joys,
Parent, filial, kindred ties?
Common friend to you and me,
Nature's gifts to all are free:

SELECT POEMS OF KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

Peaceful keep your dimpling wave,
Busy feed, or wanton lave.

Conscious, blushing for our race,
Soon, too soon, your fears I trace.
Man, your proud usurping foe,
Would be lord of all below :
Plumes himself in freedom's pride,
Tyrant stern to all beside.
The eagle, from the cliffy brow,
Marking you his prey below,
In his breast no pity dwells ;
Strong necessity compels :
But man, to whom alone is given
A ray direct from pitying Heaven,
Glories in his heart humane—
And creatures for his pleasure slain.
In these savage, liquid plains,
Only known to wandering swains,
Where the mossy rivulet strays,
Far from human haunts and ways ;
All on Nature you depend,
And life's poor season peaceful spend.
Or, if man's superior might
Dare invade your native right,
On the lofty ether borne,
Man with all his powers you scorn ;
Swiftly seek, on clanging wings,
Other lakes and other springs ;
And the foe you cannot brave,
Scorn at least to be his slave.

—BURNS.

SUPERANNUATED HORSE TO HIS MASTER,
WHO HAD SENTENCED HIM TO DIE AT THE END OF SUMMER.

AND hast thou fixed my doom, sweet master, say ?
And wilt thou kill thy servant, old and poor ?
A little longer let me live, I pray ;
A little longer hobble round thy door !

For much it glads me to behold this place,
And house me in this hospitable shed :
It glads me more to see my master's face,
And linger on the spot where I was bred.

For oh ! to think of what we have enjoyed,
In my life's prime, ere I was old and poor !

SELECT POEMS OF KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

Then from the jocund morn to eve employed,
My gracious master on my back I bore.

Thrice told ten years have danced on down along,
Since first to thee these wayworn limbs I gave ;
Sweet smiling years ! when both of us were young—
The kindest master, and the happiest slave !

Ah, years sweet smiling, now for ever flown !
Ten years, thrice told, alas ! are as a day !
Yet as together we are aged grown,
Together let us wear that age away.

For still the older times are dear to thought,
And rapture marked each minute as it flew ;
Light were our hearts, and every season brought
Pains that were soft, or pleasures that were new.

Ah, call to mind how oft near Searing's stream
My ready steps were bent to yonder grove,
Where she who loved thee was thy tender theme,
And I thy more than messenger of love !

For when thy doubting heart felt fond alarms,
And throbbed alternate with its hope and fear,
Did I not bear thee to thy fond one's arms,
Assure thy faith, and dry up every tear ?

And hast thou fixed my doom, sweet master, say ?
And wilt thou kill thy servant, old and poor ?
A little longer let me live, I pray ;
A little longer hobble round thy door !

But oh, kind Nature ! take thy victim's life !
End thou a servant, feeble, old, and poor !
So shalt thou save me from the uplifted knife,
And gently stretch me at my master's door.

—Anonymous.

THE FLY.

OCCASIONED BY A FLY DRINKING OUT OF THE AUTHOR'S CUP.

BUSY, curious, thirsty fly !
Drink with me, and drink as I !
Freely welcome to my cup,
Couldst thou sip and sip it up :
Make the most of life you may ;
Life is short, and wears away !

SELECT POEMS OF KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

Both alike are mine and thine,
Hastening quick to their decline !
Thine's a summer, mine no more,
Though repeated to threescore !
Threescore summers, when they're gone,
Will appear as short as one !

—OLDYS.

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

I WOULD not enter on my list of friends
(Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility) the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
An inadvertent step may crush the snail
That crawls at evening in the public path ;
But he that has humanity, forewarned,
Will tread aside, and let the reptile live.
The creeping vermin, loathsome to the sight,
And charged perhaps with venom, that intrudes,
A visitor unwelcome, into scenes
Sacred to neatness and repose, the alcove,
The chamber, or refectory, may die :
A necessary act incurs no blame.
Not so when, held within their proper bounds,
And guiltless of offence, they range the air,
Or take their pastime in the spacious field :
There they are privileged ; and he that hunts
Or harms them there is guilty of a wrong,
Disturbs the economy of Nature's realm,
Who, when she formed, designed them an abode.
The sum is this : If man's convenience, health,
Or safety, interfere, his rights and claims
Are paramount, and must extinguish theirs.
Else they are all—the meanest things that are—
As free to live, and to enjoy that life,
As God was free to form them at the first,
Who in his sovereign wisdom made them all.
Ye, therefore, who love mercy, teach your sons
To love it too.

—COWPER.



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